

Dark Alleys

I'm trying to write like Astor Piazzolla again. Beware the backstabbingly beautiful counterpoint.—V.E.

“A bit rough, don'tcha'think?” The blonde leaned against the wall in the uneasy cast of a streetlight like a disinterested stray cat despite the downpour of rain, watching as icy drops of water slide over her nearly bare breasts to form a considerable puddle in her cool cleavage. Her hair streamed soaked over her head and shoulders in thick wet locks like half-melted vanilla ice cream. Her white pleather bodysuit clung like the sopping wet rag it was, cut nearly in two over her hips, its crotch plunging sharply across bare skin nearly from her bust line—seemingly a considerable rash in the making all around. Her toes barely strapped in a pair of white six-inch stilettos circled absently through a sandy mud puddle in the cracked asphalt at her feet while rain streamed down the gracefully bare trunks of her legs.

“Beat it, Barbie. This one's mine.” She hissed less a fleeing animal cornered in the alley--more like a vicious killer stumbled upon in her own lair.

The cellophane's tear of a black car's shadow slid by under the blanket of heavy driving rain. Lightning stabbed across the alley, striking a strobe image of the brunette within the alley across the black darkness that remained.

She was a symphony of sensuality...Wagner...perhaps Holst...more Metallica as her image faded to blackness. Her frame reverberated firmly with brass-like muscles yet the heartfelt sweep and curve of the more aged wood vibrato of viola. A man's eyes would say her body would feel more like a cello—best played with driving passion between one's legs. She had hair like a bassoon—dark and mournful against the heavy scrub of cold night's rain. Her breasts stood out proudly like twin trumpet blasts—forcefully rendering the remainder of her body's symphony mere harmony.

Her attire was equally inappropriate to the weather as the blonde's. A blood-red skirt failed to span her waist and the weight of soaking rain alone kept it below her crotch. A black tank top, originally five sizes too small then stretched and ripped open at the side seams hung draped like broken prisoner shackled at the wrists between the iron hooks of her insanely engorged nipples. Shreds of her top sopped wetly to the tank-tread of her abs in the rain. A flaming red and yellow diamond “S” hung loosely just below her nipples. Her bare toes sunk into the asphalt as into sand.

Her eyes flashed with metallic confidence like the clash of cymbals in the dark. She held a heavy rag of a flailing man against the alley's brick wall at arms length. He struggled quietly against her, huffing and puffing wordlessly as his fingers grasped helplessly to loosen hers as if trying to untie a penny loafer. His shoes smeared mud across her shoulder as they slipped off her wet skin in the rain, trying with all his might to kick her away.

Her golden eyes flashed lavender as she rolled her head sensually to lick her lips at the blonde. Her breasts rose and fell with each measured breath.

Otherwise, rain haloed her perfectly motionless body in the gloom.

Thunder rolled around the alley like a coffee can in an empty drier.

“You always so rough on your things?” The blonde met her gaze with one indigo eye. “I’m not lending you any more of *my* costumes.”

“Pretty tight up front anyway.” The brunette’s tremendous breasts wriggled up through the curtain of her torn top, wolfing it down the ravenous mullet of her cleavage like crumpling paper in one’s fist.

The man’s wrestling slowed against her as awestruck reverence crept over him with a stiff paralyzing fear following at the sight of her bared melons just within his reach.

“Asking for it, aren’t you, little sis?” The blonde’s arm seemed to vacuum form as huge knots of muscles bulged from it when she dipped her finger in the warming water between her breasts and ran her finger around the crest of her own monstrous mammaries.

“Sorry, sir.” The blonde winked in indigo. “Sis here’s our little secret.”

“S-ssiss—“

“Don’t get your hopes up, cockroach.” She sneered like a snake at the man’s whitening face. “She’s only six seconds older than me...but momma loved me best.” A defiant grin curled about the edges of her rain-soaked lips as she turned back to her sister. “She can’t stop me from smearing you around...like paint.”

More than rain ran down his pant legs.

The blonde’s hips shoved off the wall as she stood to her full 5’4”. Her toes left wakes in the alley’s mud puddles as she stalked into the alley’s gloom. Her body undulated and rolled like a lioness.

The blonde’s eyes rolled up the man’s body. “I can take her.” She drew a long, slow breath, shimmying her breasts up from her stiff, clinging pleather top until her own nipples popped over the seam. “Give me a reason.” She wrapped her body around the brunette’s back, scratching her top roughly up the other’s back, sliding her hand up the brunette’s steely arm. She whispered seductively in the brunette’s ear. “What he do?”

The brunette gave the man a quick shake. “You tell her.”

“N—Noth—“

“Liar!” The brunette slammed his back hard against bricks.

The man’s head rolled about in delirious nausea.

The brunette shrugged absently, rolled her eyes and turned her head as the man threw up all down her arm. She took up his raincoat and wiped her arm off on it. She wiped the man’s chin off on his scarf for him.

“Men. Excuse me.” She switched arms, shaking the soiled arm off in the rain.

“I...I sell limos.” He finally moaned.

“And?” The brunette steadied his skull in her hand.

His eyes pleaded with the blonde. “Maybe a few...you gotta help me! My kid—“

“And *what*, exactly?” The brunette’s eyes flared orange in the gloom. Her incisors gleamed in the rain-glistened sheath of lips as she hissed silently mere inches from his nose.

The man’s eyes stared distantly into her cleavage as he sighed. Rain across his face became salty. “Smash.”

The girls spoke across their eyes. The two over endowed women shot hypersonic glances between each other. The blonde's free hand slid up under the brunette's skirt and circled the brunette's marble-hard glutes.

"Tell her," the brunette barred her fangs, breathing steam into the brush of icy rain. "Your supplier."

"N...no." The man moaned. "M...my kid."

The blonde bit the brunette's ear over her shoulder.

"Hey! I never—" The brunette's eyes rolled as she swooned her hand down her cleavage as she whispered beneath the shower of rain. "Damn you." Her grip slid from the man's collar to his throat in a blink of an eye.

Her grip tightened as her body writhed in pleasure.

"Sorry." The blonde licked the brunette's ear. "I almost forgot." Her hands slid down to smear across the brunette's breasts from behind. "While I can take her..." Her hands rubbed harder across the brunette's breasts. "The shockwaves would level the block." The brunette was visibly aroused. "Best tell her what she wants."

The man's hands struggled against the brunette's grip, like trying to widen the grip of a lug wrench from its business end. Gradually rain dribbled over his face red, then blue, then white.

His hand dropped to slap desperately through streams of water draining over the bricks behind him while his legs flailed six inches off the ground.

The blonde's eyes drilled through the man as she grasped the brunette's nipples. Her arms bristled with muscles as she squeezed hard and chomped on the brunette's neck from behind.

The brunette gasped and fell into the blonde's arms, dropping the man to the ground. He gasped for air and slipped on scattered brass shells scattered like popcorn before pigeons in the sandy water. He landed with a splash on his rear.

"Quickly, I can't hold her for long." The blonde gasped as the brunette rubbed her ass up her legs while her breasts throbbed and thrashed under the blonde's unmovable grip.

"Zeppo." The man gasped, cringing, choking on rain. "Zeppo Cochrane."

"Chase me!" The brunette's own arms blossomed with huge slabs of muscles; breasts expanding like balloons as she forcefully freed herself from the blonde's grip. She set for a jump—and vanished in an ear-splitting clap of thunder and whirl of rain.

The blonde shook streams of rain from her hair as she gathered it behind her. Her own breasts seemed to be growing with her every heartbeat.

"Shit." The man's face writhed in pain, shivering, as he held his bleeding ears. "Fuck!"

The blonde knelt down to him in the rain, her breasts hanging like pumpkins before his fear struck eyes. "Told you I could take her." She lifted his head with her finger as her lips descended on him.

She kissed him.

His eyes popped wide open as their spines tangled together...

He felt ice-cold rain drain around her moist, warm lips.

He felt each drop of water tinkle coolly over each of her firm curves.

He heard the blanket rustle of rain shift excitedly over the shoebox alley with her eyes closed.

He felt the wet leather's shrinking bite slip across the skin of her crotch and breasts harmlessly like so much wet paper.

The icy winter's chill that gnawed his bones to trembling through his soaked raincoat barely gave her goose bumps. She was outright glowing with roaring bonfires of warmth deep in the core of her body, her chest...her crotch.

Steam drifted from their noses.

She moved like a steam locomotive, arms like pistons jerking about in fits and starts, sputtering with enough power to move mountains whole--by the dozen even.

She took him by the wrists and brushed his trembling hands over her monstrous breasts. They squeaked in the rain like so much polished marble to his nearly numb and frozen hands. The firm press of his hands into her unyielding flesh barely tickled her like the faint brush of soft feathers as his fingers splashed across the empty expanses of skin before him. Yet it was enough. He could feel jolts of pleasure leaping from his hands into the core of her nipples. The fleshy roots of her nipples swelled with electric pleasure deep into the waters of her breasts as her nipples seemed to blossom, pressing like warm liquid stones into his overwhelmed grip.

Her hands ripped his pants asunder like wet Kleenex, slithering softly around his reddening erection gently as if around a butterfly. Her grip was like a vice wrapped in silk, not so rough as to tear, but definitely like piercing bricks.

He went off instantly. The feeble peach-bite twang of his orgasm nearly lost in a sea of her thunderously erotic sensations. He could feel a growing furnace of fire within her crotch, hardly quenched at all as her nether lips smacked and sopped up the cool air and rain beneath her bodysuit's crotch snap.

Clouds of steam drifted between his crotch and her hanging breasts as they fondled each other.

She reached over to the dumpster beside him and dislodged the Uzi from the dumpster's sheet metal. What had once felt to him like a one-handed jackhammer now seemed like a delicate carving in cool ice cream to her.

"Shame." She slid the barrel under the crotch strap of her bodysuit, winked... and pulled the trigger.

It definitely felt like ice cream once inside her. He could feel her opening herself so wide his fist could plunge her up to his elbow without getting wet. He could feel every muscle in her lower body stretch herself wide, tingling with electric pleasure of some imagined monstrosity big enough to fill her canyon. He could feel the icy touch of steam as cool air and cold steel breathed into her.

The gunshots were barely audible, muffled deep in her intimate flesh. Inside her bullets skidded fiercely across moist muscle, filling her with smoke and stinging fire—stings of fiery pleasure jolted up her spine.

Muscles spasm in the throes of the forming swarm of dancing bullets within her.

His vision reddens and his ears already deafened and bloody ring from the sheer voltage of the sensation. Pain stabs lances across his skin. His muscles ache and throb

from the feedback she generates. Sparks arc off his skin, burning his hair across his skull and back.

The tinkle of brass casings mingled with raindrops.

Suddenly she clamps herself down so hard that the alley jolts from the pile-driving thud of it.

Steel and lead smash within her like so much Styrofoam under a framing hammer. Her eyes widened with hesitant pleasure, considering.

She somehow lifted her crotch to his eye level, showing how she held the gun in her lower lips without her hands. He cringed as he saw her abdominal muscles pulse like a pile driver. He could feel her lower lips like teeth grinding through the guns steel in shockwaves of icy pleasure.

Finally, she swooned and bit the gun clean in half.

The gun fell from her as she exhaled—its barrel mashed like Play Dough.

Her perfectly muscled abdomen writhed again, spitting out a steaming lump of lead into his lap. What was left of the steel felt like spent chewing gum to her.

Her lips unlocked from his, trailing spit as her tongue licked rain from his nose.

“Excuse me.” She rolled her body like a snake slithering over his face. “She gets impatient.”

She ascended gently into the driving rain.

Sparks danced on his eyebrows as he lay prone, steaming, paralyzed and exhausted in the freezing rain, gurgling as it filled his open mouth.

Blood drained from his eyes and ears.

Fingers and toes twitched spastically.

Sparks.

“A little tight up top’?” The blonde giggled as she circled the brunette in the dense fog of the thunderhead.

Hail brushed over the both of their skin from below.

“Ooh, ‘I can take her.’” The brunette giggled as the pair of them drifted in a tightening circle through the cloud.

“That was a blast!” The brunette discarded her wig and shook out her shock of blonde hair. “I can see why you love to tease them like that...evil sis.”

“Easy on the drama, tigress. I’ve a rep too...or will.” The blonde pulled her wig off and pulled her brunette hair down her shoulders. “Just mischievous-- not evil, I hope.”

“Sorry. Thanks anyway for the switch. I needed that.”

“Any time. Just don’t make a habit of it.”

“All grouchy again already? I was hoping you’d like being sweet and all.”

“Perhaps.” She suddenly spun in mid air, arms out—blindingly fast. A tight vortex spun off her into the storm as she slowed to a stop. The whole thunderhead began to spin slowly like a galaxy around the two of them. “Nice to have somebody wanting my help for a change.”

“Glad to be of service. Now do me another favor...evil sis.” The twinkle in her eye was blinding.

They reached out their fingers to touch each other’s bare nipples.

Lighting arced across them through the cloud.

“Empathic lip locking with a super girl, experiencing both sides of a kiss, is an old fantasy of mine. Far as I can tell, I’m the first. Thrill ride or scorching torture? You decide. Either, really, depending on her mood. I just think it’s a cool power. Expect more of that later.”—V.E.