

A photograph of a man from the waist up, wearing a black jacket and blue denim jeans. He is adjusting the waistband of his jeans with both hands. He is wearing a silver watch on his left wrist. The background is plain white.

Cruising on Cary Street

J.M. Snyder

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By J.M. Snyder

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Monday, quarter after midnight, downtown Richmond. Neon lights glisten like wet paint off the cars parked along the cobbled streets of Shockhoe Slip. As off-duty police officer Willis Moore eases his 350Z Coupe down the narrow street, those same lights slide over his polished red hood and tinted windows like ephemeral flames, dancing over the car and disappearing behind him into the night. His side windows are down, his bass is pumping, and dark sunglasses hide his eyes.

Here, he is anonymous, just another soul among those huddled in doorways or perched in the glow of streetlamps. The heavy hip-hop beat blaring from his speakers turns a few heads, but most aren't interested in his passing. They have their own lives to worry about and can spare no time for his. Will appreciates that mentality. Lately, he hasn't had much interest in his own life, either.

It's been a hellacious day for him. The first time back to work after a forced, month-long leave, and when five o'clock finally rolled around, Will was ready to call it quits. He didn't know what to expect, but wasn't ready for the fake smiles, the inane small talk, the whispered conversations that stopped when he came into a room. Men he worked with for years now went out of their way to avoid him. When he tried to dive into a new case, he was told to take it easy, give himself time to get back into the swing of things.

Hell, he gave enough time already. He wants, *needs*, to move on.

Ahead, a stop light flickers from amber to red. Will toys with the idea of not stopping—who'd notice? Who'd care? But the upstanding citizen in him hits the brakes at the last second, throwing him forward in his seat. Instinct causes his hand to stray to the volume knob on the radio; at the last minute, he catches himself before he can turn it down. Despite the nagging headache behind his eyes, he cranks the knob the other way. The car shudders beneath the increased beat.

Will glances out the driver's side window. Two women stand on the curb, mini-skirts hiked up to reveal tanned thighs, halter tops straining over ample breasts. One Asian, one Hispanic, neither Will's flavor of choice. They giggle and wave, but he turns back to the street and guns his engine, waiting for the light to change. *Sorry, girls.*

From the corner of his eye, he sees movement out the passenger side window. He glances that way, sees a cluster of young men leaning against the side of an old movie theater, and takes his foot off the gas as he does a double take.

Now *that's* more like what he has in mind.

There are five of them in all, the youngest probably not yet eighteen. They wear tight shorts and torn T-shirts that expose smooth, flat abdomens. Dyed hair spikes above dark eyeliner-rimmed, haunted eyes. Crotches bulge obscenely. Black leather ties form makeshift bracelets along pale arms. One kid wears a battered army jacket; another dribbles a scuffed basketball. Two have already paired off, rubbing against each other and snickering between stolen kisses as they move away from the others.

But the one Will notices, the one he lowers his shades to get a better look at, stands by himself at the front of the group. He has translucent skin that seems to glow in the lamplight, as if he hasn't seen the sun in years. His black hair shines almost blue in the night, the short bangs framing his face and ears in a pixie cut. He wears a silver mesh tank top cropped above his navel and a pair of black biker shorts pulled down low over bony hips. Will finds his gaze drawn to the flat planes of that bare stomach, the thin muscles taut and lean, the skin luminous against the shadows.

A car horn blares behind him—the light changed. Will hits the gas and shoots through the intersection, mind lingering on the scantily clad hustler and his friends. At the next block, without making a conscious decision about it, Will turns and circles back for a second look.

Damn.

You shouldn't, he tells himself, but his body doesn't listen. His blood rises at the sight of exposed white flesh, and when he closes his eyes, he can well imagine his own dark fingers

splayed over that pale midriff like the shadows themselves.

You didn't even see his face, a voice inside him mutters.

Will doesn't care. He's been driving for hours, ever since he left the precinct, and for what?

For this.

Some part of him needs this, he knows. Why else would he be in the Slip, cruising the street? Music blaring, sunglasses on, an erection throbbing at his crotch? He needs release.

That damn voice in his mind won't let up. This is Tea all over again. Will turns the radio up in an attempt to drown it out, but it doesn't work. *You find another street rat like that, pick him up, take him home, clean him up, and what happens next?*

Where's Tea now?

Dead.

Will grips the steering wheel tight and leans forward as he takes the next turn. He isn't thinking about Teabag anymore—that part of his life was over, done with, case closed. It's been a month already. Tonight is an escape, a way to move out of the past, a way to move on. And Will suspects a good, solid fuck is all he need to do just that.

Back on Cary Street again, Will slows as he approaches the hustlers' block. This time he pulls over a bit, out of the flow of traffic, so he won't be rushed. The guys come into view and Will slows the car. A few of them elbow each other, nodding his way. Then the guy in the silver mesh turns and watches him come to a complete stop.

Will sits back in the driver's seat to wait. It doesn't take long. Within a few minutes, the guy breaks away from his friends and drifts to the passenger side of Will's car. As he approaches, Will turns the radio down to a mere whisper.

Leaning onto the open window, the guy flashes Will an easy grin. "Hey, dude," he drawls. His voice has a raw quality to it, as if he spent the previous evening screaming himself hoarse at a concert. "See something you like?"

This close, Will notices the guy's younger than he originally thought. Closer to Tea's age, maybe, barely a man...

An image of Teabag flashes in his mind, superimposing

itself over the hustler's features. Freckles dot clear skin, the black hair turns a deep shade of russet, those green eyes deepen to a warm brown. The wide grin is replaced with a crooked one, thrown off by an eyetooth once broken in a club fight. Will hears Teabag's smoked-out voice when the hustler speaks. *"I know you want me, Detective. And shit, I want you. So what's it to anyone else if we get our groove on, you know?"*

With a shake of his head, Will chases away that memory. Teabag disappears, leaving only the guy before him. Perhaps this isn't such a good idea after all. Putting the car into gear, Will starts, "Sorry, kid. You're not even legal—"

"I'm twenty-three," the hustler answers. "Don't go. I like black guys and you're kind of cute. It's been a slow night."

Will glances at the other hustlers, but they're calling out across the street to the girls on the opposite corner and aren't about to encroach on their friend's trick. The guy leans on Will's car. "I saw you looking."

When Will doesn't answer, the hustler straightens up and steps back, giving him a good eyeful. Large hands smooth down the mesh top over his belly, then dip into the waistband of his biker shorts to cup the cock hidden in his pants. As Will watches, a flick of those wrists has the shorts down and his dick out, both hands kneading his balls as the blind eye of his cockhead rises in Will's direction. A shuffled step brings him to the side of the car, and that long, thin dick dangles through the open window invitingly. Will clenches the steering wheel to keep from reaching out.

He watches strong hands stroke the length, teasing it erect. The guy moans as he fondles himself, hips humping against the side of the car as if he's fucking the vehicle itself. The way those fingers dance along the hardening shaft make Will's balls draw up with desire, and his own cock aches to be touched like that.

It's been way too long.

With a glance around to assure himself no one's watching, Will hits the release for the automatic lock. "Get in the car."

Instantly, the shorts come up again and the cock disappears. The door opens and the hustler falls into the passenger seat, a knowing grin in place. He looks *much* too

young for Will's taste, and twenty-three is a good ten years his junior, but in the dark, age doesn't matter. If the guy has a tight hole and knows how to fuck, that's all Will wants.

Releasing the clutch, Will pulls away from the curb and hits the button to raise the windows. Tinted glass rises around them, blocking out the street life. "You got a name?" Will asks as he pushes the car through the gears, heading for a high speed. "And buckle up."

"Yes, officer."

Will glances at the guy sharply. Did he know? Nothing in the guy's face gives it away, so Will writes it off as an innocent comment, a joke.

As the hustler cinches the seat belt into place, he asks, "You have a name you want me to use? Or just my own?"

Teabag, that voice in Will's head whispers, but he shakes it away. No. Tea is gone. Now that the car has hit a decent speed, Will cranks the radio back up again and shouts to be heard over the music. "Your own."

"Corey. I hate to bring this up, but do you want to hear my price list? Or do you have something specific in mind?"

Will hates this part. For a moment he considers pulling over, dumping the guy out on his ass on the street, let him hike it back to his friends and bitch about the trick who dicked him over. But until Corey spoke to him, Will didn't realize how alone he feels. How much he wants this guy's touch, how much he *needs* it. Even if it costs him.

Without taking his eyes off the road, he hopes he sounds nonchalant when he asks, "You *do* bottom, right?"

A warm hand covers his on the gear shaft. Strong fingers fold into his palm, then guide his hand into Corey's lap. Will brushes over soft skin like velvet beneath his touch—the shorts are down again, tucked beneath Corey's balls. On their own, Will's fingers encircle that long shaft, a rod of iron in his palm, silk-sheathed, smooth and hard. His thumb traces the ridge of the flared tip, and beside him, Corey gasps. "Oh, yeah."

With one hand on the wheel, the other in Corey's lap, Will begins to look for a place to park.

* * * *

Will finds a secluded spot in an empty lot behind an old, abandoned building that was once the Big Star grocery. In the far corner of the lot, two streetlamps have blown, giving the night free reign. When he turns into the lot, Will cuts off the radio so no one will notice them, then drives around behind the store, heading for that dark corner.

Each time he releases Corey long enough to shift gears, the hustler takes his hand back and places it firmly in his lap. Corey's dick juts hard from his crotch, the tip damp with pre-cum, and only the Velcro cable tie he wears cinched around his balls like a makeshift cock ring holds back his orgasm. The pale erection has turned a ruddy color that rivals the plum-shaped tip, and whenever Will strums his fingers along the hard length, Corey whimpers.

Pulling into the last spot in the lot, Will yanks up the parking brake and cuts off the engine. He leaves the keys in the ignition and for a moment toys with them, their jangle loud in the abrupt silence. Suddenly he feels like a teenager again, alone with a guy for the first time, unsure of what to say or do next.

Corey takes charge. "You want to do this?" When Will nods, he instructs, "Then lie back. It's going to be pretty cramped, but I think we'll manage."

As Corey slips his shorts down his thin legs, Will obeys. The driver's seat pulls forward a few inches, then reclines. Will stretches back in the seat, hands smoothing down the long sleeves of his T-shirt, then straightening the material bunched beneath his seat belt, then down over his thighs to reposition his jeans. The denim bites into an erection that's been bothering him all night, and now he'll finally be taking care of it.

Or rather, Corey'll take care of it. Will hopes he was worth the price.

Beside him, Corey unbuckles his seat belt and climbs onto his knees in the passenger seat. His cock points at Will, whose hand drifts to grasp the hard shaft. He hears Corey gasp in delight, and feels the car shake when those narrow hips buck into

his palm. Using Corey's dick as leverage, Will pulls himself up into a sitting position and guides the hustler's dick to his mouth.

He misses.

The wet tip of Corey's cock brushes over his cheek and across his mouth before Will manages to close his lips around it. The musky scent of sex enflames his senses, and the dick fills his mouth, the bittersweet taste of cum like ambrosia. It's been *way* too long since he tasted another, but like an eager student, he relearns the fistful shape of a cockhead, the fold of skin at the end of the penis that bulges like a mushroom, the slit where the skin meets beneath the tip, the weeping pinprick in the center that quivers when he tongues over it.

Above him, Corey gasps, "Oh, yeah."

His words are mere breath between them. His hands play over the tight curls clinging to Will's scalp; his fingers tickle over the tops of Will's ears and down the back of his neck, guiding Will closer, driving his dick farther into Will's open mouth. Corey's breath draws in, a sharp hiss like a snake between them.

But when Will fingers the cable tie, ready to rip open the Velcro and drink down Corey's juices, the hustler pulls back. The tip of his cock slips from between Will's damp lips; he sticks his tongue out to chase after it, but Corey's stronger than he looks and holds Will back. "You're not paying for just this," Corey reminds him. "Lie down."

Again, Will does as he's told. Corey's fingers dance over Will's crotch, nimbly unbuckling his belt, unzipping his jeans, pulling the fly open to get inside. Will's shirt is rucked up, out of the way, exposing a flat stomach and chiseled muscles as dark as the night around them. Corey's hands look like searchlights flickering over the shadows of Will's flesh. The bright white briefs Will wears seem to glow in the darkness, but Corey pulls them down, tucks them beneath Will's chocolaty balls, and runs both hands up the stiff length of Will's cock. "God *damn*," Corey sighs. He can't encircle the shaft at its base with just one hand. "You're fucking huge."

Will won't go that far—he's seen bigger guys in the shower room down at the precinct—but he likes the rasp of skin on skin in the close confines of his car, and he likes that Corey seems

impressed. With difficulty he stifles a grin, instead concentrating on the shards of pleasure that spike through him each time Corey strokes his length. Through hooded eyes, he watches the pale hands fluttering over his dark flesh, white fingers plucking and rubbing over the reddish-black knob of his cockhead. He allows himself a slight moan and a whispered, “Yes.”

Corey snickers. “You like that?”

Will doesn’t have to answer—his lustful gasp tells the hustler what he needs to know.

Holding Will’s dick with one hand, Corey runs his forefinger down the thick length from tip to base. The touch is ticklish, sending shivers of delight coursing through Will’s body, and he writhes beneath the seasoned hands of the professional.

“Yes,” Will says, the word escaping him to rise toward the roof of the car. Every time Corey runs his finger down the same path, it elicits another yes from Will, each louder than the last, until he clutches the seat beneath him and cries out into the night. “Yes, yes.”

Just when Will thinks he’ll explode, Corey’s hands disappear. Forcing his breath to slow, Will sighs. “There’s lube in the glove compartment.”

In the passenger seat, Corey shucks off his sneakers, extracting a condom from the inside of his left shoe. With expert moves, he tears open the foil packet with his teeth, then rolls the condom onto Will’s cock without ceremony. Will fiddles with it, pinching room into the tip of the condom, as he hears the hustler rummage through the glove compartment. Too late, he wonders if his service pistol is in there. He turned it in last month with his badge, but can’t seem to remember if the chief returned it yet or not. If it’s there, and Corey finds it...

He hears a *click* as the glove compartment snaps shut, then Corey holds up a curvy bottle of Astroglide. “This it?”

Before Will can get a good look, Corey flicks open the pop-top and squirts a generous dollop of the thick gel onto the tip of Will’s dick. Even through the condom, Will feels the cool liquid slowly drip down his shaft. “Don’t use it all—”

But the telltale raspberry sound of the bottle emptying

interrupts him. “Too late,” Corey says, giving the bottle one good last squeeze before he pitches it behind his seat. Will ducks to avoid getting hit in the head with the bottle and feels the car move as Corey climbs onto him. “Guide me. I want your thick cock in my ass like now.”

Will has never found such vulgar talk sexy. “You don’t have to be so—”

“Now,” Corey says again as he plops down to straddle Will’s chest.

Will’s hands are drawn to those pale buttocks—he cups them, his fingers sliding into the cleft between the cheeks, massaging the firm muscle. One forefinger finds Corey’s trembling hole, which puckers and flexes as he rims it. Above him, Corey fists his hands in Will’s shirt and rocks back into his hands. “Fuck me already,” he demands, jumping a little to rock the car. “You’re paying for it, aren’t you?”

Sitting up, Will covers Corey’s foul mouth with his own, silencing him. The hustler sits back, surprised, and finds himself seated in the palms of Will’s strong hands. Spreading those tender ass cheeks wide, Will guides his dick to the hidden center of Corey’s being. The wet tip of the condom slides over smooth skin, and Will uses his fingertips to angle it into place.

Corey makes a muffled noise, his lips pressed to Will’s. When they part, allowing Will’s hungry tongue entry, Will thrusts up into the hustler’s tight ass.

That earns him a breathy gasp.

Will falls back to the seat, hips bucking to force as much of himself as he can into his lover for the evening. Corey follows him down, hands still clenched in Will’s shirt, his mouth ardent, insistent, as it seeks Will’s own. “Yes,” he sighs into Will as they kiss, his words timed with each thrust, each fuck. “Please, God, yes, *God*, fuck, yes, *yes*.”

They find a fast pace, a furious rhythm spurred on by Corey’s half-whispered moans. The friction of Will’s cock thrust between Corey’s willing buttocks sets the night on fire around them. Will feels his blood blaze in his veins as he rocks toward release. Harder, faster, he forces his way into the body above his

as he holds on tightly to Corey's hips. His fingers burn against the pale skin like scorch marks left behind. Deeper, harder, *in*, as far as he can go, as far as Corey lets him. Will gives into the ancient art of sex and lets the rest of his day, the rest of his *life*, fall away. Faster, yes, *yes*.

He needs this.

When his orgasm shudders through him, Will grabs the tie holding back Corey's release and pulls it free. Corey sits up, hips grinding above Will's, hand jerking as he comes in a white rush that slicks Will's lower belly. White cum streaks his black skin like spilt milk. One elbow hits the car horn behind him, and the 350Z blares into the night in time with Corey's strokes. The sound sets off in Will a second, more vicious orgasm, and he clamps his hands down on Corey's upper thighs to hold the hustler in place as he shoots his load inside him again.

For a long moment, they sit coupled together, Will panting as he lay in the driver's seat, Corey leaning back against the steering wheel. Neither seems able to speak nor have the energy to pull apart. Finally Corey runs a hand through his hair, and the short black bangs stand up from his temple from the lube on his fingers. He takes a deep breath, but his voice still shakes slightly when he speaks. "You know," he sighs, "I like you, so I'm gonna cut you a deal. Let's say a hundred fifty for the whole thing. That cool with you?"

Will reaches into his back pocket for his wallet, moving carefully to avoid dislodging Corey. At that price, he knows he could easily eat through his whole paycheck for this boy from the streets.

THE END

ABOUT J.M. SNYDER

A multi-published author of gay erotic/romantic fiction, J.M. Snyder began writing boyband slash before turning to self-publishing. She has worked with several different e-publishers, including Amber Allure Press, Aspen Mountain Press, eXcessica Publishing, and Torquere Press, and has short stories published in anthologies by Alyson Books, Aspen Mountain Press, Cleis Press, eXcessica Publishing, Lethe Press, and Ravenous Romance. For more information, including excerpts, free stories, and monthly contests, please visit jmsnyder.net.



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