

Learning The Ropes



Zoe Black

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Chapter One

The stereo woke her at six fifteen. Jamie yawned and pushed her hair back from her forehead, then sat up and threw back the covers before swinging her legs out of bed. She took a very quick shower, keeping her hair as dry as possible, then dressed for work.

Danny had bought her some kinky lingerie when they were working undercover together, which, as a tomboy, she had properly disdained, as she had the clothes, particularly the bikinis she'd had to wear while pretending to be a model. But the truth was, she didn't think all of it was necessarily that bad. Some of it was even kind of sexy, and she liked how sexy she looked wearing it.

She was not about to wear anything sexy to work, though. Boy-shorts and an athletic bra were far safer under a forest green blouse. Then she took off the blouse because it went too well with her hair, and replaced it with gray. She didn't want to stand out any more than she had to, after all.

She pulled on black jeans and a black nylon windbreaker, brushed the bangs impatiently out of her eyes, and picked up a black leather belt, sliding it through the loops on her left side before picking up her pancake holster and sliding the tongue through the two loops on the holster. She fed the belt through the rest of the loops on her jeans, then buckled it up.

She threw on a black bomber jacket and then headed down the three flights of polished mahogany stairs to the first floor. By then it was almost seven. No one was there. Her father liked to be at the office for seven thirty. Her mom would still be asleep, and her brother Colin either had no classes this early or was skipping them.

She locked the door, trotted down the stone stairs to the sidewalk and headed up the street. Two blocks along, she picked up a cup of coffee, then continued to the subway station for the ride across the East River to Manhattan.

It wasn't a quick ride, but she didn't find it boring, either. The varied assortment of humanity which got on and off every time the subway stopped was interesting in its own right, and she had a lot on her mind this first day back at work. Back at regular work, that was. She was relieved the undercover job was done, and had no intention of doing anything similar again.

She was braced for the looks she expected to get, for one thing. By now, that loudmouth Haines would have blabbed it all over the station that she'd been in a tiny little thong bikini when he and his partner had arrived after she'd called for assistance. No doubt with lots of adjectives about her various body parts.

She'd already been considered EC, as someone had told her, “eye candy”, and resented it. Cops often had the mentality of adolescent jocks, so it wasn't a surprise she'd been talked about. But with being found in her 'modeling' clothes, things were likely to get worse there. At least she wasn't a blonde anymore.

She was alert to strange looks when she pushed her way through the doors to the station on West 54th Street. She was an old hand at keeping her face expressionless, though, and merely nodded to the desk sergeant as she passed by. She saw a couple of uniformed cops looking at her, but it was hard to tell if their look was anything different than the usual.

She trotted upstairs and then into the open office where anti-crime worked, where she found most of the day shift already waiting. She gave a casual wave to Lyle Jefferson and Nora Richardson, who were at his desk looking at something, then sat down at her desk facing Mueller.

He looked at her a moment, face as expressionless as hers.

“So you didn't like the blonde, huh?” he said.

“Not so much.”

She'd been so eager to return to her natural hair coloring she refused to wait for the dye to wash out. Fortunately, it was easier to go darker than lighter, and so she hadn't absolutely had to wait as long as normal to dye her hair back to something resembling its old hue. Still, while her hair was now red it wasn't her old rust color. That didn't seem to be widely available, if it was available at all, so her hair was a deeper red than it had been.

In fact, though she wouldn't have admitted it to anyone, she liked the new coppery look better than her old ginger. Red hair had been a part of her life, a part of her personality, of how people saw her and thus how she saw herself for far too long. And being as stubborn as she was, especially about that, she had definitely not enjoyed being a blonde.

Even if Lucas had.

She was also happy to be getting back to police work, instead of that undercover model stuff which she had, for the most part, hated. Modeling was boring, and too much of it was in minimal clothing and involved frequent wardrobe changes with minimal privacy. She was not nor had ever been much of an exhibitionist.

“What are we up to today?” she asked.

“Cruising around, seeing what's to see,” he said.

She nodded. Mueller, as sergeant of the anti-crime unit, got to hand out assignments to the plainclothes officers who worked out of Midtown North. Sometimes they were loaned to the detective squad for surveillance. Sometimes they watched known felons who were expected to be doing something criminal. Other times they cruised the higher crime areas of the enormously varied precinct, on foot or in unmarked patrol cars.

“So you glad to be out of the stilettos?” he asked with a bit of a smirk.

She frowned at him, and her eyes narrowed.

“How would you know I was wearing stilettos?”

“What else would a model wear?” he asked innocently.

“I prefer my Nikes, thanks,” she said, looking down at her leather sneakers.

“Well, you won't get much chance to use them today. We're in a car.”

She nodded. Mueller put himself in a car most of the time, though he often parked it to walk around. That was a prerogative of rank, of course. And since there had been no unattached members of the Anti-crime squad when her grandfather had pulled strings to have her transferred in she'd wound up partnering with him, something he was still not terribly thrilled by, she knew.

He was twice her age and had a jaundiced attitude and a dislike of NYPD brass. He also wasn't overly fond of rookies or women, and with four and a half months on the job she was both.

She thought she had probably annoyed him less than he had at first expected since she wasn't much of a talker, didn't argue, and didn't get excited. Her slender six feet also met with his approval. Mueller was six and a half feet himself, and was of the old school, which thought the bigger the cop, the better.

She was familiar with the type. Her family had a dozen cops in its ranks, and of course, her grandfather, though she tried to keep that secret, was one of the NYPD's Deputy Commissioners. Since her parents were determined she and her brothers grow up thoroughly familiar with their cousins, uncles and aunts – which were quite numerous around the city – she'd grown up on cop talk and gossip.

She'd only spent four months in a car, and in quiet Staten Island before being transferred to anti-crime. Supposedly that was because she'd gotten the department such good press when a video of her rescuing some teenagers from a fire had gone viral, but it had really been her grandfather's work.

She was quiet and patient by nature, though, and not about to try and tell a guy who'd literally been a cop when she was born how to do his job.

She checked the computer for any email, but didn't expect any. She'd only been in the precinct a couple of weeks, after all. Mueller stood up, some papers in hand, and headed across to the glassed in office at the end of the room where Lieutenant Foster, who supervised the special operations like anti-crime, domestic violence, school safety, and others worked.

She had come to learn the spit and polish Foster was not a fan of Mueller, who was anything but, but wasn't sure, yet, if there was anything behind it but different personalities. Whatever they said didn't seem to leave Mueller looking very happy, so when he came back he simply grabbed his jacket from the back of his chair, jerked his head at her, and walked out.

She got up herself and headed after him, but was intercepted by Nora at the door.

“Just a heads up,” she said quietly, “but I think some of the pictures from your modeling job are making the rounds.”

Jamie nodded, jaw clenching slightly as the only outward sign she'd taken notice. She nodded her head thanks and followed Mueller.

If the pictures were out there and 'making the rounds' that meant they were being sent back and forth by cell phones, so unless someone was crass enough to show her she wasn't really in a position to do anything about it. Nor did she want to make a big name for herself as a 'ball busting bitch' by making something like that official.

Though if someone hassled her on it she was going to break his balls literally.

The difference between undercover and plainclothes was that plainclothes officers weren't playing a role and didn't identify themselves as anyone but police when speaking to people. Their cars were fairly obviously patrol cars if you knew what to look for.

The lights in the grilles and alongside the headlights were easily

overlooked, but were easily seen if you checked. The tinted glass made it a little harder to see the light bars on the visors and in the back window, but again, if you looked closely you'd see them.

The car Mueller climbed into was a black Chevy Impala, a police favorite, and she slid into the passenger seat without comment as he started up and pulled out into traffic. She logged into the computer, but didn't spend a lot of time watching it, preferring to scan the sidewalks and shops they passed.

Not having to answer most calls was a relief from the grind of being a patrol cop on Staten Island, where most of the problems came from domestic arguments or drunks. Any electronic call that was for them or for general broadcast would beep anyway.

They cruised along the borders of the precinct, which meant driving up Lexington, then crossing back east on 59th, along the southern border of Central Park. They took Eleventh Avenue south and then abruptly turned on 45th before cruising up Eighth Street.

Both of them were silent the entire time, but she certainly didn't mind. She was fairly sure, as well, that her lack of need to fill a silence with idle chatter was one of the things Mueller liked about her, presuming he liked much about her, of course.

He finally broke it as he turned on 50th. Think I'll see what's doing at Rockefeller Center.”

She nodded but didn't otherwise respond. Rockefeller Center had a pedestrian mall which ran between 48th and 51st and was always jammed with tourists and shoppers. They didn't quite get there, though. They were crossing Broadway when they saw the crowd.

There was an emotion to a crowd that could be almost immediately sensed: the excitement when a celebrity was present, the fascination at a car crash or fire, the anger, as she'd recently seen, among ethnic groups when they thought the police were being unfair. This was a different kind of emotion. It was the emotion that said something was happening that was out

of control and had people afraid and looking around wildly for someone to do something.

It was on Broadway just before it narrowed, so they had no problem turning against traffic as she flipped on the lights to clear the scattered cars out of their way as Mueller accelerated. The instant the lights went on several members of the crowd who had been looking around started waving wildly at them. She turned on the siren to priority signal to get the attention of the others and clear them out of their way, and the machine-gun sound of it sent people scattering.

There were two people laying on the sidewalk, and a third half draped across the curb. The only people within ten yards of them were four men she at first thought were Hispanics as Mueller braked sharply. She already had the microphone in front of her and jerked it up to her mouth.

“Ten-thirteen-Z at Broadway and 50th. Four male Hispanics on a 10-24,” she said quickly.

Mueller was already out of the car and running towards them as one of the Hispanics kicked one of the prone figures in the side and another stomped on a second prone figure's head. Jamie was right behind him

The first thing she noticed was that the prone figures were Orthodox Jews. Their distinctive black jackets, scruffy looking beards and round brimmed black hats made them unmistakable. The second thing she noticed, as one of the attackers cursed one and raised a garbage can over his head to drop down, was that the attackers weren't Hispanics. She spoke Spanish quite well, and the guttural drunken curse the man yelled was definitely not Spanish.

She saw Mueller grabbing another guy and throwing him violently into the stone wall before turning on a second one. She used a leg sweep on the guy with the garbage, sending him falling heavily backwards, with the can spilling its trash onto the sidewalk and road. Mueller had slammed the second guy against the side of a car as the one he'd thrown into a wall staggered to his feet.

Jamie took out her expandable baton and sent it snapping out to full length with the flick of her wrist, first jamming it into the dazed man's belly, then grabbing him and throwing him into the car next to the one Mueller was already pinning and starting to cuff.

She turned and grabbed the first man, who struggled briefly with her before she swung him around and his feet tripped over a briefcase laying on the sidewalk, sending him sprawling again, half falling across the one who'd had the garbage can and was now trying to rise.

“Don't touch me! Don't touch me, fucking bitch!” he screamed in heavily accented English.

She could already hear sirens coming from multiple directions but the fourth guy was running up Broadway and she had no patience. She dropped down hard, her knee slamming into his balls, and his eyes bulged as she ground her knee into his groin and twisted his arm up and around. She eased back on the knee to flip him onto his belly and then quickly drew out her cuffs.

The one who'd had the garbage can cursed her in some sort of foreign language, Arabic, she now guessed, and tried to punch at her, but he had the other guy on top of him and she ducked back, then rolled to the side to put her weight on her right leg – with the knee in the top man's groin, and kicked him in the head.

The one running skidded to a halt as a blue and white screamed around the corner and raced back in the other direction. The blue and white turned in and screeched to a halt a few feet from where she was struggling with the other two, and the two uniforms jumped out to assist her.

One grabbed the wrist of the garbage can guy and gave him several quick shots to the face from his gloved fist, while the second helped her roll the top guy over and pull his wrists behind him. She could hear other police cars stopping around them, and saw more cops rushing over to help Mueller out of the corner of her eye.

They rolled the top man back and the garbage can man started flailing

wildly. One of his feet caught her in the stomach and sent her flying back, but the two uniforms roughly rolled him onto his stomach, and then two more piled on top.

She climbed to her feet and saw that the other two were already being cuffed, and the fourth guy was up the block on his face, having been intercepted by another blue and white coming up Broadway.

She turned to the Jews, and saw they were all elderly. She squatted down next to where the uniforms were finishing cuffing the garbage can man and snatched one of their microphones off his chest to call for medical aid, then went over to check the first one.

He was conscious, but seemed dazed, his mouth bloody, and blood coming from a head wound, as well. She moved to check a second as one of the cuffed men howled out a string of angry Arabic that sounded slurred to her mind. Then again, she could smell the alcohol on these two and doubted the others were any better.

An ESU truck arrived and the paramedics started to treat the Jews. She leaned over and picked up her baton where she'd dropped it, then folded it back together. There were half a dozen marked cars there, by then, plus the ESU truck, and of course, an even larger crowd had formed. A patrol sergeant arrived and began to organize things, getting the bystanders moved back and tape put out to keep them there.

The uniforms started getting witness statements as the Arabs were loaded into different cars.

“Well that was an exciting way to start the day,” she said as she joined Mueller at one of the cars. “Way better than coffee for waking you up.”

A Fire Department ambulance screamed up beside their own car, and the paramedics got out and hurried over to the victims. They conferred quickly with the two police paramedics there and then divided the patients.

They didn't always get along together, she knew. The Fire Chief had often been heard to complain about what he called “the police department

having its own fire department.” ESU, of course, particularly with its larger trucks, could do just about anything the Fire Department did *except* fight fires.

“This is going to take some time to write up,” he sighed. “And better make sure you get it right.”

She frowned at him uncertainly and he pointed up to where a CCTV camera pointed at the scene, protruding from a wall two stores away. She made a face, and hoped the video wouldn't make it to the media who were just then starting to arrive.

They stuck around long enough to get the prognosis from the EMTs, which was that everyone was going to live, and that one looked like he might have at least a concussion, and possibly some brain damage, then headed back to the station to write up the arrest reports.

“Well that was a short drive,” she said.

“Happens like that sometimes,” he said.

He glanced at her. “You did pretty good.”

She nodded, expressionless, but was pleased. She knew there was a collective lack of confidence among male officers about the abilities of females in physical confrontations. She understood it and even agreed, to some extent. Women just didn't have the size, weight or muscle mass of men, especially in the upper bodies.

It had been her grandfather's recommendation, in fact, that she take Jujitsu. It allowed her to use leverage and pressure points rather than raw physical strength on occasion. Of course, there was something to be said for the good, old-fashioned knee to the balls approach.

“You think this'll be a 485?” she asked, referring to the hate crime law.

He shrugged. “Not my decision, but if these guys were Arabs and they targeted Jews you gotta figure it's a strong likelihood.”

“Well, they sure weren't Hispanics.”

“”Drunk Arabs. I thought Muslims weren't supposed to drink.”

“I guess, like everyone else, they don't always do what they're supposed to be doing.”

Chapter Two

There was a black BMW sitting by the curb when she left the station at the end of her shift. It honked and she bent over to look inside.

“Hey, baby, how about I take you home and tie you up and make you beg for mercy?” the driver asked.

“What, again?”

He smiled slightly.

“What are you doing here, stalking me?”

“I know when your shift ends. And I know you take the subway home.”

“Someone ought to make you a detective or something,” she said.

“Get in.”

She opened the door and slid inside.

“Nice car? Yours?”

He shook his head. “Nah.”

“Nice perks you feds get, a free sports car every job.”

Agent Daniel Lucas had been driving a Lexus during her brief undercover stint as a model, where she'd worked with him, and where he'd introduced her to his particular talents in bed.

“Gotta maintain the image, officer.”

“We going anywhere in particular?”

“I thought I'd take you to a cheap restaurant, then tear your clothes off, throw you up against a wall, and, you know, basically have my way with you.”

“How cheap?”

“Drive through at MacDonalDs?”

“That's too cheap. For MacDonalDs I get to be on top.”

He grinned. “Not unless you're giving me a lap-dance, baby.”

“Well, then, you better come up with something a little higher class. I don't let myself get thrown up against a wall for just fast food.”

“You say that like you get a choice, slave girl.”

She snorted.

“I like the hair. I miss the blonde, but this is nice too.”

“You better like it. Not that I'd care, of course.”

“I fucking love your hair, no matter what color it is.”

She raised her eyebrows.

“It's so nice and long and thick. I can wrap it around my fist real easy.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Drag you around by the hair the way a man was meant to,” he said.

“A cave man, maybe. I'm beginning to see why you aren't still married.”

“That and my ex being a fucking psycho. I mean, all women are crazy to some extent, but she was just way over the line.”

She raised her eyebrows and he turned to grin at her.

“Don't worry, baby. You're not a woman, you're a girl.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Girls are a lot saner than women. Women take on more craziness as they age.”

“I got a teenage cousin you might want to date then.”

He grinned. “You're young and innocent enough for me, baby.”

“And you see it as your goal in life to... what, corrupt me?”

“Teach you, like a mentor.”

“Uh huh.”

“You can call me sensei. You must have used that when you were learning the martial arts”

She smiled faintly and looked out the window.

“You want me to call you Sensei, huh?”

“That means master, right?”

“Actually, it means teacher, but it's the same general sense of the word.”

“There you go. So you can call me sensei.”

“I can call you a lot of things,” she said dryly.

“Not unless you want a spanking.”

She sniffed. “Maybe I'll tie you up.”

“Naw, only wimps would let themselves get tied up by a girl.”

“Anyone ever tell you, you were arrogant as hell?”

“Yeah. You, as a matter of fact.”

“Well, I was right.”

They went to a place on East 62nd for dinner. It wasn't fancy, but it wasn't MacDonallds.

“So what has the DEA got you doing now?” she asked.

“Looking for some explosives that went missing.”

“Dynamite?”

“C4. Not enough to bring down a building, mind you, unless it's a small one, but it's still nasty stuff. Walked away from a National Guard armory.”

“So an inside job.”

“Probably. You back on the street?”

She nodded. No more high stilettos.”

He grinned. “I liked you in stilettos.”

“Wearing them made me taller than you.”

“I'm okay with that. My ego is secure.”

She snorted.

“I see you in a nice pair of thigh high leather boots with six inch heels.”

“You have some kind of imagination, then.”

“And nothing else.”

“Uh huh. You think about sex a lot, do you know that?”

“Yeah, I asked my shrink about it.”

“Yeah, and what did he say?”

“He said it's that penis thing I got.”

She smirked.

“Your little head taking over from the big one.”

“My little head and my big head tend to be in agreement whenever the subject is you, officer.”

She snorted.

“We like to see that flushed look on your face and upper chest when you get aroused,” he said, lowering his voice, “And hear the way your breath gets ragged.”

She leaned over to blow on the hot soup in her spoon, staring at him over top.

“We like that a lot,” he said softly.

She felt a hot little thrum of heat in her lower belly, and then, eyes on him, let the spoon push into her mouth through her nearly closed lips, closed them behind it, and slid it deep.

“You need to move out of the Bronx,” she said.

“I like the Bronx. The rent is cheap.”

“I'm surprised your car doesn't get stripped.”

“Naw, it's fine in the underground lot.”

He unlocked the door to his apartment and led her inside, then flicked on the lights and closed the door behind her.

“Brooklyn has cheap rents, certain parts of it.”

“You live in Brooklyn, don't you?” he asked, tossing his keys onto the kitchen counter.

“Yeah.”

“Rent free.”

“My daddy loves me,” she said with dignity.

He grinned and opened a couple of beers, then went around the counter and sat down in a leather sofa.

“Not so fast,” he said, putting his foot up to stop her.

“What?”

“I think those jeans are kind of dirty.”

She looked at him blankly.

“I don't like to get my nice clean leather all dirty. You'll have to take them off first.”

She smirked at him. “Do tell?”

“I'm a bit of a germophobic,” he said apologetically.

“And the top? That okay?”

“Ah, actually, I think you should take off the top, too.”

“So we can sit here and have a drink naked?”

“I'm not embarrassed at your nudity,” he said.

“What about yours?”

“Not embarrassed about that either,” he said with a grin.

She stood before him, her weight on her left foot, giving him a half smile, then shrugged and reached down to peel her blouse up and over her head. She tossed it on the nearby chair and undid her belt.

“I was hoping for slinky little lace underwear,” he said as she pushed her jeans down.

“To work? Not likely.”

She kicked off her shoes, removed her jeans and peeled her bra off.

“That's it. Give the neighbors a show,” he said, grinning up at her.

She glanced to her left, at the wide open window. It was getting dark, and there was an apartment building across the street, but it was a wide street.

She turned back to him, ignoring it, then slipped off the boy shorts and stood there naked.

“Think I'm clean enough now?”

“I don't know,” he said.

He brought one of the bottles to his mouth and took a long drink as he looked at her.

“Maybe I should... give you a bath.”

“Or... I could just go and see if one of your neighbors is looking for conversation,” she said, going to the window and looking outside.

“I'm sure they'd all be more than willing,” he said.

He got up and walked over to her, then handed her the other beer. She took it and took a casual drink, watching him.

Lucas grinned, then reached out and took her hand in his, before turning

and walking a few feet to the sliding glass doors that led to the balcony.

Jamie started to hang back, but then gave in. She knew he was daring her, or trying to show her up as being shy and inhibited, and she would just pretend that she didn't care. But she felt a rising sense of anxiety as he led her out onto the balcony – naked. It wasn't completely dark yet, and though they were six stories up someone in the apartment across the street would be able to see her.

She pretended to not care, even leaning on the railing briefly before turning to casually rest her back against it, taking another swig from the bottle.

“How about I do you right here?” he said.

“On cold concrete? I don't think that would be too comfortable. Unless, of course, you want to be on the bottom.”

He leaned against the wall, eyes moving up and down her body.

“You have an incredible body, anyone ever tell you that?”

“Yeah. You.”

“I was right.”

He pushed off the wall until he was almost pressed against her, and his fingers slid through her hair, then down along her neck and shoulder.

“You have very soft skin.”

“My soft skin doesn't like concrete,” she said.

“Maybe I can find something else.”

Jamie was dubious about this, and didn't do much to hide her wariness. On the other hand, Lucas was not really a man for compromise and was

intent on tying her up before she had even made a firm decision to allow it.

“Isn't this kind of clichéd?” she asked as she craned her head up and back to where he was tying her left wrist to the bedpost.

He didn't answer, but crossed around the foot of the bed and reached for her other arm. She pulled it back mulishly and he bent and wrapped his big hand around her wrist, then pulled it effortlessly up and back. She couldn't come anywhere close to matching the strength in his body, especially his upper body.

But then, even looking at his upper body, naked as it was, made her feel a hot little rush down low. At thirty, Dan Lucas was a barrel chested man with broad shoulders. It was the upper torso, not of a man who spent a lot of time at the gym, but a man who was simply naturally strong because he used his body so much.

His chest was powerful, but lacked the perfectly cut, not to mention boyishly shaved look to be found on actors and models. He owned a cabin in New Jersey he'd promised to take her to, or at least, a partial cabin he was building with his own two hands.

“Your rope is very pretty,” she said. “It kind of goes with my hair.”

He ignored that too. It was rope especially made for people who liked to engage in this sort of thing, which bemused her to some extent. That someone would create a rope meant to be soft against bare skin, with many shades and colors to each couple's preference was, when she thought about it, kind of hilarious.

But then, Jamie had always had a pretty casual and matter of fact attitude about sex. It wasn't something she sought much, for at twenty two she'd found her partners enthusiasm was rarely reflected in skill or patience. Sex was... okay, but not something she put any real time into seeking.

Lucas had changed all that, in a startling, breathtaking way which had already had an impact on her feelings about sex and was continuing to influence her. It wasn't just that he was a big, powerful, sexy man whose

body she found incredibly hot. No, it was his attitude, his forcefulness, his... dominance.

Jamie was a tomboy and her relationships with men had always held the sense of partnership and equality she demanded. But Lucas was almost ten years older than her and infinitely more experienced in terms of sex and sexuality. He was also far more determined than she was to get his way.

She had found herself more than slightly overwhelmed by the rough, animal sex he'd exposed her to, and it had given her the most intense sexual highs and the most powerful orgasms she'd ever experienced. He was a bull, she thought, and she always ended up battered and bruised afterward.

But oh was it ever worth it!

He tied her wrist firmly, and she could already feel the upwelling heat within her body which came from the memories of other things he'd done to her after tying her up, and how intensely pleasurable they'd been. It was as if she were being influenced by a body-memory, she thought, as she watched him pull her right ankle down and wrap the soft black rope around it several times.

She licked her lips as her eyes slid down his body. The upper body was nice, but the lower body was far more exciting to look at. A thin line of hair extended down from his flat stomach, down across his equally flat abdomen to the neatly trimmed thatch of hair around his cock.

Right now that hung semi-hard, but even semi-hard it was longer and thicker than most of the men she'd dated. The curve of his hip as he bent over to tie her, and the side of his buttock made her lick her lips appreciatively as he finished tying and then walked across to the other side.

"I promise not to hurt you," she said. "You don't really have to tie me up, little boy."

He raised an eyebrow, then wrapped his hand around her ankle and yanked, causing her body to strain against the upper ropes as he spread her out tautly, spreadeagled and helpless before him.

Jamie wasn't at all sure why she felt the need to taunt him at times like this, when her stomach was fluttering and her chest was getting tight. Did she want him to get rougher? Was she trying to incite him to be even more of an animal? Because the wild, hot, rough sex thrilled her in some dark corner of her mind which sent wild flurries of excitement down her spine.

He stood there and watched her as she strained a little against the ropes, testing them, and she saw his cock rising, thickening, hardening. That in turn made her chest feel even tighter and made her swallow repeatedly.

He climbed into bed and then knelt over her, looking down. Jamie's eyes met his, but flickered down his body to where his cock hung hard, then back up, then back down.

He lowered himself and she felt his hardness pressing between their bellies as his mouth found the nape of her neck, then chewed and kissed his way down and then up over her lips. His body settled upon her, pressing her in hard against the bed, though his elbows kept much of the weight off her chest.

Still, his heavy chest pressed down firmly against her breasts as his mouth found hers, and one of his hands slid into her hair, gripping it and roughly jerking it up and back as she gasped in startled pain. He kissed his way down along her throat, mouthing her jugular, his teeth nibbling lightly. Then he jerked her head forward again and crushed her lips with his.

He was never in a hurry. The thought flitted across her mind as they kissed. Despite how rough he was, how wild and hot, he took his time. That was another of the ways he was so different from her previous lovers. He spent long minutes kissing her, his hand holding her hair firmly as the other slid up and down her body.

He ground himself gently against her, making her continuously aware of his thick and hard he was, how long he was as she felt his cock rubbing against her abdomen.

Only after long minutes did he begin to kiss his way down her body, pausing to knead her breasts with his hands and bite them repeatedly. His

bites were never so hard as to break the skin. They were carefully measured, enough to make her gasp, to feel some pain, but not enough to bruise her.

He closed his teeth around her rigid right nipple, biting it softly, then harder, grinding his teeth against her as she gasped and moaned.

“Oh! Oh! Not so hard!” she gasped.

He eased up and back, but only to seize her nipples between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers.

“Do you give me orders, slave girl?” he asked darkly.

She gulped and stared at him and then hissed as he closed his fingers tighter, pinching them, twisting them sharply.

“Oh!”

“Do you? Slave girl?”

“I'm not your slave girl!” she gasped.

“So. Impudence,” he said. “Rebellion. You know that always gets naughty slave girls punished.”

“Weirdo!” she gulped. “Pervert!”

He gave her nipples another twist and she yelped and strained against the ropes before he released them, then bent to mouth one, sucking as he chewed on the surrounding flesh, his tongue caressing her throbbing nipple soothingly.

He slid downward, lightly nipping her belly and abdomen, then settled himself between her legs and set to work.

This, of course, was another area he excelled. Every other guy she'd made love with treated oral sex, that is, the giving of it, as something perfunctory, a task to be checked off so he could get on to what he really wanted as quickly as possible.

Lucas was nothing like that. Lucas took his time, and knew his business, and despite herself she was soon writhing and moaning in helpless pleasure, her hips grinding up against his mouth and fingers as waves of heat and pleasure rolled through her. He finished her off by thrusting three big fingers into her, pressing them upwards against the inside of her belly, pressing his thumb down against her clitoris and rubbing rapidly as his fingers pumped in and out.

She couldn't stop the way the rush of sensation pushed her over the edge, nor control it once it did. She cried out in wild-fire pleasure, arching again and again, twisting and thrashing against the ropes as convulsions wracked her body.

“Just the start,” he said. “Slave girl.”

Chapter Three

They'd been cruising and walking for several hours, handled a traffic accident which happened almost in front of them, responded to a robbery call, though it was all over by the time they got there, and then and stopped and questioned several teenagers who seemed like they were looking for trouble and harassing women outside a lingerie store.

They spent some time mingling with the crowd at Rockefeller Center, and checked out Fifth Avenue, where she got to stare at that hounds-tooth blazer in the Armani store she'd looked at and taken a picture of a few days earlier. It was ridiculously expensive, but she was looking around, hoping to find a knockoff somewhere.

The problem was, as nice looking as it was, and as good as she thought she'd look in it, she couldn't really imagine where she'd wear it. Detectives wore suits and sports jackets. Plainclothes wore scruffy street clothes to blend in with everyone. The whole idea was to not get noticed. You got noticed in a nice Armani blazer.

Wear it on dates? To eat? And maybe spill food on it?! Besides, dates meant dancing, if she could arrange it, and dresses were better for that. And while the Armani was sexy, in its own way, it wasn't date-sexy.

“Let's do lunch,” Mueller said.

It wasn't a proposal. She glanced at the clock in the car. It was just past eleven. Sector cars got assigned lunch times, but anti-crime didn't, especially its sergeant. Lunch for them was whenever Mueller felt like eating.

In the old days, her family had told her, cops would just drop by a local restaurant and get lunch for free. That was handy on several levels, one of which was if they got an emergency call they'd just dump the lunch and take off to handle the call. After all, they hadn't paid for it, and they could get something else free somewhere else later. It also kept cops in their sector so if

something happened they were close.

Sometime in the seventies it had been decided that cops getting free meals or even free coffee was corruption. No more free lunches. Since cops couldn't be expected to buy their own lunches every day, especially when they might have to abandon them suddenly, precinct houses had to build lunchrooms, and cops had to be allowed to return to the station for lunch.

She had never talked to a cop who didn't think that was dumb. It took cops off the street and away from their sectors. And the rule now was that cops on lunch couldn't be assigned anything, emergency or not. It was their lunch time, after all, mandated by law and union agreement.

The bosses tried to stagger lunch times as much as possible, but the PBA required they be between eleven and one, so there was only so much room. That meant half the cops in the precinct would either be at lunch, on their way to the precinct house, or on their way back to their sectors during most of that two hour window.

They returned to the precinct, double parking next to a blue and white at the curb, and went inside. Mueller went up to check his computer and she went to her locker, got her chicken Caesar salad and then went back to the anti-crime room where there was a microwave.

By tradition, if you had a desk, you ate at the desk. The lunchroom was crowded enough with uniformed cops who had nowhere else to eat. She sat down across from Mueller, who was already eating what looked like a sub, and he swallowed as she opened her salad.

“Where you been?”

“Getting my lunch.”

“Why don't you keep it in the fridge?” he asked, pointing his thumb across at the little room where the microwave, coffee machine and fridge were.

“Advice from friends,” she said.

He looked at her blankly, then shrugged.

The advice was from family who were cops, and it said that it was a good idea not to leave your lunch laying around where some jerkoff could do something to it, especially if you were young and female. A lot of the guys in the precinct, particularly the uniforms, still acted like a bunch of high school jocks, with the same sort of sense of humor. There was no telling what one of them might decide to add to a girl's food or coffee.

She'd finished eating and was skimming the Post when a uniform came to the doorway. He looked somewhere in his mid-twenties, with very short hair, average height and already going a little soft in the middle. He had one stripe on his uniform indicating he had at least five years in.

“Hey!” he called impatiently. “Someone here assigned to a black unmarked car double parked out front?”

Mueller looked up casually. “What about it?”

The uniform looked at him, then appeared to think twice about what he was going to say. “We gotta get back to work, Sergeant. You're blocking us in.”

Mueller took the keys out and tossed them across his desk to her.

“You do it, rookie,” he said.

She frowned at him, but there really was no fighting traditions. She sighed and got up, then followed the uniform out the door and down the stairs.

“You really a fucking rookie?” he asked.

She didn't deign to answer.

They reached the front door and went outside.

“I heard that about you. I wondered how the hell a rookie gets on anti-crime.”

“Just really talented, I guess,” she said.

“Yeah, talented at what I wonder.”

She turned and gave him a dead-eyed stare, eyes flicking down to his name tag: Anderson.

“Cause I applied twice and got turned down,” he said in a sarcastic voice. “Only maybe I didn't know the proper procedure.”

She ignored him again and went up the street to where the car was parked. There was another cop sitting on the hood of the blue and white Mueller had blocked, and he slid off as they approached.

“Course maybe next time I submit my application I'll make sure I bend over a lot,” he said as he followed behind her.

“Not my fault the brass decided you were too much of a moron to get out of uniform, Anderson,” she said over her shoulder.

He grabbed her arm and swung her around angrily.

“Maybe if you just tell me whose dick you sucked to – “

The rest of his demand went unsaid as she twisted to break his grip, grabbed his wrist and got him in an elbow lock that forced him across the hood of a patrol car.

“Hey, hey!” the other cop yelled.

“You want me to break your arm, officer asshole?” she demanded, as Anderson struggled futilely against the hold.

The other cop grabbed her shoulder, but gingerly.

“You guys! We're right in front of the fucking station! One of the white shirts is gonna notice!”

Two more cops, who were walking to their own car ran up, then slowed

when they saw it wasn't a civilian pinning a cop down.

“Don't talk to me again and don't touch me again,” she said to Anderson.

She pulled up and back so that Anderson cried out, then swung him forward and around, tripping him so that he staggered and almost fell. She turned away and went to the patrol car, and his furious move to follow was blocked by his partner and one of the other cops.

“You fucking bitch! You want to try that again!?” he yelled. “I'll put you in the fucking hospital!”

She got into the car and started it, then backed up and waited. The two cops with Anderson got him into the passenger seat of his patrol car, and his partner pulled out and took off. She pulled forward, then, parking in the empty space and got out.

She glanced at the two cops, who were both silent, then headed back inside.

“Nice elbow lock,” one of them called after her.

“Thanks,” she replied over her shoulder.

She went back upstairs and tossed the keys onto Mueller's desk.

“Anderson was pissed at being blocked in,” she said.

He rolled his eyes up to her.

“And I should care why?”

She shrugged and sat down again, then noticed her Post was gone, and that Mueller was reading it.

“You're welcome,” she said.

He nodded.

She looked around, hesitating.

“We had what you might call a little altercation out front.”

He looked up from the paper again.

“What kind of little altercation?”

“Did you know Anderson applied for anti-crime a few times?”

He shrugged. “Anti-crime usually takes exceptional and promising young officers. There's not much exceptional or promising about Anderson.”

“Well, he wasn't happy that a rookie was in anti-crime.”

“Now we're back to why I would care about whether he was happy or not.”

“I kinda had to put him across the hood of his car.”

His eyes widened.

“He grabbed my arm and was yelling in my face,” she said in irritation.

“You hurt him?”

“Only his ego.”

“Anyone see?”

“His partner and a couple of other uniforms.”

“No brass?”

She shook her head. “Not unless one was looking out the window.”

“He grabbed you first?”

She nodded.

“Then don't worry about it.”

He looked back at the paper.

“That's my paper, you know.”

“Rookies don't own things.”

“Uh huh.”

“You're lucky I let you eat your own lunch.”

She sniffed, reached over, and snatched the paper back, then took the sports section he'd been reading out and tossed it back to him.

He accepted it without further complaint and they finished their assigned lunch period, then went back to the patrol car and headed out to the northwest sector of the precinct again. They had just arrived when the computer beeped and she swung it around.

“Stabbing at the 77th street station,” she said. “Suspect thought headed south on the subway.”

They were already on Lexington Avenue, and Mueller sped up.

“Middle aged, heavysset white male with a gray pony tail,” she said. “Wearing a camo jacket.”

He turned the corner onto 59th and stopped and they jumped out and hurried down the stairs to the platforms.

“If we don't see him get off we get on and move through the cars,” he said, then raised the portable radio to his mouth.

“AC4 at 77th and Lexington station,” he said.

They waited for the southbound train, and Jamie felt a sense of tension as she looked down the dark tunnel. When the train rolled in she moved forward a little to look down the platform. It was the middle of the day so the

train wasn't crowded. No one matching the description got off, so she glanced at Mueller and he jerked his head forward.

She followed him into the first car as the doors shut and the train started to pull out of the station.

“Take your piece out but hide it behind me,” he said.

She pulled her badge out and let it dangle from its lanyard as she pulled out her Glock, letting his bulk shield the sight of her from anyone ahead as they walked down the length of the car.

People looked up warily, some of them gasping at the sight of the gun, but no one said anything as they reached the far end of the car and Mueller pulled open the door, leading them out between the cars.

Jamie had never actually done this before, and felt a bit of a rush as they stepped through the door on the moving train and the noise hit her. There was about a two foot ledge on the rear of the car, and another on the car before them. A waist high length of chain on either side was all the protection from falling anyone got if they lost their balance.

Mueller pulled open the other door and stepped through, and everyone on the car looked up as the door slid closed behind Jamie. They walked up the length of the car, drawing more wary stares, examining the people sitting there, then went through the next set of doors.

Everyone turned to look at them again. Traveling between cars was punishable by a \$75 fine, and every time a door opened it set off an alarm in the conductor's cabin, so it wasn't common. But people looked at Mueller, looked at how big he was, and dropped their eyes. When they raised them after he was safely past it was just in time to see Jaime with her gun out.

They went through the car and then passed through into the next, and Mueller halted and turned his head towards her.

“I think that's him. I'm gonna sit on his right and grab his arm. You grab his left arm.”

She nodded as he walked forward. New York subway cars had a simple seating layout. Long padded benches faced each other across the aisle, with upright bars placed every four feet or so for those standing to hold onto. There was a man matching their description sitting at the seat next to one of the doors.

Mueller and she walked towards him, her gun held down, her finger along the barrel next to the trigger guard, visible to those she passed but not to those in front. Neither looked at him very closely. He didn't seem to notice them, staring out the far window. There were three black guys on the bench across from him and they looked at them warily as they approached, especially when they saw her gun and shield.

Mueller sat down heavily next to him. She continued on a couple of feet, then turned and as Mueller gripped the man's right arm she extended her right arm, gun pointed at his chest, then reached down and took his left with her other hand.

“Police,” he said. “You carrying a knife, sir?”

The man didn't reply nor look at them, nor try to pull his arms free. He continued to stare out the window across from him.

“Are you carrying a knife, sir? Or anything that might pick me if I search you?”

The man still didn't answer. He was wearing a dirty gray sports jacket and even dirtier looking pants. He had a belly on him, and a missing button on the shirt showed it was pretty hairy.

Mueller patted his jacket pocket while holding his wrist and Jamie slid her gun back into the holster behind her and pulled open the other side of his blazer, running her fingers along the inner pocket lining. She pulled it wider and saw the knife hilt.

“It's in his belt on this side,” she said.

She reached in and carefully gripped the hilt between thumb and

forefingers, then tugged a ten inch butcher knife up and out. The steel was bloody and she set it gingerly on the floor.

“We're going to need you to get on the floor, buddy,” Mueller said, standing while still holding his wrist.

Jamie shifted her grip on his other wrist, and gave it a small twist, and the man slid forward onto his knees on the floor, and Mueller eased him down onto his belly as she twisted his arm up and put her foot against his ribs.

“You got him?”

She nodded and he released his arm and reached into his jacket for gloves, quickly pulling them on before patting the man down. His fingers slid up and down the man's chest and down into his pants and blazer pockets, pulling out whatever he found, then he took out his handcuffs and cuffed his free hand before taking the other from Jamie and locking them together.

He took the radio out of his pocket and tossed it to her as he continued to pat the man down.

“AC4,” she said, not certain how good the reception would be.

“AC4,” the radio replied.

“We have 77th street 10-24K suspect in custody and need transportation at ...”

“What's the next station?” she asked Mueller.

“It's at 51st Street, officer,” a middle aged black woman sitting on the other side of the door said.

“Thanks,” she said.

“AC4 will need transport for suspect at 51st Street station.”

She put the radio in her pocket and turned to look at the knife.

“You got any evidence bags?” she asked.

“Back in the car,” he said, finishing his frisk.

“Sir? Do you hear me?”

The man said nothing.

“I'm going to read you your rights,” he said, then proceeded to do so.

The man still didn't acknowledge their existence and he shrugged.

At 51st Street two uniforms were waiting. She stepped out of the car and waved at them and they hurried over.

“Get to your feet,” Mueller said.

The man still didn't answer so he jerked on his arm. One of the uniforms grabbed the other arm and they dragged him to his knees, but the man simply stared ahead of him.

“Stand up,” Mueller ordered.

“Stand up,” the other cop barked, jerking on his arm.

Jamie bent and picked up the knife, again with two fingers and her thumb, holding just the tip down at her side as the second uniform grabbed the suspect's ankles. The three then picked him up and carried him out the door and onto the platform, with Jamie following behind.

“You wanna carry him all the way upstairs?” one of the uniforms asked.

“Fuck that. He's nuts,” the other said. “Call the fire department.”

That was what they did, keeping people back as they waited. When the ambulance arrived they picked him up and strapped him onto a gurney, then wheeled him off. The uniform cops took the knife and went with him while they got on a northbound train to get back to their car.

“You know, I think people stare at cops more than they do at models,” she said.

He shrugged. “Part of the job, especially these days. Think of it this way; everything we do is more exciting than just about anything else they could be looking at. You think anyone would want to watch you doing filing, or stocking shelves, or tapping away at a computer? This job has its downsides, but doing the same boring shit day after day isn't one of them.”

She nodded agreement. It was what had decided her on the job in the first place.

Chapter Four

Lucas was waiting for her when she got off shift again.

“You're gonna get me a reputation,” she said, looking in at him.

“You deserve a reputation, baby,” he said.

She actually did already have a reputation, she suspected. Word of what had happened out front had already started to spread, plus there were those pictures and the talk about her modeling assignment. Then, as she'd just discovered, there was the talk about how a four month on the job rookie had gotten into a Manhattan anti-crime squad.

She got in and they took off.

“I had to tell my parents I was with someone yesterday evening, you know.”

“So?”

“So if I have to do it again they're gonna start making eyes at me and wanting to know who he is.”

He shrugged.

“Then they're gonna want to meet him.”

He turned his head, grinning. “You think I can't impress them?”

“Well, you look kind of sleazy to be honest.”

“I'm supposed to look kind of sleazy. You afraid the guys at your precinct are gonna see you going off with me and think you're hooked up with a drug dealer?”

“No, I'm afraid they'll figure out you're a fed. That's way worse.”

He snorted in amusement.

“Bad enough they've got pictures of me from that damn modeling job.”

He froze and stared at her. “They what?”

She shrugged uncomfortably.

“What pictures?”

“I don't know! You think they'd send them to me?”

“Find out. No one should be able to have any of those pictures. I confiscated them all. If someone lied to me about having copies and passed them onto the cops I'll –.”

“Confiscated? You didn't tell me you... how do you confiscate pictures?”

“The whole agency is under lock and key, given what the people who ran it were doing. It wasn't hard to demand Eli and the others hand over all the pictures taken of you, and to put the fear of God into them so they'd do it.”

“Well... I don't know what pictures they're passing around.”

“Find out. If they really have pictures from those photo shoots I am going to go back to Marxis and make someone's life even more miserable than it already is.”

“And uh, what did you do with all those pictures?” she asked.

He shrugged. “Private collection.”

“Private collection?!”

“For me and those deserving people I decide to show them off to.”

“You mean show me off to!?”

He shrugged again. “Well, you belong to me, after all.”

“Oh I so do not belong to you!”

He gave her a smug look.

“You are unbelievably arrogant!”

“Then don't believe it.”

“I'm wondering if I should! This must be an act! No man can be this... this...”

“Wonderful?”

“That wasn't the adjective I was searching for!”

She glared at him, then out the window, then back at him, then at the speedometer.

“You're speeding,” she said. “I hope you get pulled over.”

“I never get pulled over, babe.”

He unbuttoned his shirt as he spoke and then, flicking his eye across to her, reached out and grabbed her wrist, pulling it closer to him.

“What are you doing?”

He pulled her hand in against his chest, then pushed in between the open buttons so her hand pressed against the lightly haired, but heavily muscled chest underneath. As it always did, the feel of his warm, hard body made something pulse down low in her belly, and momentarily silenced her.

“What *are* you doing?” she demanded.

“I like the feel of your skin against mine.”

She blinked in confusion as he pulled her hand in further and, almost unwillingly, she let her fingers stroke his chest.

“Also, I like to get your mind on more important subjects.”

“More important how?” she asked, though she was still sliding her hand across his bare chest.

“How hot I am.”

“How hot you are, huh? Conceited bastard.”

“You keep insulting my parents I'm liable to spank you.”

“If you can spank me while driving go ahead.”

He grinned. “I can do almost anything while driving. I'm a pro, babe.”

“Really?”

She pulled her hand out of his shirt and instead dropped it onto his lap, rubbing him lightly, then harder.

“Anything?”

“Anything,” he said, not taking his eyes off the road.

She undid his fly and reached inside, rubbing him through his underwear, then found the fly for those and pulled him through, feeling him hardening in her hand.

They halted at a red light and she looked around, but the car did have tinted windows, so she continued, caressing him and stroking her thumb across the underside.

“This car is insured by the agency, I hope,” she said.

“My concentration is unwavering because my heart is pure.”

“Uh huh.”

He continued to harden and she felt her own excitement mounting as she stroked her hand along his length and felt and saw the length and thickness. The tactile feel of his warm skin against her palm made her nipples tingle and her chest tighten.

“Go for it,” he said, “If you got the balls.”

“I got your balls, big boy,” she said.

“Know what to do with them or do I have to instruct you?”

“I'm not in any hurry,” she said.

She continued to stroke him, sometimes idly, sometimes harder, as they headed uptown, deliberately slowing down and sometimes stopping entirely. She was wondering how little attention she had to give him before he began to soften, but so far, in a way she found exciting, there was no sign of him softening.

“This is the longest hand job I've ever had,” he said calmly.

“I like feeling you in my hand,” she said with a grin.

“You know what happens when you keep a man hard for a long time?”

“He gets frustrated?” she asked with a grin.

He turned his head. “You are literally a cock tease.”

She smirked.

“Which means you're being a brat again.”

“Oh, is daddy going to spank me?” she cooed.

“Daddy might be in the mood for teaching you a lesson,” he said.

She shrugged and pulled her hand back.

“I'm bored with this. You play with it,” she said.

He shook his head slowly, smiling very slightly.

His cock stayed hard, protruding from his fly as he drove on, and she wondered how long it would take to deflate.

Suddenly the BMW swerved and pulled into the driveway leading into an underground garage.

“Where are we going?”

“Place I know.”

He stopped and the driver's window slid down as he waved an electronic key at a detector. The door ahead of them raised.

“I thought we were going to a restaurant.”

“You'll get to eat.”

He pulled into the garage and turned down a long aisle then stopped near the end.

She looked down at his crotch, and saw he was still erect.

“I'm not that hungry,” she said.

He smirked, then put himself back into his pants and got out of the car.

She watched him, then opened the door and got out herself, looking around. The garage was empty save for rows of parked cars, of course.

“What building is this?”

He grabbed her under the arms and lifted her effortlessly into the air, then swung her around and dropped her back to the ground next to the hood

of the BMW. The instant he dropped her his hands were at her waist, gripping her sweater and peeling it sharply up, and then off, before she could react.

“Hey!” she yelled, crossing her arms across her chest in sudden alarm.

His hands went to the clasp at her waist and jerked her jeans open, again before she could react.

“Danny! Are you crazy!” she gasped, grabbing at his wrists.

It was like grabbing at steel wrapped in warm leather as he unzipped her jeans. He spun her around and undid her bra, and she yelled, her hands shifting up once again to grab at her bra, but then he spun her around again, lifted her quickly, sat her heavily on the hood of the BMW, then pushed her so she fell back and grabbed the waistband of her jeans, yanking them down her legs and off.

It was the wild, even violent suddenness of it that had Jaime gasping, her mind spinning wildly as she reacted – too late – to everything he did! She sat up quickly but he was already yanking her off the car so she slid to the ground, then spun her around and bent her forward, slapping her bottom sharply before yanking her thong down and off.

“Danny! You're insane! We'll both get fired if we get caught!”

“I never get caught,” he said, grabbing her wrists and pulling them together behind her back.

Jaime was breathless and gasping as she felt cuffs going around her wrists.

“You're a lunatic!”

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom sharply again and she gasped.

“I am a little out of the ordinary,” he admitted.

He lifted up her left leg and jerked her shoe off, then did the same to her

right, before gathering up the rest of her clothes and opening the door to the BMW. She tossed them inside and closed the door, then used his fob to lock the car.

She stood up, staring at him, eyes wild, then jerked her head from side to side, scanning the garage anxiously.

“Now, slave girl, I have some orders,” he said, folding his arms across his chest.

“You. Are. Nuts,” she said, pronouncing each word firmly and distinctly.

He shrugged.

“On your knees, woman.”

She opened her mouth at the sheer, unadulterated gall of the man, but despite her indignation felt a dark squirming heat roiling her mind.

“Not. A. Chance,” she said, though she was far from as determined as she tried to sound.

His long arm shot out, and she was once again amazed at how fast he was for such a large man, and he gripped her hair, jerking her towards him. Her breasts pillowed out against his chest as he tilted her head back, and then he kissed her roughly, his big arms wrapped around her as she squirmed helplessly.

He turned her to the car, then lifted her up and sat her on the edge once again. The car hood was warm beneath her buttocks as he gripped her head and hair and kissed her again, harder, then bent forward, which bent her back.

Jaime was forced back onto her back, onto her arms, and felt utterly helpless beneath his weight and strength. He kissed his way down her neck and then began to suck and bite at her breasts, causing her to gasp and moan alternately. His tongue swirled and stroked her rigid nipples, and his teeth chewed expertly on her soft flesh as she writhed and cursed breathlessly.

He slid down her belly, licking, kissing, chewing, his big hands now forcing her legs achingly far apart until he was kneeling at the side of the car, his tongue stroking her *there!*

“Fuck!” she moaned.

His tongue licked her hungrily as his fingers slid into her, and she could feel how wet she was even as the sound of a car engine sounded. She gasped, her hips bucking up as his fingers suddenly thrust into her. She could hear a car nearby! It parked and the engine stopped, then the door opened, and closed, and she heard footsteps, mercifully not walking towards them!

She could see a figure out of her peripheral vision, just enough to know it was a man in a suit, well down the aisle. She didn't know if he saw them but if he turned he would have. They weren't that far away and she was laying completely naked across the hood of the BMW!

Lucas got up and unzipped again, then reached for her hair. She gasped as he dragged her head closer to the front of the car, then drew his cock out and rubbed it across her face.

You're out of your mind,” she moaned.

“Heard that before,” he said, rubbing himself against her lips.

She opened her mouth and he plunged inside as she stared up the length of his body at his dark eyes and intent and determined expression. His cock slid along her tongue and deep into her mouth as she closed her lips around it and sucked.

She rolled her eyes up at him and saw that same look she'd seen before, the hunger spawned single-mindedness, the absolute resolve, and the rising... not anger but a deep passion, a powerful need. And it wasn't for gentle embraces either! That look scared her, just a little, but it also gave her a breathless sense of heat!

Her right leg was propped to one side against the car's windshield, while her left was spread wide, her lower leg draped over the side of the car. He

held her hair in a firm grip with his right hand while his left moved roughly over her body, kneading her breasts, first, then sliding down her abdomen to finger her sex.

She gasped, her hips rolling up against his fingers as he penetrated her, as he pumped in and out and let his thumb flick across her swollen clitoris. At the same time he leaned in, thrusting himself deeper, the head of his cock sliding into her throat and then smoothly down inside until he was buried.

Jaime moaned around him, her body pulsing with heat, her mind overcome with a feverish hunger and passion at the wild and carnal nature of it all. His thickness filled her throat, and he wasn't content to leave it in place, but drew back, slowly, then pushed in again, pulled back, and pushed deep and hard, grinding himself against her face.

Jaime shuddered, her legs jerking, flailing, as his fingers thrust into her, her back arching as she stared up at him, heat enveloping her mind, drunk on the wild high of sex, passion and a shocked sense of hunger.

He pulled out, leaving her gasping and light-headed, gulping in ragged breaths of air as he moved, yanking her almost violently off the car and onto her feet. She stumbled and would have fallen, but not with him holding her. He turned her and bent her over the side of the car, and she moaned as a slap to her bottom was followed by big hands jerking her thighs apart.

A man came out of a door on the other side of the garage and walked slowly to his car as she felt the slick, swollen head of his cock pushing against her. He was thick, and she groaned as he forced his way in, spreading her wide, then sinking deep.

“Never poke the bear, baby,” he growled as he started to ride her.

The man got into his car, not noticing them, then the engine started. She heard the garage door opening, then another car drove down as the first car started moving and pulled around, heading down the aisle towards them. Another car came down, and the two passed each other as the first one turned up towards the garage door and the second went down the aisle he'd come from.

“Oh! Ung!” she gasped as Lucas buried himself in her thrumming, pulsing belly.

His hips began to hammer her buttocks, but he was still wearing trousers, so there was no real sound other than her continuing grunts and gasps as she watched the new man walk to the door to what she supposed was where the elevators were and go inside.

Then she cried out as her hair was jerked up and back, and Lucas leaned over her, his mouth against the nape of her neck.

“Come for me, baby. That's an order,” he growled. “Come for me! Do it!”

His right hand slid down over her hip and his fingers found her clitoris.

It wasn't an order she could have disobeyed if she had wanted to. And she didn't want to.

Chapter Five

“You know, my mom drives faster than you,” Jaime said.

Mueller rolled his eyes at her, then looked down at the speedometer.

“I'm going the speed limit,” he said.

They were in an unmarked patrol car heading down Ninth Avenue, and Mueller, as he usually did, was driving in a calm, deliberate manner while obeying all traffic rules and regulations.

“Given how often you ignore departmental regs I'm amazed you have such respect for traffic laws.”

“Given how quiet you were the first couple of weeks I'm amazed at how mouthy you've gotten, rookie.”

She shrugged.

“Probably associating with feds. You should stop doing that.”

“You're probably right.”

“And don't go thinking undercover is fun. Undercover is nothing like your little one week job with the fed, you know. I know some people who went into undercover work for the department. Sometimes it takes them years to get out of it. And it's fucking draining being on your guard all the time.”

“You ever do undercover?”

He snorted. “Do I look like anyone would mistake me for a thug?”

“Well, with the right clothes, and maybe when you were younger...”

He shook his head, and flicked his eyes up the side of a building where

someone was sitting on the fire escape, then looked away.

“So I should become a detective, then?”

He made a face. “Everyone wants to be a detective. I don't get it. Why? Because of the status? You know what you get when you're a detective? Pressure for results. You got cases. You're expected to solve them, whether it's possible to solve them or not. When I go home at the end of the day I got nothing on my mind and no worries about tomorrow.”

He abruptly pulled over and got out of the car, and she stared at him as he walked around the front, then over to a skinny guy who had stopped and was looking at him warily. She started to get out of the car but Mueller looked at her and shook his head, so she closed the door again and watched as he gave the man something, money, she was fairly sure.

He got back into the car as the guy moved on.

“He's a snitch Name is Andy Denver. He lives in the same building as a guy named Tony Baker. Baker got out a few days ago for robbing a bodega. He's a repeater, but only when he drinks. He needs the liquid courage. So I told Denver I wanna know if he sees Baker drinking or buying any alcohol. I can get his parole yanked if I catch him boozing. I know staying dry is a condition of his parole.

She nodded as they pulled back into traffic.

“One of the things we do in anti-crime is keep an eye on people like Baker who have been recently paroled,” he said. “We can't watch everyone. Too many skulls out there for that. But with people we know are gonna repeat, and quickly, we do our best to keep an eye out for them.”

Jaime nodded again, though she knew this herself, both from college and from her family. If you could just permanently lock up those with ten or more previous convictions you could cut the crime rate in half, and save a pile of money by cutting down on the legal fees. Unfortunately, that wasn't likely to happen. Most of the repeat offenders got a couple of years in prison, then were paroled again.

“You want to cultivate guys like Denver. He's a sleazy little mutt, but he's always on the street, and he hears things. Make sure he's too afraid of you to bring you crap, but make sure he knows to trust you, which means to get some money or sometimes some help when he gets busted for something minor, and he can be very useful.”

He pulled over again and stared across the street. Jaime followed his gaze up half a block and saw a man shaking the door of a jewelry shop, trying to get in. She wondered why the door was locked. This wasn't one of the neighborhoods where that would be standard for shops, especially in the daytime.

Apparently Mueller thought so too, and watched as the man put his hand against his forehead, trying to see inside, then turned and walked away.

“You want me to call it in?”

Mueller stared at the shop without answering for long seconds.

“Call it in as a 10-10,” he said

A 10-10 was a possible crime. Jaime called in the location, then got out of the car and followed him as he crossed the street at an angle.

The jeweler shop door opened and two young black men came out, one carrying a gym bag. They took one look at Mueller, who was looking at them, and bolted up the sidewalk.

“Police!” he called after them, reaching for his gun.

They were already closer to her than to him and running very fast. Jaime cut the angle then was on the sidewalk behind them as they pelted up the street. They were both very fast, but she was wearing sneakers, jeans and a Rangers jersey and her legs stretched out as she gained ground.

The slower one, who was carrying the gym bag, was already panting heavily when she caught up to him. She ran up beside him, then shifted hard to ram him sideways. He didn't have time to stop and ran right into a tree.

Hard.

She ran on, turning her head only for a moment to see Mueller pulling up to a stop where the man was sprawled on the sidewalk. The man ahead was still running, and she went after him, pulling her badge out from beneath the jersey to let it dangle at her chest. They crossed the street and ran down 51st Street, dodging in and out around pedestrians. He was very fast, and she couldn't make up distance on him at first.

He ran through a parking lot and came out on 52nd, turning to look behind him, and she began to close the distance. He turned on 8th, then again on 51st street, went through another parking lot at the Gershwin to come out on 50th. He was slowing, though, and then ran into a fat man carrying two grocery bags. Both of them went down, and he got up and sprinted on, increasing speed, but then quickly starting to stagger.

Jamie paced herself, breathing hard now too, though not as hard as he was from the sound and look of him. She was grateful she was in plainclothes. He ran into the street, and cars screeched to a halt. She followed him, dodging around a delivery van, and again closing the distance a little at a time.

She could see now that he was headed for the subway station ahead, but she was within twenty yards and closing rapidly. Then the doors opened and two uniformed cops came through, one of them holding a bottle of Coke.

“Police!” she yelled.

That got their attention, and their necks swiveled as her target tried to stop himself, skidded to a stop nearly at their feet, then turned and tried to get up again. He didn't make it. The two cops grabbed him and forced him back down as Jamie came panting up, panting heavily.

“Lose something?” one of the cops asked in amusement.

“Not... yet,” she gasped, dropping to her knees and pushing her hair out of her face.

Her suspect was on his belly, chest heaving, covered in sweat, and did nothing as the uniform searched him but try to breathe. When they rolled him over and tried to pull him to his feet his legs were too rubbery and he collapsed.

One of the uniforms pushed the Coke out at her.

“You need this more than me,” he said.

She took it gratefully and chugged half the bottle.

Mueller came up in the patrol car, lights flashing and got out. The other suspect was in the rear.

“Knew you'd get him,” he said in satisfaction.

“You let the girl run him down for you, Mueller?” one of the cops asked in amusement.

“Isn't that what rookies are for?” he replied.

They all laughed. Except Jaime.

The uniforms had a car parked a block away. They took the second suspect and Jaime half fell into the front passenger seat of the unmarked car as they headed back to the jewelry shop. A blue and white was parked in front of it, lights flashing. Mueller got out and went inside while she stayed with the first suspect, who had a huge goose egg in the middle of his forehead, and someone, likely Mueller, had shoved tissues into his nose to block bleeding.

She finished the coke, turning to eye him doubtfully. The suspect seemed a little stunned, and she wondered if she'd get into trouble for the body check. She'd had to fill out a use of force report the first time she'd done it, and now would probably have to do it again. Only this one looked worse than the first guy.

A FDNY ambulance arrived, and the EMTs went inside. She took her phone out of the glove compartment and casually checked for messages and

emails, and got a jolt as she opened a text from Lucas. It had a pornographic picture attached, and though her face wasn't in it, there was absolutely no doubt in her mind that it was her!

It was one of those typically male 'conquest' pictures, taken from behind, with her bent over the hood of the car, hands cuffed, legs spread. It showed him halfway into her, and his strong hand gripping her hair and yanking her head up and back. You couldn't see her face but there was certainly no doubt in her mind.

“Bastard!” she half whispered.

When had he taken that!? She certainly hadn't known!

The first thing she did was delete the picture. The second thing she did was to text him back.

When did you take that! And how many more do you have!? Delete it, you bastard!

She glared at the phone and then closed it and shoved it back into the glove compartment.

Men!

She got out of the car and stood against it, mercifully in the shade, her breathing more even now. She pulled the elastic from her hair, combed it back with her fingers, then redid her pony tail, her mind on Lucas and what the hell kind of weird and perverted relationship they had.

He was the most annoying and frustrating man! Aside from the incredible ferocity of the sex, which made her body burn, he had this cocky, arrogant nature which, though it didn't lack humor, sometimes seemed like he was angling to be her father, not her boyfriend.

On the other hand, she'd never had a boring time with him!

He was driven, motivated, determined, and... focused, and during sex there was something primeval about the way he threw her around and

roughly used her, something which gave her the most intense sex of her life.

She didn't want him tamed during sex. But could he be tamed outside of sex?

Mueller came out of the jewelry store as another blue and white showed up.

“No one really hurt. They put the two female clerks in a closet and jammed a chair under the doorknob. One of them's a little hysterical, though.”

“You want to have one of the EMTs look at our prisoner?” she asked. “He looks like he hit the tree kind of hard.”

He smirked. “You really are into hockey, aren't you,” he said. “Nice body check.”

“I just... nudged him,” she said defensively.

“Yeah, I saw that. Fortunately there ain't no referees around. What do they call that, boarding?”

“It was a legal check!” she said indignantly. “Shoulder to shoulder!”

One of the EMTs came out and Mueller motioned him over.

“Want to look at this guy?”

The EMT bent over and looked inside.

“What'd you hit him with?”

“He ran into a tree,” Mueller said.

The EMT snorted but opened the door and checked the prisoner over.

“How many fingers am I holding up?” Jaime heard.

They took the prisoner to the hospital, on the advice of the EMT, then had to hang around there for a while before taking him back to process. Jaime had to fill out another use of force report to go along with the arrest report, so it was midafternoon before they got outside again.

They were headed up Eleventh Avenue when the car behind began to honk. She turned and looked over her shoulder to see a Honda Civic tailgating them. She turned and looked at the speedometer and saw they were doing exactly the speed limit.

“You know, sometimes people get annoyed when you drive exactly the posted speed limit in the passing zone.”

“Fuck em,” he said.

She sighed.

“This is the city, not a highway. There's no such thing as a passing lane. They're both heavily used.”

Which was true enough at the moment. Except that the next car ahead of them was a block up, while he paced the car on his right.

The Honda honked again several times. Mueller glanced at him in the rear view mirror then ignored him. The right lane sped up, then, moving faster than them, and the Honda quickly changed lanes and went by them.

An angry looking youngish man glared at them as he passed, then thrust up his middle finger.

“I think this message is for you,” she said in amusement.

She waved at the man, who glowered at her, then pulled ahead, and abruptly pulled over in front of them, then immediately slowed down.

“What is this moron doing?” Mueller muttered.

“I think he's teaching you a lesson,” she said.

They were now doing ten miles an hour.

Mueller honked and the Honda slowed down to five.

“This guy is getting on my nerves,” he said.

He flipped on the lights and she let the siren burp a few times. That slowed everyone right down, and when Mueller gestured for the man to pull over the Honda slid through a break in the right lane and then turned the corner on Forty Sixth and stopped. He pulled in behind the guy as Jaime smiled and shook her head.

“Get my summons book out of the glove compartment.”

She opened it and took out the book, handing it to him, then punched the Honda's license number into the computer. She was not surprised it had a number of moving violations for speeding. The guy seemed like the impatient sort.

She got out and wandered forward on the passenger side. Mueller was talking calmly and simply, as if to a child, to the driver, who seemed both agitated and indignant.

“... entrapment!” she heard. “You provoked me!”

“License and registration, please, sir,” Mueller said.

She leaned in and saw the driver was holding up his cell phone, recording Mueller, and smiled. The man was slender and narrow shouldered, with light brown hair and a pinched face. He was in his early twenties, and his face was adamant as he glared up at Mueller.

“You have no right to detain me!”

“Yeah, I do. You were obstructing traffic.”

“So were you!”

“I was doing the speed limit. License and registration, please.”

“You were blocking the road!”

“Put down the phone and give me your license and registration. I don't have all day.”

“Oh, but you have time to harass an honest citizen, don't you!”

Mueller opened the car door.

“Out,” he said.

“You have no right to order me out of my car! I haven't broken any law!”

“If you don't have a license you've broken a law and you can't drive this vehicle.”

“I have a license!”

“Then show it to me.”

“I don't have it on me!”

“Get out of the car, sir.”

“You have no right to compel me to leave my car!”

Jaime hovered somewhere between being amused and irritated as she watched this play out. She saw Mueller reach in and grab the man's arm, but the man twisted his body around, grabbing the seat rest on the passenger side.

“I refuse to consent!” he yelled.

Mueller was done talking and yanked at him. The man clung frantically to the seat rest, and Jaime pulled her expandable baton from her belt, then reached in and rapped his knuckles. He shrieked and let go, and Mueller yanked him bodily out of the car.

“My rights are being violated!” he screamed. “Police brutality!”

She trotted around to the other side of the car, as Mueller yanked him to his feet and bent him over the car hood. That, disturbingly, reminded her of what Lucas had done to her the other evening, but she put it from her mind as she grabbed one of the man's flailing arms and helped Mueller handcuff him.

They searched the car, found nothing, then called for a tow truck and drove him back to the station.

Chapter Six

“What is this place?” Jamie asked.

Lucas had driven north, and she'd thought they were headed for his place in the Bronx again. Instead they'd pulled into what looked like a condo building under construction on the upper east side, a very big condo.

“It's a new condo building. What does it look like?”

“How'd you get access?”

He grinned and led her to the lobby. The interior looked like it was almost completed, that is, the walls and floors were in place, and most of the electrical work done. There was clearly a lot more to be done in the way of additions. Most of the walls in the lobby were bare, but one was half covered in marble tiles, and there were construction supplies and tools everywhere.

He led her into the elevator and pressed the button for the eight-fifth floor.

“We persuaded the developer to give us a key so we could use an apartment on the fortieth floor for surveillance on a place across the street where a big-time dealer lives.”

“Okay?” she said uncertainly.

“Only after five, when the construction crew knock off, of course.”

It was almost nightfall. They'd had dinner and gone out dancing earlier. She had been pleased to discover Lucas was an excellent dancer, able to move his big body around as quickly and fluidly on the dance floor as he did everywhere else – like in bed.

“So what are we doing here?”

“Do you have any idea the kind of view you get of Central Park from the eighty-fifth floor?”

You got a fabulous view, as it turned out. They got off and walked down a hallway where carpeting was just starting to be installed, then in through an open doorway to what was going to be a huge apartment with twelve foot ceilings and a giant glass wall overlooking the park.

It was largely bare, without kitchen cabinets or carpeting installed, and the floor was bare, unpolished wood. But he walked them through it and out onto a huge balcony overlooking the park, and the view was, as he'd suggested, absolutely spectacular.

The balcony had a thick round metal rail along the edge, but no glass or other obstacle below it. Whatever they intended to install had not yet been put in place, giving Jamie the feel as if she were right on the edge of a massive cliff, with little to keep her from falling. She gripped the rail tentatively as she neared the edge.

“Wow!” she said.

The view of the park at night was largely the view of the long rows of buildings overlooking it, glittering with lights. But it was also a full moon, and she could see the lake far below, then on in the distance to the East River.

Lucas moved up alongside her, then pulled her around to face him, kissing her lightly at first.

“You didn't bring me up here to –.”

“Shh,” he said. “No talking, slave girl.”

She rolled her eyes.

His arms slid around her and his hands kneaded her buttocks through her jeans.

“You're a sex maniac,” she said.

“A maniac? Really? I don't know that that's very flattering, officer.”

“Like I care,” she said with a smile.

His fingers dug into her buttocks and jerked her body in tight against him.

“You should care... slave girl.”

“I'm not your slave girl, pervert.”

His hands slid off her ass and then in between their bodies and up to cup her breasts as he kissed her again.

She turned her head away.

“You're in my way. I'm trying to see the pretty view,” she said.

“Oh, well, let me help you then.”

There was a stone wall between this balcony, and, presumably, the one next door. His hands slid off her breasts and gripped her by the scruff of the neck instead, then lifted and swung her around to shove her back hard against it. An instant later his hands were jerking forward, tearing the front of her button-down blouse completely open!

She gasped, her mouth open wide as she felt a shock of indignation – not at him stripping her but tearing her blouse – which she'd bought on sale at Macy's only a month earlier. But she had no time to express her indignation as his body crushed her to the wall even as his lips crushed hers in the kind of sudden, violent physical passion which she had still not even begun to get used to.

He pulled back almost as fast, and suddenly her bra was off and he was holding her, his big fists gripping her biceps, almost a foot off the balcony! She stared at the heat in his eyes and the intensity on his face and felt something a little like fear – even though she was certain he wouldn't actually harm her.

He dropped her back to her feet and then moved backwards, holding her biceps firmly.

“Pervert!” she gasped.

The corners of his lips curled ever so slightly upward, but he gave no other sign. He shifted his grip on her arms, however, sliding his fists down to her wrists, then lifting them up high. Again, he lifted her off her feet, letting her dangle from his fists. This time he kissed her. Jamie felt a rush of heat and excitement at the sheer strength of him, and their tongues met in a rough, wild, savage dance as he set her down again.

He brought her wrists together overhead to hold in one big fist, and then she felt something being wrapped around them. She jerked her mouth free, cocking her head up to see what looked like a long scarf dangling from a bare steel framework overhead on the unfinished underside of the next balcony up.

“You are not –!” she gasped, trying to pull her wrists free, and failing.

“Oh, but I am.”

The silk was soft, but very firm around her wrists, and she felt a sense of fascination at how quickly he swept it around and over her wrists, crisscrossing them and then tying the scarf off.

She dropped her eyes to his face again, and he gripped her head in those big hands and kissed her once more, this time very, very softly and lightly, but not stopping, his lips sliding sensuously across her own as his tongue dipped just within.

The kiss grew in strength and passion however, and his hands abandoned her head, sliding up and down her bare back, then up between them to knead her breasts. The slid around her once more, and into the waistband of her chinos, pushing them down over her hips to the point they slid down her legs to pool at her ankles.

He dropped down and pulled them out from under her, then for good measure removed her shoes, leaving her in nothing but a thong. At that point

he moved back, leaving her gulping in air, heart pounding and pulse racing. There was a chair perched near the door and he sat down, then took an oversized bottle of beer from his jacket pocket and grinned at her as he twisted it open.

“Keiths? Really? I thought you were a Bud guy,” she said.

He lifted the long necked bottle to his mouth and took a long drink, his eyes never leaving her.

She tugged her wrists against the scarf, but it was absolutely unmoving. She looked up at it, then back at him.

“No beer for me?”

“Only one bottle, slave girl.”

“It's a big bottle.”

He stood up and walked over to her, then his hand swept behind her and seized her hair, jerking her head up and back. She cried out, and he poured a thin trickle of beer down onto her chest, the cool liquid flowing around her breasts and over her nipples.

He bent and licked and sucked at her nipples, his teeth chewing at the center of her breasts at the same time, while Jamie squirmed and gasped helplessly. His teeth moved up across her throat and then in along the nape of her neck.

“Bastard!” she moaned.

He released her hair with a smirk, then slid the long neck slowly down her taut belly, down to the waistband of her thong. He pulled the waistband out an inch and trickled beer down inside, causing her to squeal and twist her body around away from it.

He chuckled throatily, then she felt him seized the waistband in back of her and rip the thin underwear completely off!

She kept her back to him, looking over her shoulder, though, until she saw him backing up and sitting down again.

“You really are a strange man!” she said.

He held up the bottle as if to toast her, then put it to his mouth again.

“So are you just going to sit there, drink beer, and stare at me?”

“It's a hell of a view, even without you in the middle of it. With you... well. Any view with you in it gets better.”

He took out his cell phone and held it up and she gasped and swung around again, presenting him with her back.

“Why so shy? You have a beautiful body.”

“So do you,” she retorted. “When do I get to take naked pictures of you?”

She stared out at the view, then down, a bit nervously, for she was right near the edge, and the only thing between her and the fall was the narrow rail a few inches in front of her waist.

“Maybe we can do a video together,” he said mildly.

“No thank you!”

“In fact, the pictures I've taken have had me in them too.”

“Right, your cock, you mean.”

“You don't get much more personal than that.”

“No one can tell it's you.”

“No one can tell it's you either,” he replied.

She looked a little warily at the other nearby buildings, but since this

one faced the park, there really wasn't anything near with a decent view of her, not unless someone had a telescope or something. And even then it was dark on the balcony. Still, it felt exposed in a way which made her stomach swirl with something dark and exotic.

“I didn't say you could take my picture like that!”

Then he was behind her and she gasped as he jerked back on her hair again and his lips moved lightly along the side of her throat.

“I didn't ask,” he said.

His arms came around her and his hands gripped her breasts, squeezing them up and together, big fingers kneading them as he ground himself into her buttocks. One of his hands slid down her body and his fingers began to stroke her clitoris as Jamie felt her pulse racing faster and faster.

“Do you know what I want to do to you?” he growled in a low voice.

“S-Something nasty,” she replied breathlessly.

“Oh, very nasty,” he said.

He unzipped, the sound very loud on the otherwise silent balcony, and then she felt the warm, soft hardness of him pressing in between her thighs. The hand between her legs gripped the front of him, guiding him up so that it could rub against her clitoris. She was wet from the beer he had poured, and the feel of his soft skin rubbing against her sent a roll of crackling sexual heat up through her belly.

“How many people do you think will hear you scream in pleasure?”

“No one,” she said, panting. “You aren't man enough.”

“No, huh.”

He was grinding himself against her while pushing in and out, the shaft caressing her sex as the head rubbed against her swollen little button.

“How much do you want to bet?”

He drew back and then spun her around, kissing her roughly, then kissing his way down her body. He jerked her thighs apart with his big hands and his mouth pushed up against her as she shuddered. She gasped, then, eyes widening as she felt the metal bar against her buttocks, jerking her head around to see the abyss below her!

Her wrists were still tightly bound, but how powerful was the scarf!? She felt a rush of adrenaline even as his tongue began to lap at her and hot, bubbling waves of sensation began to roll up through her belly.

“I-If I fall off I'm going to haunt you for the rest of your life!” she gasped.

“If you fall off I'm going after you, baby,” he growled.

She blinked, feeling a jolt of emotion at the implacable certainty in his voice.

But then his big hands closed on her thighs, pressing them wider, then lifting her up off the balcony so that her buttocks perched unsteadily on the narrow bar! Jamie jerked her head around again, staring down, then gasped, jerking her eyes away as he pushed her legs up and back.

“Jesus Christ! You're out of your mind!” she cried.

“No, just living on the edge,” he said.

“I'm on the edge, not you!”

“You're not going anywhere without me.”

His tongue plunged into her and she shuddered, her hips starting to roll and grind in helpless spasms as his tongue flickered and dipped. She was able to brace the bottom of her bare feet against the bar on either side of her body, though the tendons in her thighs felt tautly stretched, but any sense of security that provided was shaky as his fingers pushed into her.

Excitement was flaring wildly within her, her body pulsing and radiating heat as his tongue swept harder across her and his fingers thrust deep. She was going to come, she knew, and gulped in ragged breaths of air as heat and adrenaline overpowered her mind.

He stood up, and he was rock hard as he pushed himself into her. Jamie moaned in desperate pleasure as she felt herself stretched, then felt him driving into her, his hands reassuring as they swept around her. He started to thrust, and it took only seconds before the orgasm flared into a hot, explosive surge of pleasure that had her gurgling and moaning and bucking against him.

Her cries of passion were soft but filled the air as she gloried in the thick, hard, slick feel of him moving so deep inside her, of the soft, steady thumping of the head of his cock against what surely must be, she thought, the back wall of her sex!

She tried to wrap her long legs around him, but he wouldn't give her that sense of security, instead gripping them and lifting them straight up, over his shoulders, folding her precariously in half atop the little rail as he continued to thrust into her with harder, deeper, faster strokes that had her head jerking and lolling in boneless pleasure.

The orgasm never seemed to go away, only to fade into more of the hot, sizzling sexual power gripping her mind and body. But now he pulled back, and pulled her forward off the rail. She let out a gasp of relief even as he spun her around again.

“Bad girl,” he said.

Crack! His hand slapped sharply against her bottom.

His big left hand slid down her belly, two fingers framing her swollen button between them as the heel of his hand pushed her hips back, pushed her bottom up and out.

Crack!

“Oh!” she gasped.

“Such a bad little girl,” he purred, his other hand kneading her buttocks before – .

Crack!

“S-Stop!” she moaned.

“You don't give me orders, slave girl,” he said, kneading her bottom.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Bratty girls get punished, you know.”

Crack!

The fingers of his left hand which framed her clitoris were grinding it between them as he bent his fingers in and up and penetrated her.

Crack!

“And we know what happens to bratty little girls,” he said.

Crack!

“S-Sicko!” she moaned.

Crack!

“You say that like it's a bad thing.”

Crack!

“When we both know better.”

Crack!

He moved fully behind her, and she gasped in pleasure as he thrust into

her from behind, his other hand roughly squeezing her breast now as the first rubbed harder against her clitoris. She jerked her hips back frantically, driving herself back onto his big, stiff cock, moaning helplessly, then crying out at each deep stroke.

She was on the edge of another monster orgasm when he halted, just the head within her, his fingers easing away from her sex, his hands gripping her hips firmly to hold her in place and stop her from thrusting herself back against him.

“Beg for it, slave girl.”

“Fuck me!” she moaned.

“What's the magic word?”

“Please fuck me!” she gasped, heat roiling her mind and overpowering her nervous system.

“Again.”

“Please, fuck me!” she moaned.

“Call me... master.”

She trembled with the heat and the built-up power of sexual passion and lust within her.

“Master!” she gasped. “Please fuck me, master!”

His cock thrust into her with a savage stroke that made her cry out, then his hips pounded against her in violent motion that set her body to shaking and trembling. The orgasm ripped through her body and mind and she cried out again and again, wrapped in the burning, crackling fire of sexual pleasure as every nerve ending in her body flared white hot!

Chapter Seven

The next day they drove through the upper east side, headed for the Bronx. They were well out of their precinct, but Mueller wanted to check on a couple of the Arab guys they'd arrested for beating up the Jews.

“They're out on bail,” he said. “I want to have a look-see on where they live and what the neighborhood is like.”

“Why?” she asked, mystified.

“Because when people hate other people, and then they get arrested and in serious trouble because of those other people, they tend to hate them even more.”

“This country is full of people who hate other people,” she said. “How big is the KKK these days anyway? How many of those loony right wing groups are there practicing to be soldiers out in the boonies in the northwest?”

“Intelligence keeps a pretty close watch on all the nutty groups in the area, but these are *our* nuts.”

“They were drunks. If they were crazy religious they wouldn't be drinking.”

“Like every other religious group, you'll find people who can argue themselves into doing whatever they feel like doing.”

“You think they're likely to do something worse?”

He shrugged. “I didn't like the looks of them when we were booking them. Part of what we do in anti-crime is keep an eye on people who are likely to commit crimes, like that pervert Baker.

“Muslims attacking Jews. You don't think Intelligence has already

looked into their backgrounds? You're liable to trip over them.”

“Intelligence has been reined in a lot since that spineless asshole de Blasio got elected.”

“You don't really think they're telling him what they are and aren't doing, do you?”

He shrugged.

“Hey, I think they're probably doing good work but I wouldn't believe word one they told me.”

“You're an untrusting sort.”

“Yeah, sure.”

The first two they looked in on were brothers who lived on East 144th street just across the Harlem River behind some train tracks in a brown brick four story walkup. There was a storefront Mosque on the ground floor, along with a Lebanese Shawarma restaurant.

Mueller got out of the car, and she followed, looking around. This section of the Bronx was not one of New York's more beautiful areas, though she'd seen worse. Mueller ignored the rack of shoes outside the open door and walked into the mosque.

It was warm out, and she slipped off her jacket, untucking her shirt to let it hang over her belt and hide the gun at the small of her back. She smiled at Mueller's back as she undid an extra button, then followed him into the mosque.

It was not a busy place, and aside from what she regarded as fairly gaudy wall coverings there was minimal furniture. The floor was carpeted in red, and there were four men on their knees chanting towards the far wall, and two more and a boy of about ten closer to their right. There was a table just inside the door with brochures and pamphlets on it but none of it was in English.

The men all turned to look at them in the doorway, but no one said anything until Mueller moved further inside, then one of them pointed at him and shouted. Another one did the same, though she wasn't sure if he was pointing at her rather than Mueller, and neither was speaking English.

“Police,” Mueller said, holding out his badge.

That shut them up tightly.

“Who's in charge here?”

No one said anything.

“Fun people,” she said, moving off to the side and looking around.

A man came from a back room, then, striding across the floor. He had a robe and turban on, along with a long, scruffy black beard.

“I am Mustafa Gabril. I am the imam here.”

“I'm Sergeant Mueller from the NYPD,” Mueller said.

“You should remove your shoes before entering, officer,” he said sternly.

“Sorry,” Mueller said. “NYPD regulations wouldn't like that.”

“And females must cover their hair inside the mosque,” he said, glaring with disapproval at Jamie.

“Why?” she asked.

“To show respect!”

She shrugged. “God made my hair.”

Well, and Clairol, but that would change as it grew out.

“Do you know these two?” Mueller asked, showing the mug shots of

their arrestees.

The man gazed at them for a moment.

“They do not worship here.”

“They live in the building above.”

The man shrugged. “Not all Muslims, or those who call themselves Muslims, attend mosque regularly. And of those who do, they might attend different mosques because they have different beliefs. This is a Suuni mosque. These two could be Shias, or they could be Suuni, but Wahhabi followers. Would a Methodist attend a Catholic church because it was closer?”

Mueller nodded. “You have a point,” he said. “Okay, sorry for bothering you.”

They went back outside.

“Learn something new every day,” she said. “You gotta find out what brand of Muslims they are.”

“Maybe we'll ask them.”

“You gonna go upstairs?”

He nodded, but hesitated. “But I think I want something to eat first.”

He went into the Shawarma place and she hung back, leaning against the side of the car. She pulled out her iPhone and checked for messages. There were several, and one from Lucas. She flicked it open and felt a jolt because there was another picture!

This one had also been taken in the garage. God, she must have been so fucking out of it to not be paying attention! She felt a little better after realizing that, like the first one, her face couldn't be seen. But the rest of her sure could!

It was taken while she was laying on her back across the hood of the car, with her head to him and his cock buried in her throat. The reason she couldn't be identified was because his big hand was gripping her hair and hiding most of her face. You could certainly see the rest of her, back arched and legs apart, and her lips wrapped around the base of his shaft!

It was a supremely pornographic picture, but also erotic in a way she never felt from viewing porn. It embarrassed her even while making her nipples tingle and her chest tighten. It also irritated her, both at herself for not noticing and at him for both taking the picture and sending it to her.

How many fucking pictures did you take of me without my knowing it!? she texted.

Don't worry. Your secret – how incredibly hot and gorgeous you look naked – is safe with me, he replied.

“You're pretty.”

She looked up, then closed the phone as she saw the boy from inside the mosque standing in front of her. He was East Indian, about waist high, with short dark hair and enormous brown eyes.

“Thanks,” she said, trying to pull her mind out of the indignation and irritation she was feeling at Lucas.

“Is your hair really that color?”

“You never saw a redhead before?”

He shook his head.

“Are you really a policeman?”

“A policewoman, yes.”

He turned and looked back at the mosque, then back at her.

“I know a man who has guns,” he said in a kind of stage whisper.

“Do you now? Someone in there?”

He shook his head.

“He has a shed around the back of the building and it's full of big guns!” he whispered loudly.

“Really? Could you show me?”

He looked back at the mosque again, then nodded his head eagerly. He turned and trotted down the sidewalk, and she glanced at the Shawarma place, then followed him. They went around the side of the small building, which was a parking lot, then through a hole in a chain link fence into the back yard.

“Mueller, come around the rear of the building when you're done,” she said into the portable radio.

A row of wooden storage sheds sat against the far side of the small, dark, weed-filled yard, and he pointed at the one closest to the wall. Unsurprisingly, it was locked, with a very high quality padlock. She examined it, and the sides of the shack, hoping to find an obvious way to look inside.

“How many big guns does he have in there?” she asked him.

He held up both hands wide open, then closed and opened them several times.

“That's a lot,” she said.

He nodded rapidly, his eyes very large as he stared at her.

“What's your name?” she asked.

“Badar,” he said.

“That's a nice name. My name is Jamie.”

“You're a kafir,” the boy said solemnly.

“I guess I am.”

“My daddy says kafir women don't cover their hair,” he confided.

“Not usually.”

“Can I touch your hair?”

She hesitated, then bent over and let him run his fingers through her hair as he stared, open mouthed.

“This man who has the guns, is he alone when he goes to the shed?” she asked.

He continued combing his fingers through her hair.

“Sometimes. Sometimes other men are with him. They're Arabs My daddy says Arabs are crazy.”

“Well, some certainly are,” she said.

She straightened up as Mueller came around the side of the building, munching on a Shawarma.

“You got those pictures?” she asked.

He reached into his jacket pocket and took them out, and she took them and showed them to Badar.

“Do you recognize these two?”

He nodded, staring at Mueller uncertainly.

“Is he your husband?” he asked.

“No, he's more of a uhm, brother,” she said.

He nodded solemnly. "This is him," he said, putting a finger against one of the pictures. "The other man comes sometimes too."

"Badar says there are lots of big guns in this shed," she told him.

"That so," Mueller said, eyeing the shed.

She held up her open hands and closed and opened them several times. "This many."

"That's a lot," he said.

Badar looked anxiously at Mueller, then turned and ran back around front.

"You think we could get a warrant off that?" she asked.

"Not unless the kid's father let us interview him formally and put it on record."

"I wouldn't count on that."

"No. It's worth passing on to Intelligence, though."

They went back to the car. He took out his cell phone when they got in and called someone to tell them about the shed and where it was located, and how it was related to their suspects. She was afraid to check her own phone with him in the car, but she was definitely going to have it out with Lucas about pictures the next time they met!

How many more had the bastard taken?

Mueller hung up. "That was a guy I know in Intelligence," he said. "They'll look into it."

He looked up at the apartment building.

"Not going to go up?"

“If he's really got a lot of guns in that shed I don't want to spook him into moving them.

“Why would he keep guns in a shed? He doesn't have a closet up there?”

Mueller gazed thoughtfully out the window.

“It's possible the shed can't be directly tied to him, that if we found the weapons there we'd have no proof who the shed belonged to. He also might want to keep them away from his family. It's tough to hide much in a small apartment.”

He pulled away from the curb and headed for the third of their arrestees, who lived further north along the Grand Concourse. This time as they pulled up their target was actually outside, walking down the sidewalk in company with a very cute blonde.

“Isn't that our guy?” she asked.

He looked at the picture, then up at the couple.

“Yeah.”

“You don't see too many blondes in this neighborhood,” she said, looking around at the rows of ugly brown buildings.

“That's the guy I threw into a wall. Name is Habib.”

She shrugged.

“I don't think he got much of a look at you.”

“So?”

“So maybe you should get out and exercise those long legs of yours, rookie.”

“You want me to follow them?”

“I'd like to see where they're going, and maybe who the girl is. You can often get a lot of information from bad guys' girlfriends.”

She shrugged and climbed out, pulling her hair back and wrapping an elastic around it to make the hair color less obvious from a distance.

The pair headed north, and she followed a ways back. Mueller stayed where he was.

The Grand Concourse was a wide street divided by a paved median sprinkled with small trees. The low rise buildings on either side were uniformly brown, and for reasons which escaped her, were all six stories high.

Habib seemed to have a great deal of interest in the blonde's ass, for his hand strayed there constantly. Usually the blonde knocked it off after a second or two, but that seemed to depend on whether anyone was walking near them. Jamie stayed almost a block back, but then had to hurry forward as they disappeared down a set of stairs.

“Shit,” she said.

She took the radio clipped to her belt out and keyed it.

“They're going into the subway.”

“Well, follow them. Let me know if they go north or south.”

“What's north of here?”

“Not a lot. Probably headed south.”

She took the stairs three at a time and used her own pass to get through the turnstiles, just catching sight of them as they went down the stairs to the southbound platform.

“They're going south,” she said into the radio.

“Right.”

She trotted down the stairs after them, keeping some distance, and some support beams between her and them.

Habib seemed to enjoy getting physical where people could watch, but the blonde was more restrained, or just wasn't an exhibitionist. She got into the car next to theirs when the train arrived, and put herself by the rear window so she could continue to keep an eye on them.

They rode the train back into Manhattan, showing no sign of leaving until they reached Harlem. Habib got up, then, while the girl seemed to be staying put.

“You hear me, Mueller?” she said, bringing the radio discretely to her mouth.

“Yeah,” he said, his voice far from clear.

The NYPD had put countless millions into upgrading communications so subway patrols could communicate with each other and with the city above, but it was still far from perfect.

“He's getting off at 125th,” she said. “The girl is staying. Which one should I follow?”

There was some hesitation.

“I don't want you walking alone in Harlem and I'm still in traffic. Follow the girl.”

She didn't particularly want to walk alone in Harlem herself, so didn't protest. The doors closed and the subway continued south along Lexington Avenue all the way back to Midtown North, she observed in amusement. She wondered if Mueller was going lights and siren to try and catch up, up top.

“Getting off on 59th street,” she said.

There was no answer, but she wasn't concerned. The girl got off and she followed. They headed upstairs and then east on 59th.

“Mueller, we're on 59th Street headed east,” she said.

“Got you.”

“Where are you?”

“You kidding? I'm gonna be a while.”

“Yeah, I figured.”

Ninety blocks took a while by car.

“Jefferson is headed over there to back you up.”

“I'm on 54th,” another voice said over the radio.

They headed for Fifth Avenue, then turned south. The crowds built rapidly as did the number of uniforms. Jamie remembered the morning briefing, then. There was supposed to be some kind of anti-Donald Trump demo at Trump tower that afternoon and Strategic Response, which was the NYPD's public order unit, was going to be out in force.

“It looks like she's headed into the Trump demo,” she said. “I might have to turn the radio off for a bit.”

“I see you,” she heard from Jefferson. “I'm a block up.”

She nodded and turned off the radio, then slipped it under her shirt as she headed in among the crowd.

There were several hundred protesters, the usual collection of left wing activists against abortion legislation, capitalism, banks, political funding and racism. None of them thought much of Donald Trump, and while Jamie's politics could best be described as cynical distrust of all politicians, she tended to agree with them on that.

Many members of the NYPD, however, did not. They thought Trump's ideas of bashing Muslims and illegals and screaming at foreigners and all that sort of thing sounded great. That he talked and acted like a swaggering bully

with a childish attitude and vocabulary didn't seem to overly distress them. Which was one of the reasons Jamie preferred not to talk much about politics at work.

Mueller, she knew, liked Trump, though he wasn't a fanatic about it. She herself could see the appeal in the idea of a rich man who spoke his mind. If only his mind were a little more complicated than it appeared to be she might be a fan herself.

She had no trouble slipping in among the protesters. They were walking up and down the street, circling the block which Trump Tower occupied. She didn't see any sign of anyone wanting to do more, and she walked at a speed just a bit faster than that of the protesters to catch up to the girl.

The SRG had overdone things, she thought. There looked like there were hundreds of them around, almost outnumbering the protesters. Dozens of police vans and cars and motorcycles were parked along the sidewalks. A police van circled the block, with a loudspeaker on the roof repeating a recorded warning that anyone who blocked the sidewalk or walked on the street would be arrested.

The SRG cops all had batches of plastic ties clipped to their belts in case they needed to make multiple arrests, but most of them just seemed bored. She let herself ponder what kind of an idiot would let himself get attached to the SRG to begin with, or what they might have done to have been voluntold by their precinct.

The SRG was only a few years old but had already developed a reputation for making arrests precinct cops wouldn't bother with, and being quick to use force when protesters didn't do exactly as they were ordered to do.

The mayor had had some success in moderating them after taking office, but they were still, in her opinion, a goon squad in many respects. Their training was all in controlling through force, rather than persuasion. They tended to talk at people, rather than with them, and her impression was that they had a firm disapproval of anyone demonstrating or protesting against or in favor of pretty much anything at all, at anytime, anywhere.

Most cops had a dim view of protesters, of course, but the SRG, from what she'd seen and heard, took that to a whole new level.

After a while she found herself walking right behind the blond, in among a contingent from Columbia University. On her left was a slim, brown haired girl with Harry Potter glasses who couldn't have been over five feet tall earnestly decrying income inequality to a woman nearly as wide as the girl was tall.

After a while she noticed that her little group was getting more attention from the SRG cops than others, and decided it was because of the blonde in her tight tank top. It was white, but with a black picture of Che Guevara on the front, and the top was just low enough to show a tantalizing glimpse of cleavage. One of her black bra straps was visible alongside the white tank top straps which crossed her otherwise bare shoulders, and Jamie wrinkled her nose at the poor choice in colors.

Of course, if you wanted people to know you had a black bra on for some reason, maybe because you thought that made you seem sexier, that was an unsubtle way to do it. The blonde certainly seemed to be enjoying the attention of the guys with her.

“Fucking cops,” the black guy next to her said.

“Pigs,” the blonde growled. “They beat up my boyfriend last week just because he's Arab. You notice they're almost all white.”

This part of Manhattan was almost all white, Jamie thought, but didn't say.

“Try driving a nice car when you're black, the black guy said.

He was tall enough to be spending a lot of time looking down on the blonde, looking into her cleavage, Jamie thought cynically. He was wearing loose, scraggly jeans which were ridiculous low in the fashion of hood rats, with a tight belt around his buttocks holding them in place. He wore a backward baseball cap and a gray T-shirt with an upright black fist on it.

“You know, in a true Socialist society the police would be protectors of the people instead of an occupation force,” the blonde said. “But first we have to pull down the elites like Trump, who control the police and politicians. Then we can have a true multicultural, multiracial rainbow society.”

Jamie mentally rolled her eyes.

They were on East 57th street when she noticed some of the cops were now wearing their helmets. They were blocking access to the buildings and stores on either side of the street up ahead.

The crowd slowed in front of her, and she couldn't see why. Then people began to spill out onto the street as more came around the corner behind them.

They flowed towards Fifth, and a convoy of police vans then drove across at the corner up ahead to block the way. Jaime had no idea what they were doing. No one had told her anything of plans to do this in advance and as far as she knew there hadn't been any kind of violence. She joined the Columbia group walking up the street, and then others moved in behind them.

“What's going on?” the blonde asked, shielding her eyes, trying to see down the street.

“Cops are blocking the street,” one of the taller men said.

There was some yelling up ahead nearer where the police line was, a chant that sounded suspiciously like “down with pigs”.

The people who came in behind were pushing them in closer together so that the several hundred protesters were soon packed in fairly tightly.

“They blocked the street behind us!” someone yelled.

Jamie turned around and looked down the street to see more police vans blocking off Avenue of the Americas, and wondered what had happened.

The Columbia group, mostly because of a tall, reedy looking Marxist, and the blonde, who seemed curious, managed to wend their way through the crowd to near the front, which let her see the double row of police standing in front of the vans. No one seemed particularly alarmed, nor did the police seem terribly excited.

It had been cloudy most of the morning, though, and now it started to rain. That got a lot of people agitated. They wanted to leave, or at least get indoors but the police had them hemmed in on all sides. Jamie looked down at her shirt with a sigh. She usually wore a jacket, so this was awfully bad luck. Still, at least it was a solid color, and not likely to turn see-through in the rain.

There was a lot of cursing and insults directed at the police from around her, though much more from the more aggressive protesters right in front of the police.

The blonde was getting more agitated because the rain was ruining her hair. The rain didn't get hard, but it was steady, and it didn't take very long until anyone not holding a raincoat or wearing something waterproof was soaked to the skin. The uniforms were all wearing waterproof coats, of course, with helmets on.

As the minutes ticked by more people were moving towards the police, trying to talk with them, no doubt to demand they be let through. Jamie doubted they'd have much luck with arguing with the SRG, but several seemed to be passing through their lines. It had been nearly an hour by then, and people were starting to become more upset.

“Look, some people are being let through!” the blonde girl cried.

Taller than her, Jamie could see a little better, which was that those who passed through the double row of police halted and were pressed against the rear of the vans for a minute before moving away. They were clearly being arrested for their eagerness.

“I don't think we should get too close, Tanya,” the short one said to her.

But Tanya and the black guy, along with the short girl in the glasses, whose name, oddly, was Michie, managed to push their way forward, edging around to the side of where people were screaming and cursing at police, and Jamie joined them.

She was definitely not thinking kind thoughts about the SRG as she trailed the group. She was getting soaked, and her light gray shirt was pressed tightly against her. Thankfully, it wasn't becoming as see-through as the blonde girl's tank top, which very clearly showed her lacy black half bra underneath.

As they got closer she could see most of those who approached the line were simply being ordered away. After watching for about ten minutes she realized the ones being let through – which was to say, arrested - were either elderly or female.

Sure enough, the blonde girl was 'let through' along with Michy, while the two men were roughly turned back. She decided to push forward herself, and wound up facing a row of sour faced men standing in a row across the street.

“This is outrageous!” an older man in front of her exclaimed. “How dare you refuse to let people pass by!? We've broken no laws! You can't keep us here standing in the rain! I'll sue the city for this!”

She saw the cop in front of him turn his head to the side a little, and followed his gaze to see a lieutenant standing under an awning nod his head. The cop then grabbed the older man by the arm and pulled him through.

“Hey! Let me go!”

“You wanted to come through,” the cop said, drawing him in behind the two lines and then pushing him against the back of a van.

“You can't arrest people just because they want to get out of the rain!” a man shouted.

The police ignored him.

“Yeah, you can't arrest people for wanting to get somewhere dry!” she echoed, pushing her way forward.

“I have an appointment this afternoon! Let me through,” she demanded.

The cop looked with interest at the way her shirt was plastered against her, then towards the lieutenant, then grabbed her arm and pulled her through.

As he was starting to push her against the rear of a van she half turned, resisting him.

“I'm on the job,” she said, “Midtown North anti-crime.”

Jefferson hurried up.

“She's on the job,” he said, holding out his badge.

The cop released her, and Jamie looked past him at the blonde disappearing with a cop guiding her towards a group of women.

“Lyle, take my gun and radio. My shirt's starting to become too see-through and someone's gonna notice,” she said, taking them out of her belt and handing them to him.

“I already notice,” he said with a grin.

She gave him the finger, then peeled the front of her shirt away from her chest and turned to the uniformed cop.

“Can you put one of those ties around my wrists loose enough I can pull free if I have to? I want to follow that blonde.”

He shrugged and she put her wrists together behind her back while he put one of the ties around it, tugging it just tight enough to not show how loose it was as she kept her wrists a bit apart.

“Now lead me over and put me in with the blonde in the tight tank top,” she said.

There was a rising chorus of shouts from behind her and she looked across to see that now that the front of the crowd was made up almost entirely of reasonably young men, the SRG was gleefully pepper spraying them.

Chapter Eight

It looked like the women arrested had been herded into a temporary holding area surrounded by what looked like plastic snow fencing. There was nothing over their heads but rain and they were *not* happy, and not in a mood to be quiet about it. There was a lot of yelling at the cops, who seemed to be watching them with some degree of amusement.

That was especially so of Tanya, who was cute and busty, and whose tank top had been tight before it got wet, and was now partially see-through and showing considerably more skin than it had as the wet fabric loosened, and water trickled down her cleavage.

Jamie was pushed unceremoniously in through the temporary opening, which closed behind her, and worked her way closer to Tanya and her friends.

“These bastards are going to be so sorry,” she hissed. She raised her voice. “You just wait, fascists! A new day is coming!”

“I can't believe I'm being arrested, Michie cried.

“Think of it as a badge of honor, Michie,” Tanya growled. “There will come a time when those who have never been arrested will have to explain themselves to the people!”

“The people will only take so much abuse before revolting!” she shouted.

“She's crazy but she's got nice tits,” Jamie heard one of the cops guarding the little gathering say to another.

Tanya heard it too and whirled to glare furiously at the group of cops to her right, but they all just grinned back at her.

“Sexist fascist pigs!” she shouted.

“You been arrested before?” Jamie asked her.

The blonde turned and glowered at her.

“A couple of times,” she said. “The pigs don't like it when the people express their opinions.”

“So what happens next?”

Tanya hesitated. “I'm not sure. If you get arrested usually you're taken to the nearest police station and processed and released. If they arrest a lot of people, though, they take them to Ryker's Island, which is a fucking disgraceful concentration camp the NYPD run in Queens. They can keep thousands of political prisoners there.”

She glared around at the cops.

“You have to be careful. They'll get you alone if they can, and then... people don't talk about what they do to them, especially girls.”

Jamie looked, she hoped, suitably anxious. Michie looked a lot more scared.

“This city sucks ass,” she said. “Someone should do something about it.”

“Maybe someone will,” Tanya said.

“There's a lot of cops,” Jamie replied sourly.

“The cops are just the soldiers of the elites,” Tanya said impatiently. “It's the elites who control them that are the problem. Have you ever heard of the Bilderberg Group? That's the bunch of Jews that control everything, including the police.”

“No,” Jamie said, looking interested.

“Well, they're not all Jews,” Tanya said reluctantly, “But you can be sure they're all Zionists. And they own the politicians and tell them what to

do, not just here but all over the world. Wherever there's oppression you can be sure it's their work. If you want to change the system you have to start at the top.”

Jamie saw a Department of Corrections bus pull up next to the fence opening. Two large, fat black policewomen got out of it and went over to talk to a sergeant, then turned to look at the woman.

“Don't worry, ladies. You all get to go down to Rykers Island and a nice warm cell,” she said.

“And don't forget to enjoy the strip searches!” one of the crowd of male cops yelled, to laughter from others.

“You mean body cavity searches!” someone else called out.

Jaime rolled her eyes.

“I volunteer to help with the searching,” one of the male cops called out.

There was no way in hell that would be allowed, she knew, but it looked like some of the women had doubts and were starting to look pretty anxious.

“You pay me twenty bucks each and you're on,” one of the Black women called in amusement.

She and the other one opened the rear door to the bus and set up a stairway, and began to prepare to load the women.

“Do you realize you're doing the work of the elites in oppressing your fellow humans!?” someone yelled.

The cops laughed in amusement.

One by one the women were led up the stairs and put into the bus. Jaime could hear the sound of rising violence behind them on the other side of the vans and cops, and the sound distracted a number of the women, as well as the cops.

The black woman took her arm and led her up the stairs. She had stayed as close to Tanya as possible, and that turned out to have worked. She was led down the aisle and put into the seat behind the blonde girl. Like the others, she was grateful to just be out of the rain.

It didn't take long to fill the bus, then it set off, and Jaime leaned forward to try to engage Tanya in conversation.

“So have you been to this Rykers Island before?” she asked.

“It's full of fascist drones,” the girl replied. “They're worse than the cops. It's like they have no minds at all, except for the ones who wish they were in Nazi Germany as concentration camp guards. Those are the ones you have to watch out for.”

“Why do people allow this?” Jamie asked as if astonished.

“Because their eyes are closed! The media is controlled by the Zionist world conspiracy! They don't tell you this and they don't tell the rest of the people this! You only find out if you or someone you know goes there. And that mostly means minorities and troublemakers like us. It's all about power, and in this country power is all about money.”

“So we need to get lots of money,” Jamie said cynically.

“You'll never get the kind of money the Trumps of the world have. You know why the police go after drug dealers? To keep the competition down for the real drug dealers, the big pharmaceutical companies! That's why. We can't have ordinary people, especially minorities, making money off drugs! That's the same reason why prostitution is illegal.”

“Huh?”

“Think about it,” the girl said angrily. “How can a woman who is uneducated make a lot of money? By using her body. Men use their bodies to make money. They use the strength that their bodies have. Women's bodies have beauty but we're not allowed to use that.”

“You could be a stripper,” Jamie said. “That's legal.”

The woman sniffed. “Only young women with really good bodies can make money at that.”

“Well... you're young and have a really good body.”

“I've done it,” she said reluctantly. “It's dehumanizing, though. Those men are pigs, and often drunk, which makes them even worse pigs.”

“Why'd you do it then?”

“Because my boyfriend needed the money.”

“Ahh.”

“He's a Muslim man. You know how the fascist authorities are towards Muslim men. Practically everywhere he goes the police are watching him and looking for an excuse to arrest him! The only way I could make enough money for him, for his lawyer and bail and other things, since he can't work because of racism, was to work in a strip club, and then an esc... uhm.”

She stopped abruptly, as if realizing she'd said too much.

“I have to admit,” Jamie said, “The idea, the theory of stripping has always fascinated me. I mean, the power dynamics and the money involved. Who is exploiting whom? Is it the men with their money taking advantage of a woman's desperation so that she has to strip, or the women taking advantage of the desperation of poor, lonely, drunken men to make large amounts of money?”

“There's some of both,” Tanya said reluctantly. “That's partly why it's dehumanizing. You're being exploited on the one hand, and then you're exploiting other people on the other. But the men go in their voluntarily.”

“Don't any of the women? What if you were, like, a naturist?”

“Naturism isn't the same as exposing yourself to a bunch of drunken, horny lechers!” the girl snapped. “You can be proud and unashamed of your

body but still not want to dance on a stage so men can masturbate while watching you.”

“They do that?” Jamie asked, making a face.

“Well, not out in the main room. In the champagne room, they do. And lap dances. Well, what do you think that is, anyway? But that's where the money is.”

“You must be very brave to go through all that for your boyfriend,” Jamie said sympathetically.

“He's been horribly treated by a racist Zionist society. It's the least I can do to make it up to him. But he's very politically active. That's part of why they're after him. He'll strike a blow against them. You'll see.”

Brainless idiot, Jamie thought.

“I don't see how,” she said. “I mean, they have all the power. You said so yourself. They have all the money, too.”

“You can't attack the system directly,” Tanya said. “You undermine it a little at a time. You attack it where it's vulnerable, in small ways. It's not going to fall with one hit. You need a thousand little hits, ten thousand.”

“You hit its Achilles heel,” Jamie said, nodding.

“Exactly.”

Jamie looked around furtively and lowered her voices.

“That's the Jews,” she said.

Tanya glared at her, rolled her eyes from side to side and then gave a short, sharp nod.

“Well, there's sure enough of them in this town.”

“Too many,” Tanya said. “But you know where they aren't?”

Jamie shook her head.

“On this fucking bus. You can be sure of that!”

Jamie was far from certain of that, but nodded her agreement.

Rykers Island wasn't just a jail, it was a jail complex, with ten different jails occupying the 400 acre island in the East River. Most of the ten thousand prisoners were awaiting trials, while others had been sentenced to less than a year in jail. It was a huge facility with over 9,000 guards and almost two thousand support staff.

The bus pulled into a narrow bay and the women were offloaded, then moved into a processing area. The male guards dropped away, leaving only women, and the prisoners had the ties cut from their wrists and were all ordered to strip to their underwear. Since they were all still soaked most didn't protest.

Jamie wondered if she could figure out a way to get herself put into the same cell as Tanya. She wanted to hear more about how her boyfriend was going to strike a blow against the “Zionist enemy”. The girl was clearly not a complete idiot, but was a flaming ideologue who had fallen for her boyfriend's bullshit.

She had learned, during the long bus ride, that Tanya was from a middle class family, and was taking women's studies at Columbia. She was a radical feminist, but had been co-opted along the way, no doubt with help from her Arab boyfriend, into being basically an anti-Semite who believed in a lot of unlikely conspiracy theories.

Worse, she'd let herself be manipulated into stripping and even working for an escort agency and was turning the money over to Habib. If the man really was even a moderately strong believer in his religion he was simply using her and probably had nothing but contempt for her. How she could fail to see that was a mystery to Jamie.

One of the doors opened and a female guard came through, but she failed to close the door. Jamie could see several male guards on the other side, apparently just hanging around, grinning as they looked into the room full of half-naked women.

She glowered towards them, but was less embarrassed than she might have been before doing that modeling assignment a short time back. Pretending to be a model and having people see her changing and then posing in the tiniest of bikinis had certainly helped dispel some of her body shyness.

Her attention shifted from the men in the doorway to Tanya, who was being led into a separate curtained off area where, Jamie was sure, she'd lose the underwear and be further 'searched'. Since she'd stayed as close to the blonde as possible her turn came next and she was led to the alcove next to her by a short, slender Black corrections officer.

“Remove your underwear and put your hands against the wall,” the woman ordered.

Jamie blushed a little, but complied, wondering if there was an opportunity here to point out who she was so that she could get them to cooperate in putting her into the same cell.

Another corrections officer came in as she pulled off her bra and panties, holding a clipboard. She was Hispanic, but taller and older than the first one.

“Do you have any communicable diseases, including sexual transmitted diseases?” she asked.

“No.”

“Have you ever been arrested before?”

“Nope.”

There was a loud sound, like a slap, followed by a yelp from Tanya.

“Watch your mouth, white girl,” she heard.

“Full name.”

Jamie thought this was a pretty strange time for an interview, as the short women gave her a sharp push and she turned and put her hands against the wall.

“Jamie Elizabeth McCloud,” she said.

There was another sharp slapping sound.

“Stop it!” Tanya demanded.

“Stop being a bad girl,” a woman replied in amusement.

“Bitch!”

There was another slapping sound, which Jamie now recognized. It wasn't a slap to the face, but a slap on the bare bottom.

“Age?” the Hispanic guard asked.

“Be a good little girl or you'll get a spanking,” she heard from next door.

“You too,” the black woman said with a smirk. “Push your butt out, honey.”

Gulping, Jamie obeyed, though a flush came to her face.

“Uhm, mmm,” the black woman said. “That's a pretty butt.”

“Age?” the Hispanic guard demanded.

“Twenty two,” Jamie said.

Crack! The sound came from next door again.

“I said hold your position,” a voice growled.

“She's a bad girl,” said a second voice in amusement.

Suddenly the curtain on her own alcove was yanked open and an older black guard came through, wearing sergeants stripes on her sleeve. She jerked her head at the other two women, glaring at Jamie.

They both looked at her in confusion.

“Out!” the woman snapped.

Jamie turned around as the women left and the woman came in close, her face inches from her own.

“What the fuck are you doing here, McCloud?” she demanded.

“I'm sorry?” Jamie asked.

The woman showed her her badge, which had obviously been taken from the back pocket of her jeans.

“Oh. I'm following the blonde next door,” she said in a low voice.

“You don't fucking infiltrate this facility without giving us notice in advance!” the woman snapped, keeping her voice low.

“I didn't know she was going to get arrested,” Jamie replied. “This is a possible terrorism case.”

The woman hesitated, drawing back.

There was another slap from next door, and another yelp from Tanya.

“Bad girl,” said a voice.

The woman clenched her jaw, then she opened a cupboard and pulled out an orange jumpsuit, shoving it into Jamie's arms. “Put that on,” she snapped.

She shoved her way through the curtain into the alcove next door, and there was another yelp, though not from Tanya. The curtain was temporarily swept back as a fat black woman came stumbling through on her way through

the corner and then went sprawling on her belly outside as the curtain fell back into place.

“I will fucking put you in the river if you cause me any trouble, do you hear me, dyke?” she heard the older woman snarl in a low voice.

“Yes, sergeant!” an anxious voice said.

Jamie pulled her underwear on again, then the jumpsuit over it. Ten minutes later she and the blonde girl were cellmates.

“Fucking pigs,” Tanya glared.

“You would think women would be less prone to... abusing other women,” Jaime said.

Tanya rolled her eyes up at her. “You don't understand the kind of mentality which volunteers to join the oppressive soldiers of the state,” she said. “Only those who seek power over others would work in a place like this.”

“Well, I doubt any of them were Jews,” Jamie said.

Tanya jerked her head. “The Zionists find the ones like them, the ones who have a low level of intelligence and a desire to oppress, and pay them well to be their underlings.”

“Aren't all governments and religions oppressive towards women?” she replied, wracking her mind for discussions from one of her old Political Science courses. “And aren't all institutions run by people who seek power?”

Tanya nodded. “And will be until Socialism, real Socialism, takes power. That will be it for religions,” she said with a scowl.

“I thought your boyfriend was a Muslim? Does he want to do away with religion?”

“He isn't all that observant,” she said. “And doesn't pay any attention to most of what their mullahs and imams say. I mean, would he have me for a

girlfriend if he cared about that stuff? I'm sure he'll come to see the necessity. Religion divides people.”

“Well, I don't think the, uh, Zionists are about to give up their religion easily.”

Tanya sniffed. “Their religion is money. That's the only religion those people care about, except for power.”

“Well, they have enough temples around Manhattan,” Jaime joked.

“And when they go up in flames, then where will the Zionists worship?” Tanya demanded.

Jaime blinked uncertainly.

“The banks are going to go up in flames?”

Tanya looked at her impatiently. “I didn't mean banks.”

Then she laughed. “But I can see why you would think I did.”

“You know,” Jaime said carefully, “Hurting people only causes sympathy for them.”

“Oh I know that. We have no plans to hurt people,” Tanya said confidently. “Buildings are another thing.”

“Well, those buildings tend to be made of stone. I don't see them burning easily.”

Tanya quirked her lips. “And what did the big bad wolf say to the little pigs?”

Jaime frowned at her.

“I'll huff and I'll puff... and I'll blow your house down,” Tanya said with a grin.

Chapter Nine

Shortly afterward one of the guards came for Jaime.

“Yo, McCloud,” your boyfriend is here to bail you out,” she said.

“Bail me out for what?” Jaime demanded. “I haven't even been charged with anything! I haven't done anything!”

“Just get your skinny ass out here,” the woman said, opening the door.

“Fucking piglets,” Tanya muttered.

Jaime hesitated, then gave Tanya her cell number, saying she'd like to talk further', before stepping out of the cell in front of the scowling guard.

She was led down the long corridor, then up a flight of stairs and down a hall to an office, where she found the sergeant she had talked to earlier, along with a more senior corrections officer with captains bars on his shoulders. Mueller was with them, and all frowned at her as she came into the room.

“When I said to follow her,” Mueller said. “I guess I should have been a little more specific.”

“I guess you should have,” she replied.

“As I was saying to your sergeant, Officer McCloud,” the captain said sternly. “Any insertion of undercover police within Rykers needs to be cleared by the warden. It's not something you do on the spur of the moment. We have no way of guaranteeing your safety otherwise.”

“I didn't actually intend to wind up at Rykers,” she said. “I didn't do anything to get arrested. Neither did she, by the way.”

“That's not my department,” the captain said. “The NYPD arrested them. Our job is just to hold them.”

“Your clothes are here, McCloud,” the sergeant said, pointing at the top of a low bookcase.

Twenty minutes later they were headed back towards Manhattan, and Mueller was bitching about fighting the rush hour traffic as she told him what Tanya had told her.

“Still doesn't tell us much except she's a flake,” he said.

“Yeah, but if she's the flake, if she's the middle class girl being influenced by Habib, then what's Habib like? I mean, at least Tanya doesn't seem inclined to kill people, just blow up buildings.”

“Just, huh?”

She shrugged.

“At least we have her bio now,” Mueller said. “Tanya Patterson, age twenty, from Chicago, lives in the dorms at Columbia. We'll contact Chicago police and see if they have anything on her, but it does look like Habib bears closer watching, him and his buddies.”

“She was kind of smug when she said that about 'blowing it down', like she knew something.”

“You think Habib has access to explosives?”

“Or knows how to make them.”

“Any moron with an internet connection can figure that out.”

“You should have left me in there with her longer.”

“Corrections was going nuts about you being there in the first place without permission. They've already complained to the Inspector, and probably higher up the ladder than him. They don't like us fishing in their pond without notifying them.”

The radio crackled to life suddenly with a hit and run which had just

occurred. They were still in Queens, and Mueller had set the second radio band to the local borough for emergency calls. The vehicle in question was a white van that was seen heading east on Queens Boulevard. Since they were ON Queens Boulevard, they both looked around them at the surrounding traffic but there were no white vans in sight.

They headed up onto the Ed Koch bridge which would take them back to Manhattan.

“Be thorough when you write up your report. Don't skip anything about what the girl said. We can use it to justify your being there to the Inspector. I'll call Intelligence and give them a heads up. That will help. They have a lot of pull at One Police Plaza.”

She nodded.

“There sure is a lot of dislike for police out there.”

“Especially among the young and stupid,” he said with a sniff. “They see a few videos and think they've got the whole picture down. Those evil police beating on poor, defenseless criminals. You said yourself the girl doesn't like Jews either. You think that's because Jews are mistreating people?”

“Well, no, of course not.”

“Only thing I can say about Jews is they're cheap as shit. But so what. Lots of people are. People are gonna believe what they're gonna believe and we can't do much about it.”

“Mueller.”

“What?”

“Don't look now but there's a white van coming up on the inside lane with a broken headlight.”

He turned his head and then slowed to let the van pass by. There was a young, skinny long haired male driving, which matched the description on

the radio.

“You pull him over here you’ll back up traffic for miles,” she said.

They stayed a little behind him in the passing lane until they were in Manhattan and the van turned off onto 60th street. Then Mueller turned on the flashers and pulled behind it. Jamie burped the siren to get his attention, but the van kept going and turned onto 1st Avenue. Jamie burped the siren again, for a full second this time as Mueller got on the radio and called it in.

The van still didn't stop, and she flipped the siren on as the van turned onto East 63rd and sped up.

“Where does this idiot think he's going?” Mueller said.

There were few police pursuits in Manhattan, because there was just no way to get away. The streets were crowded, and it was easy to direct police in from multiple directions to block them. The van sideswiped a Toyota and then turned onto 2nd Avenue, accelerating further, and they followed.

“Suspect vehicle headed south on Second avenue from Fifty-Seventh Street,” she said into the mike.

Second Avenue was four lanes headed south, and the van swerved in and out among the traffic, with Mueller following easily. Jaime had never actually been in a pursuit, and felt her heart beating faster as the police Impala easily kept pace.

She glanced briefly at the speedometer.

“Hey, you're going above the speed limit.”

“Funny,” Mueller replied.

The van turned sharply onto East 49th as the first blue and white showed up, raced down to Lexington, then turned south again.

“AC-4 headed south on Lexington from 49th,” she said into the

microphone.

By the time a second blue and white pulled out ahead to block them they were at 40th, and the van screeched around the corner to avoid it. He turned onto Park Avenue, then turned west again.

“Where does this mutt think he's going?” Mueller growled.

Park Avenue was divided by a wide median filled with trees and plants and bordered by a low iron fence. When another blue and white pulled across the lanes ahead of them the van swerved right through the low fence and bounced across the median with Mueller cursing and following.

They turned back in the opposite direction, tires squealing, and headed north on Park, now, but the van turned off again at 36th. It didn't get far from there. Traffic was stopped up ahead, effectively blocking both lanes, and there was nowhere to go. Mueller jumped out of the car and ran forward, and Jamie shut off the siren and ran after him as he opened the van door and yanked the driver bodily out onto the street.

Jamie pulled her gun and pointed at the van as two uniforms ran up behind them, one yanking open the rear doors of the van to check inside. The van was empty, so they jumped on the squirming suspect Mueller had on the ground as the air filled with the sounds of sirens coming from every direction. Within seconds two more blue and whites had pulled up, followed quickly by four more.

She holstered her gun, and let the boys crawl on the ground with their screaming, cursing suspect while she watched. They were out of their precinct, in Midtown South now, so they brought him to the precinct station on 35th Street to process him.

By the time they'd done the paperwork on that, then headed back to their own station on 54th to write up her time with Tanya it was after six and her stomach was growling. There was no sign of Lucas, this time, so she took the subway back to Brooklyn.

“Home,” she called as she closed the door behind her.

“I kept your dinner hot,” her mother called from the kitchen.

Her mother practically lived in the kitchen these days, experimenting, like a mad scientist, with a wide variety of international recipes, some of them, in Jaime's opinion, truly bizarre, and inedible. Her older brother Dale was still there, not having retreated to his basement apartment yet. He drove a blue and white in Brooklyn South. He was as tall as Lucas, though not as broad in the shoulders, and had more of a neck.

“So, involved in a pursuit, huh,” he said.

“Jealous?”

“Yeah.”

“It felt pretty exciting, but we didn't really go that fast. I mean, it's Manhattan. We did get up around seventy on 1st Avenue for a while, though.”

“Were you in one of those hybrids?”

She shook her head. “Chevy Impala.”

“I don't trust those fucking hybrids.”

“Language,” their mother called from the kitchen.

Jamie walked into the kitchen, kissed her mom and looked into the oven.

“What is this?”

“It's kofti.”

“It looks like meatballs,” she said doubtfully.

Her mother sighed. She was slim and six inches shorter than Jaime, with short, graying hair.

“Well, sort of, but it's grilled, the spices are different, and it's served with green and red peppers and chopped parsley. I know you'll love it.”

“Uhm. I'll commit to trying it.”

She sat down next to Dale and talked about her day, and about being 'arrested', which he found amusing.

“You sure are making plainclothes sound more interesting,” he said.

“I think it is. Sure better than the freaking SRG. I still don't understand why they arrested everyone.”

“Nobody knows why those guys do anything.”

She stopped by her father's den on the second floor to say hi on her way up, then her younger brother Colin, who was in college studying to be a lawyer like her father, before going up to her room to change into something more comfortable, which usually meant lounge pants and a loose t-shirt.

Her family owned the brownstone, inherited from her grandfather on her mother's side some years ago. It had four floors, five if you included the basement where Dale lived. Those had been subdivided into five separate apartments which her grandfather had rented out. Her mom moved into the main floor one when she had gotten married, and gradually they had taken over the rest of the floors. She now had the top floor to herself, while Colin was underneath her. The second floor had her father's den, or office, and her parents' bedroom.

She had the whole top floor, with her large bedroom in the back, a small galley kitchen, for those rare times she wanted to cook, a luxurious bathroom with a large shower, and living room with a wall-mounted big screen, and then of course, the front window seat in the bay window.

She spent some time on Facebook exchanging greetings and messages with friends, watched a little TV, and then trotted downstairs to chat with her mom before retreating to bed. She was just getting ready for bed when she got a message from Lucas.

Still up?

For a bit, she replied.

Think I can make you come with phone sex?

Not likely, she replied, smirking.

He sent her a text of an erection – his. She shook her head. The man really did have a very, very beautiful looking instrument.

Are you naked? he asked.

No.

Why not? You should be naked all the time.

I don't think the NYPD would approve.

Fuck them. Take your clothes off.

She laughed softly.

You're going to do phone sex with text?

I'm on a stakeout.

Alone?

No, but alone here.

And dreaming about me?

And looking at naked pictures of you.

She felt a flush creep up her neck.

Pervert, she wrote.

I'm perverted for looking at naked pictures of a beautiful woman?

You're perverted because all you think about all the time is sex.

No, I'm male.

She had to give him that one.

Okay, I'm naked, she typed. And playing with my vibrator.

Lying bitch.

She smirked.

How do you know?

You don't have a vibrator.

How would you know?

I know you.

She snorted.

You think you know me.

Call me master

Whatever you say master-bater.

You really do want that ass a nice shade of red, don't you?

You and what army? she typed.

I won't need an army. But I think I'll bring more rope next time.

Rope? I guess you're not feeling as romantic as when you use silk scarves.

Rope has its uses too. You'll find out.

Maybe. If you're lucky. If I'm feeling generous and tolerant, and you're a good boy.

I lesson needs to be taught. A lesson needs to be learned, little girl.

Okay, teacher. Night night. Some of us have an early day ahead.

And a late night tomorrow. Don't make plans.

She grinned but felt a little swirling rush of energy and anticipation.

She put the phone away and turned off the light, then settled into bed. But her mind was filled with deliciously erotic thoughts of Lucas, and what he might have in mind for tomorrow night. No doubt it would be something kinky – and thrilling.

That gave her too much energy to fall asleep. She slipped out of the t-shirt which was all she was wearing and ran her hands over her body, thinking of him. She kneaded her breasts and slid her right hand down between her legs.

She didn't have a vibrator. But then, she'd never thought she needed one. And the danger of having one around, lest her mother or her brothers find it, far outweighed the possible benefits of using one, as far as she was concerned.

She stroked herself as her sexual heat and energy built up, her hips starting to roll and grind as the flush spread down her face and onto her chest. She closed her eyes, breathing quickly, now starting to thrust her fingers into herself as the heat grew more intense.

She stopped, then, panting, then picked up her phone and focused it down the line of her body before taking a picture. She examined the picture with some satisfaction. No one could say who it was or where she was. She sent it to Lucas, then turned the phone off, laughing in delight at the thought of him on stakeout with an erection, then she returned to venting her own sexual pressure.

It didn't take long. Thinking of him staring at that picture was all it took to push her over the head as her fingers plunged into her sex and her thumb stroked rapidly across her clitoris. Her hips bucked up more and more

frantically and then she arched violently, gurgling as a wild rush of pleasure swept over her.

She writhed and rolled onto her belly, pressing her face into the pillow as her bottom bucked up and she rode her fingers to an intense orgasm.

Now, she could sleep.

Chapter Ten

“Surveillance is boring.”

“Yeah. So?”

“Just making a comment,” she said.

Mueller gave her a jaundiced look. “Wasn't so long ago you didn't feel the need to make obvious comments. Remember those wonderful days?”

“I was young and innocent then.”

“That was about three or four weeks ago.”

“Lot has changed since I started working in Manhattan.”

“Uh huh.”

“I thought Intelligence did its own surveillance work.”

“They're a bit short-handed these days. Besides, I told you Anti-crime is often used for surveillance, usually to back up the detective squad, but often to watch known offenders and wait for them to repeat. This isn't much different.”

“Yeah, but we already found these people. You'd think they could take it from there.”

“Maybe I could get you a ticket book and you could go write up parking infractions to keep busy.”

She shrugged. “Be something to do.”

They were parked up the street from Habib's apartment house, watching the street, and had been there for some hours.

“I mean, he might not be planning anything, and if he is it might be days or weeks or months before he does it.”

“Yeah, so?”

“Just saying. I mean, we could just shoot him.”

“Against regulations.”

“Or deport him.”

“Not my department”

Thunder rolled overhead, and it started to rain, then it started to pour. No one emerged from Habib's building, which saved her the bother of being rained on again.

She looked glumly at the clock in the car. It was almost seven. Mueller was content with the easy overtime, but she was thinking of what she and Lucas might be doing just then instead. Well, likely they'd just be finishing dinner, but after that, and soon... well, she was going to see just how much he wanted to play with rope.

The perve.

Could she persuade him to do something else? Well, possibly, but she was slightly fascinated with his little kink, and not beyond participating. Maybe she could bargain with him, though. She'd agree to do something in exchange for him agreeing to do something else, like, say, go to a movie, like normal couples.

Instead she was stuck till eight, with Mueller, who was definitely no Lucas.

The rain eased up and then stopped, and then Habib came out of his apartment and started to walk up the street.

“Time for you to stretch your legs,” Mueller said.

She sighed, but welcomed the chance to get out and move around. She followed Habib down the street, as she had before. She suspected he had the same destination, and that proved to be correct.

“He's going into the subway again,” she said into her radio.

“Follow him,” Mueller said, as she'd known he would.

She got into the next car, as she had before, and followed him south, hoping he would end up closer to the line her subway took across to Brooklyn. It would be nice to be closer to home when their replacements showed up.

This time he got off at 68th Street. She notified Mueller, and followed him up the stairs, where he met with two more men, one of whom she recognized from the four they had arrested last week.

She leaned against the side of a store and brought the radio she'd tucked into her sleeve up to her lips. “Habib just met up with two more guys,” she said. “I recognize one from that beating last week. I think his name is Mohamed.”

She followed the three out onto the street. They were just up from Hunter College, and the three headed in that direction. Jamie hung back, wary that they'd run into Tanya, and maybe some of her friends.

“Headed south on Park Avenue,” she said as they turned.

All three were wearing jackets, but then so was she. It had just rained, after all, and it was cloudy overhead. Besides, she needed hers to hide her gun and handcuffs. Their coats looked thicker, though, and she wondered if they were hiding anything under them.

“They went into the Park Avenue Armory,” she said.

“What the hell for?” Mueller asked.

“Maybe they want a little culture.”

“What's going on there today?”

“How should I know?”

“Well go look.”

The Park Avenue Armory was in a large red brick and gray stone building which filled the entire city block. It had once needed the space since it had been a drill hall for the military. Now it was a concert hall and featured galleries showing every kind of art, from ancient Aztec drawings to quilt displays.

She walked up to the main entrance and looked at the posters there for various displays, but none gave any times, just dates. She shrugged and walked inside.

She walked slowly through the entrance hall, and then peered into the huge open interior of the drill hall. The stands were out, and a stage set up for a concert or show of some kind, but she had no idea what, and the hall was empty. She looked uneasily down the narrow side corridors. It would be very easy to run into these guys here, and then she might be blown.

“The place seems empty,” she said into the radio, her voice low. “I think I should just wait outside.”

Which was when she heard the gunshot.

“Fuck. I heard a shot!” she said.

She switched channels to contact dispatch as she drew her Glock and flipped off the safety.

“10-13Z, 10-13Z, Park Avenue Armory. Shots fired.”

10-13 was the NYPD ten-code which basically meant “Help needed”. Adding the 'Z' told them to expect plainclothes officers on the scene.

She moved gingerly up the corridor, heart pounding, and could hear loud angry voices now. There was another gunshot, and a yell, then more angry

voices as she edged closer to an ornate doorway.

The three Arabs were all in there, and all had guns. They were all looking angry and hyped up as they held a middle aged man in a suit at gunpoint. He was already bleeding from the arm, his face white.

“Where are the weapons!?” one of the men screamed. “The explosives!”

“There are no weapons here anymore!” the man cried. “This is an arts center!”

“I kill you!”

Her radio was repeating the 10-13 call but also asking for a unit identifier.

Jaime took a deep breath, then swung her arm and shoulder around the edge of the door frame.

“Police! Freeze!” she yelled.

Everyone did, for about one second, then they all turned their guns on her. She got off two shots, which hit one of the Arabs, throwing him backwards, before ducking back behind the frame and dropping low. Multiple gunshots thundered in the enclosed space and bullets hammered into the thankfully heavily wooded door frame and corridor wall.

She swung her hand around the door again as she peered quickly in, but the other two had fled through another door. She had just enough time to wonder where it let out before hearing sounds coming from a little up the hall, then just enough time to spring to her feet and duck into the room as the two came out only a little further down and fired up the hall at her.

“Fuck!”

They ran the other way, and she ran in to check on the one she'd shot and the presumed victim. Both were bleeding, but her guy looked a lot worse off than the other. She pulled open his jacket and froze.

“Fuck me!” she gasped.

He had what looked very much like some kind of suicide vest strapped around him!

“Fuck me nine times!”

“Leave!” she ordered the second one.

“I-I'm... shot!”

“You want to be blown up too!?”

She helped him stand and pulled him back to the doorway. She could hear the other two running further down the corridor.

“Is there a door there?”

“Yes,” the man gasped, “Onto Lexington!”

Two middle aged men in suits came running from the other direction, staring at them in shock.

“Take him outside!” she shouted. “Evacuate the building! There might be a bomb back there!”

She ran back down the corridor after the other two.

“10-13z Park Avenue. Shots fired. Two hospital cases. One suspect down. Need bomb squad forthwith!”

She heard the doors slamming and ran to them, then pushed one open a crack, flinging it open all the way and jumping through as she saw them racing down Lexington.

“AC18-4, in foot pursuit of two armed male suspects heading south on Lexington!” she shouted into the radio as she followed. “Suspects just turned east onto 65th street. Suspects may have explosives. Two middle east males early twenties, one wearing an orange coat, the other a blue coat.”

65th was a quiet street, but Madison Avenue wasn't. Tires squealed as the two tried to run straight across it into traffic, dodging around cars and trucks. She followed, and one of them turned and fired a shot that went nowhere near her as she dodged behind an SUV.

She followed them across, sirens now sounding from all directions, and took a shot as she reached the building on the corner. Then she had a sudden shock as she saw what was up ahead. It was Temple Emanu-El, the city's largest synagogue. A moment later, though, she felt a sweeping relief, remembering an article in the Times about it being closed for reconstruction work.

A siren screamed behind her and she saw lights flashing as a blue and white raced up 65th. One of the men ahead turned and let out another wild shot which caused her to duck wildly to the side, but she kept running as they reached the corner of the synagogue and the two men raced around it.

Sure enough, when they got around front and tried the doors they found them locked. Janie swung around the corner and opened fire, and pedestrians up and down the street scattered. One of the Arabs got off a shot back at her before stumbling against the door as she ducked back.

She ducked forward again and saw the man leaning against the door as the blue and white screamed up 65th behind her and braked so fast its rear end slewed sideways. The two cops jumped out, first aiming at her, then as they saw the badge hanging from her lanyard and she jerked her head to the side, at the Arab against the door. Two more blue and whites came howling down Fifth and came to a skidding stop.

She looked past the guy at the door and saw the third one, Habib, running around the corner and brought the radio to her mouth.

“AC18-4, one suspect down at the doorway of Emanu-El synagogue. One suspect running back west on 66th.”

She ran forward, gun on the guy clutching his stomach. His own gun had dropped to his feet.

“Get him!” she screamed, running past as the two uniforms ran up behind her.

She turned the corner and raced down 66th after Habib, wondering where he was going now. He must, she thought, be freaking out. He'd thought he'd find more explosives at the armory and got nothing. He'd probably targeted Emanu-El and found it closed. Nothing was working for him today.

The whole world was sirens now, and a blue and white almost hit Habib as he crossed Park Avenue, tried to hit him, in fact, she thought. Two uniforms were running a half block behind her as they ran to Park Avenue. Habib managed to dodge to the side and continued down Park Avenue until the sight of several more blue and whites racing towards him caused him to turn down 67th.

“Suspect headed down 67th from Park Avenue!” she yelled into her radio.

She wasn't sure if it got through. There was a lot of radio traffic now from converging units, but a few seconds later the call was repeated from one of the uniforms, either those behind her or from the blue and whites coming to a stop in front of 67th.

She knew that street from somewhere, and wracked her brain as she raced down the sidewalk. Habib ran into the street to avoid a crowd, and when he was passing a brick wall she took a chance and stopped, firing twice. He stumbled but then ran on and she ran after him as the two cops from the blue and white caught up to her.

The three of them ran down the center of the street after Habib, in and out of stopped cars, then onto the sidewalk. There were more blue and whites on Lexington, sirens screaming and tires braking as Habib ran straight across. 67th was a narrow one way street, with traffic headed east, so none of the blue and whites could follow. But more of the uniforms jumped out to run after them.

Then she saw why 67th Street had clicked in her mind. There were

empty patrol cars parked on both sides of the street as Habib ran right past the 19th Precinct station house! Half a dozen cops burst out the entrance as Habib ran on, staggering now, panting, and a tall black man in a dark suit ran like a leopard, threw his shoulder against a van and then emptied his gun down the street as Habib ran past a fire station.

And exploded.

It wasn't much of an explosion. It wasn't like the ones she'd seen on TV. There was a sharp crack of noise and then his body seemed to blow in half. It was incredibly messy and graphic and would have caused her stomach to upend if she hadn't thrown herself behind a car too fast to get more than the briefest glimpse.

She got up slowly, panting, pulse racing and filled with adrenaline. She checked herself quickly, but didn't see any sign she'd taken a hit. Others weren't so lucky. Several cops were down and bleeding, as was at least one civilian. No one seemed dead, though, except, of course Habib. He was certainly dead, and then some.

“Fuck me!” she whispered.

Other cops were picking themselves up around her, but no one heard her. The world was still all sirens.

She looked up from the scattered debris of his body as the fire department garage doors rolled up and firemen started to rush out, and then past them to the synagogue on the other side of the building. That, she figured, was probably his secondary target, given he'd screwed up at Emanuel.

A big bruiser of an ESU truck screeched to a halt, its helmeted cops jumping down, loaded for bear, and a helicopter began to clatter overhead as what looked like every single person who had been in the precinct house flooded out onto the street, most of them with guns in hand.

She holstered hers, needing three tries before she got it in. Then she sank down onto her haunches next to the car, gulping in air and combing her

tangled hair back from her head with her fingers.

“Fuck me,” she said again.

The streets were soon jammed with emergency vehicles for blocks in all directions. The firemen and other responding EMTs checked over those who had taken shrapnel hits, but none of it was severe. They'd gotten lucky, and, according to the bomb squad guys, the thing hadn't gone off properly, probably because it wasn't intended to be set off with a bullet.

Mueller arrived finally. He gripped the front of her jacket firmly if gently, and glared at her.

“You punk,” he said. “You said shots fired and then didn't answer me.”

“Uhm, sorry,” she said. “I had to get off the tactical channel to call it in.”

He shook her lightly then let her go.

“I figured that out after my heart started working again. Don't do that again. Got me?”

“Yes, sergeant.”

The brass started to show up very quickly, starting with the deputy inspector who ran the 19th, then her own DI, and eventually what looked like half the white shirts in the department, including the Chief of department, various other chiefs, the Commissioner and finally the mayor.

It was a while before she got home, but at least she didn't have to take the subway. The 19th provided a blue and white to drive her. Sorting out what had happened took hours. She'd had to go back to the Armory and relive the scene for detectives from both Intelligence and the 19th squad, then back to Emanu-El, then back down 67th Street.

Then she had to do it all over with the shooting team.

It turned out the guy she'd shot in the Armory survived, and his suicide vest was in perfect working order except it had no explosives. The same went for the guy she'd shot in front of the synagogue. Habib was the only one who had explosives. Apparently they'd hoped to get more at the Armory.

Clowns

The blue and white dropped her off in Brooklyn around 1:30, and she was well off her adrenaline high by then and emotionally blown. She'd have preferred to just walk upstairs and go to bed but knew that wasn't going to happen.

Sure enough, CNN was on the wall screen, with *New York Terror Attack Foiled* in a red bar along the bottom of the screen, and everyone was still up.

Her mother let out a scream and jumped up, ran over and threw her arms around her.

"I told you I was fine, mom," she said tiredly.

"What were you doing in the Nineteenth anyway?" Dale demanded.

"You're all right?" her father said, coming over and giving her a hug as her mother drew back.

"I'm fine. Not a scratch on me."

"My father said as much, but how about inside?"

She shrugged. "I'm okay, just tired. I'll have to see the department shrink before I can go back on duty, and I'm off for a week or two anyway."

"So tell us what happened!" Colin demanded.

She'd already told the story a number of times, and knew she'd have to give them something before she got any peace, so toned things down as much as she could and glossed over some other things, while keeping it more or

less accurate.

“It's damn like Emanu-el was empty,” her father said. “Or he would have set it off in there.”

“It's Friday night anyway,” Colin said.

Her father gave him an impatient look. “Friday evening is the start of the Sabbath for Jews,” he said. “The synagogues are usually pretty busy. And with Emanu-El closed Park East would have been even more crowded.”

“Well, I suppose if they were praying it worked,” Dale said. “I guess you'll get to be on TV again, Jamie.”

“No way. Hopefully. I mean, they haven't released my name. They might not.”

“They'll want to give you another medal,” he said.

“And you can bet the politicians will want in on that, and want publicity,” her father added.

She sighed glumly.

“Keep doing amazing things and people will keep recognizing it,” he said with a grin.

“I didn't do anything amazing! I was just... there.”

“You need to practice your shooting,” Dale said. “It would have saved the city some money if those scumbags you'd shot had stayed down.”

“I was kind of rushed.”

“Better not to kill anyone,” her mother said firmly.

She was finally able to plead exhaustion, and everyone headed for bed. She took out her cell phone and saw the text from Lucas.

Nice job. Call me when you're free, whatever the time.

Would they have called the DEA? Of course. Every federal agency would be involved by now. There were some FBI and Homeland Security people down at the 19th earlier too.

She finally texted him when she was in bed.

Tired. Gonna crash. Talk tomorrow.”

The phone rang five seconds later. It was him, and she hesitated, then answered.

“You don't take directions very well,” she said dryly.

“I wanted to hear your voice.”

She felt a little lurch at that.

“I'm fine,” she said.

“Yeah, I was told. I still wanted to hear your voice. I hear you did some running tonight.”

“Not that much, a few blocks one way and a few blocks back.”

“With some gunfire along the way.”

“Yeah, well, some of that. Those guys couldn't shoot for shit.”

“Most people can't. I had different plans for you tonight.”

“Yeah, I figured. I'm pretty sure I would have preferred being with you, even though you are kind of bossy.”

“You're pretty sure?”

“Well, depending on what you had in mind.”

“I had in mind making you scream with pleasure.”

“You keep saying that. I'm not a screamer.”

“I aim to change that.”

“How you going to do that?” she asked with a smile.

“By getting to know you better, getting to know exactly what turns you on, exactly what you like the best, exactly how long, how hard, how fast, how everything.”

“Kinda sounds like you want to be my bitch,” she said teasingly.

“It does, huh?”

“Well, you want to work so hard at doing exactly what I want.”

“The better to have you completely in my control, pretty girl.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. I'll drown you in pleasure. I'll get you addicted to it, so you'll come crawling to me for your next fix.”

“Good luck with that.”

“Thanks. But I won't need luck. I've got skill.”

She laughed softly.

“And an incredible body.”

“Well, you do have an incredible body. I'll give you that.”

“Maybe you'll get to see it tomorrow.”

“Yeah, maybe. If I'm lucky.”

Chapter Eleven

She got to sleep in, since she was officially on leave, but then she had to go in and do more paperwork on what had happened. When she got out, around noon, she took a long walk. She wound up in Bergdorf Goodman, but didn't see anything which caught her eye worth the outrageous priced. She wound up on Fifth Avenue, looking in the window of the Armani store, and thinking that, despite what she'd told her mother, she could actually have died the previous night.

Screw it, she thought, going inside.

She walked out with the jacket, feeling a mixture of delight and buyer's remorse.

Maybe when she told Lucas he'd punish her, she thought in amusement.

She took the subway home, then had lunch with her mother and spent a while answering emails from various friends, acquaintances and family members about what had happened. She got a call from Inspector Tuttle, then, telling her he would be sending a car to bring her to city hall. The mayor wanted to meet her, and the Commissioner would be there too.

A perfect opportunity to wear her new blazer!

“You know, I was sitting with the mayor earlier this afternoon and he was telling me how impressed he was with me.”

“I'm impressed with you, too,” Lucas said.

He was sitting comfortably back on the sofa, fully dressed, a drink on the table beside him. Jaime, on the other hand, was perched – naked – on a hard flat wooden chair just in front of him, her fingers interlaced behind her neck, her back arched, and her knees far apart, and raised. She was on the

balls of her feet, perched on the very edge of the chair, and felt a strange rush of heat as his eyes moved up and down her body.

He had dressed for the occasion, in a very nice, three piece black suit, clearly tailored for his broad shoulders. He looked extremely handsome, extremely hot, and very... intimidating! His dressing up also served to accentuate just how completely naked Jaime was!

“Are you just going to stare at me all afternoon?”

He grinned and brought the drink to his lips.

“No. But it is a lovely view,” he said.

“You're objectifying my body, sir,” she said mockingly.

“Your body is an object of beauty and desire. You occupying a body makes it even more desirable.”

He put down the drink and stood up, then picked up the coiled rope he'd laid on the seat beside him.

“Are you going to tie me up so I can't hurt you?” she cooed.

“I'm going to do whatever I want with you, slave girl.”

“Huh.”

The first thing he did was to tie the rope around her chest. It was a soft black nylon rope, and he laid it across the base of her breasts in front, then ran it up along the outside of her left breast, then curled it diagonally across her upper chest to go over her right shoulder, behind her neck, then diagonally down across her chest again to curl around the outside of her right breast and cross below them both, squeezing her breasts in together.

He ran several loops like this, then began to loop it directly across the top of her breasts before tying the rope off between her shoulder blades. He fed it up, then, and pulled her wrists down, forcing her elbows up higher.

She felt the ropes looping repeatedly around her wrists, then feeding the rope down along her spine, and a soft, simmering heat bubbled up hotter and hotter within her.

“Stand, slave girl.”

“Yes, master!” she said mockingly.

“Legs apart.”

She complied and he fed the rope between them and up her abdomen, halted to tie a knot off, then held the rope at her waist with his thumb. He circled her waist to cinch off a kind of rope 'belt' around her hips, then fed it down her abdomen again, tied off another knot, then pulled the rope back between her legs and up to the 'belt' in back.

She gasped as he tugged it in tighter, as the knots he'd tied pressed in against her swollen clitoris and the rope dug up into her sex.

“Oh!” she gulped. “Fuck! You perve!”

He slapped her bottom.

“Show more respect, slave girl.”

He had her sit back on the edge of the chair and spread her knees again, rising onto the balls of her feet. Her pulse had quickened and she felt heat quickening her heart as she perched there, then he wrapped a black scarf around her eyes and tied it in back to blindfold her.

“Now what?” she asked.

He said nothing but she thought she heard him sit down on the sofa again. Was he looking at her? He must be!

She quickly realized something about the way the ropes were tied. Her wrists were pulled down sharply in back, and the ropes attached to them were also the ones which went between her thighs. Pulling even a little on her wrists ground the knots across her clitoris!

“So what should I do with my little sex slave?” he said aloud.

“Fuck her?”

“Well, there is that, though crudely put. But a main course should have entrees.”

“Should I tell you what your entree should be?”

“Sir,” he said. “And I mean your entree, not mine.”

“That would have the same answer, sir.”

It was impossible to keep her arms completely still. Her wrists were pulled down uncomfortably hard, and easing up on that just a little was only natural, but every time she did it sawed the rope between her legs, and ground the knots against her clitoris – just a little – but the sensation was... powerful!

“I remember you telling me something, slave girl.”

“What was that... sir?”

“That you didn't have a vibrator.”

She heard a soft buzzing sound and looked around warily. It came closer. Fingers eased the knots to one side and then she felt something odd, like silica against her there, something which... vibrated against her quite powerfully.

Her mind churned with greater excitement, and she couldn't decide whether to say something sarcastic or insulting or what...

So this was what a vibrator felt like? It didn't seem like any big deal...

She felt it moving from side to side against her, and felt her breath quicken. Then felt a hand grip her hair and jerked her head up and back. His mouth closed on the center of her left breast, his teeth *chewing* on her there in a way which was almost painful, as his tongue circled her nipple and his hot

breath sucked rhythmically.

His fingers shifted the knots again, and then released them, and it was apparent to her that the vibrator was now pinned against her there as she heard the sound of him sitting once again.

“Don't move,” he ordered.

That was not an order she was able to obey, even had she wanted to. The vibrations felt as if they were growing more powerful, the pulsing sensations rolling through her body growing more and more intense so that the muscles in her abdomen began to spasm, wanting to work her hips in and back.

Her legs began to shift, pulling in repeatedly, so that it took a conscious effort to keep them apart. Her breathing became more and more ragged, and she found that, once again, if she moved her wrists, pulling them up in hard little jerks, it ground the vibrator against her.

“I want to watch you come,” he said. “I want to hear you scream.”

“I-I'm not a screamer!” she said, breathlessly.

“You will be.”

She could not stop tugging with her wrists against the rope, which caused a strange double sensation as the ropes dug into her with aching force while the vibrator rubbed against her clitoris.

It took very little time before the sexual pressure had mounted to an intolerable level, until her skin felt as if it were on fire and her insides were thrumming with heat, and then the orgasm swept over her and she cried out weakly, gasping and jerking much more energetically, writhing on the table as the pleasure swept through her in a long, pulsating wave.

Her thighs jerked together and she moaned, arching back further. Knowing he was simply watching her made her feel both more excited and... self-conscious. As the orgasm faded she felt his hands on her, pulling her back into position, forcing her knees wide, then running slowly over her

body, caressing her skin, rolling and squeezing her nipples.

The vibrator stayed where it was, though, and the heat still gripped her body and mind. She felt him gripping her hair and forcing her head back, then his lips were on hers, kissing her softly, then more passionately as she moaned breathlessly into his mouth.

His other hand gripped the rope between her legs, tugging it rhythmically to grind the vibrator against her, then he released her hair and his mouth pulled away from hers. The next thing she knew his hands were between her thighs, forcing them wider, then his lips were there.

She moaned helplessly as the vibrator pulled away and he tugged the rope to one side to let his mouth move against her. Jaime felt her hips beginning to roll and her muscles start to spasm as the energy level within her grew more powerful. She groaned as she felt the vibrator penetrate her, and slide slowly up inside while his tongue lapped at her clitoris.

Another orgasm shook her, and this time she did cry out, feeling less under observation with him actually touching her, actually licking her.

He pulled her out of the chair, leading her by the hair, and then sitting down on the sofa while pulling her down on her belly across his lap. His fingers stroked her and ran over her body, then the knots were back in place over her now hypersensitive little button.

Crack! His hand slapped down against her buttocks with a sharp little explosion of pain.

“Ah!” she gasped.

“I did say you had to be taught a lesson for your impudence, did I not?”

Crack!

Her body writhed, her hands, still up and back, pulling on the rope which ground the knots against her.

Crack!

“You will have to learn to be more respectful to your betters,” he said.

“I will be if I ever find one!” she gasped.

Crack!

“You've found one,” he said.

“I don't see him!”

Crack!

“You'll see him when he allows you to see again.”

“Sexist pig!”

Crack!

She moaned and wriggled on his lap, his hands moving slowly over her body, kneading her breasts and sliding between her legs in between slaps.

Her breasts felt much heavier, more swollen by the ropes in this position, squeezed in together even as the ropes dug into her sex and the knots ground against her clitoris.

Crack!

“Bad girl,” he said.

The vibrator was still inside her, but now he eased it out and began to roll the tip across her clitoris.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Jamie moaned and wriggled as the sexual electricity crackled up and down her spine, the pressure growing and making it impossible to keep still! Then another orgasm rolled through her and her hips bucked wildly as she cried out in a long, breathless wail of ecstasy!

“Not quite a scream, but that will happen,” he said.

He put her on her knees and then she felt his hardness rolling along her lips like a lipstick. She moaned and licked at it, and he slid it into her mouth and across her tongue. She groaned around it, closing her lips and sucking, licking excitedly as he combed his fingers through her hair.

He pushed deeper, his hand pulling on her hair, and she swallowed the head, and kept swallowing as he slid deep into her throat, until her lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft and she could only moan softly, her throat and mouth filled with him.

He pulled out and she could breathe again, gasping, panting, light-headed, heart pounding as his slick cock slid back and forth around her lips and cheeks. He pushed into her mouth again, and once more drove himself fully into her throat. Again he held her in place as her heart pounded and her chest burned and her head began to throb powerfully.

He pulled back and she gurgled dazedly, panting for breath, gulping in air as dragged her forward and bent her chest across the seat of the sofa.

Crack!

His hand slapped her bottom, then his big hands yanked her thighs apart.

Crack!

She felt his fingers carefully pulling the two ropes apart between her legs, with the knots still pinning the vibrator against her clitoris. She let out a helpless gasp as his cock pushed into her, sliding deeper and deeper, as she shuddered and rolled her hips in pleasure!

He buried himself in her and started to thrust, gripping her hair and yanking it back as his hips began to slap against her buttocks.

The heat was like a furnace inside her as he rode her, as her breasts ground against the leather sofa and the vibrator buzzed against her. Then yet another orgasm swept through her, and her mind was overwhelmed by the

sheer ferocity of the sensations. She cried out in a long, undulating wail of pleasure as he slapped her bottom, pulled on her hair, and rammed himself into her with hard, rapid strokes.

“You're a screamer now, slave girl,” he said with satisfaction.

It was a while before Jaime could catch her breath, let alone speak.

“N-Not... your slave girl,” she panted.

“We'll see,” he said. “We've just started.”

THE END

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