

A Dickensian State of Mind

It's funny how smells and sounds, can take you right back to a place where you first encountered it, the nostalgia your senses can create with a select stimulus. How your heart jumps into your throat when you smell the scent of your first love's perfume, how your body reacts and the memories come flooding back.

Its incredible how dressing up and styling your hair can make you feel powerful, or slutty, or animalistic depending on your costume, your body wears the outfit and your brain fills in the blanks, the persona, the walk, the attitude maybe even the accent.

For the most randomest reason, I had cause to dress up in period costume, the Dickensian era, there were undershirts, over skirts, cloaks, hats, bonnets, the whole thing! I looked amazing, of course as did the rest of my crowd. It also took me exactly 4.9 seconds to start talking like someone from that time, calling people 'my good Sir' and curtsying to the ladies as they passed by. Needless to say, I embodied my character and she climbed inside me and made residence in my soul. I all of a sudden had a new find respect for ladies, using an outside toilet, re-laying the fire and beating the washing all the while a cloak is trying to strangle you to death and not in a good way.

We were in the cutest, most quintessentially British village with all the cobbled streets, the epic architecture, the ginnels, alleys and side streets. We spent a long time walking up and down these little short cuts to go about our tasks away from the busy crowded main streets. Often times, we would find revellers peeing in the drains or in an elicited tryst. Each time we would discuss how it's far too cold to knees on the cold cobbles in November and just how much material is involved in our outfits.

We walked miles and miles in the cold, round and around the village, taking snippets of breaks and the occasional visit to a café to get the feeling back into our fingers and toes. The light of the day left the sky and the darkness shrouded over the village allowing for the day people to depart and the night lovers to awaken and take to the streets.

Its our last trip, we drop off our wares and he takes my hand, he walks a little too quickly and I need to speed up to catch him, I've put the wrong hand in his and I trot awkwardly behind him. He leads me through the last of the crowd and pulls me towards him. He backs up against the aged brick wall in the secluded alley way, his face is lit up by the overhead lantern all save for his eyes which are shadowed by the brim of his top hat. His gaze penetrates mine as our bodies touch, his eyes are full of an intensity which both scares and excites me.

He is a dangerous man, his past is filled with horrors one can only imagine, the snippets he has shared leave a sour taste in your mouth. It is a triumph he has survived thus far, however no matter how far you come from a past like that, there is still a shadow, the shadow of the rage, anger and intensity that hovers just below the surface, making being this close to him a thrilling if not a dangerous risk.

He spins us around so my back is against the wall, the smell of the wet brick and the night air invades my nostrils along with the musky scent of his last cortado. He holds my arms in place as his lips take my kiss. My lips swell to meet his ferocity, there are lips, and tongues, hot and cold and wet. Every time he kisses me it encompasses my whole body, like he is searching me, delving deep inside my soul to find the thing he desires. I don't want to tell him he won't find it here, I am empty of anything he needs. There is a growl that comes from his throat. I can feel it in my chest and it fills my ears, my clit tingles at this animalist touch.

People walk past us, I try to stop, like we have been caught doing something wrong, its undignified to be kissing in the street, he doesn't care, he takes my face in his hands and drags me back to his lips, using his body to keep my pressed against the wall. My hearing hones in on the people walking by, they laugh as us, someone even wolf whistles, my face flushes with embarrassment, but I am powerless to stop the assault of his lips. As the foot steps fade, my ears are filled with the sound of his voice.

"Get on your knees" he steps back a quarter step, leaving a small space for me to move to comply with his demand. I don't want to kneel down on the cold, wet, piss covered floor but his hands are on my shoulders and my knees are buckling under the pressure. I swallow down my revulsion at the lengths I will go to, to seek satisfaction. I adjust my voluminous skirts and kneel of the cobbles, the cold lumps of rock against my warm knee caps is almost as jarring as the pungent odour of urine in my nostrils.

“Relieve me woman” he instructs. I open his coat, undo his zip and delve inside his fly with my cold fingers. There is a sharp intake of breath from above as I grip his warm, hard manhood and welcome his cock to the cold night air. I pull back his skin and reveal his swollen dark pink bell end, glistening with his precum and sensuously lick the smooth skin of his head. Swirling my tongue around his ridge and sliding it over the slit. I enjoy exploring him with my tongue, he moans loudly and pushes my head down with his hand. That’s enough playing for me I guess.

“Mmmm, that’s it, good girl!” he says as his cock slides in and out of my willing mouth. Again, and again he fucks my mouth, using my face, my mouth for his pleasure alone. Just how many Dickensian women had to swallow down their opinions and voices for the patriarchy? My inner feminist gags at the irony.

He pushes too far and I feel the retch in the back of my throat, I try to swallow away the feeling. Harder and harder his cock touches the back of my mouth, I try to relax my jaw, open my throat, dribble spills out of my mouth, over my hand and onto my skirts. The gag comes again, I pull back a bit against the mouth invading meat and am trapped by his grip, he penetrates again and I gag with a force that starts in my stomach, brings tears to my eyes and a silence piercing noise that makes him look down. He holds me fast, I struggle to breathe, my heart jumps and a flash of panic runs through my body sparking my adrenaline reactions, pins and needles in my hands, my heart beating so loudly it is all I can hear, is he going to let go? Is this how I die? Oxygen would be nice right now, will they put, chocked to death by cock on my tombstone? Thankfully he releases my head.

“You okay?” he questions not a little bit concerned, I nod, gasping and wipe the tears off my cheeks, I move to take his cock in my mouth again and he reaches down from me. He pulls me up by my chin, towards his face, he kisses me deeply, tongue first, taking me, I submit to the sensations and love it even more, when I realise he is not bothered that I had his cock, balls deep, in my mouth only seconds before. There is something incredibly erotic about someone giving no fucks about such things.

“Turn around” he demands, he takes me by the hips and pulls my ass towards him and pushes my face towards the wall. The cold brick is against my cheek and he is quickly at the hem of my skirts, pulling up all the material, revealing my milky white skin, which seems to be glowing in the lantern light in the dark evening. My panties are pulled down and discarded collecting at my feet.

His cold fingers are against my warm and inviting lips, searching out for the wetness hiding in the folds of skin. He growls again when he feels just how wet and turned on I am. He pushes down on the small of my back adjusting my height and impales me with his hard penis. He ruts, devoid of romance, just sheer need, he thrusts balls deep into me a couple of times and he slides out. I am too wet to provide him with any traction.

He spits in his hand and spits on my exposed rose. He smears his spit all over his sticky head and lines himself up, he tries to push, this time the walls aren’t breached. He tries a finger and it glides in, tingles cover my whole body, this is a new sensation. Two fingers slide in, it will absolutely, definitely fit!

“Pull yourself apart,” he says and I reach around and spread open my cheeks, he fluffs up his cock by sliding over and over my exposed holes. He attempts a second breach, I feel my skin stretch as his head enters. He moans loudly, I look in the direction of the revellers to make sure we are not being watched, suddenly more embarrassed than ever before. What if someone sees? What if someone catches us? More importantly, how much of a slut with they think I am?

“Good girl,” he says, “Good Girl, relax, take it all.” He descends further inside my most private area, my tightest spot where no one has trespassed before. As his cock fills me, the rest of the world falls away, there is just the wall against my cheek, the stretching of my asshole, a strange need to shit and moan at the same time and an ache in my throbbing clit that is driving me insane. He is now down to the hilt in my ass and reaches his fingers around to find my clit. It’s almost like he can read my mind and knows what my body wants. There is no tenderness here. Just his strong need to be satisfied and my body as the vessel to provide said satisfaction.

He rubs my clit with the outside of his hand and fucks my ass gently at first and then harder and harder, I am so close to cuming I’m not sure what to do, panic rises in my chest. I move my leg, hoping he’ll change the angle and give me a few seconds of reprieve from the building wave, sadly, he stops playing with my clit altogether and the cold air rushes into where his fingers were playing. I don’t even think or wait for instruction, I release my ass and my right-hand slides between my wet lips, I am so wet, I blush and fleetingly tell myself I’m disgusting. His pounding my tiny

virgin butt, brings me out of my head and my wanton clit demands my attention. I play myself like a trained musician, I know all the right notes and how to play them to a climatic crescendo.

“Cum for me, you dirty little bitch” he growls in my ear. My fingers are a blur over my sensitive nub, I no longer have control over the noises escaping from my body. He pushes his pussy tasting fingers into my mouth and I crest the wave and crash down on the other side, my pussy twitching as I press down hard on my clit.

He moans as he erupts in my ass. Gripping both of my hips, he is right in me, so deep there are no inches to spare. His breath is ragged and as he breathes close to my ear, goosepimples cover my body. I reach around and grab his ass, not wanting him to leave, not wanting him to leave my ass empty.

He ignores my attempts and withdraws without a word. My brain comes back to reality, back to the alley way, back to the cold and dark of the night. He puts himself away and steps back. After a beat I reach down to collect my underwear from the ground, they are damp and cold. I step out of them and drop my skirts, my decency to all is covered, save for my wet panties in my hand and the cum dripping from my ass.

People enter the alley way, my eyes dart in his direction, he has a wicked grin on his face. “Imagine if they had been two minutes earlier!” he laughs. I blush, attempting to hide my underwear. He quickly reaches out and snatches them from me and flicks them into the path of the on comers. Why would he do that? What a prick! “Go and get them” he says taunting me, like a high school bully. I shake my head in protest, nothing in this world is making my pick up those panties.

The person in the front of the group notices this exchange and sweeps low gracefully without breaking stride and collects up my lost garments. He pops them on the top of his cane and extends the cane out in my direction.

“Yours my lady?” He questions winking and smiling. I reach out and grab them hiding them before they can be reclaimed. “Enjoyable evening, I trust?” he says with knowing look in his eyes, looking from me to him and back to me. I blush again and nod. “We are off to ‘Dirty Dickie’s’ for the evenings entertainment, why don’t you join us? I suspect you’ll fit right in!”