



## “Slide into Desire”

by

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the erotic short story  
collection

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## SLIDE INTO DESIRE

Who even knew record stores still existed? My parents have vinyl LPs on the bottom shelf of their entertainment wall. When I was a kid, Mom used to play *Mirage* by Fleetwood Mac when she cleaned house; said it made her clean faster. I can recognize the virginal warble of a Stevie Nicks song at a hundred yards.

But here I was, standing outside Re-Vinyl on A1A in Jacksonville Beach. A display of '70s and '80s funk albums were scattered in with some plastic cherries. The Ohio Players *Honey* album, the lean model dripping honey into her mouth; Wild Cherry with their one big hit. Faded posters of Kiss and Green Day and Shania Twain blocked most of the window glass but I could still see inside.

Enough to see him.

Enough to get nervous.

He glanced over and I knelt down and pretended to tie my shoe. Taking deep breaths, working up my nerve.

*This is stupid. He's your target. Now act like a good undercover cop and get some intel.*

Tracking Conrad and his rave team—and the drugs that went with them—was keeping me up nights and the gray beneath my eyes proved it. I was wearing thin. Jason had let it slip that on some Sundays Conrad worked at this record store and so here I was.

Two teenaged Goth girls wearing black lipstick and too many facial piercings twittered down the sidewalk toward me. I nodded and held the door open for them.

Conrad's rich voice greeted us. "Hello, ladies!" A pause. "And gentleman."

The girls giggled and peeled off toward the heavy metal section. I stood stupidly in the middle of the aisle and tried to act cool about seeing Conrad again.

It was impossible. The memories of last Saturday night flashed in my brain: the way his broad chest felt pressed against mine; the way he put my hand on his cock; the way he kissed me.

My neck and face flushed as I gazed at him. He knew.

Conrad grinned. "Steven! Come here, you."

From behind the counter, Jason gave me a little glare. He was a kid just out of high school with a huge jones for Conrad and the guts to act on his feelings. He'd bring Conrad drinks and try to rub his shoulders while the team was raving. I'd seen Conrad give him a gentle brush-off the other night so I figured Jason was still stinging a little from that. His look told me I wasn't welcome.

The glass display case held memorabilia. Concert programs from Kiss and Foghat and Styx were fanned on one side, along with concert tickets and 45 sleeves. The logical part of my brain noticed the guitar autographed by Joe Perry lovingly nestled on wine velvet; the horny part of my brain noticed Conrad's crotch on the other side of the glass. His khakis were loose and I couldn't see what I really wanted to.

What he hadn't let me see the other night. Just feel.

He motioned me closer. "I said 'come here'," He leaned over the counter, snagged me by the neck and pulled me into a soft kiss.

Right in front of everybody.

I raised a hand, intending to—really—push him away but somehow my fingers lingered on his arm then slid up to one shoulder. God, he was a good kisser. I started to feel as if my legs were going to drift over the counter and I'd just bob along the ceiling—a kiss-filled balloon.

The girls giggled again from right behind me. That stopped me. I stepped away, face pink, eyes down, hands in my pockets. Conrad faced them dead on. "Ladies, did you find what you were looking for?"

"Like, um, not really," one said. "I heard there was, like, a Japanese import of Black Sabbath. Released in '71?"

"Sure was." Conrad nodded. "Right this way." He led the girls to the back room and they disappeared through the beaded glass doorway.

Jason braced his hands on the glass, his acned face pink and angry. "What are you doing here?" he hissed.

"Came to check out the vinyl, man." I looked around the store. Two aisles of record bins ran down the middle of the shop, crammed with vinyl records. Wall bins held more stock and I noticed the faint mustiness of the place. It smelled like my parent's attic at home.

"Came to check out Conrad is more like it," Jason snorted.

I squared off at him. "So fucking what?"

His gaze skittered up and down. I could see him realizing that I had six inches and fifty pounds on him, could see him figuring out that Conrad had already gotten his hands on me. The hurt in his eyes was hard to face.

And then I felt bad. He was just a kid, a kid who thought he was in love and scratching to defend himself as best he knew how.

He ran his hands through his scraggly hair, hair he was trying to grow into dreadlocks with no apparent success. It just looked dirty.

I tried to give him some wiggle room. "Jason, look, I didn't mean to—"

“Yeah, right, whatever.” He slammed open the cash drawer and grabbed a twenty. “Tell Con that I went to get our lunch. I’ll be back when I fucking feel like it.”

“Sure.” The door jingled shut. The store filled with the slithery guitar of Leo Kottke doing *World Turning*, a song I recognized from my mom’s albums. A killer cover version, the drums mixed way up.

The beads tinkled and Conrad came out of the back. No counter between us now and he walked straight to me, those eyes dark as Kahlua, lush and warm, sending a quiver down my spine. He was shorter than I was by a couple inches but wider, more solid. Conrad pushed me against the wall and started in again with the damn kissing.

God.

His lips were full, soft. He lingered on my forehead, worked his way down my eyebrows and started on my nose. He was strong enough to keep me against the wall—his shoulders were about three feet wide—and for a few delicious seconds I wasn’t in control. He had me pinned.

And I liked it.

I put one hand on his chest. “Wait a sec, man, let me get my breath.”

*Let me get my heart back in my chest and my brain back in my skull.*

“Breathing is over-rated,” he answered. “More smooching.”

“Smooching?!” The word made me chuckle.

“Snogging, kissing, tongue-fucking. Whatever.” Conrad pressed against me once more, his thigh pushing between my legs and pleasantly upward.

The glass beads tinkled again and the Goth girls stepped into the front room. Conrad pulled away and I felt the cool of the store’s AC on my neck and chest and belly, places where Conrad had pressed into me. Like something was missing.

Conrad rang up the girls, flirting good-naturedly, giving them a closer look at his chest and shoulders. He wore a pale yellow tank top today, like a sunrise on his caramel skin. I watched him, greedy, letting my gaze slide over his thick neck, that little

mole he had behind his left ear, his shaved-bare head. I'd never looked at a man and felt like this: that blurb of nervousness in my stomach; the tightness in my balls; the way my cock stirred whenever I saw him.

The girls left and we stared at each other across the counter. For a long time.

"How ya doing, blondie?" His voice was dark as chocolate, rich and deep.

"Damn good, baldie."

He grinned and palmed a hand over his shaved-bare scalp. I wanted to feel his skull in my hands: the rough texture of the stub of hairs on my fingers, the weight of his head in my grip.

I put my hand out, feeling stupid, like some junior-high kid with a crush on his teacher. Or like Jason.

He gripped my hand, pulling me closer.

"I thought you ran your dad's warehouse. What are you doing here?" I asked. Trying to get info, trying to justify what I was doing.

"Just helping out a friend. He needs a day off now and then. It's his store."

"And Jason?"

Conrad shook his head. "He's just lonesome."

"It's a little more than that."

He shrugged and I felt his warm breath on my arm hairs. The skin on his neck was smooth, like caramel velvet.

Conrad pulled me into an arm-wrestling position on the cold glass. "Think you can take me?"

"I wish." I leaned into it, trying to use my weight against him.

He just smiled and held my hand. His bicep flexed—a little—but I could tell he wasn't working at all to keep my hand upright. I stopped playing around and really grabbed him, leveraging my longer arm against his wrist.

I didn't stand a chance.

He let me push for about thirty seconds then he slowly pressed my arm back, back, back until it was angled. His dark gaze swept over me. "Winner gets a blow job."

And then bam! My hand was backwards on the counter, my elbow twisted far enough to be uncomfortable and he held me there. The CD player changed and *Welcome to the Jungle* blared through the speakers: Slash's stuttering guitar then Axl's warm-up growl swooped into a feral scream.

Conrad's face flushed, his skin taking on a mocha tone, smooth as ice cream. I remembered how soft his skin was, on his chest, his belly. His thick cock. Lickable. I let my gaze drop to his khakis.

Then I smiled and walked away.

In the window glass, I saw Conrad's reflection. He stood there at the counter, hands out, watching me. When I headed down the first aisle, I let one hand trail over the tops of the records. I tugged my shirt away from my neck. "Hot in here."

Conrad kept watching me, mouth open a little, fingers keying the counter top as if it were a piano.

I lifted my T-shirt a little, exposing my belly button. "Really hot." I wiped my face with the hem and when I lowered my shirt again, Conrad was already around the counter and halfway up the aisle across from me.

I edged to the right, moving toward the back wall. Conrad came around the corner. I faced him for a few seconds then bolted around the display bins. I heard Conrad's shoes on the concrete floor, saw the posters of Kiss and Poison get closer in my vision, then I was around the corner on my end.

The aisles weren't long enough to get up any real speed but I managed to run damn fast.

Conrad's too bulky to run, but he moved fast enough. I sped, skittered around a corner, then taunted him from the other side of the display bins. "Think you can catch me, baldie?"

"Keep talking, blonde." He bent down and disappeared below the bins.

I listened for a few seconds but couldn't hear him moving. Tried peering over the records but they were four feet wide. Below the bins, milk crates were loaded with more records. There were two breaks in the milk crates and before I realized

it, Conrad had crawled through one, shouldered his way past the heavy bins, and he was up and out on my side of the aisle.

Grinning.

I spun and tried to run back to the other side but it was too late. He grabbed my shoulder, wrenched me backwards, and trapped me in his grip.

I loved it.

His hands were everywhere: my neck, my chest, my ass. He pulled us down, kneeling on the store's grimy floor, and then his kisses filled me again. He touched me and I went limb-limp and dick-hard in seconds.

Conrad thrust against my cock, the bulge in his pants rubbing against mine, and I could only groan.

"Con, I want you so bad," I whispered.

"Back room. Now," he ordered.

He stood, flipped over the little clock sign on the door, and turned the hands.

"You're not gonna lock the front door?" I asked.

"Nah, Jason will take care of things. He's probably next door at the deli."

He steered me into the little break room: a mini-fridge, a bar sink, a couple of rickety chairs and a table.

I'll never forget that table.

It wobbled when he lay me back on it, when he tugged off my shoes, my pants, my shorts. The laminate was cool under my back, sticky. Conrad's mouth was hot, wet, slipping over my nipples, down my chest. He slicked over my belly button, thrusting his tongue in, something obscene and arousing in the way he did it.

He stood, one hand on my chest, watching me.

I couldn't meet his eyes. I closed them, feeling stupid that my chin trembled, feeling foolish that my stomach twitched as he touched me.

"Look at me," his deep voice ordered.

I couldn't. His legs nudged against the inside of my thighs. His pants had the softness of the often-washed, but beneath the soft fabric were his hard legs—and cock.

“Look at me.” This time I felt his fingers on my face. Firm. I opened my eyes.

And it was all right. All right to feel what I was feeling; to say what I was saying; to give in to what was happening.

“Tell me you want this,” he said. He leaned over and kissed me.

“I want you. Yes.”

“Say it to me.”

“Suck me. My cock. Conrad, please.”

Conrad bent over me. His lips eased over my nipples, grazing, licking, then tugging. He held my hands over my head, and I let myself feel his strength. I could have tried to fight back but God—oh, God—I didn’t want to. His lips were so soft and full on me. When he moved down to my belly again, my stomach muscles twitched and my balls snugged up to my body.

Conrad stopped and looked at me again—those deep chocolate eyes full of wanting—and he brushed against my thighs. *O there, yes, higher, there, oh God yes!*—and then over my balls. His fingers kneaded my hips and he nuzzled at my cock and balls for what seemed like hours. He used his tongue and his lips and his whole face to rub against me, his short whiskers catching a couple times in my pubic hair, my cock bobbing against his cheeks. He even used his eyelashes to feather over me.

There was a loud knock at the backroom’s door. Jason’s voice, plaintive, a little belligerent. “Conrad, lunch is here.”

Conrad stopped working my cock. “All right. I’m busy right now.”

“It’ll get cold! I brought your favorite—a Philly cheese steak from Mario’s!”

“Thanks, Baby Jay. Busy now.”

“Conrad?” We both heard the door knob twist and turn as he tried to open the door.

I held my breath. Did we lock it? Or did we forget in a lust-filled haze?

The lock held. I could feel Jason's frustration through the cheap door, I could almost hear his heavy sigh. "I'll be out front."

His boots clumped down the hall and we smiled at each other.

"Now, back to business," Conrad said in a sultry tone and he swooped down on me again.

I pulled at the tabletop, felt the rough fiber board of its underside, the slick plastic of the top. It squeaked as he worked me. I clenched and unclenched my fists. My legs curled over his back. My cock turned bright pink as I watched, stretching longer and harder than I'd ever felt. It was heavy, thick, filled with seeming gallons of blood and semen and Conrad kept kissing and licking and tasting me—*no one's ever made love to me before, not like this*—this was a man who truly loved cock and the thought made the milky rush of pleasure start.

I gasped when he rose to take me in his mouth. His gaze met mine, brown eyes soft, filled with desire and he watched my face as he kissed the tip of my cock.

"I'm gonna come!" A quick warning panted through my heaving lungs.

"Gimme some of that Irish cream," he replied and swallowed me down, his eyes never leaving mine. One, two, three hard sucks and I came with a wet gush.

My legs tightened and my heels pummeled his back as I arched and cried out. Not even words, just a grunt of incoherent sound, my throat wet with something unshed. My orgasm lasted for seconds as he suckled me. The wet sounds filled my ears and when I was back to myself, Conrad still held my cock in his mouth, letting it go soft. He held it tenderly, his eyes now closed, his face glowing.

It scared the hell out of me.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. This was just a job, an undercover op to get whatever intel I could and then get the hell out.

And the last thing I wanted was out.

While I was thinking, Conrad stood, looming over me. His gaze met mine, something dark and feral in it and not for the first time, I was scared looking at him. To get past the fear, I took charge.

“Your turn. Show me what you got.” I tugged his tank top off. Then I was at his khakis, fingers fumbling at the tab. He was silent as I tugged down his pants. His cock bulged beneath his shorts.

Nice.

I shucked them down. His hard-on snaked upward. It was beautiful. It stood out from his wiry black pubic hair, filling, growing bigger and darker as I watched.

Except for crappy porn movies, I’d never seen another man’s hard-on. Conrad’s cock was wine-colored, with purple-blue veins stretching both sides. The slit glistened in the dim light of the room. I ran my thumb over it, lightly, and the smell of his pre-come drifted to me.

“That for me?” I asked.

“As much as you want, goldie.” His voice was deeper than usual, a husky timbre to it that made me squirm.

His balls were nearly bare—another first for me. I palmed them with one hand and heard him gasp.

“Too hard?” I whispered.

“More. Like this.” He worked my hand in a circle, tugging at his sac. His cock stood straighter.

He stood there in front of me, male beauty and eroticism at its most visceral. His broad shoulders narrowed into a muscled waist, cut over his hipbones and then that gorgeous cock. My palm wrapped around him and I stroked, an instinctive movement. He hissed and pushed closer to me.

I wanted to watch his face; I wanted to watch his cock. It moved in my hand, alive and wet and wanting.

I found the rhythm he liked: a gentle tugging on his balls and a firm stroke on his cock. His pre-come slicked my hand. My grip tightened and I jerked him faster. Conrad grabbed my legs, fingers digging into my thighs as his chest heaved. His cock swelled and turned darker; I felt the heat of it in my palm

and then he groaned, threw his head back, and gushed silver cream over my hand. Some of it splattered on my shirt, some of it oozed over my thighs. I didn't care.

I let my strokes slow and stop. Conrad's breathing eased off and he pulled his head back to look at me. "Oh, goldie, you're getting in my pants again."

I pulled him close. "I sure hope so."

He nuzzled against me for a minute. His breath was warm on my neck and his chest was solid against mine. My legs wrapped around him, our soft cocks between us. I heard the quiet hum of the fridge humming; traffic sounds from the back alley; Jason playing Nine Inch Nails in the store. It sounded like *Closer to God*. Figured.

"When you gonna let me at you for real?" he asked.

My torso flushed. I knew what he meant. And the idea scared the hell out of me.

"When you gonna let me work crew for you?" I countered. It was the real reason I was here, the reason the Jacksonville PD was paying me.

"How 'bout Saturday night?" he asked. "Donalita will be gone. I could use a hand."

"Didn't I just give you a hand?" The grin stretched my face; this was fun.

Conrad pressed closer, something dark and feral in his gaze. I felt that visceral pull to him, had felt it the moment I'd laid eyes on him three weeks ago. "I'll be waiting for you, pretty boy. Waiting." His deep voice turned huskier, smooth as vodka.

I buried my face in his neck, feeling the flash of heat from my belly. My feelings jumbled in my stomach: loyalty to my job; worry about blowing my cover; this confusion of desire for Conrad.

*I am so fucked.*

And the thought made me smile.