

The Alleyway

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A young lady takes a short route home.

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It was late, and Cassie shivered with the night chill. She was walking back from the city centre. It was only half past eleven, but after breaking up with her long-term boyfriend, Matthew, in the club, the last thing she had wanted to do was stay out. Even though his friend Edward had followed her to the door of the club to try and convince her to stay, and her girlfriends had attempted to have a "talk" with her about it, she had declined both offers and instead had chosen to walk home alone. She tucked her flimsy, cropped, leather jacket around herself, hugging her arms to her chest. She was now on the main road which led to the street where her house was. It was busy for cars, but there were no people around her that she noticed this late at night. She let herself sob, noiselessly, gasping and shaking, and decided to take the short route home. The shortcut was a long alleyway from the main road. It cut through remainder of it - it twisted and turned for quite a distance - and she would have to take it to get home. However, this alleyway, although convenient, was renowned for muggings, attacks and even a couple of murders over the years. Cassie ignored the warning thoughts flashing in her mind, she was feeling a little tipsy anyway, and she was too upset to think straight. All she wanted was to get home, go to her bedroom, and cry herself to sleep. She turned to walk up the dark alley. Little did she know that the gentleman who had been following her took the same turn. She staggered uncertainly down the alley, cursing under her breath as her feet, ensconced in impractical, designer high-heels, stubbed against random lengths of plasterboard and fallen branches which had grown from the trees which grew along the fences outlining the path, and which curved over the top like an arch, shielding the sky and disguising any natural light. A few metres or so down the alleyway and her surroundings grew even quieter. The noise pollution from the traffic on the main road had been drowned out and she finally heard the footsteps behind her, and they were moving at quite a fast, deliberate pace. She had an overwhelming feeling that the owner of the footsteps was intent on reaching her. Starting to panic, three options came to her mind. Run back to the main road, whilst trying to dodge and avoid the man. Run to the end of the alleyway in the same direction as she was already going, which would be, she thought to herself, a ten minute-long brisk jog, therefore running the high percentile possibility of him catching up to her. Or, stand still, turn around and face the man, to show him that she wasn't weak. Already a proud young lady, and feeling a sense of bravado from the four cocktails she had sunk earlier, she stopped in her tracks and turned to face the man walking

towards her. She could see that he was wearing a black leather coat (like hers, but with a practical length and therefore actually acting as a coat, unlike hers) and slim-fit jeans. His hair was overgrown and dishevelled from the wind. His frame was tall and slim. Her eyebrows narrowed, and she stood her ground until he reached her. In the pitch black night, she couldn't see his face, but when he approached her, he grabbed her. "Cassie, what the fuck? Are you alright?" the man asked in a familiar voice. She gasped and struggled against him. The man let go of her, seeming for some reason to be affronted by her reaction. Cassie glared at the figure, furrowing her eyebrows further, her lips firmly pressed together. She felt scared and angry, but also confused as to how the man sounded so familiar, and why he knew her name. Had she accidentally run into some sort of stalker? Was he going to kidnap her, show her a weird shrine full of pictures of her taken from a distance and keep her in his basement for the rest of her life? "How do you know my name?" she demanded, her fists balling at the side of her. She wasn't going to get abducted, no way. She had put up with enough shit tonight. "Who are you?" The man took a phone out of his pocket, and pressed a random button at the side of the device. The light from the screen illuminated his face, and Cassie instantly recognized him. He was watching her intently and said, "Cassie, it's me. I followed you." "Edward," she whispered, looking up at his face. His blue eyes danced with concern for her, and day-old stubble dotted his skin. His hair fell about his face, straight but messy. She felt embarrassed about her violent reaction to his presence, and continued, "I thought you would still be at the club." "After what that jerk did? No," Edward said, snorting. He was referring to how Matthew had been making out with a girl on the dance floor while Cassie had gone to the ladies room. Unfortunately for him, his girlfriend had seen upon coming back out, and she had tearfully broken up with him then and there, while the girl he had been kissing still stood with him, draped all over him. "I couldn't let you walk home alone... I wanted to make sure that you got back OK." He lifted a finger to her chin, and she backed away a little. "Edward," she muttered, chewing on her bottom lip. Not that she ever admitted it to anyone, but she always had quite a soft spot for her boyfriend's... Well, her ex-boyfriend's best friend. They were friends themselves, since Cassie and Matthew had been together just over a year, and, since they had all been in the same year at college, Cassie had gotten to know Edward better as well. Whenever Matthew was a dick to her, it was always Edward who would be there for her. He was always the one who would listen to her spill out her tears and frantic rhetorical questions about his best friend, and who would cuddle her as she cried. As she looked up at him, she felt nervous. What was this, what was he doing? Why did she want him to touch her? She felt as if she was cheating on Matthew by even thinking of Edward in this way. She shook herself after thinking this. Their relationship had been going down the drain, anyway. Matthew had often been quite degrading to her in the way that he talked to and treated her, and she had often contemplated leaving him. Tonight was the reason she had been searching for, but, she thought to herself, it still hurt. "I'm not going to hurt you," Edward told her, gazing at her with those dreamy, beautiful sea-coloured eyes. Cassie watched him reach for her again, and this time she stayed still. He was the one who was more of a boyfriend to her than Matthew. She couldn't believe that she was only just realizing this now. He cared about her enough to follow her, and make sure that she was OK. His finger brushed over her chin, and then her jaw, and

his thumb caressed the other side. Her eyes widened from his touch, but she let him do it. "I can't believe he did that to you," he whispered, stroking her face ever-so-gently. She didn't know why, but she stood on her tip toes, so that her face was a little closer to his, albeit still a few inches shorter. She wanted to kiss him, and show him how grateful she was, right here in this alleyway. This notoriously dangerous alleyway. She didn't care. The alcohol, the betrayal by her ex and the sudden flush of desire for the man, her dear friend, standing in front of her, fuelled her needs. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her. She smashed her lips against his, and she felt him respond. They kissed just once at first. But, they looked at each other, their expressions a mixture of pleasant surprise. Their lips joined again, harder, moving against each other. His hand left her face and with both arms he held her, tightly, pulling her up towards him. Her feet left the ground and she wrapped her legs around his waist. They continued with their passionate kiss, and she heard herself whining softly inside his mouth. Their tongues thrashed against each other, violently, and she pressed her body against his, her limbs tightening harder around him. "Fuck, Cassie," he muttered during a short break in the kiss, and they resumed sucking each other's tongues. He walked them over to the fence at the border of the path, easily holding her slim, 5"6" frame, and leant her gently against it. His arms left her body to reach down, and she heard a flier being unzipped, his jeans falling to the ground. She gyrated against him, humping his crotch, rubbing her breasts against his chest, even though they both had coats on. There was a definite chill in the air, though, and she could feel her nipples hardening beneath the thin fabric of her dress. She knew it was because of Edward as well. Her thoughts were broken by the feeling of something very hard and fleshy pressing against her pussy, and even though that part of her was covered by not only panties but her dress, she felt as though he was literally about to penetrate her. She moaned lustily into his mouth, panting, as he lifted her dress. She hitched it up around her waist to keep it staying up. He pressed his length against her panties, before driving a finger in between the thin, flimsy fabric and her peachy-coloured skin, and ripping them off. She couldn't bring herself to care as she licked his tongue, aggressively making out with him. "Do you want this?" Edward asked, pressing his cock against her pussy lips. She could feel that she was moist already. She'd been ready for him ever since she recognised him, not even a couple of minutes ago. And she could feel that he and his cock, the head of which was already lubricated thoroughly with her juices from just a few seconds of being pressed against her now-naked pussy, was already rock hard for her. "Yes." With that simple word, he thrust slowly inside her, the head of his cock parting her blushing lips. She could feel each delicious inch entering her, and she released a soft moan. He stayed inside her, all of his length consumed by her, for a few moments, standing still with her in his strong arms, her leaning back against the fence. They stared at each other, connected, for what seemed like hours, when in fact it was little more than thirty seconds. She felt his cock throb inside her, and he felt her vaginal walls clenching him tightly, just as her arms and legs were. He kissed the tip of her nose and smiled softly at her. She smiled back, nervously, but consumed by lust for him. Slowly, he started to make love to her, right there in that alley way. He held her ass cheeks with one arm, with the other arm leaning against the fence, his hand next to where her head rested. He played with her long, curly, brown hair as he slowly drew in and out of her. She

leant her head forward, and latched onto his neck, sucking upon his skin. His aftershave mixed with his natural scent was heaven for her. She dragged her teeth along his skin, gently, and hugged him tighter. She rolled her hips in time with his thrusts, cooing softly as he grunted in her ear. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to do this for," he growled in her ear. He tucked a strand of her hair behind it, and in reply, she kissed his neck, his jaw, the side of his mouth. His words and primal voice sent her wild, and she eased herself up and down his cock in time with his thrusts. Footsteps drew closer towards them and they stopped moving, his cock buried deep inside her still. They saw no one, but they heard crunching leaves, and plump thighs brushing together. Whoever it was hurried past them, obviously worried that they were devious people. Cassie thought it may have been a young girl coming back early from a night out, perhaps, just like she had been. They giggled saucily when the stranger had passed and the sound of footsteps grew fainter. Edward started to buck into her again, this time faster. They both felt exhilarated from the potential of being found out, and Cassie breathed hard against him, her lips a kiss away from his. Her tight, soaking wet pussy was being filled over and over again by this man's length, a man she had previously thought nothing more of than a friend and she never felt more turned on in her life. To Cassie and Edward, there was no one else in the world in this moment than themselves. He drew his fingers around a handful of hair, and made a fist, pulling her hair, and her head, gently to the side. He bit hard on her neck and she yelped, feeling a mixture of pain and pleasure. It felt amazing, like nothing she had experienced before. She grinned as they loved each other in the dark alley. There was not one second of silence. They fucked animalistically, both consumed by a primal lust for one another, moaning, grunting, his full, tight balls slapping against her ass cheeks every time he drove his beast inside her. She continued holding onto him tightly, bouncing on top of his cock, matching his hard, fast rhythms, an intense dance in a dark, lonely alleyway. Cassie felt herself coming close. She muttered his name several times over in a husky, lusty voice. Edward felt her tight little pussy clench his length. He read the signs of her incoming orgasm and started to thrust harder than before, leaning against the fence and clenching her ass harder to support her. She felt her body shaking, and she cried out his name, followed by an expletive. Her pussy clenched hard around his cock again, several times, so tight that he let out a loud moan which brought him closer too, and she proceeded to have a violent orgasm. He held her to him as she came, feeling her juices rush over his cock and spill out onto the path beneath them. He continued the same pace, still holding her tight, and she stayed attached to him, gasping as he carried on loving her, muttering soft, inaudible moans. He felt close to the brink, and bucked and ground against her wildly, overcome by the pleasure they were both feeling. He still had a fistful of her hair, and he pulled on it, positioning her face directly in front of his. He stared at her, and she stared back. The intensity of their eyes locked on each other was the last straw for him, and he came gloriously. He bellowed her name as he pumped her narrow love tunnel full of his cum, and it was all for her. She cried out with him, and they embraced each other tightly as he filled her up. She felt his cock convulsing deep inside her, spurting his wondrous juices inside her womb. When she felt him relax, his penis laying still inside her, she smiled and kissed the tip of his nose, gently. He smiled back at her, his body heaving. The both of them were spent. He gently placed her back on the floor,

as gently as someone would with a fragile, valuable doll, still holding her up in case she lost her footing. His face turned serious after a few moments, and he gave her a stern look. "I don't want this to be... a one-time fling," he muttered shyly, his fingers running through his shaggy hair. Cassie blushed, and she reached up and kissed his chin. "I want more, too," she told him. They smiled at each other again, feeling shy but happy in each other's company. Hand-in-hand, they walked through the alleyway and back to Cassie's house, where they made love again, and again, and again. Blair-Isabelle Morley.