

In His
Shoes



K.A. Merikan

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Written for the Love Has No Boundaries event

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— Giving a new name to the phrase ‘fashion victim’ —

London, 1887

Since Frank and Jasper's pimping business kicked off, they've been gradually climbing the social ladder of the East End. Jasper strives for more in life, and Frank's determined to make sure he gets everything he wants. But with money too tight to even afford shoes decent enough to impress wealthy ladies, they have to move on to more drastic measures.

A solution seems to come in the person of a wealthy punter, but what will Frank do when matters get out of hand, leaving Jasper in danger?

“In His Shoes” is set in the “Gentlemen’s Tales of Love, Lust and the Undead” universe, but can be read as a standalone.

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Themes (may contain SPOILERS): pimping, greed, violence, friends to lovers

Erotic content: graphic m/m sex

Genre: historical (Victorian), erotic romance

Length: ~9000 words

This story was written as a part of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group’s ‘Love Has No Boundaries’ event.

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Kat and Agnes Merikan
(K.A. Merikan)

Gentlemen's Tales of Love, Lust and the Undead:

In His Shoes (October, 1887)

Scavengers:

July (July, 1893)

August (August, 1893)

September (September, 1893)

Eton Mess (September, 1893)

Off with Their Heads! (September, 1907)

THE PROMPT:

PHOTO DESCRIPTION:

A handsome man in a tattered coat looks up from below a crooked top hat that shadows his other eye. His clothes appear too thin for the weather, but even worn and dusty, they seem to have been carefully chosen. There is a hint of a smile on his lips, but his intense gaze holds a promise of violence. Is it directed at the thoughtful man in the second picture, or are they joining forces?

STORY LETTER:

Dear Author,

Do whatever you like with this one, just make my wicked fantasy of a couple of rough Victorian hotties frantically smexing each other (preferably in a filthy back alley) come true ☺

Although I would like it to be set in (and have the seedy feel of) Victorian England, I am not hugely concerned with historical accuracy, so please don't be put off by lack of knowledge of the era.

No paranormal, steam punk, sci fi, or time travel please. Just a simple historical romp would be most excellent and appreciated.

Sincerely,

Danni

STORY INFO:

Genre: historical (Victorian London)

Tags: thug, pimp, first time, sex in a seedy back alley, friends to lovers, protecting your sweetheart, greed, dark

Content warnings: graphic violence

Word count: 9,467

IN HIS SHOES

“Ya go pickle yer cock s’ m’ere else tonight. I got plans!”

Frank blinked, looking up at Molly, who was too busy sewing to even spare him a glance. As if to prove her point, she crossed her exposed legs and tapped her foot on the raw wooden floor. He exhaled the smoke from his pipe, stroking one of his thick sideburns, and frowned at her barely-clad body. He could see the milky skin of her naked thighs above the stockings, and she didn’t even bother to put on a dressing gown over her corset when he and Jasper came over. Not that it was unusual for Frank to see her like this, and the dim glow of the single oil lamp reminded him of all those nights he spent between her thighs in this tiny room. Molly was a favourite and she knew it.

“Yer the one walkin’ around nekkid.”

“I got more clothes on than ’e does.” She shrugged and some of her dark curls obscured her eyes. Frank’s gaze darted to Jasper. Sprawled shirtless in a shabby armchair by the bed, he was playing around with his gun. Frank knew the thing didn’t work, but he had to admit it was good enough as a threat. Jasper was waiting to get his shirt back from Molly, yet kept his tattered top hat on.

“Well, I’m not the one selling what’s on show.” He flashed Frank a cocky grin. Jasper had the most elegant accent out of all the people Frank knew. And because they’ve known each other since he could remember, he knew Jasper wasn’t raised around people who spoke that way, though it seemed to have grown on him.

“So examine the goods and shut it,” spat Molly, squinting over the shirt she was mending.

Frank inhaled some smoke and glanced over to Jasper’s spread out form. There were still dark stains of bruising on his ribs from a fight they got into a few days ago. Every now and then, when Jasper undressed, Frank felt the urge to ask whether it hurt, but that would be a silly thing to do.

This new pimping business turned out more painful than they assumed, but it was also far less straining than factory work and Jasper certainly enjoyed the money it put in their pockets. He was buying those colourful cravats, even though he only had one proper shirt. And two weeks ago, he even got a pocket watch that looked like it was made of gold. Since then, he kept showing it off far too much for his own good, but when Frank told him so, all Jasper did was shrug. He

had always been reckless, but now, every time Jasper went out at night, the wait gave Frank a giddy feeling. People killed for less than a fake gold watch, and he couldn't afford to lose his partner in business. Whom could he ever trust like he trusted Jasper?

"I'm going to get a new shirt real soon," Jasper boasted. "We're on the way up with Frank." He looked into Frank's eyes with that intense blue stare, which never failed to tighten Frank's stomach. "Just got a new girl yesterday. Expanding the business, you see. Don't worry though, you're still our best earner, love." Jasper leaned towards Molly to stroke her knee, giving Frank a good view of his pale, lean back and wide shoulders.

He could almost see the crack of Jasper's arse, and he couldn't help but stare. Jasper was lean, but not too small, nearly hairless except for his head and crotch. Speaking of the devil, once Jasper leaned back again, the soft light of the lamp cast a shadow stressing the sharp ridge above his groin and Frank's eyes were inevitably drawn lower, to the bulge in his trousers. He was hung like a donkey, and while Frank was not a little man himself, he kept thinking about that impressive girth whenever he was to breach a woman. No wonder Jasper was so popular with the ladies. Frank couldn't complain about the lack of female attention himself, but he lacked Jasper's silver tongue.

Molly's voice cut through the haziness clouding his brain. "That's all very well, but 'ow can ya look after more girls if there's just the two of ya?"

Frank opened his mouth, surprised by her reasoning. He hadn't thought of that.

Jasper was quicker to answer though. "Don't you worry that pretty head of yours. We're in business now and we already have a few men wanting to become new associates." He scratched his fuzzy, dark blond beard, probably trying to feign looking thoughtful. They didn't have any guys wanting to join, and Frank wasn't even sure he wanted anyone else handling their money. But instead of questioning Jasper, he couldn't help but stare at him. He knew one of the reasons Jasper grew all that facial hair was that his face looked like a boy's, with large blue eyes and full lips that stretched into the broadest, most carefree smile.

Frank nodded at Molly "Yeah, we're thinkin' 'bout ya girls."

She gave him a doubtful look and shook her head. "Betta' make those fresh dollymops wear somethin' pretty, so's they get another Mister Stevens."

Jasper straightened up in the armchair. His pale eyebrows drew closer with clear interest. "Stevens? Is that the one with those fancy shoes? He's so young, too. I'm sure he could charm

some girls and get muff for free.” He laughed as Molly passed him his shirt. She snorted and walked over to the bed, where she laid out her best dress. It was red and far too frilly for Frank’s taste.

“I’m not tellin’ ’im to find a different muff. Pays betta’ than others. Worth endurin’ even if he is a pig sometimes.”

Frank cleared his throat, looking over to Jasper, who was hiding his body under the shirt. “Pig?”

“Yeah, what does he do?” Jasper was always eager for filthy details. Strange how he had the nicest accent and the dirtiest mouth. “You charge him extra, Molly.”

“Oh, ya don’t wanna know what ’e likes to do. Trust me.” She rolled her eyes and stepped into the skirt before reaching for the bodice. “Bet ’is wife’s a nun.”

Frank frowned, tracing his sideburns with his fingers. “But he’s not makin’ ya work less?”

Jasper was meticulously putting on subsequent layers of clothing. His embroidered vest was brand new and looked far too elegant combined with a coat that had seen better days. Instead of giving his garb a bit of a boost, Jasper would rather get the newest, most fashionable items. Which, at the moment, meant he could only afford the vest. “I’m not joking, Molly. We need to know. We’re here to take care of you.”

Curious little bastard.

She laughed out loud and shook her head. “Oh, Frankie’s takin’ care of me all right, at least once a week. But ’is taste’s not as strange.”

Frank groaned, running his fingers through his hair. He certainly did not want Jasper to know he was pulling off his shirt only to make her wear it during the ordeal. “Shut yer mouth, Molly!”

“I want to know.” Jasper put on his leather overcoat and nudged Frank with his elbow. “Does he take you up the rear?” There was a stupid grin on his lips.

Molly chuckled and Frank felt his cheeks heat. She better not say a word! He never beat women, unless it was absolutely necessary, but those things, he wanted her to keep to herself. But, of course, being Molly, she did talk.

“Frank, *do you* take me up the rear?” she teased, parroting Jasper’s accent. Relieved, Frank grunted in reply.

“Betta’ get dressed already so that yer pig can rip that dress off ya.”

“No one’s going to share any filthy fun with me, are they?” Jasper rolled his eyes and went for the door, holding his chin up high.

“Do *not* say anythin’!” Frank mouthed to Molly and followed his partner only to stop midstride. “If ya want us to talk to that hog, we will.”

“Gone ya are!” She made a dismissive gesture and turned towards her mirror. There was no use arguing when she got like that. Above all, it wasn’t in their interest to lose a wealthy punter.

“Wonder what he does if she doesn’t wanna tell,” he asked Jasper as they went down the creaking staircase. They had to be careful not to rouse Molly’s landlady.

Jasper put his hands in his pockets and looked back at him with a frown. “I know! It’s bloody infuriating.”

“Must be somethin’ nasty if he comes to a cheap girl when he has all that money.” Frank ran after him, pulling his hat on when they left the building. The nights were getting colder every week, a fact even more prominent in narrow, unlit streets like this one. At least it wasn’t a rainy night.

Jasper went quiet as they paced down the street. At this time of night, it was empty and silent enough to hear the rats squeak. They would be able to hear Stevens’ footsteps from afar. “Something nastier than you for sure.” Steam left Jasper’s lips as he spoke.

“I’m not doin’ anythin’ nasty!” Frank closed his coat and fished out a hip flask out of its pocket. “Nothin’ wrong with plain old fuckin’.”

“Yeah, though I don’t fancy her. Give me some.” Jasper came closer and reached out for the flask. Frank shut his mouth, spotting a blurry figure further down the street. “You like her, don’t you?” Jasper turned his face towards Frank, looking him in the eyes. He was shorter, but the top hat was making up for it.

Frank cleared his throat and pulled him into an alleyway nearby. They weren’t supposed to be seen. “She’s... a good woman for a whore.”

“Yeah, ‘for a whore’.” Jasper snorted and snatched the flask from Frank’s hand.

“What about ya?” Frank sighed, leaning against the building wall with one arm.

Jasper smirked and took a big gulp of the alcohol, before returning the flask. “What about me?”

Frank swallowed and quickly pushed the gin against his lips. Whenever they shared a drink, he toyed with the idea that Jasper's lips touched it first, and he wasn't even sure if that was appropriate. He was a man like any other. Without a doubt, many had thoughts like those, but never voiced them, just like him. He traced the opening of the flask with his tongue before taking a large gulp of gin. Too bad the taste of alcohol was sharp enough to disguise Jasper's.

"Ya know, ya never talk 'bout girls."

"Oy!" Jasper frowned and folded his arms across his chest. "What's there to say? I'm not there yet."

If Frank hadn't swallowed, he'd probably spit the gin out. "What?" he whispered, looking at Jasper in the dark. He moved closer so they could talk without being unnecessarily loud. The lonely man he'd seen earlier entered Molly's building without having to throw small pebbles at her window, as they'd left the door unlocked.

"I'm going to have me a proper lady someday. But I'm not good enough yet." Jasper slouched against the wall, his eyes focused on the spot Stevens was standing in just seconds ago.

Frank leaned over him, hiding the flask back in his pocket. Jasper was wrong, he was plenty good. What he lacked was the means to impress. "But yer nor savin' yerself now, are ya?" he asked, bewildered.

"Muttonhead." Jasper snorted and slapped Frank's forehead with his palm. He kept moving in place to warm himself up. "I have ambition. I didn't say I'm a monk. I'm just meant for better things."

"Betta'?" Frank shrugged. "Isn't what we do now as good as it can get without gettin' that cravat of yours tied into a noose? Dunno 'bout ya, but I like my 'ead where it is, I do."

"No. We have to expand. I can't even afford proper shoes yet. Look at me," Jasper complained. "I bet that toff is spending daddy's money on Molly's snatch and doesn't have to worry. Did you *see* his boots?"

Frank cleared his throat, sensing the heat of Jasper's breath on his cheek. "No."

"Well, they're fucking black leather. Probably gets them polished every day by his servants. It's not fair." Jasper kept looking into his eyes and his breath became more rapid. Frank couldn't look away, his skin feeling tingly from the warm vapor of Jasper's words.

"Since when's the world fair? Poor Molly's tradin' her cunt, while the ladies ya want parade in their carriages for doin' nothin'."

“So what are you saying? That I should marry some whore and stay put?”

Frank groaned. He didn't like it when Jasper turned his words against him. “And what when y've got that new life? Ya wouldn't even spare a glance at the people ya knew before.”

“I'd take you with me.” Jasper sighed and nudged him with his elbow. “You could marry her sister.”

“Ya mean her fuckin' maid.” Frank didn't know what to do with his hands, so he decided to smoke his pipe again. He wouldn't take his word for it. No one in their right mind would risk a better life for a few scoundrels from the old one. It was what it was.

“You said it.” Jasper laughed and Frank felt his eyes on him while he was packing the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe.

“I don't favour those stiff uniforms though. Too rough on skin.”

“You like them soft?” Jasper asked, absentmindedly looking down to his battered boots.

“Women are always soft if they aren't starvin'.” Frank looked at the cockily crooked top hat on Jasper's head. He lit a match and let it burn for a few seconds before using it on the tobacco. “Clothes shouldn't be hard to breach.”

“I like a bit of... I don't like them plump,” Jasper muttered, picking at a loose thread on the brim of his hat.

“Me neither, just... the usual, ya know.” Frank kicked a stone across the street. “Pert arses and nice legs.”

“Yeah, I guess it don't matter much when it's dark.” Jasper shrugged.

Frank blinked at him and let out a surprised chuckle. “What, ya thinkin' about takin' an ugly lady?”

“I don't know. Just think about the money, Frank. Who cares about a bit of muff, when you could have shoes like Mr. Stevens.” He finally looked up at Frank again with that familiar cocky grin. It took a moment for Frank to realize that he'd stopped breathing, so he took a huge drag of the smoke and looked away, enjoying how the fragrant warmth filled his mouth and nose. No other pair of eyes was as intense as Jasper's, man or woman.

“Ya keep talkin' 'bout those shoes. Envy's a sin.”

“Oy!” Jasper suddenly pushed at his chest. “Who the fuck are you to say?”

“What? Am I jealous?”

“You fuck around with whores and knock people around. And I’m the sinner, cause I want that toff’s shoes?”

It was Frank's turn to shrug. “Maybe ’e doesn’t deserve ’em for whateva he’s doin’ to Molly right now.”

“Yes! Exactly my point!” Jasper ate that up. He probably just wanted to believe it. “He’s using her, she’s afraid to say what he’s doing and we don’t even get enough money for it.” He stood just inches away, with that strange glint in his eyes.

Frank licked his lips, becoming tense, like when Jasper undressed in their shared room. “We might go after ’im and take ’em as payback. He’ll think twice before piggin’ around again.”

“Yes? You’d do that with me?” Jasper was standing so close to him, it was bordering on uncomfortable. Or *too* comfortable for that matter.

Frank tried to bring the pipe up to his mouth with so much haste that he nearly dropped it when he knocked his hand into the wall. “Ya know yer like a brother to me,” he replied, pretending that nothing happened.

“Molly says he carries a lot of money. Maybe even a real gold watch...” Jasper slowly moved away, allowing the raging flutter in Frank’s stomach to quiet down. That last bit however, made Frank look up with wariness.

“Only if ya promise to keep it ’idden. I’m not buryin’ ya anytime soon.” Frank spat to the ground and chewed on the bit of his pipe.

“Aww, you’d miss me?” Jasper laughed and playfully patted Frank’s cheek. His hands were cold. The bastard wasn’t wearing any gloves. The strangest thing was, if it weren’t such a dooming perspective, Frank would gladly turn his face into that cold palm and warm it with his breath. Instead, he just stared.

Jasper’s face became more serious, but before he could say anything else, they heard a thud of a door, followed by quick footsteps. They geared up, ready to follow Stevens, but it turned out it was someone else altogether and the strange mood dispersed like fist-fighting thugs at the sound of a police whistle. After that, they kept to routine topics, discussing further plans, family matters and so on. Frank was glad, and the conversation engaged him so much he almost overlooked Stevens passing by about an hour later, but Jasper was like a bloodhound, instantly on the man’s trail.

They kept their distance, trying to be quiet on the cobblestones. The fog was their friend, though they didn't need it much, as Stevens seemed awfully careless for a toff walking through a seedy neighbourhood. Maybe he and Molly shared a glass of gin or two?

It was deep in the night and the streets were deserted, so as soon as Stevens' dark silhouette took a turn into a narrow alleyway between two rows of buildings, Frank gave Jasper a squeeze on the shoulder. That was the perfect spot for what they intended to do, and he wrapped his thin neck cloth around the lower half of his face, just in case.

Jasper nodded and did the same. The moment he slouched like a predator on the hunt, Frank's heartbeat sped up. Stevens looked over his arm, stopped for a split second, and that was that. Frank dashed forward, taking out his trusted knife.

"Well, well, look what the cat dragged in!"

Jasper followed with his beloved pistol in hand, and Stevens took a quick step back, raising his arms so that they could see his hands. He was much younger than it seemed from afar. Rather handsome too.

"Wait, wait! Gentlemen, I don't want any trouble—"

"Neither do we." Frank stopped in front of their catch and nodded, deciding to go for Jasper's favoured loot. "Take off yer shoes."

"But... gentleme—" Stevens looked to where the alleyway met a wider street. Frank could almost hear the cogs turning in his head.

"Don't even think about it!" Jasper quickly stepped forward, circling him. "Empty your pockets and take off the fucking shoes!"

Frank nodded. "Come on, don't be daft and listen to my friend 'ere." He folded his arms across his chest, making sure his dagger was in plain sight. Based on his experience, a display of power was more than enough to disarm someone who had loads of money back at home.

Stevens took his time looking between them. Eventually, he bent down towards his shoes, but then made a swift move and pulled out a sabre from under his oversized coat, instantly taking a defensive stance. "Back off!"

Frank froze, surprised by the man's boldness. He *was* outnumbered.

"Are you bloody kidding me?" Jasper burst out with laughter and pointed his pistol at Stevens. With such skills in bluffing, he should have become a gambler, rather than a pimp. But Stevens saw through the sham. Within a split second, he ducked to avoid a deadly blow from the

pistol and drew his arm back to give his sabre enough speed. Frank's head went blank and it seemed that his hands and legs became heavy with blood rushing through his veins. It was the sight of red flourishing on Jasper's hand in the pale moonlight and his scream that triggered Frank into action. He thrust his dagger straight into Stevens' chest, meeting hardly any resistance. The man stiffened and Frank lunged at him, ripping the knife out only to stab it into his abdomen. Time after time it went in easily, like it was soft butter, not flesh, Frank was piercing.

Stevens gurgled, blood spilling down his chin like boiling milk left on a stove, and his knees hit the cobblestones. Frank used the opportunity to kick the sabre away, and he withdrew from the cowering man, his eyes searching for Jasper. His body was pulsing all over, even his gums were throbbing along with the quick rhythm of his heartbeat. Frank's wet hands and chest were quickly becoming chilly, but he was still awfully agitated. The coppery smell mingled with the aroma of the back-alley and the sharp scent of cool air. He didn't even notice when the neck cloth fell off his face.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Jasper held his hand close to his chest and there were dark spots all over his clothes. Still, he shuffled closer and dropped to his knees onto the blood-stained cobblestones. "Is he dead?"

Frank shook his head dismissively and grabbed Jasper's arm, pulling it closer for a brief examination. There was a cut on his hand, but it didn't look even close to fatal, so with a breath of relief, Frank pulled his faded cravat loose to wrap it around the wound. He felt like his blood was boiling. "The fuck would I care? He still moves."

Jasper went silent, looking at the faded cloth, but then gave Stevens' arm a harsh shake. He didn't even stir. With the stench of gore so overwhelming, it was beyond comprehension to see a smile break out on Jasper's lips.

"Fucking toff met his match." His breaths were ragged and as their eyes met, Frank was sure it was him Jasper was talking about. The admiration in that blue gaze set his skin on fire. He felt weak and strong at the same time. His chest tightened, while it seemed that something danced around in his belly. He crouched next to Jasper, never breaking the eye contact.

And that *grin*. Jasper wouldn't stop smiling, even when kneeling in a pool of blood.

"You need a new cravat, Frank." Instead of going for his long-desired shoes, Jasper bowed over the body and pulled at the silky piece of fabric wrapped around Stevens' neck. It was hard to recognize any details, but it had some sort of pattern and two different colours. What

Frank didn't need to see though, was the softness when he leaned closer and slowly wrapped the cravat around Frank's neck. He stopped breathing, locking his eyes with Jasper, unable to even utter a word of gratitude. The touch was far more intimate than he was used to and it made all of the hair on the back of his neck stand up.

A grunt to their side broke the spell. A hooded man dressed in rags was approaching them with wobbly steps. He'd seen them. But if he saw what they did, why wasn't he running? Jasper got to his feet and grabbed Stevens' sabre. Frank could already imagine this would be his favourite new toy. It was too dark for the stranger to see their faces from where he was, so he got up as well, still clutching his now-bloodied dagger.

"Oy, you there, get lost!"

"Yes! Unless you want a taste of this." Jasper laughed and licked the blood-stained blade of the sabre. Frank couldn't help but stare.

"What was that?"

"What?" Jasper turned to Frank with a stupid grin and it was the worst moment for him to do that. The ragged stranger was clearly mad. Without a warning, he attacked Jasper with his bare hands. The stench of someone who hadn't washed for months filled Frank's nostrils as the man's gurgle clashed with Jasper's shocked yelp.

"Oy!" Frank pulled the lunatic away, ready to intervene if the vagrant wouldn't bugger off. The stranger clutched at Jasper's jacket with a blood chilling screech, and before any of them could act, he turned his head under the hood and bit into the hand that Jasper tried to push him away with.

That was it. The rush from killing Stevens was still pulsing through Frank's veins, and he lunged forward, jamming his knife under the man's collarbone. And nothing really happened. *Nothing*. The loony was still grabbing at Jasper, who managed to free his hand. *What was this, some fucking rabies?*

Dumbstruck, Frank watched his knife shift where it was buried in the stranger's flesh, but he snapped out of it when the man lunged at him with a strangled cry. Frank ripped the dagger out and pushed it right into the attacker's face. This time, it worked, and the assailant dropped dead at Frank's feet with a soft thud.

"The fuck was that? That's some Bedlam shit!" Jasper kicked the dead man's head, but his gaze darted up when Frank dropped his knife to the cobblestones. "You alright?"

Frank swallowed, his gaze zeroing on Jasper's face. He felt empowered. The coppery smell of blood around them, the thrill of pushing a knife through another man's flesh, being here with Jasper... it all melted into a pool of hot energy deep in his chest and he edged forward, his hands reaching for the sides of Jasper's face.

His mind was empty, until their lips touched and Frank suddenly felt too many things to name. The mouth was soft, in contrast to the prickling needles of Jasper's stubble. Still, Frank could think of nothing sweeter than that little bit of scratching, as it reminded him who he was kissing. Jasper's eyes widened and his body went rigid, yet he didn't back away. Frank pushed him against the wall, still holding his face with both hands, afraid he might try to flee any second. Instead, Jasper let out a nasal moan that made Frank's groin throb and he parted his lips, giving entrance to Frank's needy tongue.

The sabre clattered against the cobblestones when Jasper put his hands on Frank's chest and squeezed the muscle under the fabric. It was almost too much. The inside of Jasper's mouth was silky smooth and scorching hot in contrast to the cool October night, but each touch, each slide of their tongues made Frank press deeper into him, like a hungry pup desperate for its mother's milk. The heat went straight to his cock and he drew back an inch, placing his hands on both sides of Jasper's head, caging him by the wall with the kiss suddenly broken. Forehead to forehead, Frank dared to look into his friend's eyes.

Jasper's cold fingers slowly slid into Frank's sideburns, and a few drops of blood trickled down Frank's neck from the injured hand. Nothing mattered, neither the stench of gore and piss in this back alley, nor the threat of being discovered with two dead bodies. Only Jasper's eyes and the way he panted. Frank didn't even notice when Jasper had lost his top hat. Now that he hadn't been pushed away, nothing could possibly frighten him anymore, so he bowed down to brush their lips together once more, forgetting about the cold air. He already loved the stubble that scratched his mouth and chin. It was such a new, unique sensation. One that he knew he would inevitably associate with Jasper.

Another one of those in-kiss moans sent shivers down Frank's body. So much so, that it took him that extra second to realize it wasn't just shivers that made him crave more, but Jasper's hand, cupping his crotch through the trousers as they kissed. He could hardly believe his luck. Never before had another man touched him like that.

“Fuck.” Frank was surprised by the guttural, primal sound of his own voice. He grabbed Jasper’s head, cradling it against his shoulder. He looked around frantically, but his smile widened when he spotted a roofed recess in the red brick wall a few feet down the alley. “Jasper.”

“Yeah?” Jasper's Adam's apple bobbed, and there was nothing cold about his fingers now, one hand still on Frank’s chest, the other touching his dick. It didn't feel like the confident touch he'd get from a whore. Jasper touched him like he didn't know what his hand was doing. Frank didn't know either, but the one thing he did know was that he wanted this more than anything. And he needed to say it out loud.

“I want it.”

Jasper nodded, breathless as he gently squeezed Frank’s cock. “I don’t care. I mean…” He looked up into Frank’s eyes again. “What it means. I don’t care. You get me?” Jasper leaned in for a more confident kiss and it was just as glorious as the ones before.

“Don’t care either.” Without breaking their lips apart, Frank pulled him towards the recess and they soon stumbled into the darkness, leaning into a pile of large, wooden boxes. Now that he could touch Jasper— really touch him, not just pat his shoulder— he couldn’t get enough of it. He pressed his hand against Jasper's chest and slid it lower, towards its ultimate goal. The mere thought of fondling that huge prick made him lose his breath, but the real thing gave him a proper shudder. Even through the rough fabric it felt hot, massive.

“Good.” Jasper licked all the way along Frank’s jaw and wrapped one arm around his neck. It was more intimate than anything they'd ever done. Frank couldn’t care less about the metallic taste of blood lingering in their kisses. He wanted it all, right now. Impatient, he forced Jasper’s thighs apart with his knee and lowered his now free hand all the way to his arse. It felt every bit as tight and firm as he believed it would.

Jasper groaned into the skin of his cheek and mirrored the move. Initially, Frank arched into his body with a low groan, but felt himself stiffen when Jasper pressed his fingers into the crack of his arse, as if he wanted to push them in if fabric wasn't in the way. Soft, warm lips brushed against his ear and Frank couldn’t hold back a moan when Jasper’s molten-lava of a tongue explored the shell, followed by a hoarse whisper.

“I’ve never been so randy.”

Frank blinked, unsure if he should be happy about this with a finger between his tightly clenched cheeks. The trousers didn’t feel like enough protection at the moment. “I’ll be the one

doin' the fuckin',” he muttered, forcing Jasper’s thighs even wider apart. He needed this and already knew this would be something entirely new, even though he walked the back alley many times before. His blood was boiling at the sheer thought of breaching Jasper’s arse, sliding into that virginal hole and clinging to his arched back. Jasper had to be new to this. He was sure of it.

“Oh.” The squeeze on Frank’s butt eased, but Jasper pulled his thighs back together, closing them on Frank’s knee and looked into his eyes. It felt like he was being shut down and Frank didn’t like it one bit. “Because I sort of thought I would... you know.” Jasper scratched his face, only to spread more blood over his cheek. Frank looked at him, hypnotized. If it weren’t that stinking toff’s blood, but something more pleasant, he’d gladly clean the stain off his friend’s skin. The wild pounding in his ears made it difficult to understand words.

“Ya *thought?*” So he was right, he wasn’t the only man doing this. And who could possibly not want Jasper?

“Don’t you mock me!” Jasper growled, instantly defensive, but never broke eye contact. “I did think about it, yes. Big deal!” His breath was so rapid it tickled.

“I’m not!” Frank kissed him in protest, caressing his face with a hand that was trembling all too much for his liking. It felt unreal. “I want ya.” He let out a strangled breath, pulling Jasper even closer. “I wanna fuck ya.”

Jasper swallowed, trailing his fingers up and down Frank’s stomach, only fuelling the scorching heat gathered beneath the skin. His breath was unusually shaky. “You wanna throw a coin?” He gave a small smile and kissed his lips again. It was so tender, Frank hardly knew how to respond.

“Who just saved yer miserable life, huh?” He chuckled, grinding his crotch against Jasper’s with a low groan and got a nasal moan in return.

“Yeah... I suppose that was pretty impressive...” Jasper nodded, but was clearly still on the fence about it, though his cock sure knew what it wanted, rock hard in those dirty-but-fashionable trousers of his. Jasper mimicked the motion, giving Frank a glimpse of what it will be like to push into his willing body. At least he hoped it would be willing, but he didn’t know what to say, so he just unbuckled Jasper’s belt and pushed his trousers down. His breath hitched when his fingers brushed the naked skin on Jasper’s hips, letting them linger, marvelling at the unfamiliar shape.

Jasper's cock was a breath-taking sight. Fully erect, thick and curved upwards as if in anticipation of being petted. Frank hesitated, looking at it with a mixture of hunger and anxiety pooling in his chest. "That thing could split a man in two. Don't yer girls complain?" he breathed, daring to look up into Jasper's eyes. It was dark, but not enough to miss their movement. Jasper was fighting a battle with his vanity, and judging from the big smile that rose on his face, he'd lost.

"They love it. You love it...?" He bit his lip, watching Frank's face as if he expected to find answers to all questions ever asked.

Frank's breath caught in his throat and he felt himself flush. Should he lay himself bare like that and tell the truth? Afraid Jasper would notice the faint tremors in his fingers, he decided to grasp the pulsing rod. It was thick, hot, and so unlike his own, while being oddly familiar. So far, whenever he touched a stiff cock, it was for his own pleasure and led to his own selfish spill, but the unmistakable delight of holding Jasper's prick was coming from somewhere else altogether. "I... I think about it."

"How long?" Jasper leaned closed, placing chaste kisses all around one of Frank's sideburns, hands creeping down to unbutton Frank's vest and trousers. Every brush of fingers through the thin fabric of his shirt made Frank weak in the knees.

"Dunno... long," he confessed, gently pulling closer as he gave his partner's cock the first, experimental tug.

"Oh yeah." Jasper slid his palm onto Frank's torso and circled his neck with the other hand.

"You?" Frank gasped, touching Jasper's engorged cockhead. It was silky smooth and slick at the top. Felt like a right hot chunk of meat.

"I want to lick up your knuckles when I see you using them properly," Jasper rasped and arched his hips to the touch. Frank drew in a sharp breath, feeling excitement rush through his body as the familiar, masculine smell filled his nostrils. This had to be the single most arousing thing he had ever heard. Unable to think straight, he spun Jasper around and bent him over the large, wooden box, reaching down to touch his pale arse. It was right there in front of his cock and all he had to do was to push his way in.

"Oy! Are we really not throwing a coin?" Jasper looked back at him, but didn't try to pull away. His whole body was arching into Frank with each deep breath he was taking.

“No.” Frank ground his hips against Jasper’s rear and closed his eyes when his cock squeezed its way into the crack, comfortably nestling between those pert buttocks. “Yer mine.”

Jasper let out a loud moan and got to his toes, giving him an even better angle, but it was the way he clenched his arse cheeks on Frank's cock that almost made Frank cry with joy. They were both willing as fuck.

Elated by this realization, Frank bowed down, covering Jasper’s arching back with his body and smiled, feeling how well they fit like that. His hands went all the way up Jasper’s body and without even knowing what he was doing, he yanked the overcoat off Jasper’s shoulders, releasing more of his smell. It was amazing; sweet and raw.

The delicious, inarticulate sounds Jasper was making, and the rounded stirs of his hips made Frank's blood boil. That beautiful, pale arse kept moving up and down, like it already couldn’t wait to ride his cock. With his nose buried at the base of Jasper’s neck, Frank searched his trousers for a small pot of ointment he used with the girls. The sensation of hard muscle straining against his chest made him light headed, and all he could think of was how tight and snug an arsehole felt on his cock. He bet Jasper’s hole would feel a hundred times better than a whore’s.

Jasper glanced back at him every now and then, but didn’t say a word. He kept fidgeting as if to find a comfortable way to lay on the boxes. Frank swallowed, opening his pot.

“Yer cock?”

“Oh yeah, touch it. Frig me.” He looked back into Frank’s eyes again, his own wide open and wary.

Frank’s stomach gave a funny turn and he dropped the pot close to Jasper's face on top of the box, quickly slickening his own prick with a generous amount of ointment. “Feels good in my hand,” he confessed, tentatively reaching to that monstrous cock.

“It’s gonna feel even better in your arse.” Jasper snorted, but it wasn’t an attempt to change the configuration. Frank flushed at the mental image, but the moment he grabbed the donkey-sized prick, Jasper ground his butt cheeks into him again.

“Fuck.” Frank cuddled his face into Jasper’s prized vest, frantically trying to get himself under control. He had to be calm, steady, but it was nearly impossible with that warm, fragrant body practically begging him to enter. So he pushed.

Jasper whimpered like a strangled kitten, and his whole body tensed, curled over the box. He bowed his head, exposing his nape even more and Frank seized the opportunity to bite on the salty flesh, breaching his partner's resistance inch by inch. There was no way to describe how tight his hole was. Bordering on pain, the muscles of Jasper's arse clamped down on Frank's cock, keeping it in a vice-like grip. His head was spinning and he clung to Jasper's arching back with both hands, desperate not to lose his senses.

All he could hear were Jasper's desperate nasal breaths and the furious beat of his heart, now thudding through both of them, right where they were connected. His body was shivering with faint tremors and all coherent thought evaporated from Frank's mind, when Jasper reached out to grab his hand in a tight grip. It couldn't rival the way his hot insides squeezed around Frank's cock, but it was about so much more than relish.

"Shit... it's like yer suckin' me in. So fuckin' good," Frank grunted, enjoying the way their bodies spooned: chest to back, thighs to thighs, Frank's groin pressed tight against the sweetest arse he'd ever enjoyed. He held on tight, with his treacherous mind warning him Jasper might flee, and he couldn't let that happen.

"Well, you're suckin' *me* off for this." Jasper's voice shook. He kept arching his back and dragging his feet over the ground, which only added to the pressure around Frank's cock. The strained whisper was enough to jerk Frank's attention off his own pleasure. His mouth suddenly felt dry.

"Hurts?" He reached to Jasper's head to gently cup it with his hand. It was wet with sweat and hot like a freshly boiled egg.

"Well, your dick's not as thin as a thumb either." Jasper sighed, but he didn't attempt to back away from the touch and instead, rubbed his face against Frank's hand. "You know, the girls always say first time has to hurt..."

"Yer not a girl." Frank was at loss, holding on, yet unsure if he shouldn't back out.

"Yeah, so I can take it like a man."

He could sense Jasper's muscles slowly relaxing, but it was no quick process. His raspy breath was both making Frank nervous and even more ruttish than he already was. Hoping to help him out, he reached between Jasper's legs again and was devastated to find his beautiful cock had gone soft. With a silent curse on his lips, he started slowly coaxing it to life again, while keeping his own hips as still as possible, which was no easy feat. Jasper's short hair and wet skin felt so

delicate, Frank was afraid his rough hands might scrape them, so he tried to be gentle, caressing his partner's neck and ear with his fingers. He was happy that his eyes got used to the darkness enough to see the tension in Jasper's neck.

"That's better..." Jasper sighed with relief, slowly rocking into the touch, which only made it harder for Frank to keep still. He cleared his throat. "I like your cock... it's just... got intense." Jasper finally turned his head towards him and the seductive mixture of lust and vulnerability nearly took Frank over the edge. Being able to stare into those eyes while buried deep in Jasper's body was one of the single most erotic things Frank had ever done. It was as if their bodies pulsed in the same rhythm, and no one had ever made him feel like that.

"Yeah? It's good?" He was relieved to feel Jasper's prick fill again and smiled at him in the dark, stroking his free hand up and down the sweating body. He wanted Jasper to love it so he would let him do it again. How incredible it would be to fuck Jasper in the morning light, in the narrow bed they shared, free to touch all the hidden places on his body.

Jasper slowly nodded and opened his lips in a silent demand for a kiss. Frank had to pull out a bit, but when their mouths met, he couldn't think of any better combination than kissing Jasper while simultaneously having his cock up his arse.

"Try to move now?" Jasper whispered into his lips and strangely, talking about it didn't seem that awkward anymore. They had to communicate if this was going to work and he really hoped it would. His heart quickened when he drew his hips back in a slow, fluid motion, trying to focus on the hot, handsome body sprawled beneath his.

"And a bit more of that cream?" Jasper's voice wasn't so tense anymore, which had to mean it was getting better for him. His cock wasn't going soft, so it had to be.

Frank barely contained a moan at the prospect of having to pull out completely, but he obeyed, pressing his free hand against Jasper's back as he coated his aching prick with a generous amount of ointment, using up most of what was left in the small pot. "I'm gettin' in," he panted, aligning his cock with Jasper's impossibly tight hole.

"Well come on then, before I change my mind." Jasper chuckled into his hand and looked away. That hot, lean, chunk of a man actually got to his toes again and spread his thighs to give him better access. The sight alone was enough to make Frank breathless, but he kept in mind how difficult it was for Jasper and pushed in slower, with much more care than the first time. His efforts were awarded by a long sigh of relief.

“Oh! Oh, I get it,” Jasper moaned and Frank had no idea what he meant, but with all that jelly he used, it was now a lot easier to slide in. “I like the way your hair tickles my arse.” *Did he really just say that?*

“Oh fuck...” Frank buried himself deep in Jasper’s hole, digging his fingers into the tender flesh of his buttocks. His head felt hot and light, the tightness driving him mad, but instead of following his instinct to start a furious rhythm, he moved bit by bit. Oh, how he wanted Jasper to like it, his approval was so much more important than instant pleasure. Frank hoped the tiny moans and whimpers expressed nothing but delight.

“Come on, touch my prick again.”

“Yeah.” Breathless, Frank curled up against him and gave Jasper’s cock a gentle squeeze, quickening his still cautious thrusts.

“You’re such a big man,” Jasper mumbled into the box beneath them and pulled himself up to his elbows to press closer. “So good.” Those two words were enough to make Frank prouder than when he had stolen his first wallet all those years ago. He smiled into the fragrant heat of Jasper’s neck.

“Fuckin’ good to die for.” He gasped, slipping one of his arms under Jasper’s face, cradling it gently. An unexpected kiss to his forearm got his insides melting like butter. They forgot themselves, joined by the frantic coupling, just a few yards away from two cooling corpses. They shared new secrets and an understanding that could not be formed over a glass of gin. This was frighteningly raw, real. Otherworldly.

Their heated bodies drove the cold away, joined into one in the quiet back alley. Nothing but this mattered. Jasper’s ragged breath, his pliant body, the scratching of his beard and the mind-numbing tightness of his hole consumed Frank’s whole world as he drove into his partner, overwhelmed by the experience. He could hardly speak.

Jasper didn’t care much for words either and when he started grinding into Frank, it became clear he wouldn’t last much longer. Frank gave his partner's prick a more forceful tug and seconds later, that tight, wonderful hole clenched around him with so much force that for a moment, he was certain his cock would stay inside forever. He groaned into Jasper’s shoulder as the huge prick in his hand spilled its load, pulsing like a living being.

“Fuck, Frank. Fuck!” Jasper shivered in his arms and Frank could feel it all the way up to his balls. With a strangled moan, he pulled Jasper tighter against his chest and let himself go,

pushing right into that hot arse. Each ensuing thrust felt better than the one before and the welcoming heat of Jasper's flesh drove him to a powerful blow deep within the pliant body.

Slowly, he lifted himself up, watching Jasper sprawled on the box, still panting as if he had just outran several coppers. Jasper let go of all inhibitions tonight and for a moment, Frank hung on to the hope he could keep him like this forever. Fighting the urge to close his eyes, he stretched over his partner's body and kissed the corner of his mouth, still keeping him as close as it was humanly possible. He didn't want to let go.

"So... different," Jasper muttered with a lazy grin.

Frank nodded and crooked his head to capture Jasper's mouth in another kiss. The cold air didn't make him feel any less overheated.

"Night of my life," Jasper whispered as he looked back at Frank, effectively robbing him of breath.

"Y... yeah?" His throat tightened, pulsing with the rhythm of his heart as he slowly withdrew from the comfort of Jasper's arse. Frank swallowed, pulling out completely and petted his partner's arm, unsure what else would be proper conduct. If he ever liked a girl this much, he'd kiss her senseless and then take her to his bed. Only he and Jasper already shared one. Would the arrangement change now? Would the invisible line between them disappear now that they both knew how their bodies fit together? He hoped it would. The possibility of Jasper deciding to forget about this made Frank's whole body ache.

"Mhm. Though my arse's going to be fucking sore." Jasper laughed, but Frank could see that his face darkened. "We have to sort that mess out, right?" He slowly straightened up and pointed into the alley where they left the bodies.

"Yeah." Frank took a step back, groaning at the sight of Jasper's buttocks, juicy and pale. He wanted to pet them, but didn't dare. Instead, he tucked his cock back into his breeches, still slippery from the fucking. "We do."

Jasper bent over to pick up his trousers and Frank couldn't help but wonder if he'd done that on purpose. "Those shoes are fucking *mine*."

Frank chuckled, still too overwhelmed by what they just did to think about anything else. Stevens wasn't the only man with good shoes in London.

They both quickly got their clothing in order, even though Jasper was having some problems with the buttons. His injured hand was swelling, but he didn't complain and just got on with it.

"We'll get some ice for this." Frank reached over and helped him with the top trouser button. He could swear he'd never smelled anything more arousing than the mixture of their combined sweat and spunk.

"Yeah, it's fine." Jasper stirred in place, before giving Frank one more quick kiss. He walked back into the alleyway, followed by Frank's mesmerized stare. The sudden change of dynamics in their friendship was incredible.

"We need to find our 'ats." Frank spotted his dagger and quickly bent over to pick it up.

"Yeah, mine's here. And this sword? It's fucking brilliant!" He could hear Jasper swish it in the air, acting as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Ya need to learn to stab." Frank kicked the loony's body. He was just as dead as it seemed.

"I know how to stab. He came out of nowhere," Jasper complained and poked Stevens' head with the tip of the sabre. God knew when he became so bloodthirsty. Frank smiled at him with a soft sigh. He needed some hearty late-night dinner, but his thoughts inevitably gravitated to the bed they shared and his heart skipped a beat. Would they just lie down like nothing happened? What would Jasper do if Frank reached out to touch him in the dark?

"Just get on with it and let's go."

"Wait." Jasper fished out a pocket watch out of Stevens' vest. He already had the boots on. Frank didn't even notice when he swapped his old shoes for the new ones.

"Don't forget 'is money."

It took a few more minutes of scavenging through the toff's clothes and Jasper stood up proud. He put his top hat on and walked up to Frank, swaying to the sides with a cocky grin.

"Here you go, luv." Jasper dropped the golden pocket watch into Frank's palm and snorted. "For your effort."

Frank rolled his eyes, unwilling to let emotion show as his stomach clenched. "Now that's a curious nickname." He put the watch into the inner pocket of his coat.

"I enjoyed your services." Jasper nudged him with his elbow. It felt like a blow to Frank's chest.

“Would ya enjoy ’em again?” Frank forced himself not to break the connection between eyes.

“You did say I need to practice stabbing.” Jasper wiggled his eyebrows.

Frank gritted his teeth nervously, but didn’t look away. Jasper was not a woman to be denied the chance to practice some stabbing. “That’s what I said.”

“Good.” Jasper’s grin widened and he dashed toward the way out of the alley. “Let’s go. I don’t want to end up on the noose before I get to stab you.”

“Yeah well, we’d need more ointment,” Frank grumbled, still feeling both agitated and dubious about that whole stabbing matter. At least with him on the receiving end of things. And watching Jasper walk all queer wasn’t helping.

Once they reached the nearest street lantern, they took some time to make sure no traces of blood were in plain sight. Frank had to scrub his face a bit, but with their outer clothes being dark, no one would notice any stains without daylight.

Having cooled off after the frantic coupling, the night felt colder than before, and they rushed through well-known streets. None of them said it out loud, but it was obvious they were both intent on reaching their room as soon as possible.

“Do you think Molly will ever tell us what Stevens did?” Jasper held his injured hand close to his chest as they walked through the silent streets. It wasn’t yet time for the city to change shifts.

Frank snorted and briefly touched his arm. Maybe they could buy Jasper a new top hat with the money they got? “I don’t give a fuck.”

“Not even a bit curious? What kind of pervert he was?”

With a shrug, Frank slid his arm around Jasper’s shoulders, tense with the effort to keep the gesture seem casual. There was no one around anyway. He didn’t yet know what to do with the new freedom to touch Jasper, but he couldn’t deny himself. “I’m curious about too much now.” The fact that Jasper didn’t pull away, made him all tingly inside.

“Like what?” A smile lingered on Jasper’s lips, but it dissolved when a siren pierced the air with its deafening cry. Frank pulled away, his body tensing up, ready to fend off anyone who dared to attack them. Were the sound just a bit more high pitched, it would probably break windows.

“Fuck, the coppers,” was the first thing that came to his mind.

They looked at each other and didn't have to say one word, before dashing into a sprint, determined to get as far away as they possibly could from the crime scene. Everything blurred in the haze of vapour and fog, but as they ran, Frank stole a glance at Jasper when they were passing one of the rare streetlights. Surprisingly, Jasper did the same and when their eyes met, a grin was shared as well before darkness swallowed them again.

THE END



About the Author:

K.A. Merikan is a joint project of Kat and Agnes Merikan, who jokingly claim to share one mind. They finish each other's sentences and simultaneously come up with the same ideas. Kat and Agnes enjoy writing various kinds of stories, from light-hearted romance to thrillers. They love creating characters that are not easy to classify as good or evil, and firmly believe that even some villains deserve their happy endings. It is easiest to find them in galleries, good restaurants and historical sites, always with a computer or notebook, because for Kat and Agnes, every day is writing day. Future plans include lots of travel and a villa on the coast of Italy or a flat in Paris where they could retire after yet another crazy venture, only to write more hot homoerotic stories.

Kat and Agnes started as popular authors of online serials written in their native language, but are now focused on reaching a wider readership by writing in English. As K.A. Merikan, they have published a number of books, which cross genres while always staying homoerotic.

About "In His Shoes":

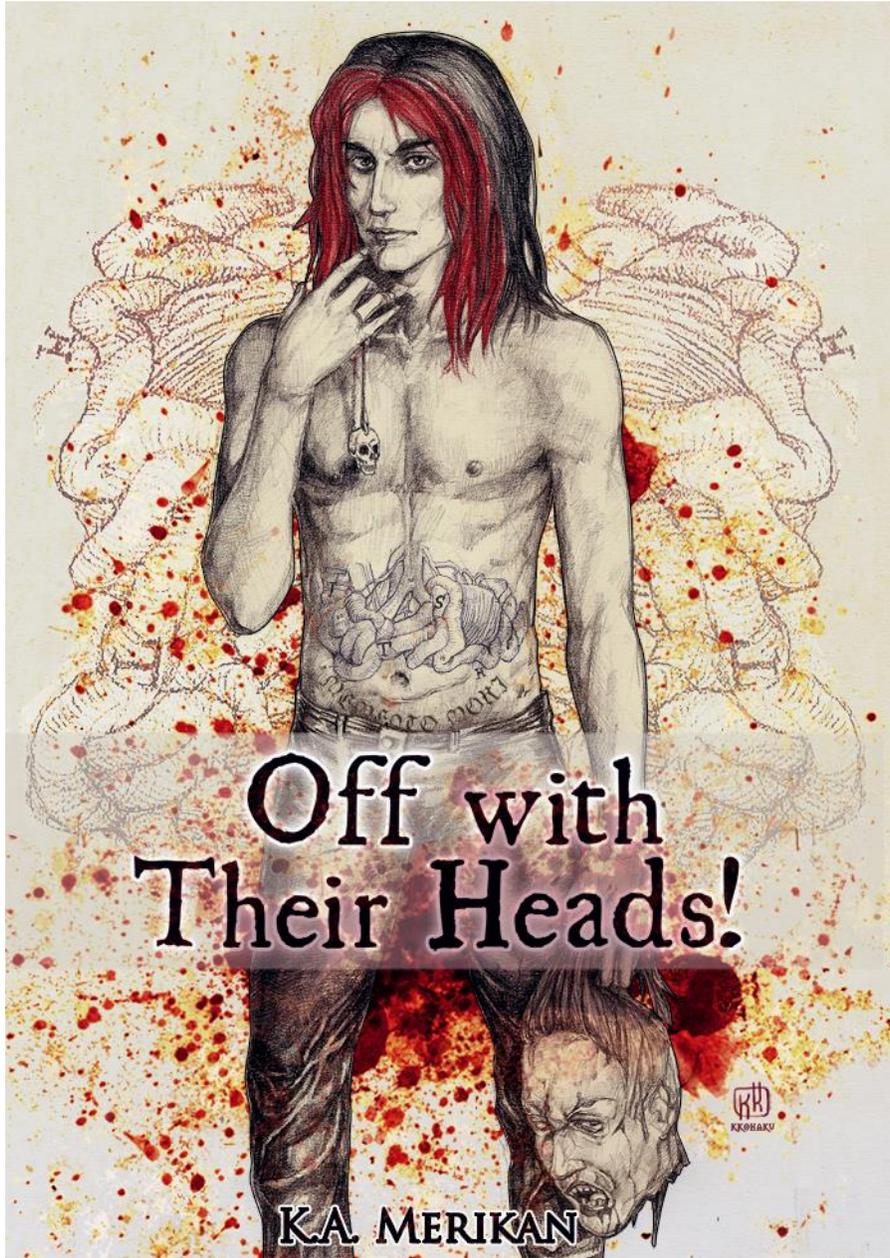
The story of Frank and Jasper belongs to a bigger project called "Gentlemen.s tales of love, lust and the undead". There are many stories to come, that are all based in the same universum, but can be read as stand-alone novels and novellas. Though, in subtle ways, all the stories from "Gentlemen.s tales of love, lust and the undead" tie in together.

More information about ongoing projects, works in progress and publishing at:

<http://KAMerikan.com>

[K.A. Merikan on Goodreads](#)

From "Gentlemen's tales of love, lust and the undead":



Off with Their Heads!

K. A. Merikan

It's 1907, twenty years after the outbreak of a zombie Plague. For a young student of medicine like Clint, the undead bodies provide an opportunity to study human physiology in the working. He is a good young man: tidy, well-mannered and hard working. Focused on his goal to become an excellent surgeon, Clint has a bright future ahead of him. If it weren't for a shameful secret he's forced to keep, his life would have been perfect.

Xavier, a peculiar foreigner he finds in the morgue late at night, claims to be an assistant to one of Clint's professors, but doesn't know the first thing about the proper way to behead zombies. Xavier's story has many loose ends, but something about him unlocks all the emotions Clint always kept bottled up inside. When he learns the truth about Xavier, Clint finds himself involved in a conspiracy that could destroy everything he's worked so hard for. Frightened by the possible consequences, yet strangely fascinated by the eccentric, tattooed stranger, Clint follows him to places he would never dare explore on his own.

*

"Off with their Heads!" is set in the universe of "Gentlemen's Tales of Love, Lust and the Undead".

POSSIBLE SPOILERS!:

Themes: zombies, turn of the century London, rebellion, avant-garde art, police brutality, self-discovery, poverty, class differences, alternative history, tattoos

Erotic content: explicit m/m sexual scenes

Length: ~17,500 words

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