



Law
and
Order

by
JJ Argus

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(Book 4 of Jamie McCloud)

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

Chapter One

Manhattan's First Precinct encompassed an area from the southern tip of Manhattan north to Canal Street, bounded on the west by Pearl Street, and on the east by the Hudson River. It's a measly one square mile, but contains some of the most expensive real estate in the world. It's the home of Tribeca, Battery Park, the financial district, and Soho, and of course, the World Trade Center complex.

For all its small size it wasn't the easiest area to police. It had a huge transient population, that is, people who came in during the day, then left, was a 'target rich environment' for terrorists and thieves, and was just a short subway ride from Brooklyn, which had more street gangs than anywhere else in New York.

Thus it was rich hunting grounds, where it wasn't unusual to find women wearing diamond and emerald necklaces and men wearing ten thousand dollar gold watches as casually as the gang members displayed their Air Jordans.

The job of separating these two groups hadn't gotten any easier with a liberal at city hall who loudly decried profiling. Just because there was a black teenager with his pants half falling off his ass, wearing gang colors and looking furtively around at all the richly dressed Caucasians in their business suits and dresses in the Financial District was no reason to suspect that he was out of place and deserved to be stopped and asked his business, according to the mayor.

That left people like Jamie watching them instead, watching them watch others, waiting for them to do the inevitable. Predators hunted prey, and there was no question which was which. Of course, Jamie was a predator too. She simply had different prey.

She was temporarily attached to the anti-crime unit of the First precinct. Anti-crime's job was to work in plainclothes and watch for crime being done

in specific targeted zones – or to watch known repeat criminals, or to work with the detective squad in other surveillance jobs.

It was not undercover work, exactly. They simply walked around in street clothes, or drove around in unmarked cars, keeping an eye on things. The uniformed patrols did the same, but then, the criminals watched for them, and were very unlikely to mug someone when a cop in uniform was standing across the street.

For her own crimes, that being she was both young, agile, long-legged, and looked the part, Jamie had often been given the job of walking around higher crime areas. Not only did she blend in well, but she was an excellent runner. So were her prey. They hadn't had the same training from Coach Saunders at Roy Thompson High school, when she was on the track team, though, or from Coach Milinski at St. John's University.

Having long, nicely muscled legs was important. Having breath, was just as important. You needed proper running technique, and you needed to learn how to breathe deep, through your diaphragm, to get more air into your body. That also meant core exercises to strengthen your middle.

Most of the people Jamie chased were young Hispanic and African American men, few of whom had such training. Which meant they were very fast, but had little endurance. That was helpful in several ways, primarily in catching them, of course, but also in arresting them once they were caught, once they were so out of breath their ability to resist was often minimal.

Walking around lower Manhattan was not the most exciting job in the world, but at least it beat sitting in a car watching someone's door for eight hours. And it got her lots of exercise, even if she didn't chase down anyone at all.

Of course, terrorists and petty thieves weren't her only concern. There was the usual assortment of traffic accidents, drunken assaults (though not many in the daytime) crazy street people, perverts and drugs (though usually the dealers were a higher caliber of people here).

Jamie's day began by taking the subway across the East River. Several

trains crossed from the Brooklyn Heights neighborhood to lower Manhattan so the commute was usually fairly quick and painless, though she often had to stand most of the way.

The train was crowded that morning, it was rush hour, and she stood up, feet casually braced apart, holding onto a bar. It was going to be a warm day but it wasn't yet and she had a jacket on because it made it easier for her to hide her gun, which sat just behind her left hip.

Her badge, however, hung from a lanyard around her neck, and by habit – she wasn't supposed to be obviously a cop, she usually wore it under her sweater, shirt, sweatshirt or jersey. Since her left arm was raised, though, it had pulled her jacket aside and allowed the closest seated passenger to see her Glock.

That wasn't something she immediately noticed as she looked lazily out the window at the concrete walls, pipes, and wiring they passed. But she had very good ears, and she picked out the word 'gun' from a nearly whispered conversation and turned her eyes down to see a wide-eyed middle aged woman on her cell phone.

The woman saw her looking and suddenly looked frightened and Jamie gave her a quizzical look, then realized she must have seen the gun. In other parts of America, even other parts of New York State, a number of people carried concealed and a lot of people were familiar with firearms. New York was different.

It was almost impossible to get a concealed carry permit in New York City, nor did it honor such permits issued by anyone else, including the state of New York. Penalties for violating the law were severe. Even buying a hand gun, while possible, took determination and a year or so of wading through the bureaucracy.

Jamie blinked and then reached into the top of her sweatshirt, tugging on the lanyard and pulling her badge out to let it dangle there. The woman's eyes flicked to it and then to Jamie, who raised her eyebrows. The woman smiled, looking embarrassed, and Jamie heard the word “badge” whispered into her phone.

Hopefully, if she'd been calling 911, they wouldn't be sending uniforms to drag her off the train. Some of the ones Jamie had encountered were a bit more excitable than she preferred, and she had little desire to be face down on the platform until they assured themselves she wasn't a threat.

She made it to work without being frisked, and went downstairs to her locker to change.

Battery Park was on the southern tip of lower Manhattan, and very popular with tourists and residents alike. Her native efficiency liked the idea of getting in her exercise (two birds with one stone) while on the job, so she changed into jogging gear.

She had also reluctantly concluded that wearing something cute and sexy would not only allow her to watch for the usual assortment of thieves and troublemakers, but serve double duty by acting as a lure for perverts.

So instead of jeans and a baseball jersey she had on a pair of stretchy gray yoga pants which sat low on her hips, and a tight, midriff baring tank top with a track suit hoody over it. She couldn't hide anything in an outfit like that, but she could wear a fanny pack with her gun, cuffs and pepper spray inside it. Her radio was a miniature, disguised as an iPod.

She was aware she was getting looks as she walked back upstairs and headed into Anti-crime, but she had been getting those looks since she'd hit adolescence and more or less ignored them. She reached her desk and Sergeant Lynch, her new supervisor, looked her up and down.

“You're not going to the Y, McCloud,” he said.

“Lots of joggers in Battery Park, Sergeant,” she said.

He shrugged and nodded.

“Maybe some perverts, too.”

“In New York? Not possible,” he said, making a face. “But speaking of perverts, Baxter wants to see you before you go,” he said.

“What? Who?”

“Detective squad.”

She shrugged. She didn't know many of the cops who worked out of the First. She'd only been here a week. She'd been temporarily transferred from Midtown North because some Muslim crazies had declared her a target after she'd shot down a 'lone wolf' Omar Mohamed, aka Leon Smith, when he'd been about his holy task of trying to murder several uniformed cops sitting in a diner.

Omar hadn't recognized the cops sitting at another table as cops since they hadn't been in uniform, allowing her to get the drop on him and send him off to his putative reward of multiple virgins in heaven. A week later another reward seeker had tried to ambush her while leaving the precinct station, but her boyfriend Danny Lucas had spotted him and killed him first.

That made her justly grateful to Danny, but she was also justly pissed off at him at the moment. He was an incredibly arrogant, pushy, bossy, 'dominating' guy, at least in bed. She'd gone along with his dominance and submission games to a far greater degree than she would have ever expected because he and his games left her breathless and her body flaming hot to the point of melting.

It wasn't just his incredible body, either. Though she was willing to agree that it was pretty damned hot all by itself. His sexual games outraged her, but outraged her in a scalding hot way which left her instinct to tell him to drop dead overridden by desire and a dark sexual voice in her head which said “why not try it!?”.

It was the thrill of the forbidden, dark, daring, kinky sex unlike anything she'd ever experienced or even imagined before. And Danny Lucas knew how to use his body and how to play hers. He was, for one thing, by far the most skilled at oral sex of any man she'd ever encountered.

He was also obsessed with giving her sexual pleasure – which she couldn't exactly fault. Most women were delighted to find a man who managed to hold off long enough for their girlfriend to orgasm first. Finding one who

wanted her to orgasm at least a half dozen times was stunning.

Finding one able to do it was even more of a shock.

So she was willing to cut him an awful lot of slack for his dark, kinky games. He was also older than her by almost a decade, and much more sexually sophisticated. He was a federal agent, and with his skills and body, one of the few men who met her requirement that her boyfriend not be someone she could easily beat up.

But every time she thought she'd done the kinkiest, nastiest, most shockingly, wickedly HOT thing he led her deeper into the abyss. He kept pushing her limits, and in doing so those limits were expanding.

The burnt hand taught best, as they say. Your mind and body both quickly learned to shy away from things which caused pain. But the opposite was true, as well.

Every time he started to tie her up now she got hot. The tighter he bound her the hotter she got – even before he'd done anything else! Her body had learned, like Pavlov's dog, who salivated at the sound of a bell, knowing dinner was coming.

Only her body knew orgasms were coming, powerful, incredibly intense and extended orgasms!

But he'd really outdone himself in pushing her limits a few days ago, and she was still angry over it – even if she had had incredible orgasms!

She went downstairs and then into the detectives squad.

“Detective Baxter?” she called.

The men in the squad all turned to stare at her. She felt a bit self-conscious, but only a bit. Self-respect and her mother's teaching meant she usually didn't try to dress particularly sexy, or at least, in revealing outfits. But the truth was she was proud of her looks and her body, just like any other attractive young women in her early twenties, and her experiences with Danny over the past

couple of months had begun to alter her outlook on life, making her feel sexier and more comfortable in that sexiness.

She still wouldn't dress in a revealing fashion at inappropriate times, but that was more to avoid the disapproval of women like her mother than any fear of being looked at and lusted after by men. Besides, men did that anyway. The last time she'd confronted one she'd been wearing jeans that were not particularly tight or low, and a windbreaker over a sweater.

Of course, she'd also been a blonde at the time, having dyed it for an undercover assignment. She got slightly less sexual attention as a redhead, but only slightly.

So she wasn't particularly surprised or daunted that every guy in the room was looking at her in that tight little jogging outfit with the hood open displaying her extremely well-toned stomach. She wasn't embarrassed about the attention, but nor did she exactly bask in it. She simply accepted it as normal.

“Detective Baxter?” she repeated after a few seconds.

“Uhm, yeah. Over here,” an older man near the rear of the room called, getting to his feet.

He was about forty, six feet tall and broad shouldered, but beefy in a way with extra weight that would, she thought, mean he couldn't run very far very fast. He had bushy dark hair and pulled off a pair of glasses as he stood up, and wore a gray suit.

“I'm McCloud from Anti-crime,” she said, crossing the floor. “Sergeant Lynch said you wanted to see me.”

“Fuck, don't we all,” she heard a male voice said from the side.

It was low enough that she might not have heard it if she didn't have good ears, and so pretended not to.

“Uhm, right. You're going to be in Battery Park, right?”

She nodded with a brief smile, and kind of looked down at herself. To say “Well that's fucking obvious. I'm not walking around downtown like this,” would have been... rude.

He fumbled at his desk and came up with a poster.

“We're looking for this guy,” he said. “Wanted for a bunch of sex assaults in the Battery Park area.”

She took the flier and ran her eyes over the details. It had a drawing of a white guy with a round head, short, tight hair, and a goatee. The details said he was five foot seven and weighed about a hundred and sixty.

“Little guy,” she said.

“With a knife.”

She nodded, but wasn't worried. The NYPD didn't teach its recruits how to disarm someone with a knife. If someone had a knife you drew a gun and shot him. Her black belt had her somewhat better trained in that area as Jiu Jitsu had been originally developed to fight Japanese Samurai, and so had numerous moves to disarm men with sharp, pointy metal objects. She had a fourth degree black belt, but was working on her fifth.

“So far all the victims have been blonde joggers.”

“I'll try to act like I have fewer brain cells.”

He let out a bark of surprised laughter.

“Nothing here about his MO?” she said.

“He doesn't have one. Sometimes he hides in bushes and jumps out behind a woman to grope her and run. Sometimes he pretends he's a jogger, and gropes them when he passes them. Sometimes he tries to drag them into somewhere hidden, threatening them with a knife. He's been known to demand wallets and cell phones, but not always. Sometimes he works days, sometimes nights. He's unpredictable.”

She took the flier and headed back to Anti-crime, but almost ran into Captain Raines, who was the First precinct's executive officer. He was a tall, dignified, thick bodied man with skin so black his mustache almost blended in. He frowned as he looked her up and down.

“Officer... McCloud,” he said.

“Uhm, yes, sir.”

“You're doing some kind of decoy job?”

“I'm going to Battery Park to walk and jog around.”

He made a gesture at the flier in her hand and she flipped it over.

“Just someone Detective Baxter wants me to keep an eye out for,” she said.

He nodded. “Carry on,” he said, moving past her.

She shrugged to herself. Did he think she was dressed like she was because it was her normal street wear or something, she wondered in annoyance.

She went downstairs to get a ride to Battery Park. She wasn't the only one going, of course, and there would be a car patrolling the area outside the park. She met up with three other anti-crime officers, one of whom was an impressive looking black guy in his mid-twenties named Malcolm Terris.

Terris was easily six feet four, broad shouldered and athletic, but more in the shape of a runner than a football player. His coffee colored skin included a perfectly shaven skull, and he had a deep and educated voice as he shook her hand.

“Happy to meet you,” he said.

A Hispanic guy six inches shorter than him shook her hands next. He was stocky and had a light beard and mustache and an infectious smile.

“Salvalaz,” he said. “Just call me Sal. Love your outfit.”

“I figured I could get in some jogging,” she said.

He was wearing jeans and T-shirt, while Terris wore chinos and a crisp white shirt. The third cop there was a guy her own age named O'Neil, He was average height, average build, and a very average face, which, she thought, after a moment, was probably the best of all worlds if you wanted to blend in. He was wearing a Yankees baseball cap, a sweatshirt and shorts.

“You do a lot of jogging in real life?” Terris asked in his deep voice.

“I do,” she said.

“So do I,” he replied. “I jog before work, around the neighborhood. Maybe you could join me some time.”

“I'd like to, Malcolm,” she said regretfully, “But I wouldn't want you to get hurt.”

He snorted. “How do you think I'd get hurt?”

“Well, look, picture the scene. There I am, this sleek, beautiful white girl, racing along over the sidewalks, and there you are, this panting, puffing, glaring, sweating, cursing gigantic black guy desperately chasing after me.”

The other two men started to snicker, and Terris raised his eyebrows.

“I mean, someone might think I was in danger and might attack you,” she said guilelessly.

“I can see that happening,” O'Neil said.

“Picture this instead,” Terris said. “Both of us running together. Or maybe you running behind me.”

She shook her head. “I don't see that happening. I mean, unless you're gay. Are you gay?”

“No, I'm not gay,” he said. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“Well, geeze, Malcolm, no straight guy is going to want to run in front of me where he can't see me!”

Salvalaz let out a bark of laughter.

“And besides, I have what I'm told is this really nice behind,” she said. “So most straight guys prefer to be behind me.”

“I can agree with that,” said O'Neil. “Especially if you're wearing these... pants.”

“Yoga pants,” she said.

“Maybe I'm a straight guy who can resist the temptation of resting his eyes on your anatomy every single second,” Terris said, with a smile.

“That would take superhuman effort, I'm sure,” she replied.

“I'm capable of great feats of strength.”

Sergeant Lynch showed up. “Listen up. Minor change in assignment. Sal, I want you at the ferry terminal. O'Neil, you wander around Clinton Castle. McCloud and Terris, you jog and walk along the dock and paths north of Harbor House. You can switch around every hour.”

Terris raised his eyebrows and Lynch turned to Jamie.

“Captain Raines doesn't want you on your own,” he said.

She stared at him in surprise as he turned to Terris. “Keep her in sight all times.”

“Hey,” she said. “Why?”

“I don't mind the assignment,” Terris said with a grin.

“Captain saw you in your jogging outfit and that flier Baxter gave you – has everyone seen that, by the way – and I think he's getting the idea you're some kind of decoy for perverts. We always put backup on those girls, so he

wants one on you.”

“But I'm not! I mean, I just dressed like this to jog. Well, okay, I also thought that it would serve double duty by maybe attracting perverts, but –.”

“But I ain't gonna argue with the captain,” Lynch said. “Bosses don't like taking chances, you should know that by now, McCloud.”

She scowled. “I bet I could beat up the captain!”

“I don't think you should try.”

“There's rules against that,” O'Neil said.”

Jamie glared, not liking the idea that she was now being treated like a helpless girl who had to be watched over. No one was watching the others, after all. But there was no use protesting to Lynch since it wasn't his decision.

The four of them got into the car and headed to Battery Park, which was spread out along the southern tip of Manhattan, with docks, gardens, sports courts, playgrounds, an urban farm, restaurants, ferry terminal, tour boat docks, and a variety of memorials, including Castle Clinton, which used to be Fort Clinton, and was the last remnant of the defensive batteries from the seventeenth century which gave the park its name.

“Tourists. All day,” O'Neil sighed as they headed south.

“Pigeons ready to be plucked,” Salvalaz said.

“More like sheep ready for sheering,” Terris said. “And we get to be shepherds.”

It was a good analogy, Jamie thought, but she was feeling mutinous and angry about the way the captain had set her out as someone in need of protection.

Salvalaz seemed to sense it.

“Hey, the captain was probably right,” he said. “With that outfit, you're

gonna attract all kinds of attention.”

“I always attract all kinds of attention,” she said flatly, “No matter what I wear. The damn Asian tourists used to crowd around in me in Times Square to get their pictures taken.”

O'Neil laughed.

“Well, you are kind of tall.”

“So's he,” she said, sticking her thumb at Terris.

“Tall for a girl, and you got that hair.”

“And that butt,” O'Neil said, grinning.

“This is what girls wear jogging!” she protested.

“Yeah, but you're built a lot better than most girls. Let's face it,” O'Neil said. “I mean, not to be sexist or anything. Just being realistic.”

“Well, I don't usually dress this way when I jog,” she said defensively. “But I figured it might be reasonable... bait for perves. I mean, it's not like other girls don't wear them.”

“Pretty good bait for any guy, babe,” Terris said with a grin.

“Yeah, a butt like that could be considered entrapment,” O'Neil added.

She rolled her eyes, but wasn't entirely displeased.

“It's broad daylight. It's not like anyone's gonna drag me into bushes, or anything. And I got a gun, pepper spray, and a black belt. If this little shit comes near me –.” She shook the flier at them. “I'll put his face into the ground.”

“You should make that case to the captain,” Terris said seriously. “He's a reasonable guy. And if you feel he's treating you differently than other cops you should tell him. Whether he agrees with you or not he won't hold it

against you.”

Chapter Two

The southern part of Battery Park was where the tourists were concentrated most heavily, but they were spread out all over. The Museum of Jewish Heritage, for one thing, was at the northwest corner of the park, and it was quite large and attracted a lot of tourists. Still, there was space to move along the walkways and bikeways, and Jamie resisted the temptation to flat out run and leave Terris behind in her dust.

She headed up the Esplanade, a twenty foot wide walkway and bike path made out of concrete and granite pavers that ran the full length of Battery Park along the river, and north along the Hudson from there. It had a stylish wrought iron railing atop a raised concrete edge, with antique street lamps every ten yards.

She did a kind of half walk, half jogging thing, her eyes scanning about her, looking for troublemakers, but only saw people enjoying the park. As she headed north the décor changed, the railings, benches and even the lampposts now made of wood

There were large stones along the inner edge of the esplanade, with thick brush and trees on the raised ground bordering it. This was a good area to drag someone off, she thought, as she jogged slowly by.

The Esplanade continued north out of Battery Park, but she turned off onto the inner Esplanade, which circled back, spent some time wandering around the South Cove Plaza, then jogged south again.

Along the way she got a number of openly appreciative looks, which she took in stride, and a few catcalls, which she ignored.

Terris stayed well back but within eyesight. He didn't seem to have any trouble keeping up when she jogged. He was probably getting some appreciative looks too, she thought. He was probably the hottest looking Black guy she'd ever seen. She normally wasn't all that attracted to Black

men, or guys who shaved their heads, but for him she'd make an exception.

How would Danny like it if she suggested her own ménage, she thought in amusement. She didn't think he'd enjoy the competition. On the other hand, the thought of the two of them together with her in the middle tightened things down low!

That, she thought, would be an experience to remember!

I'm turning into a perve, she thought. Danny's kinky games had actually shifted her mindset to where she was thinking of how hot it would be to have sex with two guys at the same time!

But it was just a fantasy anyway, she thought. I'm allowed to have a few dirty little fantasies. God knew Danny did. Of course, he was a lot less reluctant to live them out than she was.

She almost missed the sudden movement off to her right, but the sudden yells from a group of women brought her head around as she saw a skinny black guy running north carrying a purse. She took off after him, hurtling a low fence and chasing him in among the bikers on the bike path.

He was fast, but he turned his head to see who was chasing him and ran into a guy on a bicycle and the impact sent both of them sprawling. He got up and snatched up the bike, slugging the middle aged guy in glasses who had scrambled to his feet as well, and hopped on to pedal away.

She cut the corner across the grass as he headed down the winding path, and she had a lot more momentum than he did as he started to work up speed on the bike. She jumped him as he tried to pass and sent him tumbling to the ground.

“Police!” she yelled. “Hands behind your back!”

She wasn't surprised he wasn't complying, but was surprised at how quickly Terris was dropping to his knees behind her, his big hands reaching out to snatch the guy's wrist and yank it up and back to join with the one she had hold of.

She put a knee on the guy's back as they forced his wrists in tight, and she locked her cuffs around them, then eased back and let Terris search him before they yanked him to his feet. She picked up the purse, wrinkling her face at the hideous gray and blue print pattern on it as Terris read him his rights.

“You're pretty fast for a big guy,” she said.

“You're pretty fast for a girl,” he replied with a grin.

She snorted, and he pulled out his radio to call for a blue and white for transport.

They switched locations, and she wandered in through the solemn crowd around the 9/11 monument, which had the Sphere, a twenty five foot wide bronze ball which had stood in the World Trade Center Plaza, but had been heavily damaged by the debris when the buildings collapsed around it. It hadn't been repaired, but had been placed there as is.

There were a lot of tourists around here, as always, and it was good hunting grounds for those less sentimental souls, like the two young black guys she saw moving up alongside a gray haired couple. The couple looked, to her eyes, well off, even in their shorts and summer shirts. The woman's purse looked like a designer original, for one thing, and the man had a gold watch which she thought was probably real gold.

As she watched, the taller black guy 'tripped' and fell practically in front of the couple, and the older man bent over to help him up. That was a very old trick, and of course, it showed the outline of his wallet against his back pocket as he bent and the fabric tightened around it. He straightened, which loosened the fabric, but the black guy wavered a little so the man had to put more attention into him while the shorter guy nimbly slipped the wallet out of his pocket and walked away.

A very talented pair, she thought as she went after him. She walked briskly, not looking at him, and he paid little attention to her as he walked

calmly along, creating no fuss. She kicked him in the back of his knee as she grabbed his collar and yanked. He stumbled back and fell onto his back on the grass at the edge of the walk and she quickly knelt and grabbed his wrist, to twist it sideways.

“Ow! Fuck!” he cried.

“NYPD,” she said. “You going to be dumb enough to add resisting arrest to pick-pocketing?”

He glared at her but apparently thought not. A petty larceny charge would see him out on bail tonight. Resisting arrest was a lot more serious.

“Stop right there!” a man yelled from above and behind her.

She turned her head as a fit looking guy in a smoky bear cap and gray uniform blouse grabbed her arm and yanked her up and away from the black guy. “You're under arrest!” he said sternly.

The black kid rolled away and jumped to his feet as she twisted and broke the Ranger's grip, then shoved him away, turning and sprinting after the Black guy with a curse.

“Halt!” he shouted, starting to run after them.

Terris grabbed him and yanked him back. He already had the second black guy in custody and shoved him up against the Ranger, probably, she thought, telling him they were NYPD, then ran after her.

Jamie was fuming. A simple arrest and now this guy was running like a rabbit! Idiot ranger! He had a decent head start on her, but it wasn't going to be enough for his shorter legs.

She saw him toss the wallet into a bush as he rounded a corner, though, and turned behind her to see Terris about thirty yards back.

“Wallet!” she shouted, pointing as she passed the bush.

He paused to dive into the bush and then emerged seconds later, running

after her.

The kid she was chasing was heading for the ferry terminal, probably hoping to lose himself in the crowds. He kept turning his head to see how close she was getting, and then started dodging from left to right, weaving sharply every time she got close enough to grab him. She almost had him several times, but he kept dodging her outstretched hand.

That allowed Terris to catch up, of course, moving in a straight line across the field like a cruise missile, and he simply tackled the guy in a way which showed he had played at least some football. There wasn't much room for a struggle after that. The young guy was gasping for breath and dazed as she handed Terris her cuffs and he drew his wrists back behind him.

They handed the two of them off to the uniforms again, then headed over to the ferry terminal.

“Fucking rangers,” she growled.

He grinned. “You got to admire that cute smoky bear hat, though.”

“I'm sure you'd look really hot in one,” she replied dryly.

He laughed and they separated, mingling among the tourists headed for the ferries and sightseeing boats. Someone grabbed her ass in the crowd, and her hand snapped down and back to fasten on a wrist and twist it up and around as she turned.

The guy the wrist was attached to was about forty, slim but with the start of a pot belly, with dark hair, dark glasses and a baseball cap. He yelled in pain as she twisted his arm around, then yelled again as she swept his legs out from under him and put him on the ground.

“Police!” she snarled. “You moron!”

She had him cuffed despite his babbling, before Terris showed up, shaking his head in amusement.

“Busy day for you, girl,” he said, pulling the man to his feet.

“Tell me about it.”

“It was an accident!” the man exclaimed.

“Oh please! You think I'm an idiot!?” she demanded, shaking him.

“Police brutality!” someone from the watchers shouted.

She turned and glared at the guy who'd spoken. “Go fuck yourself!” she replied.

Terris pulled her away kind of forcefully, pulling the guy she'd arrested with his other hand as he headed for the street.

“Gotta learn not to engage with the citizenry while there's cameras,” he said.

“I'd like to punch out some of these loud mouthed whiners, or bus them to the forty-fourth precinct and set them loose there to see how well they'd cope.”

“Ah, the four-four. A lovely place,” he said. “I was in the Four One for several years, and we often had to reinforce them during gang problems.”

After handing him off to the uniforms they headed to the southeast section of the park, then turned and followed the Esplanade north, jogging this time. It was a gorgeous view and a gorgeous day, and she started to jog faster, having little doubt Terris could keep up behind her.

It was a lovely day and she was being paid to jog through a lovely park, she thought, which was more calming than most of what had occupied her mind so far that day.

There was enough paperwork waiting to justify them leaving early and heading back to the station house, and they were headed up West Street in an unmarked car. The other three were talking about the Mets and Yankees and she was idly watching the sidewalks as Terris drove along.

She, of course, was not driving. There was zero chance three macho guys would let a girl drive, even if she wasn't a rookie. However, while her rookie status would normally put her in the back seat her being a girl had at least gotten her up front.

Sexism had many faces, she mused.

She frowned and craned her neck around, then reached her left hand out to O'Neil's arm.

“Stop,” she said. “Stop, stop, stop!”

He pulled over to the curb as the other two twisted their heads around to look back in the same direction.

“What?” Salvalaz asked.

“Two grungy looking black guys with a Chinese guy in a suit doesn't look right.”

That might have been profiling but it was also undeniable.

“I don't see no Chinese,” he replied.

She got out of the car and walked fast back towards them. After a few seconds Salvalaz got out of the rear passenger side too and followed her. All she could see were the backs of the two black guys. One had his head shaved. Both were wearing black t-shirts. One had his hanging around his ankles while the other had it tucked into red underwear. Most of his underwear was visible since his pants were belted halfway down his butt.

She walked very quickly but carefully didn't look at them. One was looking around fairly regularly but took little notice of her, even when she started to jog a little. As she got closer he definitely started looking, but there was more appreciation than wariness in his eyes.

The closer she got the stranger the scene looked, though. The young Chinese guy was short and wearing a blue suit with a large plastic pass dangling from his neck from a lanyard. It was the kind of pass you got at

conventions and trade fairs.

His back was against the wall of the industrial building behind him while the two black guys stood in front of him, one with his hand on the Chinese guy's arm. The Chinese guy looked frightened and like he wished he could push himself through the wall.

She walked past them and then suddenly turned in and around.

“Hi,” she said brightly. “Are you guys from the tourism board?”

The two looked at her in confusion.

“The fuck?” one said.

“I mean, this guy's a tourist, right? That's obvious. And you look like you're helping him. Are they helping you, sir?” she asked the Chinese man.

He stared at her in confusion.

“Are you lost?” she asked him.

“Hey, bitch, we're trying to do business here,” one of the black guys said.

“I go hotel!” the Chinese man said anxiously.

“Hey, we're helping him,” one of the black guys growled, grabbing at her arm.

She pulled her arm aside and grabbed his wrist, twisting it down and out and he stumbled forward, face first into the wall.

The other hadn't stopped looking around and now froze as Salvaraz approached.”

“Po-po!” he said.

He broke past her, or tried to, and she tripped him as Salvaraz grabbed at the second one. That one twisted free and ran back up the street, but Terris

and O'Neil were now jumping out of the car so he skidded to a stop before scrambling back to his feet.

Jamie, meanwhile, had jumped on the guy who had tripped, who scrambled frantically to get free. Salvaraz had started after the second guy but halted and turned back to help her, leaving him to O'Neil and Terris.

The second guy, meanwhile, had turned around and was running back to them. Jamie made a grab at his legs as he went by, which sent both of them sprawling, but he got up quickly and raced past and around the corner. She ran after him and they turned and ran east down Barclay at a very high rate of speed.

The guy had long legs and didn't make the mistake of looking back at all. He just ran straight and true. Unfortunately for him there were a lot of police vehicles this close to the the new world trade center and when he ran past an NYPD Ford Escape waiting at the curb at a light the driver flung the door open and he rammed into it.

He ricocheted off to the side and tumbled head over heels into a small park where he wound up falling awkwardly against a park bench. A tall, beefy looking, white haired sergeant got out of the car as she jumped on her guy and quickly pulled his arms behind his back. Terris ran up behind her then to help and the sergeant just leaned on his door smiling.

“I thought that was you,” he said to Jamie. “Welcome to the First, McCloud.”

She looked up in surprise. She had no idea who he was and was certain she'd never met him.

“Uh, thanks, Sergeant,” she said.

He reached into the car and picked up his microphone, then called for a radio car for transport before driving off.

“Who was that?” she asked Terris as they pulled the black guy to his feet.

“Sergeant Miller.”

“I never met him before.”

He grinned.

“What am I, like, famous or something?” she demanded in irritation.

“There just ain't that many six foot tall redheads on the job, McCloud,” he said. “And guys notice when one gets posted to our precinct.”

“So?!”

“So you made a name for yourself back at Midtown with two shootings in five weeks, one of them really righteous that saved a bunch of cops. Plus you got those you tube videos.”

She sighed. “How am I supposed to be anonymous in plainclothes if everyone's heard of me?”

“Everyone hasn't heard of you. But when you showed up as a transfer from Midtown of course guys here talked to guys there, mostly to see if you were seeing anyone, and it got out pretty fast you were that McCloud.”

“*That* McCloud?”

“The one who shot that guy in the diner, and shot that terrorist, and saved those kids. You got stories about you, girl.”

She sighed again. “Maybe I should dye my hair.”

“Hey, I like your hair!”

“You should dye it blonde,” the black guy said.

“Who fucking asked you?” she snapped.

“Blondes are hot,” he said with a shrug.

“You saying I'm not hot?” she demanded, shaking him a little.

“Blondes are sexy. Redheads are bitches,” he muttered.

She smacked the back of his head with her open hand as Terris laughed.

The other two rolled up in their unmarked car, with the first guy in the back.

“We're waiting on transport,” Terris said.

Nobody wanted to cram six guys into the car.

“We'll meet you back at the house,” Salvalaz replied.

They rolled off and a marked car pulled in a minute or so later to take them all back to the First precinct.

Chapter Three

The problem with working in lower Manhattan was that Danny was working in East Harlem. It made very little sense for him to drive a hundred blocks south, then drive her a hundred forty blocks north again to his place.

During rush hour.

None of the subway lines that ran close to work went directly there either. If she walked south to Chambers and took the E, that would take her to Midtown. If she was going to see Danny in the Bronx she could take the Green line to the Bronx or take the Blue line and transfer in Harlem, which wasn't a good idea for a variety of reasons.

Danny was busy working, though, and she was still irked, and not at all sure what she should do about him. She had no sooner left the precinct house, though, and started down the street when a sleek black BMW with darkly tinted windows honked at her.

She turned her head and the passenger window slid down to reveal Danny, looking highly respectable in a three piece suit. He was shaved, and his hair had been cut. She blinked in surprise, then suspicion, but walked over to the car.

“Aren't you a little out of your area?” she asked.

“Wherever you are is where my area is, gorgeous,” he said with a grin.

And then he got out of the car, walked quickly around the front, gave her an almost chaste kiss, and pulled open the passenger door for her.

“When you start acting respectable I get really, really suspicious,” she said, looking at him.

“I'm a respectable guy! Just ask my boss.”

“And you're suddenly holding the door open for me because...?”

He frowned as if in confusion. “Why wouldn't I? I'm a gentleman.”

She raised her eyebrows.

“I am!” he said indignantly.

“You don't usually treat me like a gentleman ought to!”

“That, my sweet and sexual goddess, is because you are not a lady,” he said with a grin.

She glowered at him and folded her arms across her chest.

“Oh come on. Have you ever described yourself as a lady?”

Given she was twenty two, she, of course, had not.

“I can act ladylike!”

“And I can act like a gentleman. Now get in the car, bitch.”

She grumbled but got in and looked around, admiringly running her fingers along the butter-soft leather interior as he closed the door.

He moved around and got into the driver's side then closed the door.

“Why do I feel like the poor, naive hitchhiker who just accepted a ride from the town pervert?”

He grinned widely. “You, my dear, are not naive. Besides, I might be a pervert, but who have you ever dated who was as exciting as me?”

“Exciting can have multiple meanings, you know. Isn't there a Chinese curse that wishes you excitement?”

“No, it wishes you interesting times. Which is, I'll grant you, much the same thought, but more subtly put.”

“Subtlety is not usually your thing.”

“I can be subtle, or I can be overwhelming,” he said with a shark-like grin.

“What if I don't want to be overwhelmed?” she gulped.

“Then you say no. I don't remember you ever doing that.”

“You put me in positions where I can't!”

“I put you in a lot of interesting positions,” he said with a grin.

She flushed.

“But unless you're gagged you can say no. Your problem is that while you feel you ought to say no you also want to see where the ride is going and how much fun the roller coaster can be along the way.”

“As long as the car only has two people on it!”

He grinned again. “Youth is for trying out new things, baby. Was it so bad?”

“It was fucking humiliating!”

“Yes, but you still had multiple orgasms.”

She glowered at him.

“And if it happened again you'd be a lot less embarrassed.”

“It's NOT going to happen again!”

He sighed. “Tell you what, we'll talk about it on our way to the hotel.”

“What hotel?” she asked warily.

“The Waldorf Astoria, of course.”

“And what are we going to do at the Waldorf?”

He smiled and raised an eyebrow.

“That's a pretty expensive place for dirty sex.”

“Money is no object when it comes to dirty sex!” he exclaimed. “But we're also meeting my parents.”

She stared at him in astonishment.

“Excuse me?!”

“They wanted to meet you.”

“Why?! How do they even know I exist!?”

He shrugged. “It slipped out.”

“It slipped out?! I'm not dressed for the Waldorf, let alone meeting your parents. You haven't even mentioned your parents!”

“Okay, to be honest, they showed up by surprise and I have to have dinner with them and they asked me to bring that cute girl I said I was dating.”

She stared at him.

“They were bugging me so I admitted I actually date someone.”

“Date? Is that what we do?”

“Among other things.”

“Forget about it! I'm not meeting your parents dressed like this!”

“What's wrong with how you're dressed?”

She rolled her eyes at him.

“Anyway, don't worry. I got you something to wear.”

“You got ME something to wear? At the Waldorf? Would this be those thigh high stiletto boots you bought for me?”

“Don't be ridiculous. I got you something decent.”

“What?”

“A black dress! Hey, I have taste!”

“Is this dress super tight with lots of cleavage?”

“To see my parents? Give me a bit of credit, slave girl.”

“I'm not a slave girl!”

“It's a decent black dress. It should fall below your knees. It has no cleavage and is not tight.”

“How do you know my size?”

“Are you kidding? I know your exact size in everything.”

He then preceded to give her, her sizes from shoes to underwear, and she stared at him.

“What? You've been naked a lot, you know. That's given me a chance to check the tags.”

“I'm naked a lot because you always tear my clothes off.”

“Of course. What man wouldn't. And now I want you fully clothed to meet my parents so they stop bugging me and go away.”

She snorted, but if it really was his parents the dress would likely be modest. And it was hard to go wrong with a black dress as long as the size was right. Then again, just because it was 'her size' didn't mean it would actually fit very well.

“If this dress doesn't look right and doesn't go with my shoes –.”

“I got you shoes.”

She stared at him again.

“What? I have lots of money, in case you wondered.”

“Why do you live in the Bronx, then?”

“I like the Bronx. Lots of action there.”

“There's lots of action in Midtown Manhattan too.”

“My parents won't go to the Bronx,” he said with a small smile.

“Seriously? You're living in the Bronx so your parents will stay away?”

“Not just them,” he said. “No one in my family will go to the Bronx.”

“It's not like the Bronx is *that* bad,” she said. “I mean, not all of it.”

“They think it is, and I haven't done anything to change their minds.”

“Why are you hiding from your family?”

“Wait till you meet them. You'll see.”

“So you're trying to give me something to look forward to?” she asked dryly.

“I'll make dinner interesting, no fear.”

“That IS what I fear.”

The dress he'd bought for her was a shirt dress with half sleeves, a sash belt and buttons on the upper chest. It had a classic collar, a short front slit, and

higher slit up the side. The skirt was loose, the top, snug, though not too tight.

She pulled it on over her clothes to check herself in the mirror, and grudgingly admitted it was wearable. Even the shoes, black peep-toe lace ups with four inch heels, fit, and were, if not exactly her style, at least 'acceptable'.

“Oh... there is one more thing for you to wear,” he said.

Jamie's eyes narrowed. “And that is?”

He smiled broadly.

He made her strip naked, which was nothing new, of course, and then he brought out the rope. This was black, finger thick, and soft, and she could only shake her head, bemused, annoyed, and somewhat intrigued, as he preceded to wrap her body in an intricate crisscrossing layer.

It was actually fascinating watching him focus, taking two of the ropes, and knotting and crossing them to form a kind of diamond pattern down her torso – except for the circles which enclosed her breasts, of course.

The ropes surrounded the base of her breasts, and curled up around them and across the top in a way which supported and held them in place, squeezed them a little, but would prevent them from bouncing or moving much as she walked in much the way a bra would.

It did squeeze in against them more than a bra would, though, and her nipples were already very hard.

The careful checkerboard pattern went down her back to her buttocks. Then, after sliding a large butt-plug up inside her, he fed the two ropes he had been crisscrossing down between her buttocks and pulled them out between her thighs. There he wound them together and tied a careful knot as he knelt before her, before pulling the twinned ropes up between the lips of her sex and placing the knot directly against her clitoris.

She gulped, feeling her heart thumping faster as he then let the ropes

separate, curling up to the sides, then tying with the ropes he'd fed down her front to form more of that checkerboard pattern, tugging them all so they were quite, quite snug!

He stepped back and eyed her with evident satisfaction.

“Did your parents ever send you for some kind of psychiatric help?” she asked.

He raised an eyebrow.

“I mean, you are clearly obsessed.”

“Perhaps,” he said, reaching up to finger her nipples, “But it's a functional obsession.”

He let the pads of his thumbs and forefingers roll and caress her stiff nipples as he grinned at her.

“You seriously want me to be like this when I meet your parents?”

“They won't notice a thing,” he said with a smug grin.

He produced a thin leather choker for her to wear, and she eyed it doubtfully, then raised her eyes. It had a slim metal plaque on which small words were imprinted.

“Danny's sex slave?” she asked.

“You can slide that to the back.”

“You're damn right I can slide it to the back!”

She put the choker on, then turned it around so the plaque would be hidden by her hair.

“This is going to be an interesting dinner,” she said, shaking her head.

“That's why I'm doing this. Because I assure you it will be the only

interesting part of the dinner – other than the food, perhaps.”

“So what exactly is wrong with your parents? You haven't given me any specifics.”

“I prefer for you to make your own decisions.”

“Slave girls aren't supposed to make decisions.”

“I thought you said you weren't my slave girl.”

The restaurant was a sort of stuffy, solemn kind of place which wouldn't have been out of place a hundred years earlier. The lighting was restrained, and there were leather and wood-grain booths and linen tablecloths, suited servers and a hushed atmosphere. Only the discreet pot-lights along the edges of the ceiling – easily overshadowed by the chandeliers, showed they weren't in the nineteenth century.

Danny's father and mother certainly didn't seem to know it.

His father was a distinguished looking man, tall and slender, with salt and pepper hair and the same square cut jaw, under a short, neatly trimmed beard. He also had a thick mustache and wore a gray three piece tweed suit.

“Good to meet you, my dear,” he said, showing no indication he wanted to touch her in any way.

His wife was thin and frowned a lot. She had dark hair done up behind her, and an ankle length blue dress with a triple strand of pearls around her slender neck. Her head rose and fell constantly, as she looked Jamie up and down. She held out her gloved hand and lightly shook Jamie's, barely using her fingers.

It was strange enough meeting his parents, let alone doing it clad in rope which squeezed her in all sorts of places she wasn't used to being squeezed – at least not in public. That made her doubly nervous, of course, even though she had assured herself no one could tell what she was wearing – or not

wearing – under the dress.

His father, James, was an executive vice president at an insurance company. His mother, from what Jamie could gather, didn't actually work. She instead had causes.

They asked what her father did, and seemed reassured when she told them he was a partner in a law firm. They seemed aghast that she was a police officer.

“You work for the New York police?” his father said in some confusion.

“I'm a police officer,” she said.

His mother stared at her. “Surely not one of those people who wears uniforms!” she exclaimed.

“Well, I don't actually wear a uniform,” she replied.

“Thank goodness. They're so... mannish. I can't imagine a lady wanting to put on such... clothing,” she said with a visible shudder.

Jamie stared at her, bemused.

Her husband then regaled Jamie with information about statistical probabilities for life incidents, which had her somewhat cross-eyed, and she asked about where Jamie lived.

“Brooklyn,” she said.

The woman looked slightly pained.

“Brooklyn has some fairly respectable properties now, dear,” her husband said, “Particularly along the waterfront. What part of Brooklyn are you from, my dear?”

He had called her 'my dear' every single time he had addressed her, Jamie noted silently.

“Brooklyn Heights,” she said.

She had been tempted to say “Red Hook, the crack capital of America,” just to see how they reacted.

He smiled approvingly and turned to his wife. “There, you see. An excellent neighborhood.”

The Red Hook district was actually not that far from where she lived, about twenty blocks or so south, but they were an important twenty blocks, that might as well have been twenty miles. Street gangs didn't tend to wander far from their home turf. The NYPD put a lot of work in to make sure they didn't try.

She eyed Danny, who was paying close attention to his steak, and then his mother caught her attention to ask her about whether she had any pets.

“Uhm, no,” she said, eyeing Danny again.

He had often referred to her AS a pet, HIS pet. Which, given he liked to put a collar on her and a couple of times had had her crawl on a leash was more than slightly degrading (and exciting at the time).

The woman launched into what was apparently one of her favorite causes, then, which was saving cats which had been abandoned by their owners. Jamie didn't mind cats. They were an independent minded bunch, and cute enough, but considered herself more of a dog person. Dogs were loyal. Cats just saw you as the source of their dinner.

“My mother is allergic,” she said apologetically, when it became obvious she was looking for Jamie to volunteer to 'foster' a few cats.

She tried not to squirm as she sat there. The chair was hard, and the rope was tight around delicate parts of her body. It felt unnatural having that on and nothing else beneath the dress, particularly in the stodgy environment of the Waldorf, and Danny's ancient (in attitude if not age) parents.

Her breasts felt swollen and her nipples tingled whenever they brushed

against the dark fabric of the dress. The constant pressure up between her legs kept her throbbing there, and then there was that butt-plug. Just wearing one out in public made her feel self-conscious, and reminded her too much of that wild and outrageous thing in Central Park he'd done with her last week.

But it and the rope were also a promise of what was going to happen after this dinner was done and they ditched his parents, she thought.

His parents were quite possibly the most boring people Jamie had ever met. Not only was the conversation about thoroughly uninteresting subjects but their very voices were strangely toneless, dry and stiff. She tried to bring up relatively safe conversational gambits but each was brushed aside, and she didn't think they'd want to hear about her chasing and jumping on purse snatchers and muggers.

Which was odd, because everyone else she knew did.

But she wasn't bored. Not with the rope digging into her, and a sense of dark, breathless anticipation growing, along with wariness about what he might be planning. She was fairly sure she'd made it clear that he was not to bring anyone new into their sexual relationship – at least not without asking her first!

Then again, the fanciful thought of him and Terris doing her together kept creeping into her mind, though she was quite sure Danny wouldn't welcome a male party! Then again, maybe she could bargain... No, no! What kind of a pervert was she becoming!?

Or was he turning her into!

At last the dinner came to an end, and Danny was able to make the excuse that they had to be up early for work the next morning. He led her out through the marble foyer and she rolled her eyes.

“Lovely, aren't they?”

“Well, I mean, they seemed ... nice.”

“And enough to make your teeth want to fling themselves free of your jaw and run away to escape,” he replied dryly.

“They're not the most... exciting people I've met.”

He snorted.

“But they're your parents,” she said.

“My feelings about them are complicated but I do love them. I would just rather not spend a great deal of time alone with them.”

“Well, it's kind of hard to blame you.”

“You, on the other hand, are considerably more exciting.”

“I should think so. And what are you planning on doing to make my life exciting tonight?”

“Surprises are always more exciting.”

“Sometimes unpleasantly so.”

They went back upstairs to the hotel room where he quickly removed her dress.

“Are you planning on returning that to the store?”

“Of course not,” he said, as if the idea had never occurred to him.

“Good, I'll keep it. I kind of like it.”

“I have excellent taste.”

He pushed her so she fell forward onto the bed, then knelt above her and drew her arms back behind her.

“You're gonna do something perverted again, aren't you?” she demanded, pulse picking up sharply.

“Uh huh.”

Chapter Four

He bound her wrists together behind her, then lifted her ankles up and back and bound them to her wrists so her body was tightly hog-tied, her chest bowed back.

She was on a four poster bed, with rails crossing from the top of each post above. He tied a rope around one rail, dropped it down low, and then fed it through the complicated mass of ropes which bound her ropes and ankles together before standing again and tossing it over the opposite rail.

He pulled that down and then Jamie felt the ropes around her wrists and ankles tighten as the pressure pulled on them. She gasped as she was lifted off the bed to dangle there about a foot above the mattress, her wrists and ankles hanging from the rope above the middle of the bed and her body bowed back.

“At least, for a pervert, you have a good imagination,” she gasped, raising her head and staring up and back over her shoulder.

He swept a black silk scarf up, folded it over, and used it to blindfold her. That, of course, increased her anxiety level considerably.

“Now I'm inviting in the crowds,” he said in a dry voice.

“You better not be!” she gulped.

He chuckled throatily, then she felt his hands gently cupping her breasts which hung below her, encircled by rope. His hands stroked and caressed them with a soft, gentle touch, gliding over her skin, then drew back to roll and stroke her nipples before plucking them more firmly.

She felt herself turned, and had no idea which direction she was now facing as his hands touched her here and there, stroking, teasing, taunting and occasionally pinching. She gasped as he combed her hair up and back and

then used it to lift her head up.

“This is my friend Paul,” he said, as she felt the unmistakable warmth and texture of a cock push through her open mouth. “Be nice to him and swallow every inch of his cock,” Danny said. “I’ve bragged about your skills, slave girl, so you need to do a good job.”

She moaned around the thick shaft as it slid over her tongue. She knew it was him, or at least, she was 99% certain it was. But the mere possibility it wasn't, the dark outrage behind such a thought, added a wicked tinge to the heat starting to burn so hotly within her.

It was certainly the size she was familiar with, anyway, as it pumped slowly in and out, allowing her to suck and lick. It pushed deep into her throat, then, with him holding her hair up firmly until she felt her lips pressed together around the base, up against his groin.

He held her there for long seconds, then drew slowly back until she was gasping for breath.

“Excellent job, slave.”

She felt herself swinging around, then caught by the thigh. She felt his fingers between her legs, stroking her beneath the knotted rope. She felt the rope pulled aside. Then something pierced her, and it wasn't, she thought, Danny. It was one of his dildos, she thought breathlessly, as it pushed deeper into her, pumping in and out.

She was swung around again, and then her body changed directions so she had no idea where she was pointing. Then something sharp bit into her left nipple and she cried out in pain.

“Ow! Ow! That hurts!” she gasped.

“Good. Slave girls need to feel pain.”

“I don't like pain!”

“You'll like this.”

She felt another sharp pain against her other nipple and yelped again.

“Ow! Danny!” she cried.

“Baby,” he said.

Something pushed into her open mouth, something very thick and... round. She felt her lips forced wider, felt the whatever-it-was being squeezed through. It was malleable enough to do so, but then expanded once past her teeth as he pushed it in to fill her mouth. It was like a gag, she realized, with a strap she felt going across her cheeks to fasten together behind her head!

A ball gag!

“No more complaints from you,” he said.

She yelped as something tugged at her nipples. They were... clips, she quickly realized, with something hanging from them, something heavy which tugged and swung as her body moved! The sharp initial pain began to fade into a dull throbbing as he pumped the dildo in and out of her, and then she heard the buzzing of a vibrator and felt it against her clitoris.

The rapid little vibrations made her insides thrum with even more energy as he pumped the dildo in and out, angling it down and deep so that she gasped each time the nose punched against what she thought must surely be the deepest part of her sex!

“Scream, slave girl,” he whispered into her ear, “You know you want to.”

Jamie had never been a screamer during sex. To begin with, none of her partners had ever really given her cause to. On top of that she had a certain measure of dignity and a deep and abiding interest in how her partners saw her.

But the sensations Danny roused in her were far more powerful than anything else she'd ever felt, and he'd put her through writhing, bucking, multiple orgasms many times, causing her to lose much of her self-control and cry out in helpless pleasure.

What she'd started to realize, too, was that the more she lost control, in fact, the less effort she made at controlling her reactions and responses, the more intensely she felt the sensations sweeping through her body.

Yet even though she'd been sleeping with Danny for months now it still embarrassed her to give in to the strength of those sensations, or at least, to do so in an unmistakable fashion which clearly appealed to his sense of macho arrogance. She did not like crying out in pleasure. She tended to minimize it as long as she had any self-control left.

But now she was gagged, she realized, and the noises she was already making, her gasps and yelps and moans, were heavily muffled by the thing filling her mouth and holding her jaws apart. She felt herself approaching orgasm, and her gasps became louder as he thrust the dildo steadily inside her and ground the vibrator across her clitoris.

Then there was a pause, and she felt the clips on her nipples bite in as if they were both suddenly tugged down and towards her belly. Another tug, another, and another, even as he pumped the dildo and held the vibrator pressed against her!

The tugs became faster, sharper, and she cried out again and again, her cries rising as the intensity of the sensations sweeping through her grew more powerful. She came, swinging and jerking and trembling, crying out into the gag, heat and the crackle of sexual electricity engulfing her body as the orgasm went on and on.

When it ended she moaned dazedly, head hanging down, gulping in air as she swung in place above the bed. She felt the clips pulled free of her nipples, which sent a surge of initial pain as the blood flow returned, followed by a kind of pins and needles sensation of relieved pleasure.

Then something else was placed against the center of her right breast, something small and hollow which formed a circle as it pressed against her soft skin. She felt a sudden suction coming from within, a suction which grew so that she felt her nipple tingle even more, felt it throb and pulse!

The suction remained, and her nipple throbbed powerfully! Then she felt a similar something placed against the center of her other breast, a couple of inches wide, centered on her nipple. The steady suction came and that nipple started to throb and pulse, as well!

Her body swung and turned, and then she felt the dildo slide out of her, then slide back in – only it was a different one this time, she realized. It was thicker, and shaped differently. It pushed deep, angled up and out against the wall of her stomach.

And it had a branch near the bottom! She recognized it, at once, as the original vibrator he had used on her the other day. It had a spring clip near its base which angled up across the top of her sex to hold it pressed firmly over her clitoris.

It began to throb, and she moaned weakly as her body was spun a little one way, then the other way. Then there was nothing; no touch, no words from him for the longest time.

Jamie hung awkwardly in place, ankles and wrists up and back above her, her torso bowed down, suspended above the bed, her body buzzing from the vibrator, her nipples throbbing, and her mind alive with a dazed sense of dark heat and excitement.

She wasn't sure if it were her excitement, her arousal, which made her body more sensitive, but she began to feel a deep heat spreading throughout her torso, and her lower belly in particular pulsed to the same rhythm as the vibrator.

When the orgasm arrived she twisted and writhed, her head thrashing as she cried out in pleasure, gasping and trembling as her body sought to buck and grind in the normal instinctive ways but was denied. Then, just as the orgasm faded the suction things were removed from her nipples and his fingers began to stroke and caress her there.

Her nipples, her areola, even the flesh around them felt incredibly swollen and hyper-sensitive! Jamie gasped and moaned and shuddered as his fingers deftly manipulated her breasts and her hips began to grind helplessly against

the vibrator as she was launched into another orgasm!

She felt one of the hands leave her breast, and the vibrator was pushed against her, jammed against her! It couldn't go any deeper, of course, not with that 'branch' angled off to slide up the outside of her sex. But the pressure jammed it against her opening, and as it was twisted a little from side to side, the vibrator was ground from side to side over her clitoris, producing another wild explosion of sensation!

She wasn't sure if it was another orgasm or a continuation of the second – or was it the third!? Jamie shudder as her nerve endings crackled and snapped, her muscles spasmed wildly, and dark pleasure swept through her body and mind!

His hands went away, and then she felt the lip of the round thing, a small cup, she thought, pressed against the center of her breast once more. Suction made her flesh tingle, and then the same thing happened with her other breast, and she was left in place for long minutes, panting and moaning.

Abruptly, she fell. It was startling for she was dazed and unprepared. It wasn't much of a fall, of course, merely a foot or so to the bed. She landed on her belly, but quickly fell onto her side, moaning weakly. Then strong hands turned her further, and she felt his mouth at her clitoris, licking strongly, forcing her into another orgasm!

One of the suction things was pulled off her breast and his mouth shifted position, licking, sucking and chewing on her swollen flesh, crossing and re-crossing the point of pain as his teeth bit into her hungrily and he sucked fiercely!

The vibrator pumped in and out of her, then jammed in hard, just as he removed the ball gag from her mouth.

“This is Bill,” he said. “He wants some of that hot oral that Paul got.”

She moaned weakly as the cock slid into her open mouth, pumped smoothly in and out, then pushing deep into her throat. It pulled back, and she was rolled over onto her other side.

“Now it's Jeff's turn,” he said as another cock – the same one, of course – pushed into her mouth once more and pumped in and out.

He used the full length of his shaft, and it was a long one, the head moving from almost the tip of her tongue too deep in her throat, then back again, repeatedly, using her face, fucking her face as he held her hair, moving more roughly now so that, despite her experience, she began to gag and gasp.

It pulled out, leaving her panting and moaning.

“Jeff had a good time,” he said.

He rolled her over once more.

“Now it's Brad's turn.”

She gasped as a tug on her hair forced her head back sharply once more, opening her mouth, and his cock pushed in through her open lips. He was using her hair now, holding her head in position as he thrust in and out with long, slow strokes.

Her nipples throbbed and burned, her scalp stung, and her insides flamed even as her mind was gripped by dazed confusion. The continuous throat fucking was making her light-headed from lack of breath, which added to a sense that the world was spinning around her.

Of course, it was she who was spinning, she thought.

He thrust deep, until her lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft, and held her in position as her heart pounded and her chest began to burn. Then he pulled slowly back, releasing her hair as she gulped in ragged breaths.

“Nick? Would you like to use my slave's throat now?” he asked.

She was rolled onto her side, and a hand roughly gripped her hair, twisting her head back. Again, her mouth opened, and his cock pushed deep into her throat, pumping in and out as his hand – a hand anyway, ran roughly over her body, kneading and squeezing her breasts, pulling free the suction things to

twist and caress her swollen nipples.

The cock pulled out and she was flipped onto her shoulders, her arms and legs beneath, her thighs forced slowly apart by strong hands. The rope was pulled aside from her sex and his tongue was there, licking strongly. She ached. The knot had ground against her strongly, but now his tongue was lapping at her and her body began to pulse with the growing roar of uncontrollable heat.

He pumped the dildo as he licked at her, driving her to another orgasm, then another, as she writhed and twisted and bucked against the ropes binding her so tightly.

Dazed, disheveled, hair spilling over her face, she groaned blindly as he began to play with the ropes. Her ankles were untied and her body mercifully unfolded, taking the taut pressure off her back which had been throbbing for some minutes.

He lifted her hips up, slapping her bottom, then her wrists were untied, only to be pulled back firmly. She groaned as her body was bent double, but at least this time it was bent in a natural directly. There was still rope around her wrists, and now she felt it being wrapped around her legs just above the knees, binding them together as well as holding her wrists in place.

Of course, with her body bent so sharply her face was jammed up and back by the mattress, and her bottom was raised high, her thighs practically pressed against her chest.

Crack! Something hit her bottom, a strap, which stung sharply!

“Are you my bitch?” he asked in a deep, stern voice.

Crack!

“Ow,” she gasped.

“Are you my bitch?”

Crack! The strap cut across her upraised bottom a third time, and Jamie

moaned dazedly.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Don't!” she moaned.

“Are you my bitch?”

“Yes!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I'm your bitch!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Say I'm Danny's bitch.”

“I'm Danny's bitch!” she moaned.

It was degrading to say it, but not really, not in the state of mind she was in. It was, in fact, darkly thrilling to say it, however wounding to her pride.

Crack!

“Are you my sex slave?”

“Yes!” she groaned.

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I'm Danny's sex slave!” she cried.

The vibrator was still jammed into her, the small branch pressed against her clitoris now trapped between her thighs, which were tightly locked

together.

Crack!

“Say it again.”

“I'm Danny's sex slave!” she groaned.

Crack!

“Again.”

“I'm Danny's sex slave!” she cried.

“That means I own this beautiful slut body, doesn't it?” he said, his fingers caressing her upraised buttocks. “I own this gorgeous ass.”

He slapped it sharply, then his fingers slid down over the tight line of her sex.

“I own this tight little pussy.”

She cried out as she felt his hand in her hair, yanking her head up and back.

“I own this soft hair.”

A hand pushed in under her to grope her breast.

“I own these breasts,” he said.

Crack!

“And I can do anything I want to this body I own.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Don't! Danny!” she moaned.

“Say master.”

She cringed a little inwardly. She still thought it silly but... it was also deliciously hot in the mood she was in.

“Master!” she panted.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Say please master.”

“Please, master!” she gulped.

She felt his hand on the vibrator, grinding it against her.

“Say please fuck me master.”

“Please fuck me, master!” she groaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The strap snapped down across her bottom with sharp, stinging blows that made her gasp and yelp and moan, made her buttocks burn hotter and hotter. Then she felt his fingers at her back opening, at the base of the plug he'd shoved into her.

She groaned as he worked his fingers under it and slowly drew it back, forcing the much wider, thicker plug inside her to slowly force its way out, spreading her open until it slid through and out. A moment later he pushed into her, thick and slick and warm, pushing deeper and deeper until she ached!

But she ached deliciously!

She grunted helplessly as his thick shaft slid back and forth inside her, her body still buzzing to the rhythm of the vibrator, his cock filling her up, making her ache and cramp as it pushed all the way in. Then his hips began

to strike her upraised buttocks, harder and harder, shaking her body, then the bed, as he rammed himself into her.

She felt his fingers in her hair, then felt it yanked up and back as he thrust, as he rode her, as he used her. She cried out dazedly, her scalp burning as her head was forced back, and cried out again as his hips slapped more and more savagely against her upraised buttocks!

She felt as though she were adrift on a tiny raft in a storm-tossed sea, blinded by the darkness and the entire world shifting, turning and tilting around her! Another orgasm rolled over her, and her cries became louder, more passionate and unrestrained.

Still he rode her, his hips bruising her buttocks as the bed shook, as the orgasm faded and rose and faded and rose again, and her mind drowned in sensation and heat and the dark, seething power of her own arousal. She was drunk on the pleasure, feverish with the heat, and threw herself into the churning, overheated flood of pleasure and desire as it drowned her in passion.

Chapter Five

It did not escape Jamie's thought that her colleagues at work would have quite a different opinion of her if they had the slightest idea of how she'd spent her evening.

Oh, as it was they already thought her kind of hot and sexy, if unobtainable. But they also thought her tough, capable, competent, and thought her general stolid lack of gossip or complaints showed a sense of confidence.

Doubtless they would have an entirely different picture of her if they knew what she'd let Danny do to her, and that was part of her doubts and stress about their kinky relationship. But her body craved his nasty sex the way it might if addicted to drugs. The pleasure was too powerful, the excitement too intense.

She was still herself, of course, and yet, she wasn't, not entirely. She felt subtly different, more sexual, more aware of and delighted in her sexuality, more tempted to flirt and to dress provocatively, more aware of male eyes on her and to the thought of what they might be thinking.

That was particularly so with Terris sitting in the car beside her. They were parked illegally, one wheel and half the car up on the sidewalk of the on-ramp where South Street joined FDR Drive. Salvalaz and O'Neil were in another unmarked car behind them. Sergeant Lynch was in a van with a half dozen uniformed cops a little further down. There were marked vans around the corner with more cops.

“So have a good evening?” Terris asked.

“Yeah. It was pretty... interesting.”

“I take it you didn't watch the Miami game then,” he said in disgust.

“Football? Baseball? No, I didn't watch TV. I went to the Waldorf Astoria for dinner with my boyfriend and his parents.”

“That sounds nice, I suppose.”

“You suppose?”

“Dinner with the parents can be good or bad.”

“It wasn't a thrill,” she admitted. “That came afterwards.”

He snorted in amusement. “Swinging from the chandeliers?”

“Uhm, not quite, but of course, a wild and crazy orgy,” she said cockily.

He turned to grin at her. “How come I wasn't invited?”

“You don't have a membership card in the orgy club.”

“How do I get one?”

“Ah, many have wondered, but few have discovered the secret,” she said, wagging her finger at him.

“I've never actually been to an orgy,” he said.

“Would you? And I would like to add that's not an invitation, and just for the sake of station house gossip, no, I've never really been to an orgy.”

He laughed. “I doubt it,” he said. “Sounds complicated. I only need one woman, not five or ten. How many people in an orgy?”

“Not sure. I'd guess at least half a dozen anyway, probably more.”

“Now me and say, two women, that would be interesting.”

She rolled her eyes. “Yeah, now that's unique. Like every guy in creation doesn't want to have a threesome with his girlfriend and some other girl. And what if your girlfriend wants a threesome with two guys?”

“Depends on the guy. I don't have a girlfriend at the moment. I've had some who would be into that.”

“And you?”

“Depends. I might be jealous of some dude screwing my girlfriend, even if I was there. I'd rather do his.”

“Yeah, that's usually the problem. Guys have egos. So they want a threesome then they get pissed off afterward if they think you enjoyed it too much.”

“Oh, like girls don't have that problem?”

“Not the same. And again, for the sake of station house gossip, I've never done a threesome,” she said, scowling at him.

“I don't do gossip,” he said, in a way she believed.

He did strike her as a lot more restrained and mature than most guys his age.

“Good. I got enough people gossiping about me.”

“Well, you are kind of hot,” he said.

She rolled her eyes, but wasn't unhappy. Besides, it would be dishonest to pretend she didn't know it.

“And you? I'm surprised you don't have women dragging at your ankles every time you walk outside.”

He grinned. “Hard to run with that kinda weight on me.”

“You are pretty hot looking,” she said, rolling her eyes towards him. “Don't even try to pretend you don't know that.”

He shrugged. “It is what it is,” he said. “Getting sex is never a problem for someone who looks like me – or you. The problem is the right kind of sex

and the right kind of person.”

“I hear you. But at least you're allowed to sample more than me. Different rules for guys.”

He shrugged. “You could sample as much as you wanted, babe. You could sample a different guy every night.”

“And everyone who knew would be calling me names. You could sample a different girl every night and all the guys would be slapping your back while the girls admired you.”

He shrugged again. “I'm not responsible for establishing society's cultural views or beliefs.”

“Like the one about Black guys being... big?” she asked with a smirk.

“Well, that's not so much a belief as a truism,” he said smugly.

“Uh huh. Like blondes being slutty?”

“Hey, there is some truth in that.”

“And Black guys being attracted to blondes?”

“All men are attracted to blondes,” he replied.

“I was a blonde briefly for an undercover role.”

“I know.”

She raised her eyebrows.

“Word gets around, you know. And there's those pictures.”

She turned and glared at him. “What pictures?”

“Uhm, you know.”

She rolled her eyes and sighed. “I'd really like to prove who was responsible for getting hold of those! Anyway, I was undercover as a model. I didn't have much choice.”

“Yeah, so I heard.”

“No one said you had to look at them,” she said, glowering.

“God did.”

“God?” She stared at him.

“God made men all helpless sluts, and made us voyeurs when it comes to beautiful women.”

“God?”

“It's such a universal constant it had to be God. So... not my fault.”

“Right.”

“I had to look. Like iron attracted to magnets, you know.”

Lynch called them on the radio, then.

“Get ready. They're about five minutes out.”

“AC1-5 kk,” she said into the microphone.

“AC1-3 kk,” O'Neil said into his.

“This is gonna be a huge mess if it works,” she said.

“Even bigger one if it doesn't.”

It was Saturday morning, and one of the outlaw groups which ran illegal motorcycle runs had one planned for today. Almost a hundred and fifty bike, many of them illegal dirt bikes, were racing down the FDR, zipping in and out of traffic, popping wheelies and doing other stunts, relying on their

numbers and the speed and maneuverability of their bikes to keep them away from the police.

And, of course, their confidence that by the time the police could organize anything they'd already be dispersed and gone. Only not this time, because the police had an informer within their ranks and knew of the plan several days ago.

This portion of the FDR was raised enough to make it hard to get off, let alone to get off with a bike. The waist high, concrete edges hemmed everyone in. Once the bikers passed a certain point north of them the three anti-crime cars were going to block the southbound lanes while more cars blocked the road behind them.

The bikers were about to find that their safety in numbers had evaporated. They were all going to lose their bikes, on top of whatever charges were laid against them. The N.Y.P.D was tired of their stunt driving, of their flouting the traffic laws, and of being given the finger and laughed at whenever traffic cops tried to stop them.

Some of them would probably sue to get their bikes back, and probably win since there seemed a lot of doubt about how legal the city's forfeiture laws were. But it cost thousands of dollars to sue the city, probably more than the bikes cost to begin with, not to mention years of effort.

The NYPD was sending these people, and the other groups like them, a message. Screw with us and we'll screw you right back.

“Blockers go,” Lynch said.

They started their engines and pulled out onto South Street, racing up the ramp, lights flashing as they moved into traffic, blocking everyone, including the bikers. The marked vans pulled up behind them as Jamie spotted the flashing lights of big ESU trucks down the road.

“Surprise,” she said in amusement.

Some of the bikers turned around and tried to drive back north. Others,

with lighter bikes, tried to pick them up and drag them across the center median as the cops from the vans gleefully rushed them and yanked them back. Then a row of police vans pulled up in the closest lane in the northbound side and more cops spilled out of them.

Some of the bikers tried to ride between the cars, lane splitting, but the vans had pulled in behind the unmarked police cars to block that, and bikers were quickly being pulled off their bikes as Jamie intercepted a guy who was trying to carry his dirt bike across the barrier onto South Street.

“It's a ten foot drop,” she said, grabbing his arm.

He glared at her fiercely, but dropped the bike, and walked over to the rest where she pointed. They were all being cuffed to be led into the police vans. They were a surly, angry, resentful lot compared to the good humored cops.

“You assholes don't have nothing better to do!?” one man shouted.

“Nope! Not me!” several cops replied in amusement.

No one resisted arrest, though there was a lot of sullen muttering and curses, and a hundred and sixty two men were quickly handcuffed and hauled away in the vans. The bikes were loaded onto semis, which took longer, and would be going to the NYPD garages until they were declared forfeited. They'd then be sold at auction.

It was a neat little operation, and required very little effort on her part, which gave Jamie more time to think about the weird and kinky nature of her relationship with Danny. That, unfortunately, made her feel both guilty and horny.

Cocaine, she knew from her courses at the academy, was psychologically addictive because it stimulated the pleasure center of the brain. But so did Danny and his dirty games! The more people used coke the more they wanted more, and she was starting to feel the same sort of addiction was happening with Danny and the intense multiple orgasms which seemed to accompany his dark sexual game playing.

She thought about it and him more, and dwelling on certain memories of what he'd done to her could easily make her body pulse with excitement, her nipples harden and her lower belly thrum with energy.

And it was certainly true that she began to feeling a rising sense of anticipation and excitement even before he actually did anything that should have turned her on. Just getting tied up excited her now! And the sensations... her body's responses, were so overwhelming that she lost control!

Was she becoming some kind of nympho?!

They headed north towards Wall Street, and then pulled over. She wasn't stylishly dressed, but she could still play tourist. Terris headed to another area nearby, and Jamie wandered down the street, scanning the other pedestrians and looking for trouble.

She spent almost an hour walking around the district people watching, window shopping, and stretching her legs. She had to keep reminding herself she was being paid, and paid well, just to wander around, even if she did nothing.

Pine Street was an unprepossessing name for a narrow shadowed street. Still, the buildings along it were pricey and the people who worked in them tended to be of that sort she had come to look at in the bemused fashion of a visitor to another state or nation. They simply didn't look or act or think like she did.

Up ahead, she saw the side of federal hall, with its thick, Romanesque pillars all along the front. Pine Street had two rows of parked cars and one row of through traffic. There were few pedestrians and no tourists, and she thought she should probably shift a little further west.

That was when she saw an arm come out from behind a pillar, grab a short, slender man who had been walking by on the sidewalk, and roughly yank him in behind the pillar.

The radio on her hip was miniaturized, and had a microphone attached to a wire which ran up her sleeve and attached to the inside of her wrist. She held

it up to her mouth now and keyed it.

“AC1-5, 10-10 Federal hall, Pine street entrance,” she said into the microphone.

“AC1-6 on the way,” Terris' voice said almost immediately.

Radio also dispatcher a radio car as she reached under her jersey and undid the safety from her Glock. She held her hand on the butt as she made her way up the sidewalk, then out into the street to put the parked cars between her and the pillar.

The man she'd seen pulled in was up against the pillar, looking frightened as a taller Black guy of about twenty frisked him. The black guy looked at her as she came into sight, and she pulled the Glock out as he held up a knife.

“Police! Freeze!” she shouted.

He bolted, heading up William Street as she ran after him.

“10-13, in foot pursuit of robbery suspect armed with a knife, west on William!” she shouted into her wrist.

They passed Nassau and headed for Broadway, where he almost got hit by a cream colored van but dodged aside as the van's tires screeched, then tumbled over a mini and continued running with her right behind. Startled pedestrians jumped back and stared, and cars swerved and screeched as he jumped the low metal picket fence into Trinity church's cemetery and she followed.

“AC1-5 going west through Trinity cemetery!” she said into her wrist as sirens started to sound nearby.

He headed straight across the cemetery but when he reached the opposite fence he stopped briefly as he realized the fence sat atop a retaining wall ten feet above the sidewalk. He turned north and ran along the fence. Jamie cut the angle and got closer but he jumped over the fence onto the wooden roof of scaffolding set up in front of an old building next to the cemetery.

She hopped the fence after him, and was only six feet behind when he jumped off the front of the scaffolding onto the roof of a cube van parked at the curb. He slid down the front as a blue and white screeched up and Jamie jumped down after him.

He ran across Broadway and down Thames Street, which was so narrow it barely qualified as a street and was filled with pedestrians. The uniforms were right behind him and Jamie just behind them. Greenwich was filled with tourists as he turned up the street and as another blue and white came racing around the corner.

Gasping for breath he stopped, collapsing onto his knees and then throwing himself face down on the road as the two cops got out, guns drawn. A moment later Terris ran up, winded, but not out of breath, and they watched the four uniforms cuff and search him.

“You are always getting into trouble, girl,” he said.

“I don't know about getting into it, but it does seem to find me,” she replied.

She returned to the station to fill out the paperwork and have lunch. Just as at Midtown North, anti-crime ate at their desks, not in the lunch room. The lunch room wasn't very big, after all, and the uniforms coming in from patrol didn't have desks to eat at.

“I can't believe you're eating that for lunch,” Terris said.

She looked at him idly.

“What's wrong with potatoes?”

“It's a potato. All by itself. With nothing else.”

“I put salt on it. Potatoes are healthy.”

He rolled his eyes and she glanced down at what he was eating.

“Red meat is bad for you,” she said with a smirk.

“I'm a predator. I need meat.”

“Not true. Anyway, it doesn't have to be red meat. Try chicken or turkey. Much better for you.”

“I like blood!” O'Neil said from the other desk.

She raised her eyebrow. “Turkeys don't bleed?”

“Nothing like a good steak. Mmmm.”

“You're eating a burger, O'Neil.”

“Same basic idea.”

She finished her second baked potato, then picked up desert, which was a banana.

“I get enough weird food at home,” she said. “I prefer to keep my lunches simple.”

She peeled the banana and felt a little prickle of amusement, aware they were watching her as she slid her lips down it – slower than she might have – then bit off a chunk.

“So bananas make you run fast?” Terris asked.

“Long legs make me run fast, and exercise, and good breathing.”

“You look like a good breather,” O'Neil said with a straight face.

She rolled her eyes at him and frowned.

After lunch they headed down Seventh Avenue then West Broadway then Greenwich where Terris pulled over at a disturbance outside an electronics store, where it looked like two men were wrestling. He got to them first and pulled them apart.

“What's going on?”

“He a thief!” the Asian shopkeeper shouted, pointing at a scrawny looking white guy with dirty brown hair.

“How is he a thief?”

“He give me credit card which is stolen!”

The white guy tried to edge around and move back but Jamie moved up behind him.

“Police,” she said, grabbing his arm.

Terris examined the credit card and then called it in.

“You got any ID?” Jamie asked the guy.

He looked sullenly at her and she pulled him around and pushed him against the side of a car.

“Hands on the hood,” she said.

She pulled a wallet from his pocket which had a driver’s license which didn’t match the credit card. The card came back stolen, and the driver’s license came back as registered to a guy with a long string of drug and burglary arrests.

They cuffed the white guy and put him in the back of the car.

“See, like I said, stuff happens around you,” Terris said with a grin.

“You spotted it!”

“I bet you just like his giant nigger cock!” a guy shouted as he drove by.

They turned to stare after him, and Jamie looked up at Terris.

“You have a giant nigger cock?” she exclaimed with wide eyes.

He snorted. “It’s big enough.”

“How good for you!”

“Uh huh.”

“I won't ask to see it.”

“Wouldn't want to scare you,” he said, going around the car to get in the driver's side.

“I don't scare easily,” she said with a smirk, getting in the rear next to their collar.

Chapter Six

“You're gorgeous, as usual,” Danny said, as he picked her up. “Sometimes I wonder if I should even say that. It seems redundant, like remarking that you're tall every time we meet.”

She smiled. “I don't mind a little repetition.”

“Okay, you look gorgeous. You look gorgeous in jeans, and gorgeous when you're naked, and even more gorgeous when you're writhing around on a bed having an orgasm.”

She flushed and felt her chest tighten.

“Thanks.”

He pulled away from the curb.

“I love watching you come.”

“Well, everyone has a hobby. Yours seems like a good, productive one”

He snorted. “I'd like to watch it while less... distracted, of course.”

She frowned.

“As, like, I'm sitting on a chair watching.”

She frowned.

“As, say, a beautiful woman makes you come.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Men are all perverts.”

“What's your point?”

“Why do all men want to see their girls with another girl?” she asked, baffled.

“I don't know. We just do.”

“Well, it's not gonna happen – again,” she said, eyes narrowing. “maybe you want to see me with another man?” she said teasingly.

Instead of rejecting the idea he shrugged.

“Seriously?” she asked.

“The thought of watching you while a man takes you, takes you roughly, that could be... mind blowing.”

She stared at him.

“You better not have –.”

He shook his head. “Just you and me tonight, honey. And you're going to be my little massage girl.”

“I'm what?” she asked, eyes widening.

“You're going to give me a massage,” Danny said with a smirk.

“Have a sore back, old man?”

“Ha ha,” he said, unamused. “This is more the kind of massage you get in Bangkok.”

“Uh oh,” she said.

“Don't worry. I'll show you how. I want you to be a good slave girl, after all.”

“Yeah, I'm sure you do.”

They were in an expensive condo – one which had just about finished construction. They'd been here before, though in a different apartment, and had done nasty things on the balcony overlooking central park one night. Nasty, dangerous, thrill seeking things.

The DEA apparently had made some deal with the developer to let them use the building to monitor someone they were watching in the building across the street. She was certain the DEA would be outraged if they found out he was also using it as a 'love pad', but she had a healthy respect for his caution, so assumed he didn't think he'd be caught.

The building wasn't yet completed, and there were no occupants. There was no furniture, and the condo Danny had led her to wasn't completely done yet. It still needed to have some painting and plastering done. There were stickers on the windows and not all the electrical outlets had been closed.

But the master bathroom was done, if unpainted. It was enormous, bigger than some people's whole apartments. The shower stall could have packed in a dozen people without them touching each other. The long marble counter could have had half a dozen women doing their makeup at the same time.

In addition to that there was a six foot by six foot Jacuzzi with a wooden deck, and a massage table, a makeup desk with chair, various recessed lights, a heated floor, and an enormous mirrored wall at one end – opposite the massage table.

Danny had a square box like a small briefcase which he placed on the cabinet, then smiled at her.

“Get naked, slave girl.”

Jamie looked at the door uncertainly. It was weird getting naked in a big empty building, but she was getting used to weirdness being a part of her sexual life. She snorted and peeled her blouse up and off, then undid her linen trousers and slid them down and off as she toed off her sneakers.

“You have some kind of imagination, Danny. Is sex ever going to be the same with you two nights in a row?”

“YOLO,” he said with a grin.

“Uh huh.”

When she was naked he opened the wooden box and she blinked and shook her head.

“You're like, a professional pervert,” she said admiringly.

“No, just a talented amateur. I don't get paid, after all.”

Inside the box, in felt cutouts, were four small stainless steel bracelets and a larger matching collar. Each was about three inches wide, and had a heavy round rings dangling from one side.

Jamie smiled and shook her head again as he took her hand and raised it, then carefully placed one of the metal restraints around her wrist, clicking it closed. He put on the second, then had her put her feet on the edge of the counter as he put the same restraints around her ankles. Finally, he placed the collar around her throat and clicked it closed.

Jamie, of course, pretended to a casualness she didn't feel. Being naked and with the certainty of hot, nasty sex had aroused her to begin with. Now as he guided her over before the mirrored wall and she saw herself she felt muscles clenching low in her belly and her chest tightening.

“Slave girl,” he whispered.

“You wish.”

He undressed, and did it in a way most men don't, aware of her eyes on him and playing to it. He looked better naked than any other man she'd ever known, and her sense of heat and anticipation grew as he grinned at her and took her hand, then led her to the Jacuzzi.

They sank into the hot, bubbling water, and she saw there was a bottle of wine and two glasses on the wooden deck which bordered it. This, she thought, was at least different than being tied up and unable to do anything!

He poured for her and then himself and then took a sip. She was doing the same when he set his glass down and lifted her up from where she'd been seated, to sit her across his lap under the water. His hand slid between her thighs, forcing her to spread them, and she felt a jolt as his hand cupped her sex and his thumb began to stroke her clitoris.

Jamie had her hand on his shoulder as she adjusted to her new 'seat' and let it slide up and down over his skin as she turned in to kiss him. Her left hand slid up and down his chest, eager to explore the soft skin over the hard muscle beneath.

Their lips met in a smooth, moist kiss that went on and on, their lips massaging each other as their tongues slid languidly together. At least until she felt the hand behind her gripping her hair and forcing her head sharply up and back.

She gasped, her hands instinctively moving up and back to grab his wrist.

“No. Don't touch my hand. Just accept it,” he said in a soft voice. “Put your hands down.”

Her pulse rate quickening, Jamie obeyed, staring up at the ceiling as he leaned in to mouth her nipple, to chew and suck on the center of her breasts. It wasn't in her nature to be passive during sex but the many times of late that she'd had no choice, where she'd been tied up, was starting to make it a habit.

He pulled her head forward again, kissing her on the lips once more, and her hands rose, caressing his chest and shoulders as his right hand remained between her thighs, the soft pad of his thumb stroking, sometimes idly, sometimes quickly across the swollen button of her clitoris.

The water was hot and bubbly, adding to her sense of being overheated as he roused her body to thrumming sexual tension. He was hard himself, she noted, trying to grind her buttocks against him.

Again he pulled back on her hair, and her hands half rose but then fell again as she stared up at the ceiling, her back arched, his mouth licking and sucking and chewing its way across her breasts. She groaned low in her

throat, then gasped as he pulled her head forward but to the side, his lips on her throat, his mouth chewing lightly on the nape of her neck.

“Kneel,” he ordered.

He turned her and had her kneel facing him, then picked up a bottle of some kind of slick, slippery oil and squirted it over her breasts. His other hand spread it out, rubbing, caressing, kneading her flesh gently, spreading a thick, slick layer across her chest.

He squirted more oil, spreading it over her shoulders and down her arms, then along her back.

“Stand, slave girl.”

She stood up and he looked into her sex, then squirted more oil, spreading it over her belly, and, of course, between her legs, his fingers stroking and massaging it into her body, over her thighs and hips, then over her buttocks.

He oiled her up thickly, then stood up, dripping wet, and climbed out of the tub. He lay on the massage table instead, on his belly, and gestured at her with an almost mocking grin.

“A massage, slave girl,” he said.

Jamie stepped out of the tub, moving to the table and picked up the oil. She squirted it onto his back and then let her hands start to spread it in.

“No, slave girl. You don't stand next to me. Get on the table. Sit on me,” he said. “Use your body to oil me up.”

Jamie felt a little rush of heat and climbed onto the table, straddling him. She leaned in against him, then lowered herself onto his body, her hands spreading the oil up along his hips as she pushed with her knees so that her very slippery, oily breasts slid up the backs of his thighs, across his buttocks, and over his lower back.

The feel of her slick oiled flesh sliding across his was a delicious tactile pleasure, and her nipples pulsed as her breasts throbbed. Jamie squirted more

oil, then slid her body higher, her breasts and belly sliding up and down against his back as her hands massaged the oil into the sides of his ribs.

Her heart was beating quickly as her insides pulsed with excitement, and she slid back downwards, then back up, moaning low in her throat as her slippery crotch slid along his buttocks and she brought her breasts down against the back of his neck.

He had her rise and kneel as he turned around, and now, she thought, things got more interesting, as she slid herself upwards, letting her slippery breasts rub up and down against his cock, which was now fully erect.

She guided her arms in to squeeze her breasts from the sides, pressing them up and down against his long, thick shaft as she slid up and down, getting breathless with excitement as she rolled her body from side to side.

She gasped as he seized her hair, pulling her upwards, her breasts sliding along his belly and over his chest, her oiled mound now rubbing back and forth against his erection as he kissed her.

He gripped her hands, then, pulling them together on his chest. His big hands went to the metal restraints around her wrists, and he drew them tight, then pressed a small clasp in one of the rings to open it, guided it in against the identical ring on the other, and let it close, locking her wrists together before her.

She pushed down against his chest, straightening herself, grinding herself in and out along his shaft so that the raw heat roiled her mind. Every time her oiled clitoris slid across his erection she moaned as a rush of sexual energy swept through her mind and body!

His hands slid down her back and onto her buttocks, kneading and caressing them, then one hand pushed between her thighs, rubbing her clitoris! Jamie gasped, grinding herself against his fingers and the orgasm swept over her as she cried out in helpless pleasure, bucking more and more frantically against his oiled fingers.

She groaned and collapsed atop him, panting, his hands stroking up and

down her oiled body.

“Continue, slave girl,” he ordered.

She pushed herself up off his chest, and let her hands stroke excitedly up and down and across it, then lowered her chest so that her breasts would caress him instead. She slid her breasts back down along his belly and over his groin, taking his thick cock between them, angling her arms in to squeeze them tightly around it as she massaged him.

“By the way,” he said. “The oil is edible.”

She moaned low in her throat and slid slowly back, then licked and sucked his balls into her mouth. The oil tasted like strawberries, as she licked her way up his slick, dripping cock, then took the head between her lips and slid down its length without pause, taking him all the way down her throat until her lips were tightly locked around the base of his shaft.

She rolled her eyes up at him to meet his looking back, then slid her lips slowly up once more, gasping for breath as they came free. She licked long, slow lick along his shaft, then let her face slide in, her cheek pressing down against the stiff cock, rubbing back and forth across it as she pressed her face in against his groin.

She straightened and slid her groin forward once more, until she was straddling his hips, grinding herself by sliding herself up and down against his flesh, rubbing her sex along his shaft as the dark, raw heat spread through her body and mind once again.

His hands kneaded her breasts, squeezing them strongly, then slid down along her sides and hips and onto her buttocks. She leaned over to kiss him as he gripped her buttocks and lifted them upwards. His cock sprang up, and she reached down to grip it, panting, moaning, pressing the nose against the entrance to her sex, and then sliding herself down.

The soft, warm, slippery head forced the lips of her sex wide and pushed up into her body, and she reveled in the tightness and the feeling of an aching fullness as he slid deeper. She groaned as her body slid down its length,

impaling herself, then leaned over once more to kiss him again.

She worked her hips up and down, slowly at first, but quickly losing her patience, gasping and moaning as she rode him. She felt his hands on her ass again, and then his oiled fingers pushing up into her bottom. She groaned weakly, submitting to it despite her mental qualms, and then feeling a dark tide of heat as his long fingers pushed deep.

She rode him as his fingers pumped in and out of her, and another orgasm tore through her, more intense, this time. She cried out, her movements more frantic as she rode him, as she felt the wild heat spreading through her body and mind. His fingers pumped into her bottom in time to his cock in her pussy, and she cried out again and again as the orgasm shattered her mind!

She kept riding him, though, as the orgasm overwhelmed her nervous system, and the sense of wild, animal hunger surged within her like a roller coaster, making her body and mind frantic with hunger and need even as the orgasm faded.

He rolled over – carefully, given how narrow the table was – and her legs fell apart, her knees sprawling over the sides of the table as he thrust into her harder and faster. Then he drew back, rising to his knees. He gripped her slender body in his big hands and roughly flipped her over onto her belly.

A moment later his hands jerked her hips up high and drew her buttocks back against him.

Jamie moaned weakly, her shackled wrists starting to raise her up onto all fours. A firm hand behind her neck pressed her back down against the table, however, her breasts pillowing out below her as she felt his cock rubbing along the line of her sex.

He pushed into her, riding her, his cock slick and hot and hard, and she groaned as he thrust deeper and harder, as his hips began to slap harder against her upraised buttocks until, with another long, undulating cry of pleasure, she felt another powerful orgasm tear through her!

Still he thrust, harder and faster, almost hurting her with the animal

savagery of his lust, growing at her as he rode her body, as his hands yanked and groped at her and his cock impaled her repeatedly. Then, with a shuddering gasp, he came as well, giving her a final series of long, powerful thrusts until finally burying himself in her, forcing her onto her belly and laying, panting, atop her.

But that did not, of course, mean the night was done.

They showered in the large shower stall, cleaning off the oil. He then dried himself and ordered her to clean the room. She raised her eyebrows indignantly at that, but the role of 'sex slave' was darkly and deeply fascinating, and so she made no real objection.

The oil, thankfully, was water soluble, so it was a small matter to clean off the massage table. The Jacuzzi and shower only needed a few wipes of the towels he'd brought. While she was cleaning, Danny left the room, and by the time she'd finished he was fully dressed again.

From the look in his eyes, however, getting dressed wasn't in her own immediate future.

“What do you have planned?” she asked warily.

“Master,” he said.

“What do you have planned for me now, master?” she asked with wide, innocent eyes.

He grinned and took her arms, then unhooked the metal restraints, but only to draw her hands behind her back and hook them together once again.

“My hair is a mess,” she complained.

He gathered her hair in and wrung it out, letting the water still in it trickle down her spine and between her buttocks, bending her body back so he could mouth and chew on her nipples.

He let her straighten up and then produced a chain which he snapped to the front of the collar.

Jamie gulped, looking at it, and feeling the tightness of the metal restraints around her wrists locking her wrists behind her. A sense of helplessness swept over her, producing a crackling sexual thrill which caused her to again wonder if she was becoming addicted, her mind turning to mush.

He pulled on the chain and turned, leading her from the bathroom, then up the hall to the door of the apartment. She gulped as he led her outside. Yes, the building was supposed to be empty, but it was a whole large, multi-story building!

He led her down the hall to the elevators and pressed the button, which opened immediately. He pulled her inside, and she felt her heart beating faster as she stood there, barefoot, on the tiled floor, looking at herself in the mirrored walls.

“You better not try to take me outside!” she gulped.

He raised his eyebrows. “Is the slave girl trying to give orders to her master?” he asked.

They rode down to the main lobby, which was a thing to behold, and almost entirely finished. The ceiling was eighteen feet high, made of textured Italian marble interspersed with crystalline lighting fixtures. The floor was also marble, and what seemed like acres of it stretched out in all directions from the elevator banks.

Walking naked through it, her bare feet padding on the cool marble, was strange enough. But there was a floor to ceiling glass wall looking out onto the front drive, and anyone outside would see her clearly!

Of course, the drive was a half-circle, with a thick bank of brush in the inner bend giving some cover from the roadway. That meant anyone driving casually by probably would only get the briefest of glimpses which they wouldn't even notice. Anyone actually sitting out in the dark yard, though, would get quite the show.

But no one was there... probably!

His hand slid around her back and gripped a thick mass of hair behind her neck, jerking her head up and back!

Jamie gasped as he made her back bow again, his lips sliding in along the nape of her neck, then down. She felt his other hand between her legs, fingering her.

“Spread your legs, slut,” he growled.

She gasped at the sharp and demanding tone, to say nothing of him calling her a slut! But despite a welling sense of indignation she knew it was part of his wild, kinky master and slave games, and that made her legs almost go shaky as she obeyed, chest tightening and pulse starting to race.

“Keep those legs straight,” he growled, his voice deep, his breath warm against her ear.

He drew back, then undid his belt, drawing it out of the loops and doubling it up. His left hand gripped her bound wrists and raised them, bending her forward.

Crack!

She gasped at the sharp sting as the belt cut across her bottom.

“Are you a bad girl?” he asked.

“Yes, master!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm a ... bad girl, master!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Slut,” he said.

Crack!

She gasped at the sharp sting.

“Aren't you?”

Crack!

“Aren't you?”

“Yes, master!”

“Say it.”

“I'm a slut!” she gasped.

Crack!

“You're who's slut.”

“I'm your slut, master,” she gasped.

He jerked her body straight, then led her over next to one of the big, rounded pillars which ran from ceiling to floor. They were of the same speckled gray marble, and as thick around as a very large tree trunk.

He undid the clip binding the wrist restraints together and then dropped her left arm, taking her right and drawing it up and forward, halfway around the marble pillar. There he hooked it to something Jamie couldn't see. He quickly drew her left hand up and around the other side, drawing it taut so that her soft breasts pressed hard into the cool marble.

With that fastened he bent and took her right ankle in hand, pushing it forward, and hooking the restraint there in place and then did the same with her left. Jamie felt herself squeezed very tightly around the pillar, the entire front of her body half wrapped around it as her heart thumped faster.

Danny had carried a bag downstairs, holding both her clothing, and the box he'd taken the restraints from. Now he fished in it and pulled out the vibrator

he'd used on her before, the one with the angled lower branch. She moaned, looking over her shoulder, as he grinned at her, then he bent low and the round nose pushed against her entrance and slid up inside.

She was still extremely moist, her body thrumming with sexual tension. The vibrator was thick but not as thick as him, and he forced it all the way in, letting the little angled branch slide in between her and the pillar before he turned it on.

Jamie had never felt quite so helpless or quite so exposed! She was practically molded against the stone pillar, her cheek pressed firmly against it, her lower belly flat, and her groin jammed hard, with only the thin branch of the vibrator between it and the top of her sex.

And outside, beyond the huge glass window, was darkness, where anyone could be watching!

Danny put down the belt and took something else from the bag, something he'd used once before, but only lightly. It was a short handled whip with a dozen or so thin leather thongs. She moaned, but didn't say anything, didn't warn him, didn't demand he not....

He swung it and the flog swept down, the thin laces smacking against her back with a quick crackle of stinging pain!

It was too light, though, to cause any damage, and the pain too, was light. It stung, but it was easily bearable, and it enhanced the dark, kinky thrill of what he was doing, of the wicked game of submission and slavery he had involved her in!

The vibrator buzzed powerfully, and she shuddered, trying to grind herself against it, gasping as the flog cut down again across her back, then again, lower, then again, across her buttocks and the tops of her thighs!

The flog hurt, and the pain grew with each blow as her skin became more tender. But the wild heat was churning violently within her, and embracing every new sensation! Even as she cried out at the blows she ground herself more desperately against the vibrator as the sexual pressure grew more

intense within her.

Then he flung the thing away, his powerful body crushing her to the pillar so that she could hardly breathe. His lips were on the back and nape of her neck as she felt him fumbling at his zipper. His cock came free, hard and thick, and she cried out as he pushed against her back opening.

He was anxious, but Jamie was so swept with sexual passion, hunger and heat that her muscles spasmed wildly, without clamping down, even as he forced himself deeper and deeper into her ass! The feeling of the penetration only kicked the dark thrill up higher, and it spiraled out of control before he could get very deep.

She cried out once more as the orgasm lashed her senses, twisting and writhing, pulling against the restraints, her muscles spasming and her nerve endings snapping and crackling as he forced himself deep and began to pump hard and deep.

Another orgasm tore through her, and another, as she ground herself frantically against the vibrator and his thick spear drove up into her hard and fast, his hips soon beating a tattoo against her buttocks until he came a second time, as well.

Chapter Seven

I have the kinkiest sex life of anyone I know, Jamie mused the next day. And that was such an amazing thing she couldn't help shaking her head at it.

She looked down at her wrists, which looked somewhat red and bruised, sore from the way she'd pulled and yanked them against the restraints. She had to wear a watch over one to cover it, and dug out a gray Celtic bracelet for the other, though she rarely wore jewelry.

There were no other physical marks on her from the wild evening, which ended down the street from her house, where Danny finally parked and let her get dressed. He'd driven her home naked, with her wrists locked behind her, nervously watching the traffic and pedestrians they passed through the tinted glass.

But while she'd used up a lot of energy in their enthusiastic sex, it hadn't really been particularly physically demanding. Certainly not enough to qualify as the exercise she needed. So next morning, bright and early, she dressed for jogging and hurried downstairs.

She was not wearing the tight leggings and midriff baring top she'd worn while jogging in Battery Park, of course. She was dressed in sweat pants, t-shirt and tank top, with her hair drawn back into a pony tail.

It was early, not much past dawn. She had to be at work for eight, which meant leaving a little after seven, which meant showering around six thirty, which meant she was hitting the sidewalk at sunrise. With empty sidewalks she ran quickly, letting her legs stretch, headed for Cadman Plaza and the parks around it.

They weren't great parks, but at least they were parks, and she wasn't likely to see a lot of greenery during the rest of her day unless she wound up in Battery Park again. The early morning air felt fresh against her skin, and more importantly, smelled fresh.

That was again not something she was likely to have a lot of in Manhattan. The city founders belief that alleys between buildings produced crime and bad behavior were one of those examples of good ideas without foresight. Since Manhattan, particularly lower Manhattan, which was the oldest part of the city, had no alleys, it had nowhere for business, including restaurants, to put garbage except on the sidewalks.

The result was that instead of sitting in nice big bins in back alleys, waiting for a truck to come pick it up, all that unsightly, smelly garbage was piled in huge masses of green garbage bags along the sidewalks, sometimes making it difficult to walk around it.

Since a restaurant could produce a hundred bags of smelly garbage a week, and there were a lot of restaurants in Manhattan, the streets got pretty smelly in the summer. Nor were restaurants the only source, of course. Garbage was picked up three times a week, but even so, the smell hung over much of Manhattan on hot days and a walk along the sidewalks could be a noxious experience.

Brooklyn, thankfully, had had no such rules imposed.

She reached the park and detoured from the sidewalk onto the grass. There were numerous paved paths crossing lengthwise along the park, each bordered by a hip high metal fence. She used these as practice for jumping, much as she had when she'd been a track and field star doing the hurdles.

Hurdling the fences was easy enough, but doing it without breaking stride required practice, especially doing two in a row, as in jumping the fence on one side of a path onto the path then jumping the fence on the other side.

There was also enough privacy in the early morning to make frequent breaks to throw herself down on the grass for some quick push-ups, or to grab a low hanging branch to do some quick pull-ups along the way.

She followed Washington Street right down to the river, just below Manhattan Bridge and then into the park there, and then down to Pebble Beach, which was exactly what its name implied. There were people here, on the stone steps overlooking the river, watching the sunrise behind the towers

of Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridge to the southeast.

She went down to the water, dipped her to in the East River (for luck) and out of habit, then headed back the way she'd come, up Washington Street and under the bridges which crossed it, to Cadman Plaza.

And under the second bridge, she found trouble.

There was thick vegetation, bushes and scrubby trees around the edge of the bridge and as she ran under the bridge two men stepped out of to block her way. They had timed the interception perfectly, so that, running quickly, she would have to skid to a halt almost in front of them before turning and running away.

They were Hispanics, around twenty years old, lean and feral looking in jeans and dark t-shirts. One of them held a knife up. He didn't get a chance to say anything, though. Jamie made a split-second decision and instead of trying to stop she flung herself up and forward, her right foot extended.

It hit the chest of the guy with the knife hard, and she used her leg muscles to kick out, pushing herself up and back – and him, of course, given how the laws of physics worked.

It wasn't what they'd prepared for.

She caught him completely by surprise, and sent him flying up and back ten feet to land on his back on the hard pavement, the knife flying from his hand as his knuckles hit the ground. The other guy gaped at her as she landed nimbly, back about six feet, then pushed off on her left foot again, twisting her body to bring her right up in a sweeping side kick that took him on the side of the head and sent him flying into the street as the first guy started to pick himself up.

Jamie landed and ran forward two paces, and as the first guy got to his knees kicked him in the face. That sent his head up and back and cracking onto the sidewalk, which stunned him, as she landed twisting to the side to face the second one.

He was picking himself up too, and she strode over and punched down against the back of his neck, then dropped her weight onto him and grabbed the dazed man's right arm, forcing it up and back behind his back.

“You're under arrest,” she said.

He wasn't fighting, at least not yet. Jamie pulled her cell phone from the belt she always wore and called 911, and gave him a quick frisk, pulling a switchblade from his pocket. Within three minutes a blue and white from the 84th precinct skidded to a halt next to where the first guy still lay unconscious.

They both looked mildly stunned as they popped out of the car, eyes wide as they saw a redheaded 'girl' straddling a groaning Hispanic man and another guy laying on his back on the sidewalk.

“MOS,” she said, which basically meant Member of the Service. “I'm McCloud from the First precinct.”

They stopped staring and moved forward quickly.

“I think that guy probably needs some EMT care,” she said, pointing at the first guy.

One of the cops knelt beside him.

“Knife is there,” she said, pointing.

He nodded and briefly examined the guy before calling for an ambulance.

The second cop knelt beside her and produced cuffs. She held the perp's forearm as he slapped the cuff on his wrist, then pulled his other arm up and back and cuffed him as she slid up and off and let him do the search.

“I was jogging when they stepped out from the bushes,” she said, “That one with a knife.”

“Well that was a fucking bad idea for them, wasn't it,” one of the cops said with a grin.

He rolled the first perp over so he could cuff his hands behind his back, then stood up as the second cop lifted the dazed man to his feet. He fell down and the cop cursed.

“Mike Jenson, Eighty-Fourth. What'd you do to these hairbags?” the first cop asked?

“Kicked them in the head,” she said. “Well, that one I kicked in the face. The first one I kicked in the head and he fell down and hit his head on the sidewalk.”

“Sheeeit,” the second cop said admiringly, still trying to lift the second guy to his feet.

A second blue and white pulled in behind the first, lights flashing, and two more uniforms got out, then a third came from the other direction, and a sergeant got out.

Jamie described what had happened again as they wrote it down, gave them her address, and her supervisor's name at Anti-crime. Then the paramedics arrived, followed by another blue and white – probably because it was a quiet morning so far, so she had to describe it again.

That led into her black belt in Jiu-Jitsu, and her demonstrating a few holds for the uniforms, and she mentioned her brother was in the Eighty-third and her uncle in the Sixty Third, which established her bona fides as a member of the police family. Male cops were often doubtful about women in that regard.

She was running late, but the sergeant put in a call to notify Sergeant Lynch that she'd be delayed due to an off duty arrest, then dropped her off in front of her house.

She hurried up the stairs to avoid questions, showered quickly, blow-dried her hair, and then trotted back down. She was dressed respectfully today since she was going to be wandering the streets of lower Manhattan. She had black leather sneakers, dark gray linen slacks, a very light green blouse and a light gray linen blazer so thin she could roll the arms up.

Not that she intended to today, not with her wrists as red as they were.

The smell of breakfast grew more powerful with each floor she descended. She lived on the top floor of her family's four story brownstone. It was worth a small fortune, and had been left to her mother by her grandfather back when each floor had been rented out as a separate apartment.

Now it was one large house, with one separate apartment, the basement apartment, used by her brother Dale. She now had the whole top floor as her 'apartment' though it wasn't a separate unit like it had once been. Still, aside from getting in and out, she had pretty good privacy, and it was probably two to three times as big as any apartment she could afford herself, and far more rodent and bug free.

Her mother, she had long ago decided, was using the house as a means of keeping her kids around as long as possible, not wanting to reduce her contact with them to once a week visits. Jamie had also long ago decided that she didn't mind being bribed in this way. It saved her a lot of money and she got free meals.

Breakfast, though, was just not her thing. After a number of morning battles her mother had retreated from her initial insistence on a full, healthy breakfast all the way back to preparing the tastiest (and healthiest) smoothies she could find or make. She'd enlisted Jamie's high school track coach to help persuade her, and she'd gotten into the habit so didn't mind it – much.

This morning, though, she found herself hungrier than usual, and she suspected her mom made sure the kitchen always smelled nice in the morning as a temptation.

“You're running late,” she said, kissing Jamie as she came into the room.

“I got... delayed,” she said, staring at the pancakes her brother was eating.

“Want some pancakes?” her mom asked instantly.

“Uhm, I shouldn't.”

“Five minutes.”

She dropped down next to Colin and poured herself some milk.

“You got delayed?” he asked.

“I got talking to some guys from the Eighty-Fourth precinct,” she said.

“Won't your new boss be pissed?”

“No, the sergeant said he'd call Lynch and tell him I was doing them a favor.”

He gave her a puzzled look and she gave him a scowl. He shrugged and dropped it.

Lynch looked up from his computer as she walked into the room.

“You're only supposed to arrest people when you're being paid for it, McCloud,” he said.

“It sort of just happened.”

“Well, congratulations,” he said, handing her a wanted bill.

“What's this?”

She looked down at the paper. It had the mug shot of the guy, the second one, not the one who'd gone to hospital, and he was wanted for suspicion of homicide. Her eyes widened and she looked up at him.

“He's wanted for stabbing a guy in both eyes.”

“Yick! That must have been messy.”

“Yeah, I'll bet. The detective I talked to said there was dried blood on the knife they're going to test for a match. If it matches that's pretty much a slam

dunk for them. Good work.”

“Thanks.”

“As a reward, you get to go shopping.”

She frowned and raised her eyebrows.

The World Trade Center mall was not normally patrolled by the NYPD. As part of the World Trade Center complex the Port Authority Police were responsible for that. The mall itself was part of the transportation hub which linked the trains from New Jersey with the New York subway system, and also brought commuters into the area from Northern Manhattan, Queens and the Bronx.

The jurisdictional spats between the two police forces had eased since 9/11, though, and while the PAPD was a fair sized force with over 1600 officers, it was tiny compared to the NYPD, and more focused. It had a criminal investigation department with about a hundred detectives, though, and like the NYPD's own detectives, they sometimes asked for backup or other help from Anti-crime, usually for surveillance.

She met with a sergeant Lacy, a gruff, forty-something man who might have been a linebacker in college.

“We want you to pose as a customer,” he said.

She shrugged, still wondering why they didn't use one of their own people.

“In Victoria's Secret.”

She blinked. “Really? Why?”

“Because we think a ring of shoplifters is hitting it. Their losses have gone up tenfold in the last month, and are continuing.”

“Someone is stealing underwear?” she asked with a smile.

He shrugged and held his arms out helplessly. "It's enough that the mall owners are putting pressure on us to do something about it."

"Shouldn't they have their own loss prevention people?"

"Those stores are too small for store detectives. Anyway, it got assigned to me, and now it's assigned to you."

He took her into the store and introduced her to the manager, a prim, slender, short blonde only a few years older than Jamie, then left as soon as he could.

The store manager was named Beth, and shook her head and rolled her eyes simultaneously.

"Some men," she said.

"The men I know would love to hang around here," Jamie said.

"Yes, there are some like that. The older men seem less comfortable."

"So what are you losing?"

She looked around at the wall of fabric spread out in all directions.

"Primarily lingerie, especially bras and panties."

"And you never see anything?"

The woman shook her head helplessly and brought over the other employee on duty, a busty brunette of nineteen or so named Wendy.

"We've been checking bags more often, and specifically looking for them," she said.

"Some bags are specially designed for shoplifting," Jamie said, looking around. "But you don't have any electronic scanners to shield from."

"We've never needed them! And our items aren't that expensive. We have

nothing that costs even a hundred dollars. On the other hand, we have fifty, sixty and seventy dollar bras and panties. A handful of those can cost five hundred dollars or more.”

“Don't I know it,” Jamie said ruefully.

She wandered slowly around, eyeing the merchandise and customers equally. Spending the day in a lingerie shop was not something which was likely to pull her mind out of the gutter, though, where it had been since the previous night with Danny.

Her abdomen still kind of ached from the way her muscles had spasmed so violently and so often! And then there was Danny, who was... big down there, and who had gotten progressively more excited, and thrust progressively harder, until he was pounding against her with barely restrained passion and hunger!

She eyed the lingerie with some interest, but she did have a pretty good collection, and anyway. Danny tended to tear off her lingerie pretty fast. He'd had to buy her some to replace what he'd torn!

She wandered over to look at the sleepwear instead, and her eyes lit on a pair of black satin pajamas. Those not only would make her feel sexy but would be wearable in her own house, something she wouldn't have to hide from her mother, who still did her laundry. It had a button-up top and drawstring bottom, and she thought she'd look incredible in them.

Or maybe just the top...

She wandered back towards the lingerie as more customers entered the store, eyeing them discretely. Most were, of course, women. Most of them looked like young professionals who would have no need to steal anything.

Still, she kept careful track of what they touched, especially what they picked up, and those who went to the fitting rooms. She followed those back and forth, trying to make sure what they brought in was what they brought out, but didn't see anything amiss.

She paid special attention to anyone with shopping bags, of course, or large purses. She noticed one statuesque blonde with very short hair – clearly, she thought, a lesbian. She had sharp features, and was taller than Jamie.

Jamie did her best to be discrete, but her mind was distracted, remembering her experience with Danny the other night, where he'd mentioned his fantasy, his wanting to see her with another woman. Of course, he'd actually sprung another woman on her in the park, but that had been Jamie standing still while the woman knelt and performed oral sex on her.

Danny, she knew, wanted much more.

Eyeing the woman, who was striking, and moved in a masculine fashion, made her think of her and the blonde, together in a bed, naked – and more importantly, with Danny watching. The idea aroused her, not so much because of the woman but the thought of how crazy watching the two of them would make him.

She also thought of Terris, of him and her together, with Danny watching, or maybe joining in. God, that would be so... intense!

If she gave Danny what he wanted... maybe he would have to give her what she wanted!

Even thinking about it made her feel guilty and question how her inhibitions had gotten so frayed. But as Danny said, YOLO – you're only young once, and she had become much, much more sexual because of him. So it was his damned fault!

Then another woman caught her eye. She wasn't entirely sure why, at first. She was an overweight woman, but it wasn't like that was a rarity. She had dusky skin, not black, but perhaps Hispanic, but the face wasn't right. It looked more... Greek, perhaps, or East Indian, but not darker skinned.

Then she realized what was strange wasn't her look, but that her face was fairly narrow compared to the rest of her. She was obese, though not hugely so. And she had a mass of curly black hair around her face. From some angles her face looked fatter, and from others it looked more slender.

Makeup at work, she thought. And then she saw the Adams apple. Of course, women had them too, but usually they were barely noticeable. And flicking her eyes up and down the woman as she moved began to convince her she was actually looking at a man.

And not a fat man, either, she thought, eyes narrowed. The belly wasn't moving that much as she/he moved, nor were the breasts. They were heavy breasts, from the look, of course, if they were silicon they wouldn't move much.

The he or she had a large shopping bag, and was moving from place to place in a plodding fashion, like a tired shopper, often stopping to examine the merchandise. Jamie grew more and more suspicious, as did Beth, who was staring at the woman, frowning.

Jamie looked at the panties and bras on the tables instead, trying to memorize what each group looked like. She didn't think the shoplifter was grabbing one at a time, but was instead grabbing big handfuls, so looked for uneven piles of panties or bras.

She didn't see any – and then she did. And then she saw another. The woman was very good, she thought ruefully. She hadn't seen her put a thing into her bag, but she'd pass in front of a table, and behind her Jamie could see one of the piles of bras or panties would be a much diminished.

She let her finally turn to go, and moved out into the concourse to block her after she'd left. But Beth was also intercepting her, just as she exited the store.

“Excuse me, ma'am,” she said firmly. “May I look in your bag?”

“Why?” the woman demanded. “You think I shoplift because I am not white!?”

The sales manager flushed.

“No, of course not!”

“You target me because of my skin!” The woman said loudly.

Jamie moved in as the sales woman protested.

“Open the bag,” she ordered, showing her badge.

The woman glared at her sullenly and opened the bag wide.

“There! You see!?! Nothing inside of yours! Racist police! Racist sales people!”

“I'm very sorry, ma'am!” Beth said, flustered.

Jamie frowned, and then as the 'woman' started yelling about racism and turning to go she put her hand out and firmly pressed it against her stomach. It was a very hard stomach, a stomach not made of flesh.

The woman was wearing a checked black and blue dress, and Jamie felt something like a seam running along the top. She grabbed the fringe of material and pulled and the top of the 'stomach' opened out to reveal a pile of multicolored underwear inside.

“I'll be damned,” she said.

The 'woman' broke away and started to run but was wearing high heels and Jamie caught her within a few steps and swung her around into a wall.

“Hands behind your back!” she shouted.

The woman cursed but didn't struggle, sullenly letting Jamie pull her arms back and cuff them. She turned her around, then and ran her fingers through the hair, pulling off a wig.

A crowd had gathered by then, and Jamie pulled open the woman's belly to find a solid foot of space inside, jammed with what looked like a couple of thousand dollars in underwear.

A uniformed port authority cop came up and she showed him her badge, then the hollow belly.

“That's a new one on me,” he said.

“I don't think this is a woman either,” Jamie said.

He snorted. “Ya think?”

He began to pat the guy down as she stepped back, and then was startled as the tall blonde appeared before her, handing her a business card.

“I, however, am all woman,” she said in a slightly husky, furry voice. “As you can find out any time you want to... officer.”

She smiled and then walked away, leaving Jamie with an open-mouth.

Chapter Eight

“And what nasty thing are you going to do to me today, Mister Lucas?” she asked.

“Whatever I feel like doing,” he said. “You are my slave girl, after all.”

“Right.”

She gasped as he gripped her hair behind her neck and jerked her head sharply up and back. Her hands started to jerk up instinctively, then dropped to her side.

“Better,” he growled, leaning in and chewing lightly across her exposed throat.

“Slave girl,” he said. “Do you know what it means to be a slave girl? It means I own your body and can do anything I want with it, or to it.”

“We all have fantasies,” she replied a little breathlessly.

His other hand pushed down the front of her trousers and into her panties, and she gasped as his fingers found her clitoris.

“Say yes master, slave girl.”

“Yes, master!” she gasped breathlessly.

“I can even give you to my friends, sit back and watch them use you again and again, five or ten or fifteen at a time.”

“You don't have any friends,” she moaned.

“Insolent slut,” he growled, releasing her hair to slap her bottom sharply.

She laughed softly and he pulled her back against the wall – hard enough

to make her gasp. His hand gripped her throat, firmly but not closing off her air, and he leaned in against her, his body pressing her back against the wall as he kissed her hungrily.

She moaned and kissed back, keeping her hands at her sides again.

“Bad girls are punished, you know,” he said, as he drew back.

“Are you going to spank me... master?” she asked, trying to keep a straight face.

He snorted. “Maybe I'll have Cynthia spank you.”

She felt a sense of anxiety, yet combined with dark heat.

“I don't do girls,” she gulped.

“You seemed to have enjoyed her attentions in Central Park.”

“I didn't have any choice!”

He snorted. “How can anything that gives you multiple orgasms be bad?”

It was hard to answer that in a way which didn't make her sound awfully prudish.

“You just want to have sex with two girls at once,” she said accusingly, as he drew his hand out of her trousers and began to unbutton her blouse.

“What man wouldn't?”

“Well maybe I want to have sex with two men at once! Or maybe three! Ever think of that?”

“Slave girl, you can barely stand the pleasure you get with me. I think two men would be too much for you,” he said with a snort.

“I'll risk it!”

He raised his eyebrows. "Is that a request?"

She flushed. "No!"

He snorted and opened her trousers, then turned her roughly and yanked her blouse off, undid her bra, and pulled that off.

Jamie just stood there, excited, as he undressed her. He didn't do it gently, but as if he had the right, and while that caused her a certain sense of mild indignation, the way he did it, the way he manhandled her, always aroused her.

He stripped her completely, then drew her hair in behind her neck and gripped it with his fist. Jamie gasped, but wasn't surprised, as he pulled back on her hair, but was when he forced her down onto her knees.

Then he shoved her forward onto all fours, and started walking.

She moaned low in her throat, forced to crawl alongside him as he led her into the bedroom, then he yanked her to her feet, lifted her, and tossed her onto the bed.

"Time for more training, slave girl."

Given how many ways Danny had tied her up it was odd it had taken him so long to be clichéd and tie her to the bed. She was spreadeagled, her wrists and ankles strapped to the four corners, her body stretched tautly. And just to emphasize her helplessness to even protest, he'd gagged her too.

He looked at her for a few seconds, then sat on the edge of the bed, a glass of scotch in one hand as he let the fingers of the other trace their way gently up and down her body.

Jamie was deeply aroused, which reminded her of what she'd been thinking earlier, of whether it was possible to become addicted to this kind of thing, whether her own reactions were being influenced by her memories of what she'd already experienced.

After all, he'd barely touched her so far! Yet here she was, heart thumping, pulse racing, and skin flushed. She felt a thrumming sense of anticipation filling her, and her nerve endings felt hyper-sensitive to the touch. Her nipples were hard and throbbing, and her clitoris felt swollen.

And he'd done nothing but let his fingers glide gently over her stomach, up along her ribs, over her shoulders, and then lightly across her breasts.

He slid them up across her right breast and then caught the nipple between the pads of his thumb and forefingers, rolling it lightly between them.

Jamie couldn't help a soft moan escaping through the gag as her nipple tingled at his touch, even as he plucked it, rolled it, and pinched and plucked lightly. He reached aside to the night table and took something out, and she stared at it, eyes wide.

It looked something like a small egg cup combined with the plunger of a hypodermic needle. As soon as she touched the small 'cup' to the center of her breast, though, she knew what it was. It was the thing he'd used on her nipples the other day when she was blindfolded.

He drew the plunger up slowly and she gasped as she felt the suction being applied to the center of her breast! The cup itself was clear plastic and she could actually see her nipple and the areola around it puffing up and out!

He grinned at her and then picked up a second suction cup, placing it over her other nipple and then pulling the plunger up. He released it, and the two stayed where they were, applying constant suction to the center of her breasts.

He reached for the table again, and pulled out the short, fat vibrator she recognized. It was only a few inches long, reasonably thick, and with that clip on the end, like a ball point pen. He let his fingers gently caress her clitoris, then guided the vibrator down to her sex and pushed it slowly into her body.

It disappeared entirely, save for the 'clip', which slid up across the top of her sex the way a ball point pen's clip would slip across the fabric of a pocket

to hold it in place. And like some of those clips this one too was hollow, with two narrow rounded bars joined together by a third at its end.

He slipped this up across her clitoris, settling it neatly into place, so that the spring clip pressed down firmly against her flesh on either side of her clitoris as well as just above it. Then he spread the lips of her sex apart and reached in to flick a button on the base of the thing, which started it vibrating.

The clip, not the thing inside her.

Her clitoris had felt swollen before he'd started. Now it even looked swollen as she raised her head to gaze down at it, to see it bordered by the metal squeezing in against it, and felt her breaths quickening.

He was behaving, so far, almost clinically, almost like a professor engaged in an experiment, rather than a lover. She'd hardly realize he was aroused were it not for the fact the crotch of his trousers was bulging.

She snorted to herself. He could school his face to show nothing, but he wasn't able to school himself *down there!*

The next object he pulled out of the drawer was one she also recognized, and always felt a sense of disquiet with. Maybe she was still inhibited, she thought, or maybe it was just a holdover from her more 'vanilla' days, but despite the pleasure he gave her she always felt uneasy about anal play.

The thing was a dildo, sort of. It was shaped like a bunch of golf balls on a pencil, and he oiled up the first ball, then reached down, spreading her buttocks with the fingers of his other hand and guiding it against her small, wrinkled back passage.

He twisted and turned it from side to side, and the round ball sank into her slowly, and with a hot little thrum of excitement, despite her sense of guilt. The second one opened her and then she closed behind it, then the third and the fourth. She moaned softly into the gag as the fifth pushed into her, feeling a slight cramp deep inside as it pushed way up inside her.

She moaned, the insistent pressure on her wrists and ankles constantly

reminding her how helpless she was, even as her arms or legs occasionally flinched and jerked instinctively, trying to pull free, trying to move, and unable to.

Then his thumb pushed gently against her swollen clitoris and began to rub, lightly but firmly. He'd gotten some oil on it from the dildo, perhaps by design, so it stroked slickly across her, again and again and again, stroking harder as Jamie moaned and began to pull more and more frequently against the restraints, writhing as the sexual pressure built up within her rapidly overheating body.

The orgasm washed over her and she cried out into the gag, back arching as her hips tried to buck up against the sudden rush of sensations flooding into her body and mind.

He smiled softly, his eyes hungry, and let his fingers slide up her body, then plucked the two suction cups from her breasts.

Jamie gasped, moaning as she raised her head, staring at her swollen nipples and areola! Then at him as he bent and took the center of her right breast into his mouth, licking and sucking rhythmically!

Her nipples felt even more exquisitely sensitive than usual, and she shuddered and pulled against the restraints, then arched up against him again as he shifted to her other breast, letting his fingers pluck and twist the first one to the edge of pain, heating it up, making it sting.

He drew back and reached to his night table again. This time his hand returned with a strange metal implement. It was the size of a fork, but instead of the tongs on the end it had a small pinwheel. He grinned at her and then lowered the pinwheel to the top of her right breast.

Jamie gasped, for the pins were actually quite sharp! He rolled the pinwheel slowly around and across her breast, and even though he was applying very little pressure she felt a crackle of light stings everywhere it moved!

Then it cut across the center of her breast, across her swollen nipple, and

she squealed and pulled against the restraints.

He smiled as he rolled it across her breast and then up across the other, circling her nipple several times before cutting straight across it so that she yelped again, squirming and wriggling, instinctively pulling against the restraints.

He let the pinwheel roll down off her breast, down her concave stomach, then curving in and up again, to roll up along the side of her ribs! Everywhere it moved she felt the sharp prickle of sensation and her body reacted against it!

He rolled it down, then, and she shook her head, moaning, as it rolled over her abdomen, rolled down alongside the metal bar of the vibrator clip, then back up again, up across one nipple, then the other, then back down once more, and this time it rolled right down the center of her clitoris!

She was wet, swollen and pulsing, and the prickle of stings made her squeal even more loudly, her hips jerking and arms and legs straining against the leather wrapping them so tightly. She tried to tell him to stop, but of course, with the ball gag filling her mouth she could do little.

The thing rolled down and up, up and down, lightly, but even so her clitoris reacted with an intense crackle of sensation!

Then he put it down, shifted, leaned over and started licking her strongly!

She screamed as the sensations doubled and redoubled, and an even more powerful orgasm tore through her body! She thrashed wildly, back arching, head pulling back violently and rolling against the bed as her body trembled to the savage power of monster orgasm!

She felt herself drowning in waves of pleasure, in ecstasy that swamped her mind and drove everything from it but raw lust, passion and heat!

He licked her through it, then eased up and back, grinning as he observed her heaving chest and flushed face. He leaned in, his lips against her ear.

“Sex slave,” he whispered.

His teeth nibbled lightly at her ear lobe, then down along the nape of her neck.

He reached for a glass on the night table and took a sip, then he plucked an ice cube from it and placed it lightly against her right nipple!

Jamie squealed anew, shocked out of the afterglow of the orgasm by the sudden freezing cold! She twisted and moaned and pleaded with him – her voice incomprehensible because of the ball gag filling her mouth, of course.

He moved the ice cube – slowly, letting it circle around her nipple, letting it melt against her hot skin so that small droplets of icy water trickled slowly downward onto her ribs and belly! Then he moved it across to her other breast, circling her left nipple, then rolling it back and forth across it as she had her right.

He bent and took her right into his soft, warm mouth, and sucked gently, his tongue licking and lapping even as he let the ice cube slide down off her breast, down onto her belly, and circle her abdomen.

He straightened and reached down, gripping the dildo, pulling it slowly out of her ass, one golf ball at a time, so that she felt the constant opening and closing until it was pulled free. Then he placed the ice cube against her, sliding it into her body!

She yelped and strained against the restraints again as he smiled and pushed the dildo back into her, working it deeper, and slowly deeper, pushing the cube higher and higher even as it melted away in the face of the heat of her body.

His mouth worked on her breasts, sucking and licking, warming and soothing, then he applied the suction cups again and took another drink from his Scotch.

He grinned at her, set it down, and then reached for the night table. His hand emerged from the drawer with a third suction cup, and he reached down

between her legs, slowly pulling free the vibrator. He placed the suction cup over the very top of her sex – over her clitoris, and the slowly drew the plunger to have it suck firmly against her flesh.

It locked tightly to her there, as his fingers pushed into the mouth of her sex, dipping and darting, then sliding deeper, and deeper, turning and twisting inside her, two, then three long, thick male fingers that made her moan helplessly.

He leaned over her, his face just above hers.

“Beg me to fuck you,” he said in a soft voice.

She blinked up at him, panting and moaning.

“Beg, slave girl. Beg me to fuck you, slut. Beg for it.”

She moaned and shook her head, though more in confusion than denial. Hadn't he gagged her, after all?

She gasped as she felt herself being stretched wider, as he slowly worked a fourth finger inside her! It ... ached! He leaned forward, his other hand going to the mass of tangled hair spilling out above her. He wrapped it in his hand and jerked sharply enough to force her head to pull up and back.

“Beg!” he ordered.

“Please fuck me!” Jamie cried.

The words, of course, were unintelligible given the gag.

“Beg!”

“Please fuck me!”

“Master,” he said in a low growl, jerking on her hair so that her scalp stung.

“Please fuck me, master!” she cried into the gag.

“No. I don't think you're begging hard enough,” he said, his fingers pushing in painfully, twisting and turning as he pumped them in and out.

“Beg harder, slut!”

“Please fuck me, master!” she cried.

He bent and licked along her abdomen, then shifted his body lower. He yanked the suction cup off the top of her sex and she cried out, then cried out again as his tongue licked strongly across the swollen surface of her skin.

He was rolling his head up and down rapidly, his tongue pressed back against his lower lip so he could put more pressure against her there, licking long and hard and fast so that Jamie's nerve endings flared wildly.

She screamed as wave after wave of sexual pleasure swept through her, a massive flood of sensation that overwhelmed her senses and made her body twist and writhe in helpless convulsions as her mind tumbled and turned like a cork in a storm tossed sea.

Her abdomen ached by the time the orgasm faded, ached as if long-unused muscles had been put through a terrific workout, muscles inside her that had clenched and spasmed violently at the violent sexual electricity which had torn through her body.

“Such a bad slave girl,” he said softly, inserting the vibrator again and turning it on.

The clip buzzed around her clitoris and Jamie gasped dazedly, moaning around the gag as her chest heaved.

“You really must be punished for being such a slut,” he said in a disapproving voice.

He took out the flog. It was a small one, the handle perhaps six inches long, the thin leather laces perhaps twice that, and without weight. But it still made her gasp as it struck her belly, as it struck her ribs, flinching, gasping, moaning as the little rattle of stings jolted her nervous system.

“Bad girl,” he said.

He plucked the suction cups from her nipples and she moaned, shaking her head, but he smiled and brought the flog down across her right breast. The laces ... stung! She squealed and twisted helplessly as he swung it down again, and again, and again.

He shifted to her left breast, the laces individually lighter than shoe-laces, but the combination adding a sense of pressure as he flicked it down against her breasts again and again. Her flesh was tender enough there, sensitive enough, that the repeated blows caused her skin to heat and flush pink.

He swung harder, and Jamie shuddered as her breasts warmed, as the laces flicked down across her lower chest, and her belly, then back up again. Now they hurt! But a dark heat had risen in her mind, suffusing her body with a bubbling cauldron of seething sexual heat.

She cried out at every blow, the sharp stings making her breasts burn, even as he shifted his body, climbing fully onto the bed to kneel between her legs, bent over, still flicking the flog down against her, moving more than just his wrist now to apply more pressure.

His other hand went to her sex, his oiled thumb pressing against her swollen clitoris, and he began to stroke her hard and fast.

“Bad slave girl,” he said. “Nasty slave girl.”

Jamie came again, arching and twisting, sobbing in overheated pleasure as yet another orgasm ripped through her body and swept her mind into shattered pieces.

He peeled off his shirt, finally, then removed his trousers as she lay sprawled helplessly, dazed, moaning, eyes slitted. He returned to bed, pulled the vibrator from her and knelt between her legs.

Jamie opened her eyes and moaned as she saw his hard erection laying along her belly. He drew it back, rubbing the head across her sensitive clitoris, then slid it forward again, to show her just how deep it was going.

He drew back, rubbed himself up and down the line of her molten sex, and then slowly drove into her.

Jamie groaned, which was all she was capable of doing. She felt as if she'd run a marathon, and half wanted to just go to sleep. But now the feel of him pushing deeper into her re-started the dark, bubbling hunger, and she gasped sharply as he drove himself in fully.

His body pressed her thighs down firmly, the soft skin of his belly crushing hers as he held his chest above her by propping himself on his forearms. He stared down at her as her glazed eyes looked back, and his hips began to grind expertly up and down, then from side to side.

Jamie groaned as he shifted his erection within her, then gasped as he seized her hair again, jerking her head back. His right hand squeezed her breast as he brought his lips and teeth and tongue down along the nape of her neck.

And his hips began to move, up... down, up... down, in... out... in... out, harder, deeper and faster as she moaned and gasped and her eyes fluttered weakly. The sexual pressure began to build rapidly, then held for long minutes, burning away at her mind and body as he thrust into her.

She felt his right hand pushing down under her buttocks, felt his fingers at the base of the dildo in her ass. It didn't take much, just the steady short thrusting of that dildo in counterpoint to the thrusting in her sex, and the sexual fever flared up to send her body exploding into orgasm.

And then another, and another. She'd had multiple orgasms during sex before, but never multiple orgasms! This was a whole series, one after another, like train cars passing overhead, so that her body thrashed and shook, wracked by powerful muscle spasms and crackling, flaring nerve endings!

She heard screaming, and realized it was her, then felt a dazed relief that the gag would muffle it, and let herself go.

Chapter Nine

The satin pajamas made her feel decadent and pampered, and just a touch ostentatious, as if such things should be worn by wealthy women sitting around penthouse apartments. But feeling the soft satin against her bare skin was a sensual delight and extraordinarily comfortable at the same time.

They were form fitting but not tight, and she didn't have to wear anything under them even if she was moving around the house and her brothers or father were around. Besides, wearing them made her feel sexy, even if she was just watching TV or returning messages on her cell phone.

And she *liked* feeling sexy. She hadn't always, but she definitely did now. It felt like silk, though it was much cheaper. And Beth had given it to her at half off. She often wore sweatpants and loose t-shirt when hanging around the house, but this was infinitely better.

They felt particular sensual across her breasts, which still felt slightly tender, as if she had a light sunburn. She could hardly believe he had whipped her breasts! Well, it wasn't exactly whipping, but still!

And those suction things on her nipples! God, they had been so swollen and sensitive! Even now they felt more sensitive, and hardened very easily! Even though the pajama top had breast pockets she thought it safer to fold up tissues to put in them just in case, so that her nipples wouldn't be noticed if they got hard when she left her room – just in case.

Her mother continued to talk about Danny as if he were some sort of 'normal' guy, like her boyfriend. He was and he wasn't, and Jamie was confused about just what he was. Did she love him? She didn't think so, not quite. She liked him and respected him and was somewhat awed of him in certain respects.

But love? She wasn't sure she wasn't just incredibly turned-on whenever she thought about him and that that wasn't overriding her common sense in

letting him do things that would have once shocked her.

God knows they'd shock her parents if they found out, or any of her friends. She'd never had a relationship before that was so... sexual. Of course she'd had sex with boyfriends, before, but not all the time! She and Danny rarely went anywhere except for dinner.

But then she hadn't pushed him to take her anywhere given the choice was between going to a movie, say, or a play, or a walk in the park – and hot, delicious, kinky, thrilling sex! There was nothing she could imagine doing with him that would be as incredible as sex, so why do something else!?

She simply thought about sex *way* more now, and thought about herself in a more sexual way than ever before, thought about herself not merely as a sexual object but a sexually provocative and desirable woman. She was seeing herself in her role as sex slave, in her role as 'slut', more and more.

This was relatively new to her, and she could feel herself changing because of it, from the way she behaved to the way she dressed. She was no longer as sternly determined to wear asexual clothes that wouldn't be considered sexy.

She liked being considered sexy by others, even in public, even by strangers. It no longer annoyed her when men did double-takes as she walked by on the street or in the subway or even in the station house.

And this afternoon, after work, she'd attended her first pole dancing class.

It had been a thought flitting on the edge of her mind for some time, in large part because it required using and strengthening upper body strength, particularly hands and arms, as well as core muscles. There was no question that to be good at it, you had to be in outstanding physical condition. And all the women who had shown up had been interested in that.

But that didn't mean any of them had ignored the origin of the exercise, or what it meant to be swinging around a pole. They were all younger women, and she was certain she wasn't the only one wondering what her boyfriend would think if he could see her doing it.

Besides, there'd been a lot of snickered comments about training for a 'second career' or that they could use their newfound skill if they ever lost their jobs. And she was certain she wasn't the only woman who had imagined, as she swung around the pole, what it would be like to do it naked in front of a crowd of men!

She removed the pajamas with a sigh, and looked out the window at the miserable looking morning. It was raining out, and she doubted she'd be spending the day in a shopping mall. That meant riding around in a car, or doing surveillance. So what to wear on a cold, damp day that would be comfortable?

And sexy?

But not too sexy.

And would she be assigned with Terris again? She had a suspicion the Captain had assigned her to him simply because he was so physically imposing. If anything happened to her he wanted to be able to cover his ass with her grandfather.

A white tank top, a nice, tight one, over a pink bra, then a green blouse that buttoned up the front, but she could leave the top two buttons undone, maybe three. Yes, three. Khakis under it, and leather sneakers, then a black poncho with a hood for the rain.

The trudge to work was obnoxious. It continued to rain, and traffic was a mess. There were puddles on the sidewalks and on the streets, so you had to be careful of traffic approaching one. The subways weren't affected except that everything was cool and damp as hell. The subway platforms weren't air conditioned, though the cars were.

She got to work on time, though, to find she had indeed been assigned with Terris. They were going to stake out a bodega.

“Every time it rains these two guys hit bodegas during the day,” Lynch said as he talked to them all before they went out. “So we're going to stake out four of them today.”

That had her and Terris sitting in an unmarked car on Walker Street, half a block up from Deragios Bodega, on the corner ahead of them. Bodegas were a New York term that most others used to refer to corner stores or convenience stores, and they'd been started by Hispanic immigrants.

They weren't exactly like the corner stores others had, for usually they sold sandwiches and cold cuts as well as beer, cigarettes, lottery tickets, milk, bread, and a variety of groceries.

The 'bodega bandits' had been in operation for a few months, mostly in lower Manhattan. They were short skinny Hispanics, but both carried machetes, which impressed the store clerks enough they were rarely given any trouble. No one had been hurt yet, but that was only a matter of time.

“This is gonna be boring, unless it gets exciting,” Terris said.

“Oh I don't know. I get to spend all day in a car with the station's hottest guy,” she replied with a grin.

“Uh huh. You'll get a reputation if you don't watch out, girl.”

“Don't I already have a reputation?”

“Yeah, as a hard ass, and one with a hot ass,” he said with his own grin.

“I don't mind if guys think I'm hot as long as they also think I'm good at my job,” she said seriously.

“I don't think anyone questions that.”

“In Midtown some clown suggested I got into Anti-crime because of my quote oral skills”.

“What'd you say to that?”

“Put his face into the hood of his car.”

He laughed. “See, a hard ass.”

“Damn right. My oral skills got me my boyfriend, not my job.”

He snorted in amusement. “Lucky boyfriend.”

“Damn right he is. I remind him of that every time I see him. Doesn't stop him fantasizing aloud about threesomes.”

“Some guys are never satisfied,” he said in amusement.

“No guy is ever satisfied,” he replied.

“Well, not the ones with good imaginations. Like, if you have a gorgeous hot girlfriend, that's great. But imagine if she had a twin...”

She snorted.

“Every guy's fantasy is having twins.”

“I don't think there's an end to what every guy fantasizes about. You're all sluts.”

“Yeah, pretty much. Or we're just not inhibited like girls.”

She gave him a coy look. “I strike you as being very inhibited?”

“Probably not but I wouldn't really have any details on that,” he said, smiling, “Except you're too inhibited to have a threesome.”

“I'm not inhibited. I just don't see how my sex life would be improved with a second girl in bed. I told him, hey, you want a threesome, we'll invite some big stud guy to come into bed. How you like that?”

“Got any big stud in mind?” he asked in amusement.

“I was bluffing, but he called my bluff. He said sure, unless he was bluffing back...”

“Ah hah. You didn't realize how slutty your boyfriend was.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Gotta admit, the idea of you in bed with two guys is... attractive,” he said.

She rolled her eyes towards him.

“The idea of me naked is attractive, you mean.”

“Well, that goes without saying.”

“Are you one of those guys that runs little porn movies in your head every time you see a hot girl?”

“Most guys have that little feature of their brains,” he replied, grinning.

“You didn't answer the question.”

He just smiled, then looked up the street at the bodega. She followed his gaze.

“Fat guy. Not who we're looking at,” she said.

“Nope, not one you're looking at for your threesome either.”

“I'm not looking for a guy for a threesome,” she said, frowning.

“Well, if you ever do I think about two hundred guys at the House would be willing to volunteer.”

“Not looking for volunteers.”

“Most of the female cops would too, I bet,” he said.

“Yeah, no thanks. Already got a volunteer for that.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Give,” he said.

She told him about the blonde who'd given her her card at the mall the other day and he grinned.

“Blondes,” he said.

She sighed.

“You want to retire, put it on video. Half the cops in the city would buy it.”

“Including you?” she asked, smirking.

“Damn right, babe!

“She seemed like the strong-willed type,” Jamie said teasingly. “She'd probably want to, like, tie me up and stuff.”

He licked his lips and looked away. “We better talk about something else.”

“Why?”

“Take my mind off the kind of images I shouldn't be thinking on.”

“The little porn movies in your head?” she teased. “You afraid they might get too... exciting?”

“Uh huh. So what do you think of the Mets this year?”

She laughed and then frowned.

“You see that skinny guy in the coat that went in?”

“No. When?”

“Just now.”

He shrugged.

“Short, skinny guy with his hood up.”

“It's raining, girl.”

“Look.”

Another short skinny guy went into the bodega, and he had a hood up too.

“Just two guys in the rain,” he said, but didn't take his eyes off the shop.

They waited but neither came out.

“They usually take their time, piling cartons of cigarettes into garbage bags,” she said.

“I know.”

“Maybe I should walk by and look in the window.

“They might make you.”

She looked up thoughtfully, then quickly unbuttoned her blouse.

“What are you doing?”

She winked at him. “Men have a great weakness. They never suspect a sexy girl of being anything but sexy.”

She had already taken off the poncho inside the car, of course.

“They'll see the gun.”

“I'll keep my back to the store.”

She got out of the car and started up the sidewalk, just as the rain increased in volume. She cursed, looking up, then walked faster up the street. The bodega windows were three quarters covered in a variety of marketing ads for bread, beer and lottery tickets.

Her gun was just behind her right hip, and she made sure she kept her right hand in front of it as she approached. She turned her head as she walked past, shifting her hand to go behind the gun, and not stopping.

She could see the two men at the counter, though, loading cigarettes into garbage bags.

She turned once past it and waved frantically at Terris, taking her gun out.

He hurried from the car, his own gun out, and they both took the door at the same time. He went in first, his deep, powerful voice yelling out. "Police! Freeze!" as he raised his gun.

That was exactly what the guy behind the counter did, and she hurried in behind him, moving sideways, her own gun on him as the guy dropped the bag and put his hands up. She looked down the aisle for the second one, then edged past him as Terris grabbed the first one to search and cuff.

She heard a sound in the back and moved behind the counter, where she saw the wide-eyed clerk laying on the floor tied up. She moved into the back room just as the second guy's hips and legs squeezed through a window, and cursed, running back and out through the front door.

There were sirens sounding now, and she hurried around the corner as the second perp picked himself up and started to run.

"Freeze!" she shouted.

He halted, staring at her, then a blue-and white screamed around the corner and screeched to a stop just behind her.

"Hands on your head!" she shouted.

He sullenly complied, and the two uniforms, wearing raincoats and hats, hurried forward to grab and cuff him.

Jamie put her gun away and shivered a little, then hurried back inside.

The first perp was on the floor and Terris was untying the clerk.

He straightened up and his eyes widened when he saw her.

"Damn," he said, stretching the word out.

She blinked and shoved wet hair back from her head, then looked down.

The tank top had been reasonably modest when dry. Wet, the fabric proved to be more – elastic, and the weight of her breasts had pulled the scoop neck down somewhat. Of course, it was raining hard and the cold water had funneled itself down into the opening and in between her breasts, soaking her bra too. Her nipples were very hard, and the tank, though thankfully not her bra, had become translucent.

She flushed, but not really in embarrassment.

“It's ah, raining out,” she said.

“Do tell.”

Even as they looked at each other water dripped from her hair onto her shoulder and then trickled down her upper chest and into the scoop necked opening which bared the upper parts of her glistening breasts.

She saw his eyes follow the droplets down into her cleavage until it disappeared, and smirked.

Two more uniforms came in, then, and eyed her, and she decided to go back to the car and get her poncho. She passed the first two outside, and then hurried up the street to grab the poncho. Of course, that just got her even more wet.

She pulled the poncho on and raised the hood before coming back into the store, getting there just after Lynch arrived.

“Good work, the two of you,” he said. “The Inspector is gonna be real happy we got these guys at last.”

It had stopped raining before they were done with the details. The uniforms took their collars in and she and Terris got back into the car and headed for the House to write up their reports.

“Well, that was less boring a day than I'd expected,” he said.

“Yup.”

“I won't mention how hot you look in a wet tank top when I write up my report.”

“I appreciate that,” she said.

“Though it's gonna be hard to forget.”

“Hard, huh?” she asked, smirking, flicking her eyes down.

“Very, very hard.”

“I have confidence in your... literary skills. Just make sure when you talk about it you match your report. I mean, you do have *oral* skills, too, right?”

“You better believe it, babe,” he said.

Chapter Ten

Jamie got the word at the end of the day that her exile from Midtown North was coming to an end. The FBI had arrested several of the people who had been talking about attacking her, and they were scheduled for deportation. Another had been arrested for conspiracy to commit tax and ID fraud.

She was relieved, and would be glad to get back to Midtown, and it also presented an – opportunity. It would have been highly unprofessional for her to get involved in any sort of sexual relationship with someone she was partnered with, however, or even worked closely with.

Of course, that hadn't stopped her with Danny...

So she'd had dinner the next evening with Danny – and Terris. It was at the Waldorf again. It was a strange and tense dinner, filled with anxiety and no small embarrassment for Jamie. It also had more than its share of dark excitement, too.

“So you like her ass, I hear,” he'd said to Terris across the table.

“You know a guy who wouldn't?” Terris replied.

Danny smiled. “A gay guy, maybe. I can't blame you. I love that ass so much I make sure she wears a butt plug so I can jam my cock up into it.”

Jamie flushed as Terris turned his eyes on her.

“She's wearing one now,” Danny said.

“Good idea,” he replied with a glint in his eyes.

“Nothing like putting a woman on her face and burying every last inch in her tight ass to show her who's in charge,” Danny said, looking at him.

“A man's gotta be a man,” Terris replied.

Again, Jamie flushed, feeling a wild array of emotions swirling through her mind.

They went upstairs, and Jamie was sent to the bathroom and told to give them five minutes and to change into what she found there. What she found there were shorts, a tiny thong, a small, lacy bra, and a checked button-up shirt.

She was nervous, wary, embarrassed, and deeply, helplessly aroused, and as she changed, she wondered what the two men were discussing. Most likely, what they were going to do, she thought anxiously.

Two guys at once! Two big guys! Two big powerful, intense and extremely sexy guys!

This was soooo slutty!

She put on the clothes and then waited nervously, again wondering what they were discussing. Finally, she opened the door, to find most of the suite Danny had rented in the dark. In fact, she couldn't even see Danny. She frowned, turning her head around.

“Come here,” Terris ordered.

She gulped, heart beating faster as she walked forward. There was only one light, a small one, next to the leather sofa. She saw a shape, a figure, sitting in a high backed chair in the shadowy corner of the room but then her attention was jerked back to Terris as he stood up.

This would be so weird!

He reached out and grabbed her by the scruff of the neck, and jerked her in tight, making her gasp aloud.

“First of all,” he said in a low growl. “You do anything I tell you and you do it fast. Understand?”

She gulped. “Y-Yes.”

He tore her blouse open, the buttons popping free, then yanked it over her shoulders, staring down at her breasts, barely covered by the tiny lacy bra.

“I've been wanting to see these for a while now,” he said.

He tore her bra down and then cupped her breasts roughly, again making her gasp, making her pulse rate rocket up as his large hands squeezed her.

Then he shoved her backwards so that she stumbled.

“Get those clothes off, slut.”

She gasped again, face reddening, but it was clear he was doing the same sort of act Danny indulged in, so she shrugged off the shirt, removed her bra, then undid the shorts and peeled them down and off. He reached out and grabbed her by the throat, suddenly, pulling her in tight, and then kissed her roughly.

Out of habit, from Danny, she kept her arms at her sides, moaning, as he kissed her roughly. Then his right hand gripped the little thong and yanked up.

She cried out again, forced up onto the balls of her feet as the thin material dug into her sex, then again onto her toes as he pulled it up sharply, still holding his other hand firmly around her throat. He pushed her outward, staring at her, looking her up and down, his eyes filled with heat, then yanked again, and the thong was torn free.

He turned her around quickly, and drew her arms roughly up and back behind her back, then cuffed them in place.

“On your knees, slut!”

She shuddered as he released, her dropping to her knees in front of him. He peeled his shirt up and off, and his chest was as powerful as she'd imagined, though not quite as well-defined as Danny.

He undid his belt, pulling it from the loops of his pants, and then wrapped it around her throat.

Jamie's heart was pounding as he slipped the end into the buckle and pulled it tight, jerking it up so that the leather went tight around her throat. She gurgled, feeling her eyes bulging, as he held the belt tautly, staring down at her excitedly.

He let it fall from his hand, and undid his pants, shucking them off, along with his underwear, and his cock stood up, thick and hard and black and pointed up at her face. Then he reached for the belt again, jerking it up taut and pulling her face in against his cock.

Jamie gasped and licked at it, licked at it quickly as he drew her face in against his groin, grinding her face against his erection and over his abdomen and in against his balls.

“Hot little redheaded slut,” he growled.

Jamie moaned around his cock as he fed it into her mouth, the blood rushing through her veins. She was intensely aware that Danny was watching, and wished desperately she knew how he was reacting! Was he incredibly aroused or feeling jealous!?

Terris jerked on the belt, and she gurgled as she licked wildly along the head of his cock, then further along the shaft. He was big, perhaps even bigger than Danny, and she had to stretch her lips wide around it as he pushed more and more of it into her mouth.

It slid along her tongue, back and forth, then deeper, and she moaned, licking as much as she could even as the head pushed deep into the back of her mouth.

“You're gonna swallow every fucking inch of this black cock, white girl,” he growled.

Jamie shuddered, raw heat rolling up through her body as he pulled her forward and his cock pushed into her throat. He put a second hand behind her head, and turned his body to the side a little so they were sideways to where Danny sat, then, holding her by head and belt, he thrust himself slowly but

firmly down her throat until every inch was buried!

He was a little longer than Danny, Jamie thought, but not quite as thick. She moaned dazedly, heart pounding, head pounding, her lips pressed hard against his groin, wrapped around the base of his shaft as he held her firmly against him.

Then he slowly drew back, releasing her head, and inch after inch of glistening black cock emerged from her lips, pulling back up her throat until the head finally popped free and she could gulp in air.

He sighed himself, and then sat down on the sofa, dragging her forward by the belt, forcing her to bend over.

That, of course, bent her down away from Danny, so she knew he'd be loving the views as Terris pushed her down onto his cock again, then reached in to knead her breast.

“Suck that cock, white girl,” he growled.

Gasping, she bobbed slowly up and down, taking him deep again, then sliding back up, taking him deep, then sliding back up, her insides flaming hot, her sex bubbling like a cauldron so that she spread her knees apart. Then, realizing Danny's angle of view, she spread them even wider, raising her bottom invitingly.

“Hot, sexy little bitch,” Terris said, his fingers sliding roughly through her hair. “Suck that black meat, white girl!”

He pulled her up by the hair and she cried out.

“Suck my balls! Do it, slut!”

He pushed her in against his crotch and she obeyed, sucking on his balls as he roughly groped her breast, his thumb flicking roughly over her swollen nipple.

Jamie marveled that she was on the edge of orgasm, and he hadn't really done anything for her! Even his groping of her breast was rough, and while it

thrilled her, the sensations were arguably more painful than pleasurable.

Then he jerked her forward by the hair, and she cried out. An instant later his big hand slapped down sharply across her bottom and she cried out again.

“Nasty little girl,” he said. “You know what happens to nasty little girls?”

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom a second time and she cried out at the sharp sting.

He half dragged her across his lap by the hair and slapped her bottom a third time, then three more times fast.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Jamie yelped and moaned, then felt his big hand shoving between her thighs to force them apart. A moment later his fingers found her clitoris and she shuddered, her hips grinding back helplessly.

“Slut!”

Crack!

She felt his fingers pushing into her, felt how slick and hot and wet she was, and shuddered, pushing her hips back.

“Hot, wet slut.”

His fingers twisted and squirmed, pushing deep inside her, and then he twisted his hand around so he could bring his thumb in under her and stroke roughly over her clitoris.

Jamie cried out as the orgasm swept her mind away in a tumultuous flood of frothing, scalding orgasmic energy! Her hips bucked violently as he thrust his fingers into her and stroked her clitoris. His other hand abandoned her hair, shoving under to roughly grope her breast again as she trembled and shook and twisted in the grip of a feverish sexual storm!

His fingers didn't come free of her until her body finally went limp, then

they came out, his big hand kneading and squeezing and caressing her bottom as his other hand softened against her breast.

“Hot, sexy, gorgeous slut,” he growled.

He lifted her up and threw her on her back on the sofa just next to him, then twisted around and rolled her onto her belly. He slapped her bottom hard and yanked her hips up as he positioned himself on his knees behind her, and Jamie gasped for breath, moaning, flushed and overheated, as she felt the slick nose of his cock sliding up and down against her opening.

Then she felt the pressure, felt it mounting, and groaned as the lips of her sex were forced slowly in and then back, stretching wider and wider as the head pushed into her and slid deeper.

Crack!

She gasped at the sharp slap, then again, then again as he slapped her bottom repeatedly, pumping as he worked himself deeper and deeper.

Her face was pressed against the sofa seat, but she could roll her eyes to the left to where Danny was watching, and knew he must be incredibly excited watching this. Or was he angry, she thought dazedly, anxiously.

Crack!

She winced as Terris slapped her bottom again. Danny must have told him to do that, she thought.

Crack!

“Tell me you're a slut!” he barked.

“I-I'm a slut!” she moaned.

Danny would have told him that too, she thought.

Then she cried out as his big cock plunged deeper, making her ache. He reached for her hair and yanked it up and back, lifting her face and chest off

the sofa as he ground himself against her, burying the last inch of cock in her burning, swirling, churning belly.

His other hand roughly groped one of her breasts as he drew back and started to pump, pumping faster and harder with every second. He released her hair, letting her drop, then picked up the belt and yanked it up and back, using it like the reins of a horse, or the leash of a dog.

Jamie gurgled and panted, the belt tightening around her throat, making it hard to breathe. Her head pulsed, and pounded and she cried out again and again as his big hips slammed against her buttocks and his big cock punched deep into the frothing, churning depths of her belly!

Another orgasm tore through her, and she cried out as it overwhelmed her senses. She felt the belt tightening around her neck to the point she couldn't breathe at all, but she didn't care about that. Her mind was exploding with an intense pleasure that was simply stunning, and all she could do was scream silently in the thrall of a monstrous storm of wild, raw sensation!

Her eyes bulged, then began to glaze over as her body rocked to the powerful thrusting behind her. Then he released the belt, which loosened around her neck as her upper body dropped back onto the sofa. She gasped, gulping in air as he seized her hips and continued to pound himself against her.

She'd thought Danny was rough at times, but Terris was a wild man, hammering himself against her relentlessly, his big cock tearing her up inside as she cried out in breathless heat and aching, feverish hunger! Her wrists jerked feebly against the handcuffs and he rode her furiously, leaning over her now, his big hands on her shoulders, jamming her down as his hips were hammered into her from behind.

Then he came, as she did – again, crying out in breathless, dazed wonder as her body flared white hot and waves of pleasure swept through her again and again and again!

She lay there, panting, moaning, face against the sofa, and wasn't even aware of Danny approaching until he gripped the belt around her neck and

undid it, pulling it free. Then he gathered her hair in a thick mass and jerked her head up, pulling her so that she fell, sprawling off the sofa and onto the soft rug.

He pulled her up so she was kneeling, facing his cock now.

“Hot, sexy slut animal,” he growled.

She felt movement and then Terris was standing behind her. Danny let go of her hair, and Terris gathered it into his big hand instead, pulling her in and tight back against his legs and thighs, her head pressed into his crotch.

Danny stepped forward and his cock pushed into her mouth, then, as Terris held her by the hair, Danny began to pump, first in her mouth, then in her throat, burying himself in her throat several times as she knelt there helpless and dazed.

He pulled back and then took her hair, and the men turned her around, so that she faced Terris. Now he pushed his cock into her mouth. He was already semi-hard, but he hardened much faster with her lips wrapped around him, and by the time he was buried in her throat he was hard as rock again.

He dropped to his knees, then, and so did Danny. Bent over between the two, she gurgled dazedly around the thick black shaft Terris pumped in and out of her mouth as Danny pulled the butt-plug out of her and then worked his slick cock deep into her ass.

Danny held her cuffed wrists while Terris held her by a fistful of hair, and each had a big hand on one breast, kneading and squeezing as they pumped into her from either direction.

Jamie was light-headed around Terris' cock, and swept by waves of dark heat and excitement as the two big men used her. The pleasure and heat intensified and another orgasm rocked her mind as she sobbed and moaned around the cock pumping in her mouth and throat.

It was all so overwhelming!

And it only got worse.

Danny took her hair and forced her to knee-walk across the floor, he and Terris walking upright on either side of her, heading into the bedroom!

There, Terris lay on his back, head and shoulders propped up on the headboard, and they positioned her straddling him, sinking her aching sex down onto his long hard shaft as she swayed drunkenly. Danny knelt behind her, pushing on her so she fell forward atop Terris' chest. Then his cock pushed into her ass!

The two thick shafts felt simply enormous inside her aching belly, and when they began to pump it simply blew her mind! Terris was hungrily sucking and chewing and licking at her nipples as his big fingers dug into her breasts.

Jamie went out of her mind – almost literally. The intensity of the heat and pleasure swept through her so that she cried out again and again, dazed, breathless and sobbing for breath as the two men thrust into her hard and fast.

She lost track of how many orgasms she had. It was one long, searing thrill-ride like nothing she'd ever imagined! When they were finally done it left her barely conscious, and hardly able to move for long, long minutes.

She didn't even get up to see Terris off. She could hear him and Danny talking in low voices, out in the hall, though, and heard his final “... any time, man,” to Danny before the door closed.

He came back into the room.

“You look all fucked out, slave girl,” he said, sitting on the edge of the bed.

Jamie groaned in reply.

“Maybe next time there'll be three of us – or four.”

“I don't think I could... survive... three,” she panted.

His hand slid up and down her spine and kneaded her buttocks as she lay there, half on her belly, half on her side.

“I'm sure you'll find the next time easier. Of course, the next time will be with another girl.”

Jamie groaned, not wanting to think about that, but knowing she was committed.

But as he said, you were only young once, and why not make the kind of memories she'd remember when she was into dull, boring middle age?

And in the meantime, there was Midtown North, back with the tourists and drunks in Times Square and the theater district. But then, she could be sitting in a cubicle tapping away at a keyboard all day, she thought. No, she loved her job, whatever direction it took.

She gasped as he rolled her over, then picked her up in his arms.

“Time for a nice bubble bath,” he said, carrying her towards the bathroom.

She smiled wearily. “Carry me there, slave boy.”

He snorted in amusement.

“Slut.”

“Perve.”

THE END

Out of Uniform

Learning the Ropes

Black and Blue

Law and Order

Bound and Determined (upcoming)

*

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Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)