

# Bound and Determined

By JJ Argus



# **BOUND AND DETERMINED**

**(Jamie McCloud Book 5)**

**Argus**

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# Chapter One

Contrary to popular belief, the lobby of a police station is not a very exciting place. There are no criminals being dragged in, they go in through the rear. It's mostly filled with citizens looking for forms or making complaints, and tired looking cops behind the desk.

Dave Falcone was the desk sergeant on duty, and was working the desk with Lenora Young, a black female officer on desk duty because she'd twisted an ankle a few days earlier. Falcone had long developed a sensitivity to the sound of the front doors opening, enough that his eyes always routinely flicked in that direction to see who or what was coming into his station.

What he saw this time caused his eyes to linger.

“Whatadaya say, McCloud,” he said by way of greeting.

“Sergeant,” the redhead replied, waving as she passed by.

He watched her as she passed through, wearing tight jeans and a purple tank top which did very little to disguise an impressive looking body. He blew out his breath in a puff of admiration, then turned back to his papers. He noticed, though, that Young was watching McCloud in much the same way as he had and grunted softly, confirming his suspicion on where her interests lay.

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The lobby of Midtown North hadn't gotten any more distinguished looking since she'd been gone. But at least she hadn't been gone long enough for the desk sergeant to have forgotten her. She strolled past him and then into the back and downstairs to the locker room.

She emptied some snacks onto the shelf, a change of clothes, and then pulled a hip length black jacket from the hook to slip over her shoulders

before heading back upstairs to Anti-Crime. The jacket was a gift from her father. It looked like a fairly normal windbreaker, though more stylish, but was made of Kevlar.

She couldn't wear it every day. If it was too hot she had to wear her vest and then something like a sports jersey, loose enough and long enough to disguise the vest and cover the equipment belt with her gun and cuffs.

She closed the locker, then trotted back up the stairs. The place felt familiar and comfortable, though it wasn't exactly like she'd spent a ton of time here.

She'd only been here a couple of months before being temporarily transferred to the First Precinct for reasons her betters had apparently thought good and sufficient at the time, but which, thankfully, no longer seemed to apply.

Not that she hadn't had met some interesting people while there...

"Well, look who's back," Nora Richards said, waving to her from her desk.

"Hey," she replied.

"Missed that red hair," Geraldo Batista said with a grin and a wink.

"Well who wouldn't," she said.

"Think I should dye my hair red?"

She rolled her eyes at the speaker, Lyle Jefferson's skin was a dark shade of coffee.

"I'm a natural redhead," she said with dignity.

"Yeah, but it ain't that particular shade."

"It's the best I could do unless I wanted to stay a blonde. No offense," she said, turning to Richards as she said it.

Richards smiled and shrugged. “Blondes have more fun,” she said, “or so I’ve heard.”

“My personality is more suitable to red hair,” Jamie replied.

Batista laughed. “You’re a pussycat.”

“When she’s not shoving people into phone polls,” Mueller said, looking up from his desk.

“I don’t shove people into phone polls. I just... nudge them on occasion,” she said, sitting down.

“Foster is on one of his minimal force kicks again,” Mueller said. “He gets them every so often, usually after he’s read of some complaint somewhere, usually not even in this precinct.”

“Minimal forces is sort of the rule,” she said. “But how do you decide what’s minimal and still effective?”

“Not by riding a desk, which is about all that idiot’s ever done.”

He glowered across the room at the glassed in office where Lieutenant Foster worked.

“So what are we doing today?” she asked.

He shrugged. “Play it by ear. I got new wheels, though. I’m sure you’ll appreciate them.”

“New wheels?”

“The precinct got some more SUVs,” he said smugly. “And since I’m a supervisor, I get one.”

“Sweet. One of the new Tahoes?”

He nodded.

“The bad news is we're doing more overtime because of a pickup in the terrorist threat, which is drawing off cops from a lot of other areas.”

She shrugged. “I could do some overtime, I suppose,” she said.

“Most young cops love overtime.”

“So sue me for being different.”

She was different in that, for one thing, she still lived at home. Her mother had inherited a four story brownstone in Brooklyn, and had used it ruthlessly to ensure her children delayed their departure as long as possible. Jamie had the top floor to herself, in a kind of apartment, though one without a door.

It was rent free, and came with free meals prepared by her mother, and laundry service to boot. It was hard to turn that down in favor of moving to some expensive, grungy, one bedroom place which probably wouldn't even be as close to river – and thus Manhattan, where she worked – as the place in Brooklyn Heights.

Living in Manhattan itself, was, of course, out of the question, unless she wanted to starve herself and get her clothes at the Salvation Army to afford the rent. Living at home gave her a healthy amount of disposable income, which let her save lots even while not depriving herself of whatever caught her fancy.

She followed Mueller downstairs and let him show her the Tahoe, and where everything was inside it, including the stop sticks in the back.

“Captain Marsh wants us to keep our eye on drivers who 'merit tickets due to poor driving habits' he said, showing her the ticket book.

Anti-crime didn't normally issue tickets, though of course they could.

“I hope we don't have some kind of quota.”

“No, and he's mostly talking about running lights and stop signs or dangerous driving, not minor infractions. He says some drivers are too

aggressive.”

He raised his eyebrows at her and she shrugged.

“There's too aggressive and there's too passive,” she said.

“I drive the speed limit.”

“Who does that?”

“Me. Get in.”

Given Mueller was six foot six and weighed more than he was willing to admit to, the change to an SUV was overdue. Mueller himself thought the reason he hadn't gotten one before was that Lieutenant Foster hated him.

As far as Jamie was concerned the change afforded her a better view, but it also meant her odds of ever getting to drive had just receded into the distance. Mueller seemed to be delighted at the powerful Chevy Tahoe, especially the leg room and the ability to move his head without scraping it along the roof.

The SUV also had room in the back for a variety of gear, from fire extinguishers and medical kits, to riot gear, ballistic armor and helmets. It also had an AR-15 locked in a bracket between the two front seats. The NYPD was responding to the threat of terrorism by upping its firepower.

Given they tended to deal with pickpockets and muggers a lot more often than terrorists some had questioned the wisdom of spending all that money on heavier vests, helmets and automatic weapons, but Jamie wasn't complaining given her own recent experiences.

No way was she wearing the damn helmet, though.

“I do like the view from up here,” she said, as they drove down Broadway.

“The view is always better the higher up you are,” Mueller replied. “Donald Trump would tell you that.”

“Donald Trump will tell you whatever he thought you wanted to hear,” she replied.

She wasn't a fan of The Donald, though the majority of police apparently were.

“What is that?” she said, pointing ahead to the right.

A short, black bald middle aged man was running along the sidewalk ten yards ahead of a young blonde woman in a tiny black leather skirt and tight top. The blonde girl looked like she was barefoot, and then Jamie noticed her carrying her shoes and purse together in one hand.

“Probably nothing. Young girls are always chasing me too,” Mueller said.

She snorted. Mueller's bald head, big nose and generally unfriendly disposition didn't tend to cause a lot of attraction in the opposite sex – or his own, for that matter. She'd only been assigned to him because her grandfather had pulled strings to get her into Midtown North's Anti-crime squad and its supervising sergeant was the only one who wasn't partnered up.

He hadn't been partnered up because of that unpleasant disposition, but Jamie hadn't had any difficulties with him so far. Then again, she wasn't the overly sensitive type. Besides, she was delighted to find herself out of uniform and doing interesting and varied police work.

She didn't even have to wear anything fancy to work. Detectives wore business attire, generally suits, but Anti-crime just wore street clothes to blend in with the street.

The Black guy tripped and went sprawling and the blonde caught up. Both of them were winded, but the blonde managed to kick him between the legs before she fell down too. She was getting up faster, being younger and fitter, but Jamie burped the siren as she flicked on the lights, and Mueller pulled over to the curb next to them.

She slipped out of the door to confront the blonde before she could kick

the man again, grabbing her arm, swinging her around and pushing her against the side of the Tahoe. The woman looked to be in her mid-twenties, and was gasping for breath so didn't put up any fight.

“What is this?” Mueller demanded, grabbing the black guy by the scruff of the neck and hauling him to his feet.

“He fucking robbed me!” the blonde screamed furiously.

Jamie pushed her back against the Tahoe as she completed her frisk, which didn't take a lot since the woman wasn't wearing a lot.

“Don't make me smack you,” she warned, jabbing a finger at the woman's chest.

“I pay her! I pay her!” the Black man said in heavily accented English.

“He paid me with foreign money that ain't worth shit!”

“The Burundi franc is a recognized international currency!” he replied indignantly. “I am being most very generous!”

“What's your name?” she asked.

“Debbie Mannoti! And he fucking robbed me!”

Searching through the blonde's purse quickly produced a yellow bank note with the faces of two black men on it and the legend 'Banque De La Republique Du Burundi' for 10,000 francs.

“I fucking googled that thing and it's worth six dollars!” she shouted.

Jamie smiled.

“What exactly was he paying you for?” Mueller asked, as if they didn't already know.

The Mannoti scowled at him. “For personal services worth a lot more than six bucks!”

“Most untrue!” the Black man said.

“Fuck you, you cock sucker!”

“You are a foul person!” he shouted in a high pitched voice.

“Let me see your ID,” Mueller said, rolling his eyes.

“That is not your business!” the black man said indignantly.

“If I arrest your ass and run you into jail for causing a disturbance will it be my business then?”

The man took a red booklet and thrust it at Mueller, who took it from him.

“I am a diplomat!” he said sternly.

“You're a thieving asshole!” the Mannoti shouted, lunging towards him.

Jamie jerked her back.

“Don't make me cuff you,” she said warningly.

“She probably charges extra for that,” someone in the group which had gathered to watch said.

“Hey, fuck you!” she said, turning to glare around her.

“Well, it looks legit,” Mueller said doubtfully. “I'll call it in just to be sure.”

He walked around to the driver's door of the Tahoe and opened the door while the black man and the blonde glared daggers at each other.

“You have the tiniest penis of any man I ever tried to blow,” the blonde said - loudly.

The man's eyes bulged and he lunged at her. Jamie, who was holding the

blonde's arm, raised her right leg and caught his belly with her foot, then shoved back hard enough to send him staggering.

“No fighting allowed,” she shouted.

“Go ahead. Let him come! I'll pop his little round head like a pimple!” Mannoti shouted.

The black man replied with a string of what sort of sounded like French to Jamie. Since she spoke Spanish and the languages were similar she thought she got some of the words, but he had a strange accent so it was hard to tell. It sounded like something to do with dogs urinating on cattle.

Then he started to do some sort of odd little dance, which Jamie gathered was a tribal dance of some kind from Africa. Since it involved turning his back to the blonde and bending over a lot she decided it wasn't meant to be flattering.

She had a firm hold on the blonde's arm, and though the woman was half a foot shorter than her and fairly easily managed, especially since she'd let her put her six inch stilettos back on, the black man was waving his bottom closer and closer.

Jamie wasn't totally surprised when Mannoti lunged forward, and yanked her quickly back, but not before she got her foot up into a hard kick made all the more painful by how pointy her shoes were. The black man squealed and went sprawling forward on his face on the pavement as Jamie tsked in minor annoyance.

“Hey, Black asses matter!” someone in the crowd shouted, to snickering and laughter.

She swung Mannoti around and pressed her against the Tahoe, then cuffed her hands behind her back. The woman didn't seem to mind, having gotten her kick at the can, so to speak. But just as she finished and turned back she saw the Black man lunging towards them.

He had something sharp in his hand that looked very much like a knife.

It wasn't aimed at Jamie but her instincts took over, not police instincts but the instincts honed in twelve years of martial arts training in Jiu Jitsu, a form of Japanese self-defense designed to be used by unarmed people against the Japanese Samurai.

Naturally enough it involved a lot of ways to disarm men holding pointy objects, and she instantly grabbed at his wrist, keeping her back to him as she blocked his arm and shoulder with her own, pulling him into her body as she twisted his arm down and sideways and dislocated his elbow.

He screamed and dropped the knife as Mueller rushed back from the car grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and threw him bodily into a group of news boxes.

He did not land gracefully.

“Well, shit,” Mueller said.

Jamie shrugged but it was hard to argue. What had been looking like something they could simply send the two parties on their way and ignore had now spawned an awful lot of paperwork, especially if the black man really did have a diplomatic passport.

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The Black man's name was Francois Ngendandumwe, and the diplomatic passport was indeed legitimate. As such, once he'd been treated in hospital, he was released without charges, though he would likely be PNGd – ordered out of the country – as soon as the paperwork was processed.

Since no one seemed interested in pressing charges against Mannoti, she was soon released, as well.

Jamie and Mueller, on the other hand, were stuck back at precinct headquarters doing paperwork for hours. Then they had to take their reports to Foster for review, then take them up to Deputy Inspector Tuttle, the precinct commanding officer, for *his* review.

Tuttle was a gray haired, round faced man with glasses in the white shirted uniform all NYPD bosses wore. He read Mueller's report first, then hers, occasionally flicking his eyes up at them as they sat in leather chairs before his desk.

“Officer McCloud,” he said, pausing for a moment as he pursed his lips.

Jamie looked back brightly. She'd left her black jacket on the back of her chair and made sure she stood very straight. She was well aware of how she looked in the tank top, and well aware that most men, especially middle aged men, tended to instinctively 'be nice' to attractive young women.

She had no moral problem with taking advantage of that whenever it seemed possible she might otherwise get into trouble of some kind. Her time with Danny had actually made her a lot more comfortable and casual about her sexuality and attractiveness.

“I don't see anything in what you did which can be challenged,” he finally said. “It was clearly either self-defense or in defense of the, ah, citizen you had just handcuffed.”

He turned his head to Mueller.

“Sergeant Mueller. It might be argued that Mister – ”

He looked down at the report, as if trying to figure out how to pronounce the man's name, then gave up.

“... that the suspect was already disarmed, so to speak, before you threw him into the news boxes, causing him to suffer fractured ribs and a concussion when he landed. However, given the brief time involved between him dropping the knife and you throwing him, I can't find much fault with it.

The State Department might, and the UN, where this individual worked, probably will, but it's my judgment your actions were within the letter of both New York and international law. We might not be able to arrest these people but we certainly can respond to acts of violence they commit.”

Mueller nodded.

“On the other hand, we both know it wasn't really necessary, don't we, sergeant.”

Mueller raised his eyebrows.

“What was this guy, five and a half feet, a hundred and forty pounds? I think you could have... restrained him more gently.”

“I thought he had just tried to stab my partner, sir,” Mueller said. “Gentle wasn't on my mind.”

“Understandable reaction, as I said. I'm not faulting you – either of you.”

He flicked his eyes to Jamie.

“But we've had this conversation before. You're a very big guy and you need to be mindful of overdoing it and getting yourself an unnecessary force charge. That's all I have to say. Both of you can return to patrol.”

They got back into the Tahoe and headed back to the north part of the precinct, where they had been heading before being interrupted. Mueller wanted to check on Randy Baker and Lyle Jefferson, who were working the area around Carnegie Hall for reported ticket scalpers.

Ticket scalping was normally too low-grade for Anti-crime but these ones were more than slightly pushy. Not only did they intimidate people into buying the tickets by everything just short of outright threatening them, but the tickets themselves were fake since Carnegie Hall wasn't open in the summer.

Anything that upset tourists upset the mayor which meant One Police Plaza then got on the horn to the precinct to make sure it stopped.

Mueller pulled into a no-parking area by the curb on West 57th and they got out as Parker moved towards them from the corner.

“Having fun?” Mueller asked.

Baker made a face just as Jefferson showed up. Jefferson grinned at Jamie, his eyes admiring the tank top under the open shirt.

“Nothing yet?” Mueller asked him.

Jefferson shook his head. “Only Baker getting lots of requests for dates,” he said.

“Fuck you,” Baker growled.

Mueller looked at him questioningly and Jefferson laughed.

“Lots of gay guys seem to think he's really hot.”

Baker gave him the finger.

“You do look very... touristy,” Mueller said with a faint smile.

Baker was wearing a blue striped shirt under a blue v-neck sweater.

“I heard you beat up a diplomat,” Jefferson said.

Mueller shrugged and shook his head. “Just gave him a little push.”

“Into the hospital, huh?” Jefferson grinned.

“He was going there already anyway. How come you're not wearing your vest, Jefferson?”

Jefferson rolled his eyes. “These guys are scalping tickets. They're not carrying guns.”

“Might have knives.”

“Yeah, so? Ballistic vests are pretty much useless for knives anyway.”

“For stabbing, they'll help with slashing. Anyway, it's policy. You know that. It don't matter if you think it's any good. You get hit by a car or bit by a cat or stub your toe on the fucking curb and you're not wearing one you'll get

charged. So put the fucking thing on.”

“Uh, is that a bullet proof tank top McCloud is wearing, Sergeant?”

He and Jefferson eyed Jamie's thin, tight tank top, which contained a hint of cleavage in the rounded neckline.

“The jacket is Kevlar.” Of course, it only works if it's fucking closed, McCloud,” he said, giving her a scowl.

“I close it whenever we get out of the car, except when we're being protected by these handsome and studly officers like we are now,” she said with a wide eyed look of earnest truthfulness.

Jefferson smirked. “You can keep it open around me, babe. I'll protect you and your... body.”

“And what protects your skinny black ass?” Mueller demanded.

Jefferson held his hands up in surrender, and Mueller took out a pair of posters on a violent snatch and grab artist that had been operating around the precinct and handed them to the two men.

Jamie looked around, looking at the building behind them. Classical music wasn't her thing and she had never been inside, but it was a nice looking building, and one of the city's older and better maintained public buildings, built in the nineteenth century.

It had an ornate front entrance, with five separate double glass doors beneath a high overhanging awning. She also noticed there was a bulging backpack sitting on the sidewalk against one of the stone columns between those doors, and nobody seemed to be guarding or watching it.

She frowned and looked around. New Yorkers weren't trusting enough to leave a backpack on the sidewalk and go far. This was a tourist area, of course, but why leave it outside if you were going in to buy tickets or make inquiries? She kept watch over it as people passed, and Mueller reminded everyone about the demonstration next day at Trump Tower.

“So,” she said when there was a break in the flow of words, “Whose backpack?”

The three looked at her, then followed the direction of her gaze.

“Maybe someone put it down to rest or check their phone and then walked away and forgot it,” Jefferson said.

“Maybe,” she said.

The four looked at it, but the backpack didn't offer up any inspiration.

“Feel free to go open it and look inside,” she said.

Mueller muttered under his breath then walked over to it. The others looked at each other uncertainly, but while he looked closely he didn't touch it. After a minute he walked back to them.

“Well?” she asked.

He made a face. “It's probably nothing, but this is one of those cases with a lot more serious downside if you do nothing and are wrong than if you call it in and waste everyone's time. You,” he said, pointing at Jamie, “Go inside and have them lock these doors and clear everyone away from this side of the building.”

She shrugged and nodded, then went for the door furthest from the backpack as he detailed the other two to block the sidewalks in either direction until he could get uniforms there to block traffic completely.

The lobby of Carnegie Hall didn't leave anyone in doubt it was built at a time where nothing was stinted when it came to impressing visitors. A row of enormous crystal chandeliers marched down the forty foot high ceiling, bracketed by enormous green marble columns that supported ornately carved golden beams that ran along the ceiling.

She pulled her badge out and spread her arms wide to intercept some people heading down the stairs to the doors.

“This entrance is closed,” she said. “You'll have to use an emergency exit.”

She shooed them back and directed a girl in a red jacket who worked there to block anyone from going near the doors. Then she went to the ticket office and asked for whoever was in charge and whoever had the keys to the front doors.

“Mister Simon is in a meeting,” the girl said, holding a phone to her ear.

“Tell him to get down here right now,” she said, glaring. “Right now!”

It took a tall, elegant looking man in a suit about a minute and a half to get to the lobby, which seemed longer to Jamie, even as she kept reminding herself it was probably nothing.

“May I help you, officer... ?”

“McCloud,” she said. “There's a suspicious package out front. It's probably nothing, but we want this entrance blocked off and we want everyone who might be in a front office moved further into the building, or out of the building.”

The building was immense, made of thick stone, and she doubted any bomb in a backpack would do more than shatter glass, though that would be dangerous to anyone near the windows. Its real danger was to people walking by outside.

She almost hoped it was a bomb. She knew there would be dozens of units responding to block off West 57th Street as well as Seventh Avenue and redirect people and traffic, and that would get on the news and into the commissioner's and mayor's offices before long. The department would get a dog down here to sniff the thing, and if it didn't alert someone would see what was inside – very carefully.

Then everyone would have a laugh and she'd get amused looks for quite some time to come.

In the meantime, much to her frustration, she had no idea what was going on outside. And it wasn't like she could go to the doors and look outside.

“I thought this place was closed in the summer,” she said.

“Well, yes, the season doesn't start until October,” Simon replied. “We are opening tonight for a benefit concert for AIDS research. Surely if anyone was going to put a bomb here they would do it tonight?”

“Probably,” she said. “But you know where in the movies terrorists are all these brilliant geniuses with incredible sources of secret information? In real life they're usually pretty dumb and disorganized. And if it's a foreigner he might only have heard of Carnegie Hall and not necessarily know it as anything but a famous landmark.”

“Like those people who were trying to get weapons at the Armory last month!” he said.

“Yeah, like them,” she said dryly.

After about twenty five minutes a pair of uniformed officers showed up, having come in through the back to relieve her, and she quickly followed their directions out onto Seventh Avenue, which was now something of a circus.

She was willing to bet traffic was in chaos throughout midtown.

She made her way through the crowds, past the police tape and edged around all the white shirts she saw until she spotted Mueller talking with Lieutenant Foster. She cringed a bit at that, but made her way up to them, noting the Bomb Squad truck nearby and the guys playing with the controls of a robot.

They both turned as she walked up.

“The dog alerted on the backpack so the Bomb Squad is gonna have the robot put it into their container and take it to the Bronx.”

“We didn't really need the Bronx anyway,” she said.

Foster, who wasn't noted for his sense of humor, gave her a steely gaze.

“Sergeant Foster is referring to the Rodman's Neck facility,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” she replied.

*Dick*, she thought.

They watched the robot, which moved at a snail's pace, for some time. It managed to pick up the backpack, then slowly trundle it over to a big metal container being towed behind an ESU truck.

“Well, that was exciting,” she said afterward.

“It's only exciting if it blows up,” Mueller replied.

## Chapter Two

Jamie took a lot of pride in herself, in her appearance, and in her competence and the respect others paid her.

She was six feet tall, straight-backed, athletic, graceful and beautiful. She was well-spoken, well-educated, and strong of will and body. She'd been a track star in high school and college, and had worked out strongly to ensure she hadn't any problems when she applied for the police academy.

She'd only graduated seven months ago, so was still just as fit and athletic. She kept up her gym membership to make sure of that, and was a regular morning jogger. Lately, as she'd felt more confident in expressing her sexuality – a byproduct of her relationship with Danny – she'd even taken up pole dancing classes.

That had been something she would have dismissed a year ago, not because the idea wasn't intriguing. She loved to dance, after all. No, she would have dismissed it as too sexual. But she simply felt more sexual now, and more comfortable in being sexual. Danny didn't know about the classes, yet, but he would, once she thought she'd acquired a certain level of expertise.

Then he was in for a surprise, she thought slyly. She was an athletic girl and if she was going to do something it had to be done right. She had little doubt what watching her on a stripper pole – presuming she could arrange that somehow, somewhere, would turn him on a lot. Especially since, unlike in classes, she'd be doing it naked.

That was another area where her relationship with Danny had shifted her mental balance. Oh she'd always known she was attractive, always known she had a good body. But there'd been a kind of mental block in her, where she felt guilty about actually taking pride in that. Wasn't that pretty shallow, after all?

But Danny had immersed her in sex and her own sexuality too deeply, and his repeated compliments about her body, and his ability to manipulate it, had made her more aware of how men saw her, and added to her sense of confidence in her looks, even in her sexual attractiveness.

Oh she'd had lots of compliments about her body over the years, but Danny's took it to a whole new level. Yes, she knew she had nice looking breasts, for men had told her that repeatedly, and she'd gotten even more comments about her butt. She'd had her legs complimented, and her green eyes too.

She'd never felt comfortable about displaying herself, though. She'd never really worn tight or revealing clothes, and had generally found the interest strange men had in her, in looking at her, either annoying or embarrassing. She certainly had never done anything to cater to them.

Now she felt not only a new awareness of that attention but a degree of acceptance of it. If men thought she was easy on the eyes, well, what was wrong with that? She liked looking nice, and wasn't going to go out of her way to hide the way she looked. That didn't mean she would wear tight pants or tops, but if the pants or tops she liked were tight, well, so what?

Of course, that wasn't likely to be much of a problem at work, for the plain and simple reason that she had to hide her gun, cuffs and other tools of the trade. She certainly couldn't do that in anything slinky and sexy, even if she felt like wearing one to work. Not, at least, unless she could wear it under her jacket.

Nor had she ever really liked high heels. She was quite content in her leather sneakers, and, today, a pair of sand colored linen trousers under black t-shirt with a long dark green short sleeved shirt over it, the buttons open down the front.

It was neat, clean, not 'scruffy' a word Foster had used the other day in complaining about some of the outfits Anti-crime wore, but would hide the equipment.

Her stride, as she walked to the precinct from the subway station on 57<sup>th</sup>

street, was long and brisk, discouraging conversation from either beggars or jerks. It was sunny, and she had on a pair of dark glasses which curved around her head.

Traffic was heavy as she glanced at her watch. She was slightly early, which should give ample time, as she turned the corner onto 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue, to stop at the Starbucks there. As she approached, though, she saw a commotion to her right, at the bus stop. An MTA bus was stopped there and people were shouting just inside the door.

She wavered. Technically she was still off-duty, and it wasn't like she was required to intervene in every verbal dispute she encountered, even on-duty. On the other hand, the voices were awfully angry, and that kind of anger often evolved into violence. And she was a couple of blocks from the precinct house, which sort of made it her 'neighborhood'.

She was also still a rookie, and despite the air of casual insouciance she tended to give out to others, was still new enough at the job to be caught up in the sense of duty to right every wrong.

People standing and waiting to board the bus were now joining in the argument, yelling at a man in the doorway who was blocking them. A very large, very fat man in a white shirt and blue tie with a high nasal voice. As she watched, he sat down on one of the steps.

“I'm on strike!” he yelled repeatedly, to much verbal abuse.

She tsked in annoyance and pushed through the crowd, pulling her badge out from under the T-shirt and letting it dangle on its lanyard.

“Excuse me,” she said, pushing through the people around the entrance.

No one really wanted to give way, and they tended to turn and glare at her, at first, but the badge was highly visible, and they melted away to either side.

The driver was standing up behind the man, yelling at him.

“Hey!” she shouted up at him. “What's the problem here?”

The driver looked down at her, scowling, then saw the badge.

“He won't move his fat ass.”

“I have a bus pass for unlimited rides and he is refusing to let me ride!” the fat man exclaimed.

“Like I already told you, you can't get off a bus on the same line and then back on the same bus line within eighteen minutes. You gotta wait eighteen minutes between rides!”

“Really?” she said. “Okay, so how many has it been?”

“I don't know. The card gets read by the system when its tapped, and it rejects you if it's been less than eighteen minutes. His card got rejected so he has to get off.”

“I went past my stop! I need to go back the same way,” the man protested.

“Well, you know, life sucks,” she said. “Some people go blind, some get cancer, and some have to wait ten minutes to get a ride back. Off the bus.”

He glared at her lack of sympathy and she jerked her thumb at him.

“Off,” she said firmly.

“If I sit here for ten minutes I'll be past the time limit,” he said.

“If you sit here for ten minutes you'll be in the back of a paddy wagon headed for a date at Ryker's island with a guy named Bruno who will wash you off with a fire hose before putting you in a cell. Now off,” she snapped, jerking her thumb again.

He glared at her but pushed himself to his feet – not easily, and came off the bus. As soon as he was clear of the entrance a dozen people crowded on and she stuffed her badge back under her T-shirt and went into Starbucks as

the bus took off.

The line moved briskly and she got a small coffee with too much sugar. She glanced at her watch as she came out, but saw something large moving towards her out of her peripheral vision. She had just enough time to angle her body to the side as the fat guy swept his arm up and knocked against her arm hard enough to spill the coffee.

Most of what spilled hit the sidewalk, but some splashed across her shirt and t-shirt, too.

“Ooops,” he said insincerely. “Maybe you should watch where you're –  
”

Jamie kicked him in the shin and he howled, trying to jerk his foot up to grab at it with his hand, and failing, since he was too overweight. He wound up on the sidewalk, still trying to clutch his shin.

“You big, stupid fat moron!” she snapped.

She poured the rest of the coffee on him, and he howled again as she let the cup fall on his head and walked away.

Technically, she supposed she could have arrested him and maybe had him charged with assault. He'd pretend it was an accident but he'd go in the system and have a very unhappy day. It would involve paperwork, though, and it was just too petty for her to be interested in, though she was sorely tempted.

Pouring the coffee on him was cheaper, faster and more effective as a punishment, she thought.

“Police brutality!” he screamed behind her.

She ignored him, brushing at her shirt angrily and glad she had a spare outfit at work.

She got there, on time, but had to get to her locker to change, so by the time she was back upstairs she was ten minutes late.

“You're late,” Mueller said.

“I had to change my outfit. Some moron banged into me at the Starbucks, accidentally on purpose, and I spilled coffee on myself.

“Accidentally on purpose?”

She told him about the fat man and he snorted and shook his head.

“You should write it up,” he said.

“What?” she said, staring at him.

“He sounds like the kind of guy who'll make a complaint. And you aren't going to be hard to find. There aren't a lot of other six foot tall redheads in this city, never mind in this precinct.”

“If he complains I'll charge him with assaulting police,” she said darkly.

“Yeah, but he's probably too stupid to realize that. Just write up a brief description and send it to me so you're covered.”

“Seriously?”

“Have I struck you as the kind of guy who engages in lot of levity, Officer McCloud?”

She sighed and turned to her computer.

“I always think you're kind of funny, sergeant,” Lyle Jefferson said from behind her.

“Bite me,” he replied.

She wrote up what had happened, including accidentally spilling her coffee on him, and sent it to him and then they headed out on tour in the Tahoe again.

She had a feeling they would be in the Tahoe a lot, since he seemed to really like it.

“Where to today?”

“Dunno. We'll see what happens.”

What happened first was an emergency call about a guy in a fight in an office building on Madison Avenue. That was odd, so Mueller, of course, decided to go have a look.

Uniformed officers on patrol were assigned to sectors within the precinct and went only where they were sent. One of the benefits of being in Anti-crime was you went everywhere within the precinct, and generally only answered the calls that interested you – other than emergency calls, of course. That was doubly true when you were the supervisor of the precinct Anti-crime team.

Or were riding with him.

“Says a guy was beaten unconscious,” she said, reading the computer screen. “Medical en-route.”

“Someone under a little too much stress,” he said.

They had the lights in the grille and the light bar in the windshield on, but kept the siren off, except to burp it as they came to red lights, then ease their way through the slowing traffic. The handy thing about the Tahoes, she thought, was that unlike regular unmarked cars these had flashing blue and red lights under the side doors, as well, which made them more visible to cross-traffic.

That didn't mean New Yorkers were going to stop, of course, and let you in without forcing the issue by sticking your nose out into traffic. Mueller did so, and made the trip in quick time, pulling up in front of a nondescript glass and steel tower on Madison Avenue behind the marked sector car.

They got out and went through the revolving door to meet the two

uniforms she didn't know on their way out.

“What's up?” Mueller asked.

“They said it was a false alarm,” one of them said.

“It was a 911 call from the nineteenth floor,” Mueller said.

“They said everything was fine and nobody was hurt,” the other one said.

“You looked around?”

“Well, a little. I mean, it's a big floor. And they didn't want us there.”

“You intimidate too easily, Beck,” Mueller said. “I'm gonna go have a look.”

“I wasn't intimidated! Shit, it's an office building full of rich people, not a public housing project in the Bronx. They said everything was fine!”

“Rich people lie all the time, Beck,” Mueller said, gesturing for him to follow and, heading for the elevator.

“I don't know you,” he said to Jamie, giving her a look.

She raised her eyebrows and frowned, then nodded understanding.

Mueller got out on the nineteenth floor with the two uniforms behind him. She got out and turned the opposite way, striding up the hall as if she belonged there.

She'd had to trade in her linen pants for jeans she'd had in her locker, and her green blouse and tank top for a Rangers hockey jersey, though. That put her somewhat out of place from the very dressy girls she passed in the hall. But she'd long learned that a brazen attitude could see you through almost anything.

She opened doors at random, and whenever anyone looked up said

“Sorry,” and closed them again, moving on. She came into an open office area, walking among the cubicles and heard raised voices in the distance, so headed that way.

The small cubicles were packed in very tightly together, but beyond them was an open area with a desk, and beyond that a glass walled corner office. She could see a gray haired man standing behind a desk pointing at two men in front of the desk. His voice was raised angrily but it was heavily muffled by the glass wall and door.

She didn't think they'd tell her anything, so walked on, glancing into open offices and opening doors. One of the doors she opened gave onto a small boardroom with a large rectangular table in blonde wood, a dozen plush chairs, and two people hovering over a bloodied man in a chair.

She slipped inside, pleased. “So what happened here?” she asked.

A man and a woman straightened and stared at her. The man was in his thirties, wearing a stylish blue suit, heavy, dark rimmed glasses and a receding hairline while the woman was a blonde around mid-twenties, in a short black skirt, high heels and a loose gray shirt.

The guy in the chair seemed woozy. He had what looked like cotton batting in both nostrils, one eye was swollen shut and he had a cut on his forehead that he was holding a bandage to. A red first aid kit was sitting open on the table.

“Who are you?” the woman asked.

Jamie reached into her jersey and tugged on the lanyard, pulling her badge free so it dropped onto her chest. Both of them got wide eyed at the sight.

“So bearing in mind that lying to the police is a criminal offense and getting arrested is a lot worse than annoying your boss – who beat up this guy?”

“Honcoop,” the guy in the chair said in a slurred voice.

Jamie moved forward and examined him, then reached behind her and pulled the radio from her belt.

“Four-B to Four-A,” she said.

There was a momentary delay, then Mueller's voice. “Go.”

“Medical here?”

“Yeah. You got business for them?”

Jamie stepped back to glance at the plate by the door.

“Board room, 1954, southwest side.”

“On the way.”

She put the radio back.

“So who is Honcooop?”

“He's the asshole Vice president,” the man in the chair said in a weak voice. “Suckup who can't make decisions, thinks he's special.”

“So what happened? I'm sure he doesn't routinely beat up his employees.”

“He was screaming at Lisa in his office, so close he was spitting in her face. Asshole,” he said. “I told him to stop acting like a hysterical two year old before someone spanked him.”

“That was when he spanked you?”

“I didn't expect him to hit me with a stapler. Got blindsided.”

“Who is Lisa? You?” she asked, looking at the blonde.

The woman gave her a helpless look, then looked at the man standing beside her. “Yes,” she said in a small voice.

“What's your name, sir?” she asked the guy in the chair.

“David Pullman. And if you promise to take him out of here in handcuffs in front of everyone I'll press charges.”

“David!” the other man exclaimed.

“I think we can promise that. What happens to him after that depends on your testimony, and Lisa...”

“Damien,” she gulped.

Raised voices were approaching, and she stepped out to see a small crowd hurrying down the aisle. Mueller was there with the two uniforms, and two EMTs with a stretcher. Two guys in suits with a woman in a dress trailed. It was the guys in suits who were making the noise, talking about warrants and private property and complaints to the mayor. If Mueller heard them he wasn't giving any indication of it.

She waved and he stopped looking at the door plates and quickened his pace as she stepped aside.

He walked into the board room, and with a look at the uniforms, they halted at the door. They let the EMT's through then shouldered aside the rest, refusing to let them in.

“Lawyers,” Mueller said to her.

The EMTs got to work on Pullman while she briefed Mueller.

“Good job,” he said.

“I'm guessing the loudmouth in the office was our party, or one of the guys he was yelling at.”

“Go see.”

“Do I get to arrest him? I like arresting loud mouthed rich guys.”

“By the book,” he said, giving her a warning look.

She smiled and the uniforms stepped temporarily aside to let her through. The three in the hall stared at her, then ignored her as she walked away, trying to look over the shoulders of the uniformed cops.

She walked back to the corner office, which had a wooden sign next to the door which said 'Martin Honcoop – Executive Vice President' on it. It had two more men inside now, and the shouting had faded to a low growl.

They all turned to stare at her chest as she opened the door, then at her chest. The stare had nothing to do with her breasts, though.

“Who's Martin Honcoop,” she said, looking expectantly at the skinny guy behind the desk.

Nobody answered for a moment. “I am Martin Honcoop,” the man behind the desk finally said.

She gestured at him with two fingers.

“Let's go,” she said.

His face reddened and he scowled.

“Who the hell are you?” he demanded, raising his voice.

Jamie didn't have a very pronounced Brooklyn accent, but she could certainly exaggerate what she did have when she wanted to. Right then she wanted to, thinking it would put the 'suits' backs up more.

“Well, on the paperwork I'm going to have to fill out I'm called Arresting Officer,” she said. “And you're under arrest. So come out here or I'll come in and get you.”

One of the four men before the desk stepped forward, smiling.

“Officer, I'm Kyle Weatherall,” he said. “I'm chief council for Mainwaring Communications.”

“You can come and bail out your client once he's processed councilor, and even be present during questioning. But you can't interfere with an arrest,” she said pointedly.

He stepped back and held his hands up and back against his chest.

“You have a signed complaint then?”

“I have an oral complaint which is good enough for now. The complainant is being worked on by EMTs.”

She motioned at Honcoop with her finger and he glared at her but stepped forward.

“Mister Honcoop is a respected member of this firm,” Weatherall said. “If charges of any kind are laid he is more than willing to present himself at the proper place for processing.”

“That's okay, councilor, we're willing to transport him,” she said, grabbing Honcoop's arm and pulling him forward.

“Get your hand off me!” he snapped, jerking his arm back.

“Martin!” Weatherall hissed.

Jamie grabbed for him again, caught the front of his jacket, and jerked him forward.

He stumbled off balance and she caught at his wrist and twisted it up and around, then shoved him face first into the side of the glass as he yelled angrily.

The other four men recoiled in alarm.

“Put your hands behind your back!” she shouted.

Then one of the uniforms hurried in and grabbed him, throwing his shoulder into his back and grabbing his other arm. They pulled both wrists down and back behind him, but Honcoop had stopped struggling the instant

the uniform came into the room.

The uniform was very large and very broad of shoulder.

Jamie stood back and let the uniform – his name plate said Marsh – roughly frisk the man. While he was doing that she spotted a stapler laying on Honcoop's desk and reached over to snatch some tissues out of a box before carefully picking it up to examine it.

Weatherall started forward. “You can't – .”

Jamie pointed the stapler at him. “Can it councilor. I've got testimony this was used as a weapon. If you really want to make a big issue out of it I can leave a cop standing here closing off this room until I get a warrant, but you know I will get one.”

Weatherall frowned but subsided as the uniform pulled Honcoop away from the glass.

“Mister Honcoop,” Jamie said. “You have the right to remain silent. If you give up the right to remain silent anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney and have one present during questioning. If you so desire and can't afford one an attorney will be provided to you without charge. Do you understand?”

“Go and fuck yourself!” he growled.

“Martin, for God's sake control yourself!” Weatherall snapped.

“Did you understand the rights I explained to you?” she repeated.

There were witnesses, after all.

“I went to Harvard! I speak English quite clearly!” he snapped.

The uniform gripped Honcoop's arm and pushed him out of the room. She followed and they met Mueller a short distance away.

“Problem?” he asked, noting the man's disheveled look and his hair

spilling over his forehead.

“Borderline resisting,” she said.

“Take him down and put him in the blue and white. Marsh. You stay with them.”

The uniform nodded and Jamie led the way up the hall, amid staring, sometimes open-mouthed employees, including Lisa Damien, whose eyes looked like they were going to bulge out of her head.

“I will have your job, bitch,” Honcoop hissed in a low voice.

“You couldn't handle it, honey,” she replied.

They walked out into the main elevator lobby, and got more open-mouthed stares. Honcoop's arrogance was rapidly deflating as he seemed to realize he couldn't do anything or intimidate anyone into changing his situation.

She and Marsh walked him through the lobby, where he got a lot more stares, then out to the blue and white. Marsh put him in the back seat while she pulled an evidence bag out of the rear of the Tahoe and slipped the stapler into it. Even a tiny bit of hair or blood would be pretty solid evidence Honcoop had used it. That would make the charge assault with a weapon.

Ten minutes later the EMTs wheeled out the victim and put him in the back of a fire department ambulance and Mueller and Marsh's partner came out and she joined them.

“We'll follow you back to the station,” he said to Marsh. “Don't flap your gums to this guy. He'll be getting high-priced legal help and they'll use anything you say against you or the department.”

The two men nodded.

Mueller nodded his head at her and they got into the Tahoe.

“Well that was enjoyable,” she said.

“You have a socialist streak in you, do you know that, McCloud?”

“Socialist?”

“You don't like bosses and rich people.”

“I think that's called an American streak. Anyway, it's more I don't like assholes. But I admit rich assholes are even worse”

“Socialist.”

“Deplorable,” she replied.

He snorted and pulled into traffic behind the blue and white.

## Chapter Three

Mentioning Carnegie Hall had been a mistake, she thought with a sigh, as she probed at the strange looking meat her mother had arranged for tonight's dinner. It was allegedly a recipe from Northern India involving lots of greens, and antelope meat. God only knew where she'd found antelope meat but it was New York, and you could get anything here if you really wanted it.

Andrew Carnegie, however, came from Scotland, not India, and her father was apparently a big fan, and had been regaling her with his history and accomplishments for the last twenty minutes. Especially his belief in education and literacy, and how he'd given up work to spend several years getting better educated.

"I know enough," she said. "Hey, I can count without even using my fingers."

"Don't be a smart-ass," her father said. "When was the last time you read a book?"

"Uhm, well..."

The truth was she hadn't had a lot of time for reading, lately, especially not with Danny taking up so much of her spare time. Literary pursuits paled in comparison to multiple orgasms. That wasn't an excuse she could make to her dad, though.

"I've been kind of busy."

"And we know with whom," Colin said with a smirk.

She glowered across the table at him. "No one asked you, schoolboy," she said.

"I read the Post every morning," Dale said.

Her father rolled his eyes and she smirked at the predictability.

“Looking at the Post is not reading, even if, unlike most of its readers, you don't have to move your lips and sound out the complicated words,” he said.

“Hey, I speak the real good English!” Dale said with mock indignation.

“I speak it even gooder!” she protested.

Their father sighed and shook his head and she and Dale grinned at each other.

She and Dale were both cops, of course, while Colin was in pre-law, the apple of their father's eye since he was the one child trying to follow in his path. He himself, of course, had veered off the path of the straight and narrow his own father had set. His father and two brothers were both with the NYPD.

Which was one of the reasons why she and Dale had the kind of assignments they wanted, and on the day shift, too. A certain amount of nepotism was part of the tradition of the NYPD and no amount of civil service oversight was going to change that.

“Andrew Carnegie built three thousand libraries,” her father said. “You two should spend some time in one.”

“Well, he built an awfully nice concert hall. I'll give him that,” Jamie said. “That's one impressive looking building.”

“You should see the actual concert halls inside, not just the hallways,” her father said. “They're gorgeous.”

“Maybe when I get older I'll be into that classic stuff more,” she said, making a face.

“Classical music is not for old people. I swear to Christ I should have put you three in private schools where you'd have been taught to appreciate fine music.”

“Then they'd be snobs like you, dear,” her mother said.

“I'm not a snob. I merely have good taste,” he replied.

It was an old argument between them. Her mother was very much the free spirit and had been a sort of late model hippy type – and still was.

“And you should invite your young man over more, Jamie,” she said.

“He's not my young man! He's a... guy. And he's on a stakeout. He might be picking me up after dinner, though, if he gets off early.”

“A fed,” Dale said, shaking his head in disgust.

“He's okay, for a fed.”

*And he has a big dick*, she thought, a bit smugly.

The fact they would all be horrified if they even suspected half of what she and Danny had done together made her feel slightly strange, like she had an enormous dark secret which had to be kept at all costs. Which of course, she did.

God help her if some of those pictures he'd taken got out!

They finished up dinner and she went up to the fourth floor – her suite, so to speak. It was a very large house which her mother's father had once subdivided into five good sized apartments and rented out. Her mother and father had moved into one when they married, and gradually her grandfather had renovated to give them first two floors, then three, then left the place to them when he died.

Now it was one large and comfortable house, except for the separate basement apartment Dale occupied. Sometimes she envied him his privacy. On the other hand, she loved her bay window overlooking the street, and the window seat in it.

When the phone rang she was actually sitting in it leafing through a book she had never finished, sort of half guilty over what her father had said.

She glanced at the number and then picked it up.

“Hey,” she said.

“Hey slave girl,” Danny replied. “Are you eagerly waiting for me to come and take you away in chains? Naked?”

“Counting the hours,” she said, glancing up at the clock.

“Will you make it worth my while?”

“Maybe, if you're lucky.”

“Will you be a good, obedient slave girl?”

“Probably not.”

“I'm downstairs.”

She blinked, then rose up in the seat and peered down at the sidewalk to see him looking up from beside a black SUV.

“Show me your tits,” he said.”

“I could do that, maybe, if you beg enough.”

“No. As in, pull up your shirt and press them against the glass.”

“I don't think so.”

“What if I order you to?”

“This is my neighborhood, mister master. I'm not risking one of the neighbors seeing me and telling mom, and you shouldn't either.”

“What's life without risk?”

“Safe.”

“And boring.”

“I can take a little boredom at times.”

“You might have to be punished for disobedience.”

She snorted. “What else is new?”

“Okay, then you have to obey me in something else.”

“What?”

“Wear your denim dress.”

“What? Why?”

“Because I ordered you to.”

She shrugged. “Okay. Where are we going?”

“Someplace.”

“Gee, really? Again?”

“And one other thing – no underwear.”

She felt her chest tightening.

“What new pervert stuff do you have in mind? God, you really are a horny bastard!”

“I know. Good thing you're a nympho.”

“I'm not a nympho.”

“You will be when I'm done with you.”

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The denim dress was a one piece, with a zipper going down the front,

and a belt around its waist. It was short enough that not wearing panties under it was a bit of a risk, depending on where they were going. Not wearing a bra was only a problem if there was dancing, or if her mom noticed. The risk of the latter was too great to ignore, so she decided to wear a bra anyway.

She was half obedient, after all, and Danny was going to 'punish' her anyway.

She trotted down the stairs, though slowed near the first floor as she heard voices. Danny was in the entry chatting smoothly with her mother and father, and she instantly felt a jolt of anxiety. He knew how to act, though, she thought. He wasn't going to do or say anything stupid – probably.

He was actually a very attractive, smooth spoken and sophisticated guy. The only thing which caused her to feel anxiety was the guilty feeling she got about what they did together, how kinky it was, and how she'd feel if her parents ever found out!

“Hey,” she said. “Going dancing, right?”

“Right,” he said smoothly.

That would explain her short dress, at least, without actually having to explain it. Not that it was *that* short, but she normally, up until lately, tended to dress more modestly.

They made it out of the house without any errors, and she felt like blowing out a breath of relief as they walked to the car.

“I believe you're disobeying me again, slave girl,” he said in a low voice.

“Shh,” she said.

“And being disrespectful, too.”

He opened the passenger door for her and then closed it as she sat down before walking around to the front of the car and getting in.

“You look good in a suit, you know,” she said.

“Thanks. Now get naked.”

“What?”

“Right now.”

“But...”

“Tinted windows. No one will see a thing.”

“What if – .”

“What if there's an accident? Be serious.”

He reached over and gripped the zipper then slid it down the front of her chest, down over her waist, down to the hem, until it parted and the dress opened.

“Take it off, along with the bra, slave.”

“Why did you ask me to wear it?”

“Because it's easy to get out of,” he said with a smirk.

She glowered at him, but her chest was tightening again, and she felt a hot, bubbling sense of excitement rolling up through her belly as he started the engine and pulled away from the curb.

The dress was already open from neck to hem so she simply shrugged it back over her shoulders, feeling odd as she did, looking through the front windshield at the cars they were passing. She reached back and undid her bra, then slipped it off her shoulders, heart beating faster as she turned to look at him.

He took the bra and pulled the dress out from under her, tossing it into the back. Then he handed her a small square of black cloth.

“I bought you a dress.”

“Uh oh.”

“It's for dancing. Remember, dark discos, flashing lights, dark corners.”

Jamie gulped, but wearing something was infinitely better than wearing nothing, so she fumbled with the dress, then pulled it over her head. It wasn't very stretchy, and, she could tell, very short, but as he said, nightclubs were on the dark side anyway...

She was pleased, at first, as she pulled it down over her shoulders. It didn't have a plunging neckline, at least, and it was tight enough across her chest it would offer her breasts support as she danced. On the other hand, it was sleeveless, leaving her shoulders bare. And the arm holes were quite large, extending down the side of her ribs by a hand-span below her armpits.

That would leave the sides of her breasts partially bare to anyone looking from the sides, and that could get worse as she danced.

But it would be dark, she reminded herself.

She slid it down past her chest and then lifted her bottom to pull it further, and that was when she realized that the dress had large cutouts on the sides over her hips. In fact, the curved cutouts left her hips – front, back and sides - completely bare from above her navel. The actual fabric curved back outward about at the level of her crotch, so that the bottom four or five inches was entirely normal.

She looked down nervously, running her hands over the bare skin of her hips. The cutouts extended in front and back on either side to expose a good deal of skin, but it was still 'decent' since it covered everything which needed to be covered. It was a very sexy dress, though, and quite short and tight across her bottom.

“I have great taste in fashion,” he said.

“No comment. I want to see what it looks like in the light.”

“You'll look sexy and fabulous.”

“Be kind of hard to carry a gun with this,” she said, rubbing her bare hip.

“You won't need a gun tonight, baby,” he said with a grin. “Your body is a deadly weapon.”

“Oh please!” she said with a laugh.

He headed east a little and then south.

“Where are we going anyway?”

“Place called Magombo.”

“What the hell kind of place is that?”

“Latin, Salsa, Samba, Mambo and such.”

“I never heard of it.”

“It's new.”

Magombo was a former bakery, as it turned out, for she'd passed the empty building a number of times over the past few years. There was a lot of traffic out front and the parking lot was crowded. Danny found a space, though, and that was when she got to get out of the car, stand up, and look at herself in slightly better light.

She felt a little jolt, but was confused about it. After all, exposing so much of her hips wasn't exactly normal but on the other hand, it was hardly obscene. It was patently obvious, though, that she could not be wearing panties with this dress. Not unless the waistband was way up her waist.

And this was a Latin dance club, which meant she would be far from the only girl wearing a sexy dress.

She glanced a bit nervously at the side of her chest, noting the side boob

was worse than she'd thought. Still, it wasn't too blatant. It was just that, like her hips, it wasn't a part of her she usually exposed in public. Still, was it any worse than showing some cleavage?

She let Danny take her arm and lead her across the parking lot to the front door. The sound of thumping Latin music was evident well before they got there, and when they opened the door it almost overwhelmed her, setting up a resonance, the music like a physical thumping against her chest.

It was dark, loud and had glittering, flashing lights and lots of bodies, the women, as she'd suspected, as barely dressed as she was. That was reassuring on a number of levels. It wasn't, after all, that she was particularly shy about her body. At least, not as shy as she used to be. But dressing 'appropriately', especially in front of other women, was still something which she felt a need for.

Danny guided her to the bar for a drink, which he ordered for her. It was something blue and green with fruit in it, and tasted tangy and sweet. They didn't really come for drinking so much as for dancing, though, and soon were on the dance floor.

She was again a bit self-conscious as she moved, though grateful for the near dark. Dancing without a bra was a new experience. She was not, after all, a small girl. The dress was relatively tight, but still not as good as a good bra at keeping her in place. And then there were those big holes along the sides of her dress that exposed her breasts.

Everyone was moving around her, though, and she began to forget about it as she danced. Danny moved very well, very smoothly, and it was soon easy to forget the others around them and focus in on him, on his eyes and the way he moved.

It was good dancing with someone who, even in her heels, was still a bit taller than her. Their bodies moved well together, and she was neither looking into his chest, nor over his head. She loved dancing with men, especially fit men who moved well.

She took the opportunity during one move to run her hand up the inside

of his thigh and give him a little squeeze. His eyes narrowed and his lips raised, and Jamie felt a jolt of excitement and nervousness, knowing she'd started something.

He seemed to ignore it, though, until the music shifted and he was able to swing her around and press himself against her from behind. This was a kind of grinding, sexy dance, with his arms around her, that she could really get into! But she felt a jolt as his right hand caressed her rib – perfectly normal, except for the open side over her breast which left his hand caressing her bare breast.

His hand glided downward across her hip as they danced, and then stroked her bare skin before curving around the front, where his fingers dipped beneath the fabric of the cutout, his hand sliding down and in until he was stroking her naked sex!

She gasped, her eyes rolling from side to side, but no one seemed to have noticed or cared, and though her pulse rate picked up – as did her nervousness – as did her arousal, she kept dancing in time with him, grinding her buttocks against his crotch as she felt his lips on the nape of her neck.

It would hardly be the first time a guy had groped her on the dance floor, of course, but this seemed so... blatant! And, as his expert fingers stroked her clitoris and slid up and down the line of her sex, she realized she was getting very wet!

His hand slid back up and out, though, and his fingers traced her lips. She gulped as they dipped inside, and licked at them before he turned her around and faced her, his hands sliding around her again as their eyes met.

His hands caressed her back, then slid down until they met the bare spaces on her hips, sliding into the dress to caress her bare bottom before pulling out again. The spun and twisted and came together again, his hands on her bottom. She gulped, and then cupped him, squeezing and rubbing him as she felt him hardening.

Take that, she thought.

They pulled apart, and then he was pressed into her bottom again, and now she could feel he was at least partially erect, and ground her buttocks deliberately against him. His hand slid into the open side of her right hip and down between her legs again, fingering her beneath the short hem as her breathing got more and more ragged.

He maneuvered her around the floor to one side, shifting positions often through several songs. Jamie was gripped by a sense of deep heated sexual pressure and arousal.

Then he was pressed into her from behind again. Her left hand was lifted up and back behind his neck as they ground together, but now they were on the edge of the dance floor, and she gasped as she saw a beautiful Latin girl in a sparkling silver dress with a lot of cleavage watching them, and felt Danny's hand push down along her bare hip and then slide under the fabric.

The girl was sipping from some drink, watching them entirely without embarrassment as Jamie felt his fingers reach her clitoris and begin to stroke her.

“S-Someone's watching!” she moaned, trying to turn aside.

“I know,” he said, his fingers working faster.

She rolled her eyes up and back, and saw him looking at the girl, then looked back at the girl, who was smirking as she watched them. Jamie was on the edge of orgasm, and while the girl's watching embarrassed her it also filled her with a dark, glittering sense of thrill at how kinky and wanton she was being.

And then a guy came back to the table and sat down, and his eyes followed the girl. He was a handsome guy, and clearly appreciated what he was looking at. Jamie moaned, her face heating, and tried to swing her body around, but Danny held her in place as his fingers dipped into the mouth of her sex, then slid deeper as his thumb flicked across her clitoris in rapid little strokes that made her gasp and moan helplessly.

Then he stopped, with a laugh, drawing his fingers out and sliding them

into his own mouth as he led her off the dance floor.

Jamie's legs were shaky, and she was gulping in air as he led her past the bar, then up a flight of stairs. It was carpeted upstairs, with tables overlooking the main dance floor, and then, further in, a narrow, very dimly lit corridor which led to bathrooms.

And then he shoved her against the wall and kissed her hard, savagely, his heavy body pressing hers against the wall as she moaned and slid her hands up around his neck to kiss him back. They were in a very narrow alcove not more than three feet wide and about the same deep. There was a very small wooden ledge against the wall, and a pay telephone on the wall above.

Danny's hands were kneading her buttocks, first through the dress, then under it. He tugged the hem up above her buttocks, up to her waist, and she gasped helplessly, eyes rolling wildly around them to ensure nobody was looking.

His own body mostly covered her from in front, of course, but it still felt incredibly wild and slutty to be naked below the waist in a public place!

And then his fingers dug into her buttocks and lifted her up, perching her on the ledge. His fingers were working her clitoris as they kissed passionately, and she forced a hand downward, squeezing him through his trousers, her fingers sliding up and down the length of him as his fingers pushed into her!

The heat was wild now, and she was moaning in thrall to the surging sexual pressure within her body. Her mind was caught in a rushing, swirling wave of sexual hunger and desire as their lips moved together, and when her eyes caught someone walking past behind him she only shuddered in heat.

“Hot, sexy slut!” he growled.

He pulled back, jerking her forward off the ledge. She squealed, for now she was in the open, her waist around her hips. She jerked it down as he pulled her along – to the men’s room! He pushed open the door, pulling the

dazed Jamie behind.

It was a nicely appointed bathroom, with dark brown and gray tiles, and a row of stalls along one wall past the urinals. There was a man standing at one of the urinals, and she gasped as he pulled her right past, and then into an empty stall.

The door banged closed behind them as he pushed her against the wall, kissing her hungrily. And this time his hands gripped the hem of her dress and peeled it all the way up her body! Jamie gasped as she felt the pressure against the underside of her arms and they were forced up above her head!

A wild jolt of heat and anxiety hit her as she realized she was entirely naked in a men's room stall! But his body pressed her back against the wall again, his lips on hers, his hands racing over her so that she moaned and spread her legs.

This was insane, she thought, but her mind was swimming in dark heat, a feverish lust pulling her into his dark games as if nothing else mattered. He pulled back, sitting on the toilet and pulling her after him, yanking her down to straddle his lap.

He unzipped and undid his trousers and she moaned as she reached for his stiff cock, pulling it up and out and running her hands over its length. His hands slid under her buttocks and lifted her up and forward, and she guided him into her, crying out softly as she felt the warmth of his skin pushing into the mouth of her sex.

“Oh God! Oh fuck!” she gasped.

She started to sink down, whimpering, eyes slitted as his hands ran up the front of her body and cupped and fondled her breasts, then let out a helpless groan of pleasure as she took him deep inside her belly.

“Ride my cock, you hot little slut!” he growled.

She felt like one! She began to grind her buttocks against him, then ride slowly up and down.

The toilet door opened behind them with a bang, then a guy's voice said.

“Woah. Perdón,” the man said, backing up.

The door wasn't locked, she thought with a wild psychic shock!

She gasped, startled into trying to cover herself, but Danny drew her lips down and forward against his, and then his hand smacked her bare bottom.

“Ride me, slut,” he hissed.

Gasping, wild-eyed, she obeyed, whimpering with heat and a kind of electrical shock-wave of outraged embarrassment and excitement. The stall door was wide open, and anyone passing behind them could see – everything!

They couldn't see her face, though, she thought wildly, for she was leaning in against him and her hair was shielding it! But God, the view they would have of the rest of her from behind as she rode him!

The bathroom door opened and closed again, and then she heard a laugh behind her. She didn't dare look around! She kept riding Danny, gasping for breath as his lips crushed hers.

Again and again the bathroom door opened and closed, and she knew men were coming in and out. She could hear toilets and urinals being flushed, could hear the faucets coming on, could hear the paper towel dispenser.

Latin men, of course, were pretty casual about sex, and none would likely object to the sight of a naked woman in a stall. It was a shock to her, though, a wild, horribly self-conscious and continuing embarrassment which would have had her burning with humiliation if it weren't for the dark sexual thrill ride filling her with a pulsing heat.

“Very nice,” one man's voice said admiringly from the doorway of the stall.

She shuddered, whimpering as Danny gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back to bring her breast to his mouth instead. His other hand found her clitoris and began to stroke it as she rode up and down, and her

mind was flooded with raw, wild sensation!

It was becoming more and more impossible to keep silent, and her ragged breathing would be noticeable to anyone in the bathroom now, even if the stall door was closed.

Every time she slid down the long, slick length of him she felt a need to cry out in pleasure as a wave of delicious heat swept through her mind. Her hips rode harder, faster, and then she cried out, and then again, as the sensual heat rose higher. A body blow of pleasure washed over her and her cries rose as she lost control of her mind and body, the orgasm swamping her mind and pushing aside any and all other thoughts and concerns.

Danny's hands gripped her hips, raising and dropping her faster and faster as he buried his face against her breasts. She felt his teeth chewing on her soft flesh, his mouth sucking hungrily on her flesh as his tongue licked at her tingling nipple, and then he was coming, too, pouring himself up inside her as she sobbed with pleasure and slid frantically up and down.

## Chapter Four

People had rarely complimented Jamie's hair, or at least, they hadn't in the past. She was a natural redhead, but the red was a ginger color she had defiantly clung to for years despite everyone calling it 'rust'. In fact, Rusty was a much disliked nickname one of her brothers had stuck her with.

She'd been forced to dye it blonde shortly after coming to Anti-crime for an undercover assignment with Danny which had turned out to be literally undercover.

He was under cover and she'd mistakenly arrested him during a drug bust. Arresting and handcuffing him was still a very fond memory, though, however much it had messed up his case.

To get her hair back from blonde she'd dyed it red again, but the dye had left it darker, a glistening dark copper color which had drawn an awful lot of compliments, so many she was considering keeping it.

Now it hung past her shoulders, and she actually felt a degree of pride in it when people looked at her, not the defiance she'd felt before with her ginger color. She drew a lot of looks when she walked into the station house on West 54<sup>th</sup> Street.

It was still a mostly male profession, with a blue collar mentality, and not a lot of gray hair among its employees. It wasn't as bad as high school or college, but a very sizable percentage of cops, she knew, were always on the make.

For a girl looking for hunky male companionship you probably couldn't find a better location. The men outnumbered the women two or three to one. As for competition, a lot of the policewomen were more interested in her than the men.

That was doubly so because she looked more girly than a lot of them,

yet now had a very butch reputation from the shootings she'd been involved in, and planting a cop's face into the hood of his car when he'd irritated her.

Since she wasn't known to date any cops and didn't brag about Danny, him being a fed, a lot of them were all the more interested in her. She used to find that tiresome but now took it in stride with the same attitude she had towards the guys.

The fact Danny had, without warning her, brought a woman in to perform oral sex on her when they'd been in Central Park, had certainly affected her outlook. It had been mortifying at first, but she'd been so aroused she couldn't have said no .

The woman had managed to make her orgasm repeatedly, and Danny clearly wanted to see more of her with a woman. A few months ago she'd have rejected it out of hand, as she had before in her life with previous guys.

Now, her inhibitions had been pushed back quite a bit, and her interest in sex sharpened to a fine edge. She'd already done so many thing she'd never have considered, including a threesome with Danny and Terris! The thought of doing it with a girl while Danny watched was becoming... intriguing.

It would never be anyone she worked with, though. She was not going to be a victory flag for any of the others here to wave around to bows and applause. If she gave in to Danny, and she was starting to realize she was going to, it was going to be a stranger.

Okay, Terris wasn't a stranger. But that was different. He had been her partner, however briefly, when she'd been moved to the First Precinct, and they'd established a degree of trust and respect. Plus she'd done it only after she'd been transferred back out of the First. And she was fairly sure he'd keep his mouth shut.

She wouldn't wear overtly sexy panties to work. That was just dumb. It wasn't like she worked as a secretary, after all. And while she didn't have to change into a uniform anymore there was still a chance of something happening – albeit pretty slim.

She used to wear boy shorts and black sports bras which were more like halters. Now that she was in plainclothes she'd relaxed enough to at least wear bikini panties, though these two were not exactly provocative. They were Calvin Kleins, black cotton with a wide gray elastic waistband, matching the sports bra.

They were, she thought, if not provocative, at least not ugly.

Andrea Morelli, on the other hand, was wearing a tiny, low slung purple thong with a matching lace bra with half cups. Granted, she had very small breasts. Jamie would have bounced uncomfortably if she'd tried to run in that bra.

Morelli, though, was one of those women who defied the cliché of the Catholic Italian girl. She was slender, beautiful, with long, thick, curly hair, and as big a slut as anyone Jamie knew. She seemed to preen about each conquest as if it were a victory, and made no secret of her love of sex.

Jamie had been startled by her at first, but now felt something akin to patronizing contempt. The woman thought she was so wild, yet everything she had regaled the other women with was, to Jamie, utterly banal and vanilla.

Especially compared to the newest outrage Danny had involved her in.

It wasn't the first time he'd exposed her body to strangers, but it had been just as wild and shocking last night. It was so... grotty, so shocking! She'd had sex with him in a men's room while other men walked back and forth, completely exposed from the back to their leers and lust and snickering comments!

It was, in some ways, worse than the incident in Central Park. This had been under bright light, and it had all been men, dark, lusting, lecherous men watching her riding up and down on Danny's cock! God! And yet it had been ... enthralling! It was wickedly exciting and outrageous!

After he'd done he'd put himself back into his pants, zipped himself up, then lifted her up and set her on her feet with her back to the wall of the stall.

And there had been several men in the room, either looking in from the sinks or watching in the big mirror which ran the length of the far wall!

He'd held her pressed against the wall of the stall, standing on her inside, holding her arms above her head as he kissed her and ran his free hand up and down her naked body, letting them all get a good look at her!

Only then had he picked up her dress and helped her fumble into it, then led her out of the room under those leering male eyes. God! How slutty! She knew what he was trying to do, of course. He was trying to further break down her inhibitions, using a flood of heat and arousal to overwhelm her resistance and better judgment. And it was working!

Morelli was standing at her open locker, back propped against the one next to it, wearing just her underwear as she regaled two nearby women, neither of whom seemed all that interested, in her latest exploits. She had her hand out, as if cupping someone.

"I had his balls in my hand, see. I was just rubbing them and kind of letting my fingers dance on his cock and seeing how much I could get him to beg."

Jamie ignored her, spinning the combination on her lock and then opening her locker.

"... so I flicked my thumb across the head, you know, underneath, and he fucking comes! Just like that!" She laughed in delight. "What a loser!"

Jamie hung up her new spare clothes, replacing the ones she'd had to use yesterday, and then put her lunch up on the shelf.

"Hey, McCloud," Morelli said. "You ever have a guy come in your face by accident."

Morelli was an attractive woman in her late twenties, and like some others Jamie had met, felt herself in competition with every other attractive woman. She had never said anything overtly hostile, but her attitude towards Jamie had never been very friendly.

“They're usually pretty deep in my throat when they come,” Jamie said without turning.

She heard snorts from the other women.

She turned her head. “I don't play with my food before eating it,” she said.

The other woman laughed again as she closed her locker and slipped the lock back in.

“How many guys you had?” Morelli asked.

“How many girls you had?” Cathy Efling asked in amusement.

Efling was an open lesbian with very short dark hair.

“A lady doesn't kiss and tell,” Jamie said with a smile, turning away.

She knew Morelli wouldn't like that one bit, but didn't stick around to hear whatever she came up with as a reply.

She went upstairs to Anti-crime and greeted the other cops there, then checked her email, wondering where Mueller was.

Foster came out of his office a few minutes later. “McCloud. Mueller is off today. You can ride with Batista and Gordon.”

“Yes, sir,” she said, surprised.

Mueller never missed work.

She looked across at Batista. “We're going to patrol around the southwest this morning,” he said. “Probably won't be anyone for you to beat up.”

She snorted as he grinned. “A couple of guys go to the hospital and a girl gets a reputation,” she protested. “They weren't even hurt very much!”

She got into the back seat of the unmarked charger as they took the front. She saw, right away, that Batista had a much heavier foot than Mueller, and had no fixation on the speed limit. They were also not much older than her and were trying to impress her with how cool and laid back they were by trading stories of previous arrests.

She didn't intend to compete, but did tell them about the teenager who wouldn't get out of the car he had been pillaging when she'd come upon him, and how pissed off one of the cops was.

“Peters has always been kind of hyper,” Gordon said. “Me, I don't see no reason to get excited about most things. I don't expect everyone to be polite.”

“That's because you used to work the Bronx, where *no one* was polite,” Batista said.

“Yeah, well, there's that.”

“I like Manhattan. Way more gringos here. Gringos are much more polite,” Batista said.

“Cept probably the redheads,” Gordon said slyly.

“Redheads are polite,” she said. “We don't want to warn you what's coming.”

The two men snickered.

“Go left. Supposed to be a fight on West 47,” Gordon said, looking at the computer monitor.

Batista turned onto 47<sup>th</sup> and accelerated, but they didn't flip on the lights or siren. The sector car would handle a simple fight, and if it wasn't serious they didn't want to waste time on it. Halfway up the block they were stopped by traffic, which was backed up. Batista pulled over as much as he could and they got out and walked forward.

“Well, you don't see that every day,” he said as he pushed through a small crowd.

Jamie pushed in beside him to see that a car had double parked in front of a laundromat. Two very large black women were rolling around on the road, cursing and screaming at each other. One was wearing leopard skin leggings. The other had a blue dress on. She was the skinny one, probably weighing about two hundred pounds. The other was larger.

“That's just sad,” she said, making a face.

“Anyone got a bucket of water,” Gordon asked.

“You think this is a movie?” Batista snorted, putting on gloves.

“You really want to bother with this?” Gordon asked.

“They're blocking the whole street,” Batista said in irritation. “And in case you ain't noticed, there's cars behind us now, and no way for us to drive on until this gets cleared.”

Jamie looked behind her and sure enough, there were several cars now stopped behind the Charger, not to mention half a dozen in front of it. Forty Seventh was a narrow, one way road. With cars parked on either side there was only one lane through it. Which meant the double parked car blocked it completely, to say nothing of the two women wrestling and screaming on the road.

“I got a stun gun,” she said brightly.

“The other two looked at her in surprise. “How do you get a stun gun? I thought that was only supervisors.”

“Yeah, but Mueller doesn't like them so he gave his to me.”

“Not sure how the department feels about that. You better keep that under your belt, so to speak,” Batista said.

He and Gordon moved forward to stand beside the two women.

“Police,” he said. “Knock this shit off or you're both going to jail.”

He reached down and grabbed at the leopardskin woman while Gordon grabbed the other.

“Police!” Gordon shouted as they continued to struggle.

He and Batista managed to pry their fingers from each other's hair and haul them bodily away from each other, then let them struggle to their feet.

“What the hell is the matter with you?” Batista snapped.

“Fucking ho attacked me!” the leopardskin woman exclaimed.

“The stupid bitch blocked the whole road so she could go in and get chicken wings!” the blue dress yelled.

“Whose car is this?” Batista demanded.

“It's mine. I was only inside for one minute!” leopard-skin shouted.

“You lying cunt!”

“Fuck you, motherfucker!”

“You don't get to park in the middle of the road,” Gordon snapped.

“It was for like one fucking minute!”

“I don't give a shit! Let me see your ID!”

“Fuck you!”

She was a large, fat woman but Gordon was no small guy, and he grabbed her arm. She tried to shrug it off but he easily spun her around and shoved her face first into her car while the other produced ID for Batista.

Jamie was just starting to step forward to help Gordon search the woman in the leopard-skin – although she didn't see where anything could be hidden

given how overly tight her clothes were, when a tall, skinny black guy walked forward and looked like he punched Gordon in the side with a quick jab, before hurrying on.

Batista's back was turned, and Jamie instantly understood the guy hadn't known Jamie was a cop as Gordon grabbed his side and collapsed.

“Batista!” she shouted.

He spun around and gaped as he saw Gordon fall, and Jamie ran to Gordon as Batista flung the woman in leopard-skin onto the road.

“It wasn't her!” Jamie yelled. “It was a guy! He's bleeding!”

She realized it hadn't been a punch, or at least, the guy must have had a knife in his hands, and as Batista dropped down beside her she got up and sprinted off after the black guy, who was walking quickly down the street. He looked over his shoulders, and then took off as well, picking up speed quickly as he raced east on 47<sup>th</sup>.

Jamie found herself, for the first time in a long time, boiling with anger. The very casualness of the way the guy had stabbed Gordon, the fact he hadn't even been involved in what was happening, infuriated her, and her rage drove her on, picking up speed.

The guy before her could run like a rabbit, but she was not only keeping pace but slowly closing ground as they ran through traffic. Car horns honked and tires squealed as they crossed Seventh Avenue, then Sixth.

Jamie glared at him, narrow focused, furious as they crossed Fifth Avenue with the light and continued on. They were running against traffic, on the street along the edge of the sidewalk. People stared as the two sprinted past at top speed, and cars honked and swerved aside.

He couldn't run right across Madison Avenue because of the traffic, and wasn't about to stop, so turned north until there was a gap, with Jamie closing the distance, breathing heavier and starting to discipline her breathing the way her coaches had taught her in high school and college when she'd been

on the track teams.

He found enough of a break in traffic to cut through, though it wasn't wide, and cars screeched to a stop to avoid hitting him. One stopped in front of her and she dove over it, spinning along the hood to come down running as they continued down 48<sup>th</sup>.

The road was hemmed in on both sides by red and gray concrete traffic barriers used for construction. Both sides had fences atop them, as well, and traffic was stopped for the light at Madison Avenue. There was barely room to run past. Then the street opened out and he ran onto a mostly empty sidewalk and she followed.

Two taxis collided on Park Avenue trying to avoid him, and a delivery van swerved sharply, tires screeching, as Jamie sprinted out after him. Nothing was going to stop her, just then. She was getting angrier and angrier, and still closing the distance. He was only twenty yards in front of her now.

A doorman tried to step in front of him and he ran out into the street, then turned onto Third Avenue with her following, he crossed it, this time with a wide gap in traffic, and they were back on 47<sup>th</sup>. She was only fifteen yards behind by then, and waiting for an opportunity.

He veered across in front of a truck, which she had to dodge back from, then continue on the other side. That gained him another ten yards. They crossed 2<sup>nd</sup> ahead of a blue and white. It didn't have lights or sirens on, but the driver saw them, and his light bar came on as he turned after them. But 47<sup>th</sup> street was going in the wrong direction and he almost ran into traffic.

She was pretty sure they were across Lexington now, in the 17<sup>th</sup> Precinct, and whether the uniforms were following on foot wasn't a concern to her. She had closed the distance again, because the perp was running out of breath.

And knew it.

He turned onto the sidewalk, and then suddenly stopped on a dime, turning around, knife in hand and lunging at her. Jamie didn't stop but

dropped and kicked out at the same time, taking his legs out from under him as she rolled past.

He dropped with a yell, but scrambled to his feet. She was faster, and a side kick took the knife out of his hand, sending it flying. He ran at her and she turned, grabbing his outstretched arm and throwing all her weight into adding to his momentum. She flung him up and over to drop hard onto his back on the pavement.

She dropped atop him, hard onto his belly, with both knees. At the same time she brought her palm heel down against his nose with a blow she knew broke it. She was about to bring her fist down for another blow when someone strong grabbed it and yanked her up and back.

“Police!” he shouted before she could twist and throw him.

The two uniforms had caught up.

“What the fuck is going on?” the cop holding her demanded.

Breath control or not Jamie was gasping for breath by then. She fumbled at her neck and yanked the lanyard out to drop the badge on her chest, and the startled cop released her.

“A-Anti crime!” she gasped.

“I think you busted the shit out of this guy,” the other cop said.

“Knife..,” she said, still gulping in air.

She looked around, and pointed. “There. He stabbed my partner.”

That produced a rapid change of tone in both uniforms. Their amusement vanished and they quickly and roughly rolled the gasping, moaning perp onto his now bloodied face, yanking his arms back behind him to handcuff them.

Her knees to the stomach had knocked the air out of him, and he was struggling to breath, especially with a busted nose, coughing and gasping and

spitting up blood.

Jamie felt zero sympathy, and neither did the uniforms.

“I-I can't... breath!” he gasped.

“Then fucking die!” one of the cops snapped.

Jamie carefully picked up the knife by the tip and put it on top of a newspaper box as the two cops emptied the perp's pocket and handed everything to her.

A blue and white pulled up, a supervisor's SUV and she got evidence bags from the beefy sergeant, who looked at the guy laying on the road with contempt, but then sighed and told one of the uniforms to call for medical.

“Why don't we just toss him in the trunk?”

“Because we don't want the fucking courts to free him because you were mean to him. So do what you're fucking told,” the sergeant snapped.

His name said Saunders, and he turned to her next.

“This is from the stabbing on 47<sup>th</sup>?”

She nodded.

“What a cluster-fuck,” he said. “The guy who called it in said the perp was running west instead of east so nobody notified us. Don't you have a radio, officer?”

“Uhm, no sergeant. It's in the car. My partner was off sick so I joined two other Anti-crime guys.”

“And that meant you forgot your radio?”

She sighed. “You know how you establish a pattern. My radio is in the door of the car when I'm driving around, but the rear of the Chargers don't have a place for it so – .”

“You still gotta remember it. You don't run off after a dangerous perp without a radio or backup!”

She held up her hands in surrender as he wrote in his notebook.

“I thought Batista would be calling it in and there'd be lots of cars headed my way.”

“Yeah, well, this Batista, whoever the fuck he is, can't tell east from west so that didn't happen.”

“Do you have any word on how the stabbed officer is doing, sergeant?”

“All I knows is he's alive and on his way to hospital.”

“I'd like to get over there.”

“First priority is taking care of business so this cocksucker gets what's coming to him,” he replied. “Now from the start. Tell me what happened.”

Jamie told him about the two fat black women and standing back as Batista and Gordon dealt with them, then seeing the perp – who's name was Damon Jones – jabbing Gordon in the side as he walked by.

“You're sure it was him? You never lost sight of him?”

She shook her head. “I ran to Gordon and dropped down for a couple of seconds until Batista joined me, then I ran after him. He was maybe thirty or forty yards in front of me by then. No question it was the same guy, same dreadlocks, same yellow shirt and brown pants, same face. Plus he had a knife which I'm betting is going to settle things.”

The sergeant nodded as he wrote.

A black unmarked charger with lights flashing raced down the street and stopped, with Richards and Jefferson jumping out.

“This the motherfucker who stabbed Gordon?” Jefferson demanded, marching towards him.

The sergeant moved to intercept him.

“I don't want nobody fucking this up with use of force issues!” he snapped, putting his hand against Jefferson's chest. “This guy's already gonna look like we worked him over when the press gets hold of his fucking mug shot.”

Jefferson glared at him, then turned away, and glared at Jamie.

“You shoulda fucking shot him!” he snapped. “Put a fucking bullet in his fucking spine!”

Richards pulled her aside by the arm.

“Don't pay any attention to him. He's just upset,” he said. “He used to partner with Gordon. They're kind of tight.”

“Any idea how bad Gordon is?” she asked.

“He lost a lot of blood. Internal bleeding. The paramedics can't say. A knife can do a lot of damage down there. He's at Bellevue Trauma.”

“The sergeant said Batista gave the wrong direction we ran in?”

She made a face. “He got excited and he was afraid for his partner. Latins, you know. We were all racing around to the west and couldn't see any sign of you. I was wondering just how fast you could run anyway.”

“I forgot my radio in the car.”

She rolled her eyes.

“It was two fat women rolling around in the road and I was with Batista and Gordon. I didn't think I'd need it!”

“It didn't make any difference in the end.”

# Chapter Five

She didn't know Gordon all that well, but it was still a shock to reminded of how much some people hated cops, and how suddenly violence could come at them from unexpected directions. The lieutenant ordered her back to the station to fill out her report, then she went to Bellevue to check on Gordon, who was in surgery.

She hung around with the rest of the cops there until word came that he was going to be all right. That was a huge relief, and Richards drove her home afterward since she lived in Brooklyn too.

She decided not to tell her parents about what had happened. She figured there was a decent chance they wouldn't hear about it, or at least, not connect it with her and she wanted them worrying less, not more about her. And she'd already given them way too much to worry about in the last couple of months.

She stopped off at Dale's apartment to talk about it with him, and he agreed to keep his mouth shut.

“Just remember your radio next time. There must have been a hundred cars flooding into west Manhattan while you were running the opposite direction.”

“Yeah, don't think I haven't already been told. And Mueller will probably add to that.”

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She suspected Foster would be worse, though, so dressed with care the next morning. Foster was very much a spit and polish guy. He hated that Anti-crime wore street clothes. If he'd had his way they'd be wearing suits and ties like the detective squad. Mueller deliberately dressed down just to irritate him.

On the other hand, Foster was a guy, a middle aged guy. And she'd gotten the vibe off him on more than one occasion that he thought she was pretty hot. In her experience, guys tended to take a less angry approach to girls they thought were hot. Even if they were married and had no interest in – or hope of – scoring with them they could still act like saps.

It was chilly and raining, though, which gave her fewer options than she would have otherwise had. She could pair tight, low slung black dress pants and a gray turtleneck sweater, though. Especially if she wore her black jacket with it. The jacket was hip length, waterproof, and had military style epaulets on the shoulders and pockets on the chest. The clothes were casual but looked sharp, and as a bonus the sweater with thin, form-fitting, and tight across the chest. No one was going to fail to notice she was a girl in it.

Her father was still there when she got downstairs, which was a bit of a surprise.

“Running late,” he said. “I’ll give you a ride to work if you’re quick.”

“Sure!” she said.

His law firm was in midtown, as well, though not in her precinct.

He drove a Cadillac, and the seats were like sofas. The interior was all plush leather and gleaming dark wood, though it had the normal plethora of colorful high tech gauges and screens of a luxury car.

“Where we going?” she asked in surprise as he headed east.

“BQE,” he said, meaning the Brooklyn Queens Expressway.

“You don’t take the Brooklyn Bridge?”

“I do when there isn’t an accident closing it down.”

“Oh.”

They turned onto the BQE and headed east and north towards the Williamsburg Bridge instead.

“My father called yesterday afternoon,” he said.

She groaned and laid her head back.

“What? You think you can do anything without your grandfather knowing? I wouldn't be surprised if your name was red-circled so that anything you do is brought to his attention. He is a Deputy Commissioner, you know.”

“I didn't want to worry you and mom. And I bet you didn't tell her either so don't shake your finger at me.”

“I understand. But I'm not an innocent, you know. Half my work is criminal law. And I don't want you feeling you need to hide things from me.”

“Daddy, everyone hides things from their parents,” she said. “At least this is only work stuff.”

Which was the truth, but not the whole truth of course. She was certainly hiding the stuff she and Danny did from him.

“I come from a cop family, remember. There's nothing much about the job I haven't heard about from my dad, my uncle and my brothers. For that matter, I've encountered a lot of it in my criminal cases. It is, granted, disturbing to think of my daughter involved in that, but you always were a tomboy.”

“Kind of,” she said, stretching the word out. “Not really. I mean, I like nice clothes.”

“You didn't style your hair until you hit college,” he said with a snort. “You said, if I recall, ‘It's hair’. Why do I need to do anything with it?”

“Well, it looked fine the way it was,” she said defensively.

“Do you actually own makeup?”

“Of course I own makeup! I don't actually use it, well, mostly, unless maybe it was like a date going somewhere fancy, which I rarely do. But I

don't see the need for it.”

“How many chin-ups you do?”

“More than you,” she said with a grin.

She didn't volunteer that her arms were kind of sore lately from all the extra work they were getting in her pole dancing classes.

They got off the BQE in Williamsburg to head for the bridge. And not long after she spotted something in the distance, like a crowd but moving fast along the sidewalk.

“Slow down,” she said.

Up ahead, a group of about ten bearded men in blue jackets had cornered someone and gotten them on the ground and now seemed to be piling on.

“Pull over,” she said.

“You don't need to get involved in this, Jamie. This is Brooklyn.”

“Yeah, but I do. Call 9/11 and tell them to send a couple of cars.”

“If you get out I'm coming with you!”

“You're not a cop.

“They're Jews! They'll be a lot more afraid of a lawyer than a cop.”

“Daddy, they won't even touch me, literally, so just stay in the car.”

She jumped out of the car, pulling her badge out. A number of men were bent over pummeling someone and she booted one in the ass, sending him flying, then grabbed another by the collar and yanked him back to send him stumbling and falling across the curb.

“Police!” she shouted. “Everyone off now!”

The men were all Hassidics, and the sound of a female voice close to them sent many of them scrambling backwards to get away from her. She kicked another one in the ass who wasn't quick enough and felt a tinge of amusement at the thought he might have to do some kind of long prayer or take a ritual bath because a woman touched his holy body.

“Police!” she shouted again. “Move back!”

They were one of the 'security' groups who patrolled Williamsburg, vigilantes, in all but name, affiliated with various Hassidim organizations. Jamie had any number of friends and acquaintances who were Jews and was completely unbiased in that regard, but Hassidim were different in that their view of women generally accorded well with that of the Taliban or other extreme Muslim groups.

As if to demonstrate as much one of the bearded men angrily spat at her. She responded by kicking him in the crotch and he collapsed with a shrill cry of pain.

“Police,” she said again. “And I'll arrest anyone who obstructs or interferes with me in any way!”

There was a bloodied black guy on the ground and she glared around at them then dropped to one knee to check his pulse as the group backed away further.

“He is a criminal!” one of them shouted.

“And what did he do?”

She took out her cell phone and called 911 for an ambulance, though she could already hear the whoop of police sirens.

“He was planning on burglarizing a house!”

“Planning on? You read minds?” she asked. “How do you know he was planning anything?”

She looked around as a blue and white, siren whooping, raced up the

street. She could hear a lot more coming and looked at her father, standing as close to his car as a runner on first base who was planning to steal third and tsked to herself.

She hurried over.

“What did you tell them?” she demanded.

“What?”

“When you called 911?”

“I said you needed help with a gang of thugs!”

“Shit,” she said as she hurried over to the blue and white.

It screeched to a stop and she held up her hand for attention.

“Ten eighty!” she shouted as they jumped out. “Call a ten eighty!”

NYPD ten codes only had one call for help, that being '10-13 assist officer'. When that went out everyone within forty blocks came running. Obviously that was what the operator had put out from listening to her father.

One of the uniforms reached into the car and grabbed the microphone, but several more cars quickly drew up as the Hassidim drew back into a tight little herd of glaring bearded men.

“What do you got?” one of the Brooklyn cops asked.

“Gang of uh, security types beating on this black guy. They think he was planning something.”

The cop rolled his eyes. Nobody liked the self-defense groups, especially the ones organized by the Hassidim. These ones were wearing blue jackets with crests which, from a distance, looked remarkably similar to the ones on NYPD uniforms.

The Hassidim had a lot of pull with city hall, though, since they tended

to vote as a block. So the NYPD had to put up with them.

The cops went over to interview the Hassidim while a sergeant named Strindberg came over to her.

“Assignment?” he asked.

She gave it to him, along with her badge number, and what she'd seen.

“Fuckin' rats are a pain in the ass,” he said, using a common term for the Hassidim used by the rest of New York's Jews that had something to do with the way they wore their hair.

One of them was angrily gesticulating towards her as he spoke to the interviewing cop across from them.

“You can expect complaints, you know,” he said. “They always complain whenever any cop confronts them about anything. No matter how far-fetched the complaint is.”

She shrugged. One of them spat at me. I could arrest him for that.”

The sergeant's eyes narrowed. “Which one?”

She looked them over and spotted the one sitting down in the corner of their little group.

“That one. I kicked him in the nuts in response.”

He called over two of the cops and pointed. “Arrest that guy for assaulting police.”

They nodded happily and the sergeant turned to her. “It always helps with bargaining when we can offer to drop charges against someone if they shut the fuck up,” he said. “Besides, we've warned these guys again and again not to attack people on the street just because they're black or brown, and to stop fucking spitting at women because they think they're impure.”

“That's a problem here?” she asked, eyes widening.

“Only among the most ultra of the ultra-orthodox. And most of them have learned that if we catch them at it our law considers it assault even if their law says it's okay.”

Trying to arrest the guy had provoked a furious reaction from the rest of the Hassidics and more of the cops who had been standing around moved forward and began pushing them back. One of the Hassidim pushed a cop and then got yanked forward and thrown on the ground to be cuffed.

She and the sergeant joined them, and two more of the Hassidics were tossed down and arrested.

“Don't touch me, whore!” one of them shouted as she grabbed his arm.

She tripped him and the uniform who had his other arm threw him forward and down, then dropped his knee into the man's back as Jamie half knelt to hold his other arm. He was squealing and screaming angrily as she brought his wrist back to the other one so the uniform could cuff him. He kept twisting his head trying to spit on her so the cop grabbed him by the long hair and jammed his face into the sidewalk, then knelt on his neck.

An ambulance arrived, and then more cop cars, and eventually the whole crowd was arrested and hauled off in paddy wagons while the black guy was taken away by ambulance.

When that was all done she had to go down to the precinct to fill out reports, so sent her father on his way. She got to work late, driven to her own precinct by one of the Brooklyn sector cars.

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Lawrence McCloud was contemplating a move. He'd been Deputy Commissioner in charge of Training for several years now. There were seventeen Deputy Commissioners in the NYPD, and while some of them headed up unappetizing departments, like Administration, Legal and Equal Opportunity Employment, others had more meat to them, like Operations, which he had been aiming for, or Counter Intelligence and Counter Terrorism

But now it looked like all of that was going out the window. The position of First Deputy Commissioner was coming open, and that would put him just one spot down from the throne. The downside was that he would be in charge of the seventeen other Deputy Commissioners, and the meetings would be helaciously long and boring.

But the word he'd been given was he was on the short list because the Commissioner liked his no-nonsense, no bullshit approach to leadership. It was a higher level job, with more status, but on the other hand, he'd still prefer Operations, which had more direct control of street level policing. Peter Callaghan had the job currently but he was retiring next spring.

So if he wanted to get out of the First Deputy Commissioner job he needed to push someone else into it. He wasn't supposed to know, but the two other candidates were Joshua Washington, from Internal Affairs, and Sheila Finestone from Support Services.

Neither was a person he particularly liked. They were bureaucrats, whereas he still considered himself a cop. On the other hand, the job of First Deputy was well suited to that of a bureaucrat.

When his office door opened and Sergeant Brent came in he looked up and raised his eyebrows.

“Thought you might like to know, Commissioner, I just picked up another notice on your granddaughter.”

“What? Already? There were two in the last two days!”

“I sent it to your screen.”

McCloud frowned and turned to his monitor, bringing up the memo, then tsked in annoyance. Then he had a thought and smiled. Opportunity had presented itself.

“Get Joshua Washington on the line.”

“Joshua,” he said, after the formalities had been dealt with. “What's this

crap about another complaint about my granddaughter?”

He heard a snort on the other end. “Are you hacking into my systems, or what?”

“I have my sources.”

“The Hassidim complaining she was disrespectful when she interfered with one of their volunteer security groups who were beating up a black guy for being suspicious looking.”

Joshua Washington was himself Black, and McCloud smiled.

“I presume the complaint is going nowhere.”

“You know I can't say until the investigating officer makes his determination. They've accused her of using Anti-Semitic language and being bigoted towards Jews.”

“They accuse everyone who gets in their way of being Anti-Semites.”

“Yeah. I doubt it will go anywhere. And certainly the case of the fat guy who spilled coffee on her is going nowhere. We have to go through the motions, though, especially in this case. You know how much pull these people have with city hall.”

“I do indeed.”

“And while nothing official is going to be done, you can count on pressure to have her punished unofficially, like being moved to a night shift in the Bronx or something.”

“I can put a stop to that.”

“Better you than me.”

“Actually, better both of us.”

“What do you mean?” Washington asked, his voice becoming cautious.

“City hall has a mayor who is more beholden to the Black community than the Ultra-Orthodox. You know as well as I do that very few of the city's Jews support these people. Most of them are anathema to the Hassidim themselves.”

“I don't disagree but – .”

“Did you know you were on the short list for First Deputy?” McCloud asked.

“Uhm... really?”

“So am I. I don't particularly want the job, though. Suppose we have lunch and talk.”

“That sounds like a very good idea, Lawrence.”

## Chapter Six

Danny picked her up from work that evening and they went to an Italian restaurant on the west side.

“Those Hassidics have a lot of pull,” he said, frowning. “You ever hear about this patrol cop last year who tried to get two of their volunteer EMTs prosecuted?”

“No, what happened?”

“He was at an accident, involving a Hasidim Jew. There was also a black guy injured, injured a lot worse than the Jew. Anyway, the Hassidim have their own volunteer EMTs. They were treating the Hassidim guy who was only slightly injured and ignored the Black guy. He ordered them to treat the Black guy and they refused.”

“That's illegal.”

“Yeah, so the cop, who's a rookie, decides to push it, and he keeps demanding charges be laid.”

“And?”

“And he wound up on the midnight shift in Harlem.”

“I'm not worried,” she said.

“You think your grandfather has more influence than the Hassidim?”

She raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

“Of course I know about your grandfather. You kidding? We're the feds, babe. We don't involve someone in an undercover without knowing something about them. My superiors were really reluctant to even approach you because if something went wrong your grandfather might throw a wrench

in our nice working relationship with the NYPD.”

“I'm pretty sure that if I was transferred to Harlem he could get me transferred out again fairly quickly.”

“Well, we'll see. Harlem would at least be closer to my place.”

“I like it where I am, thanks. I doubt I could work anti-crime in Harlem.”

“Six foot redheads probably don't blend in as your average citizen in Harlem,” he said with a grin.

The restaurant was very old fashioned and romantic, and the waiter guided them into a small booth near the back. Jamie knew the way he was smirking at her that he had something in mind, and felt her stomach start to flutter as her chest tightened.

The fact that no one else in the restaurant could really see what they were doing would give him free reign to play games, and she frowned warningly at him. He ignored her warnings, of course, and the little flutter in her stomach got stronger.

“I have to say I think you've been kind of a bad girl at work,” he said, as his right hand slipped onto her thigh under the table.

“Uh huh.”

“I mean, treating those Hassidics with such disrespect. They're an old fashioned people. They don't tolerate back talk from women.”

“So I've heard.”

His hand slipped further along her thigh and in between them, rubbing her through her trousers.

“You're a dirty young man, you know,” she said, glancing past him at the restaurant.

“You're just figuring this out now?”

“No, that's what I like about you,” she said with a smirk.

She reached over to caress him through his trousers, figuring there wasn't a lot he could do to her here anyway. This wasn't a loud, crazy Latin dance club, after all. It was a quiet, traditional Italian restaurant where more than light kissing would be frowned upon.

Of course, no one could see it as he unbuttoned her trousers and got his hand into her pants.

“Hsst!” she said as the waiter approached.

He drew his hand back as the man walked up on them.

“Drinks, sir? Madam?”

“Yes, a vodka and water,” he said. “And a screwdriver for the lady.”

She raised her eyebrows as the man went away.

“What? I don't know your preferences yet?”

She shrugged. If he wanted to order, well, not a big deal.

“Now, while we wait our drinks, I think you should do something for me,” he said, leaning closer.

“Uh huh? Will it get me arrested?”

“Take off your bra.”

She felt a flush come to her face.

“Are you... why?”

“Because I asked you to. Because nobody will notice in this light. Because it will make our dinner more... interesting.”

“You're crazy!” she exclaimed in a low voice.

His eyes bored into her. “Do it!” he growled.

She gulped. She would have told any other man who used that tone to go and fuck himself. But whenever Danny used that tone it was the prelude to a dark thrill-ride of excitement, passion and heat.

That had tended to color her thinking on his dominance games.

Quite a lot.

And what would it hurt, back here, away from where anyone was? The waiter might notice, but probably not. She licked her lips, then looked around to reassure herself no one could see, but already his hand was up under the back of her sweater, and she felt his fingers expertly undo her bra strap.

She glowered at him, but she reached deep into her left sleeve with her right hand, sliding her fingers all the way up to the shoulder to grip the bra strap, then tug it down over her hand. She let it free, then did the same to the other sleeve and, looking around nervously, pulled her bra out under the front of her sweater and stuffed it into her purse.

Danny's eyes examined her and nodded appreciatively.

“Very nice,” he said.

“Thank you,” she said, flushing.

The waiter showed up and gave them their drinks.

“I'll be back for your order,” he said, departing.

Danny grinned at her, took a sip, then his eyes flicked down, then up.

“Let's see them.”

“What?”

“Raise your sweater.”

“Danny!” she gasped, looking around behind her.

“Nobody can see but me.”

“But...”

“Do you trust me to warn you or do you think I want you arrested for indecent exposure?”

She gulped, then pulled her thin turtleneck sweater up to bare her breasts.

“No, don't pull it down again. Leave it like that.”

She stared at him, feeling her insides pulsing with heat.

He took a sip from his drink and reached over to cup her right breast, stroking the underside, then letting his fingers roll and pluck at her nipple.

“You have gorgeous breasts,” he said.

She gulped and turned her head to look over the top of the divider.

“No one is nearby. You don't trust me?”

She turned her head back.

“I... guess,” she gulped, heart thumping

“Now take off your pants.”

Her eyes widened. “You're crazy!” she whispered. “We'll be arrested! I mean, I'll be arrested!”

With this lovely table cloth in place even the waiter won't be able to notice,” he pointed out.

Which was true, certainly. The table came up to her lower chest.

“Do it!” he growled.

That voice, once again, sent a shudder through her. It spoke of wicked, unrestrained heat, of intoxicating pleasure and wild, passionate sex!

Gulping, she undid her trousers, then slipped her thumbs into them and pushed down.

“The panties, too.”

Flushing, she peeled them down, raising her bottom to pull them out from under her, then slipped them down her long legs, cursing herself for being an idiot to give in to him, but too helpless by the rush of heat to refuse.

“Leave them on the floor under your feet so the waiter doesn't see.”

She obeyed him, staring at him with wide eyes as he grinned at her. His eyes flicked past her.

“Pull the sweater down,” he said.

She yanked it down, and a few seconds later the waiter arrived.

“Are you ready to order, sir?”

“We are,” Danny said.

She felt incredibly self-conscious sitting there in nothing but the turtleneck, and tried desperately to pretend everything was normal. There was no way the waiter could tell she had nothing on underneath, she assured herself, despite her racing pulse.

Danny ordered for them and the waiter went away.

“Now lift it again.”

She gulped and slid the sweater up above her breasts once more.

“Spread your legs.”

She obeyed, and his hand found her sex, stroking and fingering her as she got hotter and wetter.

“Take off the sweater.”

“What!?” I can't!”

“Do it!” he hissed.

Gulping in air, she peeled it up over her head and placed it on the seat beside her. *I'm completely naked in a public restaurant!* she thought in disbelief.

His fingers pushed into her, two of them, long and thick, curving up into her body, through the tight, very wet lips of her sex as his thumb stroked rapidly across her clitoris. She felt her body being overpowered by a rising tide of bubbling, boiling liquid heat and energy, and moaned low in her throat, leaning back against the backrest.

“Lean forward.”

“Wh...what?”

“Lean forward over the table,” he said, sliding his hand up behind her neck and pushing.

Somewhat dazed, breathing ragged, she obeyed, and he reached past her with his long arms, gripping her left arm and drawing it behind her back. A moment later he caught her right arm and pushed it back as well.

And then he handcuffed her wrists together.

She gasped, jerking at them, but too late!

“Danny!” she exclaimed, shocked.

He grinned.

“Lean back.”

“If the waiter comes – !”

“You're going to come first. Unless you keep delaying things.”

Moaning, she leaned back.

“Draw your knees up and back.”

“Fuck!”

She had to obey, however, frantic to let him have his way quickly before their food was brought back. He took something out of his pocket and she looked down as he pressed it against her sex. It looked like... a very short dildo, or a butt-plug. Only it had one of those curving hooks which slipped up across the top of her sex as he pushed it inside her.

Just like the vibrator he used!

It began to buzz, a hard round little piece of plastic surrounding her clitoris, pressing firmly into her flesh, with the main body up inside her. It left her clitoris exposed, and his thumb began to stroke it as she shuddered and her hips began to grind helplessly against him.

He stopped, running his hand over her breasts, and then drawing her forward, having her drop her knees again. His fingers slid into her mouth, pumping in and out, and she moaned, closing her lips, sucking on them as he looked at her.

He pulled them out, gripping her hair roughly, pulling her in to kiss her passionately, and Jamie's heart pounded wildly as his tongue invaded her mouth.

*How much time had passed*, she thought wildly. How soon until the water returns!?

He slid further around the curved bench and then, gripping her hair, pulled her down against his lap. He'd already unzipped, and he drew her

mouth onto his cock as she shuddered and moaned and began to instantly bob up and down.

She felt his other hand running over her body, kneading her breasts, and then caressing her buttocks as she bobbed up and down. His fingers found her clitoris and flicked expertly across it, alternating directions every ten seconds or so while she swallowed his cock again and again!

And the water arrived with their meal.

Jamie gasped, her eyes going wide as she heard the waiter's voice.

“Your meal is ready sir, and madam.”

“I guess this can wait a little bit,” Danny said, pulling her upright by the hair and back against the seat back.

Jamie's face flushed hotly, the flush extending right down to her chest as the man calmly and smoothly slid two plates with Italian breaded pork chops onto the table, one in front of Danny, and one in front of her.

Jamie dropped her eyes, mortified.

“Will there be anything more, Mister Lucas?” he asked.

“Not for the moment, Paul,” Danny said.

“Just wave if you need anything.”

“You can raise your eyes,” he said a moment later.

She jerked her eyes up and glared fiercely at him.

“Bastard!”

He grinned. “Paul and I are old friends. He's not going to be shocked, let alone complain to the manager about anything I do.”

“You're still a vile, perverted, outrageous – !”

“Don't raise your voice or you'll attract notice,” he said.

She clamped her lips closed.

“Take these off!” she hissed, jerking her arms to the side to thrust her handcuffed wrists towards him.

“No,” he said.

She glared. “Danny!”

“He's not the first guy to see your perfect breasts, and you know you're proud of them.”

“That doesn't mean I want to show them off to strangers!”

“I'm weaning you off that.”

“I don't want to be weaned!”

His hand slid between her thighs, his fingers stroking her clitoris again around the buzzing vibrator.

Jamie tried to twist free, but he gripped her hair to jerk her head in against him so he could kiss her. She wanted to defy him and pull free, but the truth was that now that the waiter was gone her body was thrumming with heat again. It was not, as he'd said, the first time he'd shown off her body in front of strangers, and this episode was actually a lot more mild than he'd done before!

The other night in the bathroom, for one, was far more intimate and shocking.

So as he kissed her, the heat began to melt her inhibitions and anger, enough that as he drew back to cut a piece of pork chop, she was gulping in air again, and, while glaring, feeling the pulsing heat within herself.

“Pervert! Sicko! Freak!”

He grinned and then reached over and cut a piece from her own pork chop, holding the fork up before her lips. She glared at him, but the smell was delicious, and she was hungry. And the thought of taking it off the fork was an act of submission which filled her with more heat.

So she did.

The vibrator continued to buzz, and she continued to squirm, both in heat and in anxiety, the awareness of her nudity in a public place making her extremely nervous.

He cut another piece, and let her take it off the fork with her teeth. But the next piece he cut was held up to her in the palm of his hand. She stared at him, her eyes feeling hot, her nipples burning, and then licked it out of his hand.

A flood of dark heat swept through her at doing so, and she hardly tasted it as he cut another piece for himself.

He cut another piece, and another, and another, and she licked them out of the palm of his hand each time, moaning helplessly as he reached in to give her breast a squeeze. It felt swollen and hot, and squeezing it sent a rush of sensation through her chest and mind.

When the orgasm hit her his hand clamped around her slender throat, which was the only thing which kept her from screaming out loud and drawing the attention of the entire restaurant. The orgasm was massive, and her body shook and trembled as her hips bucked uncontrollably!

And choking her made it even worse.

She calmed down, gulping in air, and shaking her head as the sexual storm abated. Danny smiled and cut several pieces of his pork chop, feeding them into his mouth as he waited for her to regain control of herself. Then he resumed feeding her – by hand.

Of course, by the time they had finished, she was sweating and panting once again, her nipples burning and throbbing. The waiter returned, and she

flushed again, dropping her eyes.

“Desert, sir?” he asked.

“No thank you, Paul,” he said. “But a couple of Baily's if you please.”

“Of course,” he said, as he took away the plates.

“Raise your eyes, shy girl,” he said.

She gulped, raising her eyes.

He slid his arm around her and drew her closer, nuzzling the nape of her neck, his fingers sliding into her hair to pull her head up and back as she moaned helplessly.

His hand dropped down between her legs again, fingering her and making her squirm both mentally and physically.

Then Paul returned with their drinks, embarrassing her again.

Danny held her small glass before her lips and she drank, as he watched her.

“Nasty girl,” he said.

“Pervert,” she gulped.

“Bad girl. Clearly you need a spanking.”

She gulped, looking to her left, trying to see over the back of the booth.

“Not here. Don't worry,” he said in amusement.

She finished her drink, as did he, and then Paul returned. This time Danny wouldn't let he keep her head down. He seized her hair and jerked her head up.

“Say thank you to Paul,” he said.

Her face flushed hotly.

“Th-thank you, Paul,” she gulped.

“Doesn't she have incredible breasts, Paul?”

“Amazing,” the man said.

“Have a quick feel.”

The man reached down and cupped her breast, as Jamie gasped and a dark shock of alarm mixed with heat swept over her.

“Gorgeous,” he said. “I'm jealous.”

“You should be. We'll have the bill now, please.”

He went away and Danny turned her towards him, kissing her hungrily.

He returned with the bill, and Danny took it, then handed over his credit card to be put through the man's machine. When it was done, though, he made a tsking sound.

“Damn. I forgot your tip,” he said.

“No tip necessary, Danny,” the man said with a smile.

“I disagree. Jamie. Tip my friend.”

Jamie stared at him in confusion and embarrassment, and Danny slid his hand into her hair again, turning her face around to face the waiter standing next to her. He stepped closer so the edge of the booth hid his lower body from the restaurant behind him.

And unzipped his black trousers.

Jamie gaped as he drew out a raging erection, and pushed forward.

She was stunned, but then overwhelmed by a wave of dark lust and

shocked desire. She closed her lips around it, sucking, licking, bobbing her lips in and out as the two men looked at her. The waiter reached down to fondle her left breast while Danny reached in between her legs to finger her clitoris.

It was – mind blowing – and outrageous! An incredibly intense sexual high rolled through her mind as her heart pounded wildly. It's only a blow job, she told herself somewhat frantically. But that didn't rob it of the sense of masochistic surrender which made her pant and moan with heat.

She slid her lips all the way down to the base, moaning around him, and he came, pouring himself down her throat as he cursed softly and ground himself against her.

“Fuck! Jesus!” he groaned.

He drew back, trembling fingers fumbling himself back into his pants, and Danny uncuffed her wrists.

“Better get dressed, my little slave girl,” he said.

# Chapter Seven

“I still can't believe you did that!” she said, wonderingly.

“You did it too.”

They were in the car, and Jamie was, to her relief, fully clothed again aside from her bra. She still felt shell-shocked from what had happened in the restaurant, though, and her body was still gripped by a wild, overheated thrill of excitement.

She still had the little vibrator thing inside her – against her, though it wasn't buzzing just then. But she could feel the thickness and the pressure, and her clitoris felt swollen within the narrow ring of its grip.

Danny's fascination with bondage and domination had taken her by surprise when they'd first started dating a few months ago. But his skill at manipulating every part of her body, and his determination to drive her out of her mind with pleasure more than made up for it.

At only twenty two, she was eight years younger than him, and had never been 'serious' with someone as old as him before. Sex, before Danny, had always been pretty vanilla to Jamie. But while that had never been exactly boring it certainly hadn't given her the kind of wild, breathtaking thrill-rides his kinky sexual game playing did.

And they usually didn't involve orgasms, at least not on her part. She was fairly skilled in giving them, especially in her oral sex skills. Until Danny, though, she'd never met a man who took equal pride in his oral sex skills. In fact, most she met considered it something of a chore they had to do before the real sex could start.

Danny, on the other hand, didn't seem to be satisfied until she'd had at least several orgasms. Sometimes she thought he approached sex like a challenge, and the challenge was to see if he could reduce his partner to a

drooling, panting, moaning, mindless blob of spasming muscles.

Now *that* was dominance.

Her only real problem was that she'd never been a girl who was the least bit submissive – to anyone – ever. That included in bed, where she was an enthusiastic equal partner. She was still enthusiastic, much more than before, in fact, but equality was not something in Danny's game book.

Giving in to his hunger for dominance had troubled her, at first, but she'd gone along with it because he hadn't given her much choice. He'd persuaded her through the only dominance he seemed to feel worthy of the name. He'd found out how to arouse her to the point of sexual fever, and then used her own body and desire against her.

Jamie had done the same for men in the past – effortlessly, in fact. But men were cheap and easy. Just the sight of her body could turn them into grunting, wide-eyed animals willing to do almost anything she wanted.

It was distinctly weird finding herself in that position, finding herself so aroused, so excited, she would let him persuade her to do whatever kinky thing he wanted. And as the weeks went by she found herself becoming addicted to those incredible orgasms, craving them, and submitting more easily and more completely when he demanded it.

Sex had become far more important in her life simply because it was now far more pleasurable and the excitement level was far more intense. That had turned her from a woman who rarely thought about sex to one who thought about it *a lot*, and was more and more eager to engage in it and willing to explore the kinkier aspects of Danny's own kinky imagination.

She'd already done things which she would have not only refused but refused with laughter and a sneer before meeting him. And every time he persuaded her to do something nasty and the explosive heat gripped her it felt like her boundaries were getting wider, her inhibitions fewer.

“So no radio while chasing a suspect?” Danny shook his head. “I hope you were suitably punished.”

“Mueller gave me a talking to,” she said.

He pursed his lips. “That's simply not adequate. I think you need more to remind you.”

She cocked her head at him warily. “And what did you have in mind?”

“Young people learn in different ways,” he said. “I think that in this case, a sound spanking is called for.”

“Uh uh. You do, huh?”

“Yes, that sounds like the right thing.”

“I can think of more interesting things we could do together,” she said, sliding a hand along his thigh.

“We'll do those too.”

They drove to the Courtyard Marriott on Third Avenue. It was no Waldorf but it was a lot more convenient.

“You must have a lot more money than I thought,” she said.

“Good things are worth paying for,” he said. “And driving up to my place in the Bronx, then driving you home to Brooklyn, then getting back home again is – problematic.”

“Maybe you should move to Brooklyn,” she said with a grin.

“This is a lot less costly.”

“Or you could restrain your nymphomaniac urges until we have days off.”

“Girls are nymphos. Guys are just... guys,” he said.

They parked and went inside. He had a suitcase with him, which raised her eyebrows.

“What? I'm staying here tonight. I brought a change of clothes.”

“Uh huh, and what else?”

“A few... toys,” he said with a grin.

“Of course you did.”

The room was comfortable looking, with a double bed, a sofa, a desk and chest of drawers, and of course, a flat screen TV on the wall. It had a large window which looked out on another large building right across the streets, which also had large windows looking back at them. Some of them were noticeably lit as the sky darkened, and Jamie moved to the window to look down, then drew the curtains.

“I think you should change,” he said.

“Into a blonde?” she asked teasingly.

“Perish the thought. But I bought you suitable... clothes to wear.”

“Uh oh,” she said.

“Comfortable clothes, for relaxing around the place. Don't want to get your dress clothes dirty or sweaty.”

“Uh huh.”

“Besides, you dress like a guy. I'm punishing a girl, after all.”

“A bad girl?” she asked with a smirk.

“Definitely.”

He put the suitcase on the desk then opened it and drew out what looked like a white shirt, handing it to her. There was more fabric underneath, which turned out to be a green tartan skirt – a very short one.

“You're going to be my mean old teacher?” she asked with a broad grin.

“Vice Principal, perhaps,” he said with a smirk.

“Pervert.”

“Probably most of them are, though secretly.”

She snorted and took the clothes to the bathroom.

“Where are you going?”

“To change.”

“Why leave the room? It's not like I'm not going to see everything underneath.”

“Because... Because,” she said, closing the bathroom door.

She stripped quickly, then examined what she'd brought in. The white blouse was almost sheer, but underneath it was a tiny white bit of a bra, so small and lacy it was barely there. There was also a tiny pair of white bikini panties with little pink bows on the hips. The tartan skirt was long enough to cover her butt, if she made sure it was low on her hips. There was also a pair of white knee socks to wear.

She shook her head, bemused. Danny was unquestionably a pervert and had a deep interest in this sort of stuff. Yet she could feel her pulse quickening as she looked at it, could feel her lower belly starting to thrum with anticipation.

On the surface she could consider his little fantasy scenes goofy, but the dark heat was just too suffocating, the excitement too thrilling, the overall effect one that drew her into a fever dream of hunger and arousal. And he'd done it enough times now that she was already getting turned on before she'd even started to change.

Was she becoming a pervert, too, she wondered. If she and Danny broke up would she be looking for big, strong guys to manhandle her and tie her up from now on? Because what had passed between them had already had a huge impact on her sexuality.

She stripped quickly and pulled on the little bra – which was too small, the little blouse – which was also too small – and the too-small skirt. Danny knew her size so she had little doubt they were too small on purpose.

She looked at herself in the mirror, brushed her hair, and noted that she could see her erect nipples poking out against the thin white blouse through the lacy white bra. Which was hardly surprising given how tight and thin both were.

She pulled on the socks and then opened the door and went out into the room to find him sitting on the chair which had been pushed into the desk.

He snapped his fingers and pointed at his lap and she gulped, feeling a flush come to her face. She stepped forward, though, noting the curtains were wide open again.

“Here, Miss McCloud,” he said sternly.

“Yes, Mister Pervert,” she said in a diffident voice.

He patted his lap, raising his eyebrow, his face bland, and she licked her lips, then leaned forward.

“We could do this more comfortably on the sofa or bed.” she said.

“It's not supposed to be comfortable, little girl,” he said.

He grabbed her arm and yanked her forward and she gasped as she half fell across his lap.

He grabbed her hip and pulled her in, settling her the way he wanted across his lap. Given how slim the chair was that left her upper body hanging upside down across the other side, and her hands on the floor.

She felt her little skirt lifted up and his hand caressing her inner thighs.

“Hey, you aren't allowed to touch me there, mister!” she said.

*Crack!* His hand slapped down across her bottom sharply.

“Ow! That hurt!” she complained.

“The burned hand teaches best,” he replied.

“It does not!”

*Crack!* His hand slapped her bottom again, just as sharply, and she yelped and half twisted around.

“Not so hard!”

“Is the little baby girl complaining about her sore tushi?” he taunted her. “Some tough cop you are.”

*Crack!*

She gasped as he slapped her again, then gripped the back of the little panties and tugged them down around her knees. It was... humiliating, in a way which was also darkly exciting and thrilling, even as he slapped her now-bare bottom.

“Now what do we have here?” he said, fingering the small round spring clip which emerged from her sex and pressed down around her clitoris.

“This seems to me like some kind of slutish device to provoke sexual arousal,” he said sternly, his fingers stroking her swollen clitoris.

“You put it there!” she protested.

*Crack!*

“Don't lie, you slut! I know you wear it every day!”

“I'm not the pervert here!”

*Crack!*

“I want you to know this hurts you more than it does me, Miss McCloud.”

“I doubt it!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Shit!”

“Such a foul mouth on you!” he sighed. “Obviously you have a lot of lessons to learn about respecting your betters.”

“I don't see any betters around here!” she said, her head hanging down almost to the floor and the blood rushing to it.

*Crack! Crack!*

“I will have to correct your vision then.”

His fingers kneaded her buttocks, then skated along them. She felt one rubbing lightly against the wrinkled little bud of her back opening, and a moment later felt something pushing against her there which was definitely not a finger. It slid in, feeling cool and slippery, widening quickly, stretching her out as it twisted and turned and the pressure mounted.

She moaned as it stretched her wider still, then narrowed as it pushed further. It widened again, then narrowed.

*Crack!*

“Nasty girl,” he said.

The thing slipped into her, like a small ball, then widened again, as she felt the tip being forced achingly deep into her body.

“Ow!” she said, though the ache was only slight.

*Crack!*

“Your body belongs to me, slave girl, to do with as I choose.”

“It does not!”

*Crack!*

The thing pushed deeper, then pulled back, slowly. She sucked in air as her body was rocked by a darkly sensual heat: what felt like different kinds of ... balls... of differing thicknesses popping out of her one after another. Then they all slid back into her, one after another, until the first one was jammed high in her belly and the thing was buried inside her save for the small flat base resting against her back passage.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Oh! Fuck! Oh!” she moaned, wriggling

“Keep still, little slave girl,” he said, adjusting her position.

“That hurts!”

*Crack! Crack!* His hand came down sharply across her bare bottom, producing sharp stinging jolts to her tender flesh.

“It's supposed to hurt.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“That's how you learn discipline and obedience.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Fuck! Bastard!”

*Crack!*

“Bad girl.”

*Crack!*

“Foul mouthed brat.”

*Crack!*

His hand caressed her buttocks, then slid in between her legs, massaging the line of her sex.

“Feels wet here. I suspect you might be having sluttish feelings, little girl.”

He turned the vibrator on and she felt the buzzing sensation against her engorged clitoris, gasping as he resumed his spanking.

Her bottom was very hot now, and very sore. The fresh blows continued to jolt her with sharp edged shocks of pain, however quickly they eased. And the throbbing heat of her buttocks was getting worse by the blow.

And... there was something missing... something she wanted, something she almost needed.

“You probably spank women because you're jealous of how much smarter we are than you are,” she called up and back.

*Crack!*

“Not likely, slave girl.”

She wriggled more energetically, and thrust an arm up to block his spanking. She was not surprised to feel him grabbing her wrist, but she was able to get her hand in against his thigh and pinch him sharply.

*Crack!* The blow was much heavier and made her yelp.

“Brat,” he said.

“I think you love asses, because you're secretly gay!” she cried. “Do they call you gay Danny at work!?”

*Crack!*

“You really are asking for trouble, brat,” he said.

She reached back to pinch him again and he yanked her hair up and back sharply enough to make her cry out in startled pain, then he tore the little blouse, which had already slid down around her armpits, right off.

“Let me go, you pervert!” she exclaimed.

“You forget, I own you,” he growled.

She felt the bra strap parting, and gasped as he yanked it off her. But she also thrust her arms up and back more energetically, trying to slap at or pinch him.

“Fag! Stop playing with my ass!”

He pinned her wrists together, and she felt a shudder as he slipped his handcuffs around them and they locked tight.

That was what she had been missing!

She felt the vibrator thing pulled free of her sex, and his fingers thrust into her instead. They were almost as thick, given how big his hands were, and a lot longer. She shuddered as they thrust deep, driving roughly through the tightness of her sex, almost hurting her as his thumb began to stroke against her clitoris with rough, sure movements.

“Disrespectful little slut.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

He pressed his thumb against her, and forced a third finger into her, pumping them in and out as his other hand cracked down against her now-flaming bottom.

The sexual energy inside her was roiling wildly, pulsing and flaring within her overheated body as she rolled her eyes at the upside down world and reveled in the seething liquid heat. Then the orgasm swept through her and she cried out again and again as he stabbed his fingers hard and fast and

slapped his other hand down with rapid-fire slaps to her aching bottom.

He dumped her off his lap as she cried out dazedly, then yanked her in between his thighs by the hair, quickly unzipping and drawing himself out, hard and thick.

“Now I think you need to demonstrate how sorry you are for your disrespectful attitude, and how eager you are to make it up to me,” he said.

Jamie gulped in air even as he forced her mouth down onto his cock, but her lips closed eagerly as she began to suck and lick. He gathered the soft hair up into a mass, closing his fist around it, and jerking her up and down harder, and farther.

She gurgled as the head of his cock popped into her throat, then her lips were sliding inexorably down the length of his steely shaft until they were wrapped around the base.

*Crack! Crack Crack!*

She yelped and moaned as he slapped her bottom.

“Pleasure your master, slave girl,” he ordered, his hand sliding up to roughly grope her breast.

He jerked back on her hair and she drew back, chest burning, sliding her lips off him to suck in deep, ragged breaths of air. He quickly pulled her back, though, and she began to bob her lips up and down on him using long strokes until he jerked her all the way down again and held her there.

He forced himself to his feet, then, still holding her hair in a tight fist, his hips now able to work in and out as he stood before her, fucking her throat and mouth as her head pounded and her lungs burned. She felt her vision swim as he thrust harder and deeper, then pulled out entirely and threw her on her belly on the floor.

Dazed, panting, moaning, she barely took notice of him yanking her hips into the air. He slapped her bottom again, jerked back on her ribs to draw her

belly in tighter to her upraised bottom, slapped it again, then guided his spit-wet cock to her sex and jammed it against her.

He was a large man in more ways than one. He was taller than her, with broad shoulders, and his cock was long and thick. It was the thick part she loved, though, the way it stretched her, the way it had to be forced into her (as long as she was ready, and she was *always* ready with him), and made her ache and feel filled.

She shuddered as the smooth hard heat of him pushed deeper and deeper, and his hands slid up and down her body and then into her hair. She gasped as he yanked back on it, as his hips started to thrust. There was something incredibly wild and animalistic about the way he roughly manhandled and used her body. It turned her on like nothing she'd ever felt before.

Already she could feel the dark heat and hunger rising as he thrust into her, even as she grunted and gasped at the aching sensations from her overfilled sex. He was driving himself deeper and deeper with every other stroke, until finally his hips could impact against her upraised buttocks.

Jamie shuddered to the impact of his thrusts, moaning and grunting and gasping as he drove himself into her body with hunger and power, using her like she really was his whore, his slave girl! The idea behind that thrilled some dark side of her mind, and she cried out weakly as he thrust harder, then released her hair to spill around her face.

He seized her wrists instead, yanking them up and back sharply enough to raise her head and chest off the floor and hold them up as his hips struck her with bruising rhythm. Her head bobbed up and down dazedly as his cock skewered her, and another orgasm swept over her to drive her into the mad, feverish joy of sensual overload.

# Chapter Eight

“You got home late last night,” her mother said as she sat down for breakfast.

“Yeah, well, we had fun,” she said.

“You need a full night's sleep if you're going to do your best at work, dear,” she said, frowning.

“I can manage on a few hours sleep. Anyway, it wasn't that little. I got, uhm, probably over five hours. That's plenty. I got a lot less sometimes in school.”

“You do more physical work now,” her mother replied.

In more ways than one, Jamie thought a bit smugly.

“Sometimes I just mostly ride around in the car,” she said. “Or we park to watch people or buildings. It's usually not that physical.”

She had on a New York Giants jersey this morning, along with a pair of tight, faded jeans. She'd already gotten her jogging in and her equipment belt was sitting on the serving table behind her as she forked pancakes into her mouth.

“Where did you go?”

“Uhm, an Italian place downtown, then a concert by Laugh-T.”

She had already, of course, made up something that would sound much more reassuring to her mother than a hotel room if she asked.

She felt a little thrum of excitement at the memory of Danny doing her up against the wall out in the hallway there. God, he was going to get them arrested if he kept up this public stuff!

“Well, as long as you had fun.”

“I did,” she said, keeping the smugness out of her voice only with effort.

And her butt felt fine now, too.

She took the subway to work again. There was a group of black teenagers in the car. She'd run into them off and on over the past few months, with a very loud stereo playing rap. She sighed, and turned up the sound on her earphones as she took a seat.

Then some white kids further up the car started playing loud heavy metal, as if to drown out the rap. It did an excellent job of it, of course. Rap couldn't compete with heavy metal in sheer, overwhelming volume. She saw the two groups yelling at each other but nobody moved to get closer and she doubted they could even hear each other over the music so she ignored them and continued to surf the internet on her smart-phone.

There was a message from Danny, with an attached picture. She looked at it carefully, the message, that was. All it said was “Picture of a beautiful girl being schooled”.

There was no way she was going to open the attached picture on the subway, though.

Not until she got off and was in a corner with her back to the wall did she check the phone again and pull up the picture.

She stared in surprise. It was a picture taken through the window from some distance back, probably across the street! It was clear and crisp though, showing her naked across his lap as he spanked her! Thankfully, her face was out of sight, hanging over one end of the chair, but she shook her head in amazement at how he'd gotten the shot.

He must have set up a camera before they even got there. How he'd gotten access to the building across the street to do it, was... a puzzle. And she hoped it was on some kind of timer or remote because the thought that someone was actually there with a telephoto lens watching made her insides

churn unhappily.

Though if he couldn't see her face... well. It was certainly not as bad as him fucking her right in the hallway at the club, or in the bathroom, or in the hall outside his hotel room!

She shook her head and deleted it. She never took chances with her phone. They were too easy to lose or get hacked, so she made sure nothing was on them which could get her in trouble if they got out.

“Giants suck, McCloud,” the desk sergeant said as she walked by.

She smiled and shrugged. He was probably a Jets fan, and they tended to take football more seriously than her. Probably because they were always so desperate to see their team win – because it rarely did.

She trotted upstairs to greet everyone in the Anti-crime room and check her mail, then went back downstairs to the lunchroom in the basement to get something to munch on from the vending machines. She decided on some chocolate and popped some quarters into the machine, then bent over to pull the Kit-Kat bar out.

“I could sit here all day just staring at that ass,” a voice said behind her.

Jamie straightened and turned, raising an eyebrow at one of the uniforms sitting at the tables behind her, and he grinned broadly.

“From what I understand, Simpson, that would probably be the most work you'd do during your entire shift,” she replied, as she walked past him.

“It wouldn't be work!” he called after her.

She went back upstairs and met Mueller and they headed out front to the car.

Stuff like that had bothered her more than it did now. Maybe because she had less confidence, or maybe because she was more self-conscious. Now it was no big deal.

It was a dark, cloudy, dreary looking day, but so far, the rain was holding off.

They stopped behind a panel truck at a red light, and movement caught her attention. She turned her head to see a guy getting out of the car next to them. Since it was on the driver's side that left nobody to drive the car, which was... strange.

Her eyes followed him as he walked ahead to the car in front of him and yelled something at the driver, who yelled back. Then he popped him in the mouth and walked back to his car.

Jamie let out a bark of laughter and turned to look at Mueller, who sighed and shook his head.

“You got to admit, it doesn't come much easier,” she said.

She got out of the car as the man, a fairly regular looking Hispanic in his twenties, reached his own car door. He turned to scowl at her as she smiled at him.

“Hey, guess what?” she said. “You have really rotten luck.”

Mueller came around the car and the guy looked warily at them as the driver of the car in front of his also got out and started stalking back.

“Police,” Mueller said. “Turn around and put your hands on the car.”

“But – !”

She grabbed his arm and turned him around then pushed him as Mueller took his other arm and then kicked his legs out.

“Spread your legs,” he said in annoyance.

“Not too smart, buddy,” she said as she watched Mueller pat him down.

“He cut me off!”

“Shit happens,” Mueller said unsympathetically.

The light turned green, but of course, their cars were blocking the road. The cars immediately behind them didn't seem to mind, absorbed in the to-them exciting drama. The ones further back began to honk as they realized nobody was moving.

“Move his car around the corner and park it,” Mueller said as he cuffed the guy.

He turned the guy around and put him in the back of the SUV as she slipped into the ratty old Toyota and slipped it out of park, then pulled it around the corner and parked it illegally in front of a fire hydrant.

She locked it as the victim, directed by Mueller, pulled in beside her. She took his report, and then joined Mueller back at the car.

“Who says there's never a cop around when you need one,” she said as he turned and headed back to the station.

The paperwork took up half the morning, then they were back in the Tahoe and heading up 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue.

She was idly running license plates on the computer as he drove when both of them were startled by the sound of an explosion nearby. He braked, and they both looked around but saw nothing.

“Where did that come from?” he demanded.

“Around that way, I think,” she said, pointing northwest.”

He sped up, and she flipped the lights on.

He halted at the next intersection and they looked both directions, then the tires screeched as he sped up, racing through traffic and screeched to a stop at the next intersection.

“Look!” she said, pointing ahead and to the right, where a cloud of smoke was rising.

She could already hear sirens approaching from somewhere, as he accelerated and Jamie felt herself pressed back into the seat back.

“10-33 on the two hundred block of 48<sup>th</sup> street,” the dispatcher said. “Report of numerous injuries. Fire and medical en route.”

From the looks of the smoke it was a couple of blocks north and a couple of blocks west. Mueller turned onto 51<sup>st</sup> so they could come up on the site from 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue. And then people were flooding out of a building in front of them in a panicky mass.

He stepped hard on the brakes as they stared at the building, a theater.

“What the hell,” she said.

And then, faintly, they heard gunshots from the open doors.

“No coincidences!” Mueller barked, turning quickly to unlock the metal retaining lock from the AR-15 as she snatched up the microphone.

“AC4, Shots fired. 10-13Z, 10-13Z, 350 51<sup>st</sup> Street!” she called as Mueller jumped out of the car.

She ran after him and they stopped on either side of the doors, backs to the wall. They turned in, guns pointed ahead, and he moved in first, while she followed. They could hear continuing gunfire coming from inside somewhere as they moved rapidly through the lobby and then to the doors of the actual theater.

He pointed, and she ducked low, then pulled a door open while he took position with the AR-15. She saw him quickly shift his position, pointing up and to the right instead of straight ahead, then he fired several times in quick succession.

She locked the door open with the small metal and rubber door blocker attached to the base, then rolled past him and pulled open the other one wide just as he ducked back behind the frame and something hit one of the doors then the floor off behind them.

“Perp is up on the balcony to the right!” he said.

He leaned in and fired several times again and she slipped around the edge the door, took a quick look, then ran past and to the right. It was dark in the theater, except for the back-lit stage. She crawled up beside a row of seats, looking around wildly, then up.

There was movement there in the dark, and she scuttled forward to be out of their line of sight as Mueller fired again with the AR-15. The sound was enormous in the theater, and the sound of return gunfire almost as loud.

She couldn't see any people in the theater at first, but when she looked down along the rows she saw terrified people huddled on the floor. Someone up above was shouting as he fired, and she moved closer to the wall, looking up at the ceiling underneath.

She still didn't see or hear anything coming from the main floor of the theater, so, gun in hand, she moved along the back row, stepping across people kneeling or laying there, head swiveling rapidly from side to side, but especially up ahead.

She reached the far side, and a doorway, as gunfire redoubled from the entrance. She turned her head to see two uniforms now crouching next to Mueller, firing up with their Glocks, then turned her attention ahead, dropping low to peer around the corner.

She eased further around it. There was a set of stairs to her right, and she peeked around, then swung her body around, gun angled up. She moved up slowly and carefully, heart pounding, holding the gun before her like a talisman, finger on the trigger.

As she neared the top she slowed further, waiting for sound to identify how far he was. She heard him shouting, though she didn't understand the words, and more gunfire. She eased higher and higher, until she could peek over the top step, then higher still.

When he came into view – just a black shadowy figure holding what looked like a rifle – she dropped her elbows onto the second highest step, and

with her wrists across the top, fired as fast as she could pull the trigger.

He saw her and turned at the same instant, and she saw him stagger backwards against the railing. Then his head exploded, though not, she thought, from one of her shots, but from the fusillade coming from below, probably Mueller's long gun.

“He's down!” she said, her mouth and throat dry so that it came out in a croak.

She swallowed several times and raised her voice. “Suspect down!” she shouted. “Hold your fire!”

She heard Mueller repeating her words, and eased up slowly and carefully, especially when her head rose above the level of the railing.

“He's dead!” she called down.

The suspect was a mess. He was a white guy with a brown beard wearing what looked like camouflage gear and body armor. It hadn't stopped his head from being blown apart like an egg-shell, though, when the high powered bullet from Mueller's AR-15 hit him.

He came running up the stairs behind her, one of the cops behind him, and nodded to himself. Then he looked over the theater.

“Call in major medical,” he said.

The uniform behind him had a radio microphone clipped to the side of his shirt and used it to call for medical as a half dozen cops began to carefully make their way into the theater from the outside. Throughout the theater, people began to rise to their knees to peer anxiously around.

“Get the fucking lights on!” someone shouted.

They spread out and got the uninjured to their feet and back against one wall to be searched, then began to check the injured for what could be done in the way of first aid. There were three dead, not counting the perp, and about ten wounded.

ESU showed up in their body armor and helmets, and took charge of things as paramedics began to flood into the building. Then the bosses arrived in their white caps and shirts to wander around the scene and show everyone how important they were.

By the time she and Mueller got outside again the streets were blocked solid with emergency vehicles for blocks in all directions. There was no way they could get the Tahoe out of there so they went back in to talk to the Captain, then left the keys with him and got a ride back to the station in the back of a blue and white.

They spent the rest of the day writing reports and doing interviews with bosses and the shooting team, and then, of course, they were on paid leave until the investigation was up, and they'd been cleared as psychologically fit for duty.

Her grandfather drove her home in his official vehicle, another Black Tahoe.

“You gotta stop doing this stuff, kid,” he said.

“Yeah, well, it's not like I look for it,” she said as she hugged him.

“I put you here thinking it would be active but safe,” he said, frowning.

“There's no such thing as safe. Safe isn't something that can be predicted,” she replied. “The civilians in there probably thought a theater in the middle of the day was safe. Not to mention the ones where the bomb went off?”

She looked at him questioningly.

“Nobody dead, thankfully. It mostly blew out windows. Several dozen people were cut by flying glass or were otherwise injured, but only one critical and he's likely to survive. I guess we almost have to get used to these losers trying stuff like this in New York,” he said.

“Any idea who he was?”

“No firm word, yet. At least, if Intelligence and Counter Terrorism knows they haven't told me. You know, we could use you as a trainer at the Academy.”

“No, you couldn't. I'd train them into all kinds of bad habits.”

“We need administrative people too.”

“Maybe when I'm fifty. Do we have to tell mom I was even involved? She worries.”

“How would you explain being home for the rest of the week?”

She made a face and nodded.

“At least it looks like your partner was the one who got him with his rifle. He had a lot of body armor on so if you hit him anywhere else it wouldn't have done much.”

“He was reacting, staggering back.”

“From the impact, but if you'd stopped shooting and Mueller hadn't blown his head off he'd be able to just shoot you back.”

“I still had lots of ammunition. I would have shifted my aim in a second or two,” she said defensively. “Anyway, let's not bring that up in front of mom and dad. You can just say Mueller killed him with his rifle.”

He snorted. “You're liable to get another medal for flanking him like that and going up the stairs.”

“I didn't do anything any other cop wouldn't have done,” she said firmly.

“Yeah, but you were the one that did it.”

## Chapter Nine

Danny took her out later for a late night meal, which didn't involve any sexual content other than kissing – a lot of kissing, when he brought her home. Then she went upstairs to watch what had happened being recapped on television by breathless talking heads.

That included the inevitable smart-phone video from outside the theater which showed their Tahoe turning in against the front of the theater and Mueller jumping out with his rifle. Fortunately, as far as she was concerned, since she was on the other side of the car the video only got a glimpse of her blue jersey.

The mayor gave a speech praising NYPD for its alertness, and pointing out the first car on scene had arrived sixteen seconds after the first 911 call had been received. That they were unrelated and just a coincidence was not in the talking points.

Someone did point that out to him but he waved it off, saying the quick response was an indication of how the department's smart location choices for where to put plainclothes patrols showed how safe the city was.

“The midtown tourist districts and other tourist areas of this city are among the most heavily patrolled places in the entire country,” he said. “Whether you can see them or not police are everywhere in those areas ensuring the public is safe.”

“Mostly,” she said.

“He's worried about tourists,” Dale said, slouched on the sofa next to her as they watched.

“He's not lying but there's no way you can make sure terrorists or crazies don't kill anyone,” she said. “Even if you do get there sixteen seconds later.”

“People die in traffic accidents at a lot higher rate,” he said. “Doesn't stop people driving.”

“No, a lack of parking does that, at least in this town.”

“There's parking in Brooklyn, kid. Just get out of Manhattan.”

“I like Manhattan. It's...”

“Bright and shiny?”

“Okay.”

“Anyway, I've been thrown out of Brooklyn. Didn't you hear?”

He frowned at her.

“The department told those Hassidim that I was no longer going to be working in Brooklyn, you know, the ones I ran into with dad on the way to work.”

“You never worked in Brooklyn.”

“I don't think they told them that. Left them with the impression I was a local cop and they'd gotten me transferred somewhere unpleasant.”

He shook his head and muttered something under his breath.

“Too many fucking religious crazies around,” she said.

“Your boyfriend have any more information?”

She shook her head. “He's not involved. I mean, ATF is probably involved in some way, but he mostly works surveillance on redneck groups who smuggle and sell automatic weapons.”

“Those nuts are actually more dangerous than the Muslims,” he said.

“Yeah, but mostly out in the burbs, out on highways and in the west and

northwest.”

“New York has everything under the sun and I'm sure we've got some of those crazy bastards here, too.”

“Oh, probably. Hard to set up a training camp in the city, though.”

The next day she had to go into the station for more interviews, and then do a psychological interview with a departmental shrink. She headed home, then, and got a text from Danny wanting to know if she wanted to go out that evening.

*Why not?* she texted, feeling a little thrum of anticipation.

*Got something special worked out,* he said.

*Do I want to know?* she texted back.

*Surprise is always an important element of a romantic evening,* he replied.

*Romantic is not exactly how I'd call most of your surprises.*

*Exciting, then.*

*Yeah, I'll bet. Wear your sweater dress, the black one.*

*Why?*

*Because I said so. Because I ordered it.*

*Bite me,* she replied.

*No problem,* he texted.

She snorted in amusement.

The sweater dress was tight and short, and allowed her to move freely, which was why she suspected dancing.

She was wrong, as it turned out. No sooner had she slipped into his car when he grinned at her and said.

“Strip.”

“What?”

“Naked.”

“No way. Not here in the car!”

“The windows are tinted.”

“My parents are right inside!”

He rolled his eyes and started the car, then pulled away from the curb. He didn't go far, though, just two blocks along, before stopping.

“Now strip.”

She stared at him and he gave her that dark, smoldering look of passion which always got her nipples tingling and her lower belly thrumming with energy.

“I'm gonna get caught one of these days and charged with indecent exposure!”

“No cop would haul you in for that, even if you weren't a cop.”

She bit her lower lip, looked around, then peeled the elasticized sweater up her body and off over her head.

“You are crazy,” she said, undoing her bra.

“Probably, but your body would drive any man crazy.”

She slipped off her thong and he had her lean forward and put her wrists together behind her back, where he handcuffed them. He grabbed the seat belt and drew it forward across her chest between her breasts, snapping it in,

and then grinned at her as he casually fondled her.

“I'm like your toy, aren't I?” she asked, a bit breathlessly.

“My sex toy,” he said. “And you know what toys are for.”

“Playing with?” she gulped.

He grinned, his hand coasting down her body and plunging between her thighs.

Jamie gulped, easing her legs a little apart as he accelerated. She rolled her eyes across to see him watching the road, not her, but apparently he didn't need to see her to know what to do with his fingers, as they stroked expertly across her clitoris, then eased down to dip into the mouth of her sex.

“Where are we going?” she gulped.

“Harlem. There's a bunch of gang members there I owe a present to,” he said.

She felt a jolt, then glared at him.

“Not funny.”

The corner of his lip she could see turned up slightly.

They were headed south, so certainly not for Harlem. She thought they were going to cross the bridge to Manhattan, but they passed by the Battery Tunnel entrance and headed further west.

“Where we going?”

“Master,” he said.

She rolled her eyes.

“Just for that you get a spanking.”

“I didn't say anything!” she protested.

“You rolled your eyes at me. That was disrespectful.”

“You're a weirdo. How can I respect that?”

“I'll teach you respect, slave girl.”

“I'm not your slave girl, pervert.”

They weren't exactly in a nice neighborhood, from what she could see, and then he pulled over to the curb and she felt a shock as he lowered her window! What was more there were men standing on the curb!

She gasped and jerked her head away, bending it forward so her hair spilled across her face.

“Hey, uh, anyone know where Clancy Street is?” he asked.

There was no answer for a moment.

“Nice tits on that ho,” a voice said.

“No Clancy Street? Okay,” he said.

“Hey, man, let's see more of her,” a voice said, receding into the past as he pulled away from the curb and raised the window.

“You are SUCH an asshole!” she gasped, raising her head and glaring at him.

He grinned. “You do have nice tits,” he said.

He reached over almost absently to grope and fondle her breast, ignoring her glare, and there wasn't anything Jamie could do with her hands cuffed behind her!

“You better watch where I bite tonight, master,” she said warningly.

“I'm not worried. No risk, no gain.”

“I think the phrase is no *pain*, no gain.”

They were in a grungy looking, poorly lit industrial section of Brooklyn, and looked around doubtfully. This area was certainly not likely to have any kind of nice hotel or apartment building.

He pulled into a parking lot next to what looked like an abandoned warehouse and parked near a steel fire door.

“We're here,” he said with a smile.

“Where is here?” she demanded.

“You forgot to say master again.”

“You forgot to get me hot enough to be willing to call you master.”

He grinned. I'll attend to that shortly.”

He reached below his seat and came up with what she first thought was a thick strap, then realized was a collar. He slid it around her neck, pulled her hair out from under, then buckled it in place. He got out of the car as Jamie watched, her heart thumping faster and faster, then came around to her side and opened the door.

He unbuckled her seat belt, then grinned at her and took something from his blazer pocket, a chain, she saw in the dark. He reached forward to the front of the collar around her neck, then clipped the chain to it and backed up.

“Come, slave girl,” he ordered.

Jamie felt a tug on the collar, and gasped, then swung her legs over the side of the car.

“Wait,” he said. “That's not sexy.”

“What?”

He bent and pulled off first one shoe, then the other, tossing them inside.

“What are you doing!?”

“Naked girls in shoes? Not sexy.”

She felt the pull on the collar again as he straightened, and stood up on bare feet, staring around her warily.

“Where the fuck are we?”

“You don't need to know, slave girl. You only need to obey,” he said.

He pulled on the leash, which was what it was, she realized, forcing her forward from the side of the car, then closed and locked it before turning and heading to the building.

Jamie gasped, the pull against the collar irresistible, and hurried after him, pulse rate rising as she looked around at the dark shadows of surrounding buildings.

“This is fucking insane, you know!” she hissed.

“Well, I am a little crazy.”

“A little!?”

Her feet padded over the pavement, feeling the dirt and grit covering it, then through some weeds as he walked blithely along. Her head turned from side to side, anxiously scanning for anyone who might be able to see them as he walked up to the steel door and inserted a key.

It opened and he took a flashlight out of his pocket as he pulled her inside. There were no lights as they headed up a narrow corridor. The floor was covered in dirty linoleum, and paint was peeling off plaster walls.

“Very romantic place,” she said.

He ignored her, and she continued to pretend a sense of unconcern as

she padded along the floor, turning once, then went through another large door. Now they were in the warehouse proper, and darkness pressed around them on all sides. She couldn't see the ceiling overhead, and as they walked out into the center, couldn't see the walls either.

They reached a space along the gray concrete floor, where there was a round black ring painted on it. There was a concrete post on one side, and some steel scaffolding overhead. A chain hung from above and he pressed a button on the post and suddenly a bright light appeared on the scaffolding overhead.

She blinked and dropped her eyes, at first, because of the brightness, while Danny set down his flashlight, and uncuffed her wrists. He raised her right wrist up high, though, and she felt a leather strap circling it, a padded one, which pulled tight.

“Is this another of your... agency places?” she gulped.

“It's a place we closed down last month for smuggling weapons,” he said.

He took her other hand and raised it up next to the first, then strapped something around it too.

As her eyes adjusted to the light Jamie cocked her head up to see two thickly padded restraints around her wrists.

“What is it you're intending to do?” she asked nervously.

“Whatever I want, of course.”

“I don't know about this,” Jamie said, frowning doubtfully.

“Don't worry. I know,” Danny said.

“You always know!”

“Exactly. So don't worry.”

He pushed a gag against her mouth and she turned her head away.

“Have you ever considered therapy?” she asked.

“This is therapeutic.”

He pushed the gag against her mouth again and she turned her head the other way.

“What if I want you to stop?!”

“Then I’ll stop.”

“How are you going to know?”

“You think I can’t read you well enough after all this time?” he asked.

“What if – ”

He managed to get the ball firmly against her mouth and pushed. Jamie instinctively widened her jaw at the pressure against her teeth, and it slipped in between. It pressed down on her tongue as it filled much of her mouth, and she glowered at him as he drew the thin strap around her head and fastened it behind her.

“Living life on the edge is what it’s all about,” he said, using his finger to draw her hair out from under the strap.

“This better not hurt!” she exclaimed, or at least, tried to.

“Baby,” he said.

He slapped her bare bottom and she yelped and half twisted away.

There was a limit to how much she could do, though, given her wrists were in leather restraints held together above her head. The chain was too short for her heels to settle on the floor, forcing her to perch awkwardly on the balls of her feet as she looked around.

There was nothing to see, though. The light was narrow focused. The actual ceiling above, along with the walls on all four sides, were in darkness. All she could see was what was nearby.

He ran his hand lightly down her back as she stood there, his big hand sliding downward, then following the curves of her buttocks before dipping between them to squeeze her more firmly.

He moved around in front of her and his hands rose, catching her hard, swollen nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, then rolling and stroking them before spreading his fingers wider and cupping her breasts.

“Now this is the body of a sex slave,” he said.

“I'm not your sex slave,” she tried to say through the gag.

He gripped the hair behind her neck and jerked back, forcing her to arch her back as she gasped into the gag.

“I ask you, isn't this a beautiful looking slave girl?” he asked, raising his voice and turning to look out into the darkness.

And then there was applause! A lot of applause!

# Chapter Ten

At first Jamie thought she'd have a heart attack! It sounded like dozens – no, hundreds of people were applauding! But then she realized that the sound had to be... yes, it was definitely artificial. That wasn't real applause, she realized, her heart rate starting to slow. The bastard had put some kind of high quality speakers out to one side!

She glared at him.

“Bastard!” she tried to say through the gag.

He ignored her, though she was fairly sure that even with the gag in her mouth making her words largely unintelligible he understood what she was saying.

“What am I bid for this saucy slut?” he asked, as if to a crowd. “I can attest to her excellent sexual skills.”

His other hand caressed her breasts as he held her head back.

“Look at these fine young breasts, so firm and succulent,” he said, squeezing one gently.

There was more applause and occasional unintelligible shouts.

His hand stroked slowly down across her belly and abdomen.

“Look at how firm and toned her belly is,” he said.

His hand slid back up and his fingers plucked and then twisted one of her nipples so that she yelped into the gag.

“She has extremely sensitive nipples.”

His hand slid downward once more, in between her thighs, his index

finger pressing against her as his hand slid sideways between her thighs, his thumb pressing up against her clitoris and stroking it lightly.

“A little stroking here, and this slut will be sopping wet and ready for use,” he said.

He suddenly turned her around, turning her bottom towards one side, then pushed, forcing her to the tips of her toes, bending her forward.

*Crack!*

She yelped as he slapped her bottom sharply, feeling a spiraling wave of breathless excitement.

“And what a fine ass she has,” he said. “Isn't this worth an extra fee?”

There was more applause.

“She's very tight inside, too, front and back,” he said, his finger stroking lightly against her wrinkled back opening.

“Psycho!” she shouted through the gag.

But the truth was this absurdly kinky scene he'd staged was making her pulse race and her body thrum with sexual energy.

He released her and turned her around again.

“What am I bid for this beautiful redheaded sex slave?” he asked.

Now voices shouted out bids, and he pretended to pay attention as Jamie gulped and glared at him.

“Come gentlemen,” he said. “We need more than that. “Look at these full lips.”

He traced her lower lip with his finger, and she tried to kick him – lightly.

He dodged it.

“Not fully trained yet, I admit,” he said. “But think of what a sporting ride she'll give you.”

She had to admit, though, the *idea* of being a sex slave was a kinky thrill.

Just the idea, of course.

The fantasy.

It was kinky and perverted and more than a little stupid, but it was still turning her on. And she didn't *know*, not for sure, that nobody was out there in the dark looking at this! It was pretty unlikely, but he was unpredictable, so it wasn't impossible. That added an extra degree of sharp, anxious tension, and also some sharp-edged heat.

“Spread your legs, slut. Show them your lovely pussy,” he said.

She glared at him and refused to do a thing.

“Such a bad girl,” he said. “But we know the answer to that.”

He produced another strap, then dropped to a squat, wrapping it around her right ankle. There was already a chain attached to it, and she yelped as he pulled the chain back, forcing her foot so far to the right it came off the floor!

That left her balanced precariously on her left foot, until he wrapped a similar strap around that and pulled that aside, too! Now she hung entirely from her wrists, her body taut and straining, her legs wide, her toes several inches above the floor below.

“You see how easy it is to have her helpless?” he said to the dark around them.

He turned to her, his fingers rubbing against her clitoris, then sliding slowly up her belly and cupping her breasts. He let his left hand slide up from her breast and into her hair, then gathered it together.

Jamie gasped, but wasn't surprised as he jerked her head up and back and held it there. She felt his breath warm against the front of her throat, then felt his lips softly closing against her there, a gentle kiss, then another further down along the nape of her neck.

His mouth closed on the front of her throat again, but this time she felt his teeth against her, pressing firmly, almost biting before drawing back. His mouth moved downward and he did bite her shoulder, but not hard, then his right hand slid lower, his fingers fingering her clitoris and stroking it as his mouth found the center of her right breast.

He sank lower, kissing and licking his way down her body, nibbling on her belly so that she yelped and jerked her hips back as his hands came up between her legs to cup and squeeze her buttocks. He tongue slid lower and then it was on her clitoris, and he set to work.

She was already thrumming with energy like a high-tension power line, and shuddered as his tongue licked expertly at her clitoris. Her breathing was becoming more and more ragged as the heat rolled through her body and mind, and as his fingers pushed up into the mouth of her sex the first orgasm took her.

She twisted and writhed in mid-air, back arching and hips grinding frantically against his tongue and fingers as her nervous system overloaded, crying out weakly, her head rolling back as the heat flared again and again within her. She heard the 'audience' break out in applause once again as she bucked and cried out, and a fresh flare of wildfire heat swept through her.

But, of course, Danny was far from done. Most men would think having licked a girl to an orgasm their task was done, they'd gotten credit for it, and it was time to move on to what *they* wanted. But what Danny wanted was – different.

Danny didn't just want to please her enough to get by so he could have his orgasm. He wanted to drown her in passion and pleasure and heat so she completely submitted to him.

His fingers pushed up inside her, large, knowing fingers, twisting and

turning, stroking and pumping, as his tongue continued to lick at her.

The orgasm had drained her temporarily, and Jamie groaned as she hung there, panting and gulping in air, moaning through the gag as she stared down at the top of his head. She groaned weakly, raising her head up and back, staring into the darkness, feeling the unreality of it all and the intoxicating sense of sexual abandon already taking hold of her mind.

He licked her to another orgasm, to more 'applause', and still he continued. Only now, he got out his toys. He loved toys, and not just her, she thought, panting. She groaned as the vibrator pushed into her. It was thick and curved, an uneven shaped thing which ended in the now familiar spring-clip that slipped up across the top of her sex.

The clip would ensure the big vibrator stayed inside her no matter how her vaginal muscles spasmed. It pressed in firmly against the soft skin above her sex, around, not by chance, her clitoris, very closely surrounding it, pressing into the soft pale flesh on all sides so that it appeared to swell out.

And then it started to buzz.

She groaned, laying her head back as he moved behind her. Another dildo, suitably lubricated, was pushed into her back passage, pumping slowly in and out, twisting and turning as his other hand slipped around her hip and his fingers began to stroke her clitoris.

By the time the dildo had been buried in her ass she was on the edge of climax again, and a little pumping set her off, twisting and writhing, sobbing for breath as she thrashed against the chains and straps holding her. The pleasure burned through her mind and sent her into another world, of pleasure and passion where nothing else mattered.

The applause eased up as she went limp, gasping, and then cried out as he jerked back roughly on her hair, forcing her head back. He leaned in to chew more powerfully along the nape of her neck, then down onto her breasts. His teeth bit into her, hard now, on the edge of pain as she cried out, digging into the soft flesh and locking there so he could suck and lick.

“As you can see,” he said. “This is a multi-orgasmic little sexual animal. She has the body of a goddess, but now I believe I’ve demonstrated she has the mind of a wanton slut. What am I bid?”

There were more shouts of bidding, and Jamie moaned into the gag, panting, letting her mind drift with the fantasy that there really were crowds of men out there shouting bids for her! The idea was wickedly arousing, and she shuddered as he slapped one of her breasts lightly.

“But of course, we must punish her in order to train her to her new life of obedience,” he said. “Like all slave girls she lacks discipline, so discipline must be provided.”

It was hot under the light, especially with her exertions, and Jamie could see a light sheen on her pale body as Danny moved out of the light and into the darkness. When he came back he was shirtless, and her eyes feasted on his powerful physique, his broad shoulders and chest, his washboard stomach and the thin line of hair which disappeared into the waistband of his pants.

And in his hand was... she blinked... some kind of whip!

She moaned and shook her head as he grinned darkly at her.

“It’s time for you to be properly whipped, slave,” he said.

He had used straps on her bottom before, as well as his hand, and also various other devices, including a very light flog. This was a new one. It had a two foot long handle of narrow rounded leather. A much longer, much thinner black cord dangled from the handle. It was thicker than the laces of the flog he’d used on her, and much longer, easily three feet.

Danny walked slowly around her, letting the whip trail along on the floor like a sinuous black snake.

“We must teach the little sex slave her manners,” he said.

She moaned, her head turning until he disappeared behind her. But she saw his arm moving, then cried out as something cut across her back! It was

thin, and light of weight, but it did sting, at least... it stung more than the flog as it snapped diagonally across the middle of her back!

She felt a sense of alarm amid the dark passion and excitement, and her mind raced, wondering just how much this was going to hurt. But Danny surely knew she couldn't be pushed too far, she thought anxiously. Didn't he?

He drew the handle up and back and then cast it negligently. The longer cord swept out and cut across her back again.

“Slave girl,” he said as she yelped and her back arched.

He swept it out again, using only the flick of his wrist, really, and the cord cut across her buttocks so that her hips jerked forward.

“You have to learn to obey your master.”

It did sting but... the stinging wasn't exactly torture, she realized, though her mind was churning.

*Crack!*

It cut across her lower back, the sting sharp but not deep, and leaving a light sense of warmth behind.

“The whip is the proper punishment for impertinent slave girls.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The cord cut into her back again, and then again and again, with several quick snaps of his wrist.

He swung his arm sideways and the cord swung in and cut across the middle of her back, then swept around her waist to completely encircle it, leaving a thin red line of heat. His hand moved rapidly so that it swung around her middle again and again and then again, before rising.

The next blow curled under her right arm and cut across her breast!

Jamie yelped in surprise, then pain! The pain, though, was still quite light. It was more the shock which gripped her mind, that he would dare hit her breasts! But with that shock came another rush of outraged heat, of dark, sizzling excitement at how perverted and kinky this was.

Her insides felt stuffed to overflowing with the dildo and vibrator, and the vibrator buzzed powerfully around her swollen clitoris.

He came around to stand in front of her, and off to her right, then swung the thing again. It cut across her breasts and she gasped, then again, then again, then again, twisting and moaning and writhing as the audience cheered, as the thin cord slapped down with light, stinging blow to make her skin turn pink.

It was all so insane, so wild! Her skin was becoming tender, but her insides were pulsing with heat and her mind was spinning with hunger and dark passion!

He paused and then stepped up to her. His hand jerked back on her hair and he pressed the narrow handle of the whip against the top of her sex. It was made of rough leather and he let it slide slowly, deliberately up across her clitoris, inch after inch so that she writhed and jerked against the restraints!

He stepped back, then began circling her, lashing out with the whip again and again, letting it cut across her back and bottom, across her chest and breasts and stomach until her skin was pink and tender everywhere.

Then he stopped and moved to undo the straps around her ankles. She groaned as her feet came together and she was able to take the weight off her aching wrists and arms. Her insides were a furnace as he put his hand against her abdomen, then lower, and pushed, forcing her bottom out, forcing her back until she was on her toes, her bottom raised and vulnerable, her chest bent forward.

“Don't move!” he said in a harsh voice.

He drew his hand back, dropping the whip, and moved behind her. She

moaned as she waited, trembling, gasping for breath through the gag.

“This is the punishment an impudent girl should expect for disrespecting her master,” he said. “A good strapping.”

She gulped, then cried out as the strap swung in and cut across her bottom! Now that hurt! It drove her forward, as if her feet were trying to run away from the sharp, cutting blow.

“Resume the position. You get ten on the bottom for being rude. And they only count if you hold your position.”

He reached around her hip and pushed back against her groin, and Jamie, gasping, moaning, eased herself back onto her toes, her bottom pushed back vulnerably.

“Remember, if you move, slave, then the punishment continues until you take ten straight without movement.”

She cried out as the next blow struck her bottom. It was a sharp blow, much heavier than the whip, and the stinging pain was much more severe. This was real pain, but... with her mind wrapped in a cocoon of animal hunger and dark, almost masochistic heat, she jerked but held her position.

*Crack!*

“Bad girl,” he said.

She cried out again, the stinging sharp and deep, her bottom getting much warmer.

*Crack!*

“Bad slave girl.”

Again she cried out, moaning, whimpering, heat swirling and churning, rising to a feverish, all-encompassing sense of dark, glittering passion.

*Crack!*

“Slut!”

Another sharp blow cut across her buttocks and she cried out into the gag, but again, kept her position. She hadn't been prepared for the first one, but now she knew what to expect.

*Crack!*

“Slave!”

She bit into the gag, shuddering, her bottom getting even warmer.

*Crack!*

“Tramp!”

How many had that been, she wondered wildly. God, her bottom was starting to really hurt!

*Crack!*

“Whore!”

She cried out, almost jerking off her toes, as the strap snapped up across the underside of her buttocks.

*Crack!*

“You know you're a bad girl, Jamie.”

*Crack!*

Surely that must be almost ten, she thought wildly.

“A very bad girl.”

*Crack!*

“Bad girl.”

*Crack!*

“An undisciplined bad girl. But you will learn discipline, slave.”

He reached up and undid the strap from her left wrist, and she shuddered, panting, heavily perspiring now, she noted, as he undid the other and she was able to lower her heels to the floor. She swayed a bit, even as he drew her wrists behind her and bound them.

“On your knees, slut,” he barked.

He shoved her down and she sank bonelessly, pulsing with heat and moaning as he undid the strap of the gag and pulled it free. Then she cried out as he jerked roughly back on her hair, her mouth opening in a gasp as he unzipped his trousers.

His cock was very hard, and very thick as he thrust it almost violently into her mouth.

“Please your master, sex slave,” he growled.

His harsh words and actions were amplifying the sense of masochistic heat within her, making the perverted game seem even more real, drawing her into the fantasy as she gurgled weakly around his cock. He thrust it deep immediately, holding her hair in a tight fist as she closed her lips around it and started to suck.

The dildo and vibrator still filled her with a dull, delicious ache, the vibrator buzzing as she knelt and sucked, moaning as he jerked on her hair, and reached down to roughly grope her breast.

“Remember, I can do anything I want. You're helpless, a sex slave, kneeling before your merciless master,” he growled. “Nothing but a helpless, naked sex toy!”

She gurgled as he jerked her forward, and his cock pushed into her throat. She'd long mastered deep throating, but Danny took it to another level, not letting her control the movement, making it much more difficult to

control her gag reflex.

He thrust himself deep into her throat, pulling her in by the hair and head until her face was jammed against his groin, holding her there as her heart pounded and her chest began to burn. Then he pulled back, drawing himself out of her completely so that she gasped dazedly.

He slapped her face, startling her, stunning her. It wasn't much of a slap, but it was shocking simply because it was a slap to the face. And then he jerked her forward by the hair and buried himself in her throat again!

She gurgled dazedly, fully drawn into the fantasy now, not even sure it was fantasy or reality. He began to pump himself in her throat, holding her in place, or pulling her in to meet his thrusts. His cock moved smoothly in her tight throat as she gurgled wetly, her mind pulsing with dazed heat and anxiety.

He drew himself out again and she gulped in air, panting and moaning as he slapped her face again, then jerked her forward by the hair, forcing her onto her face on the floor.

“Raise that ass, sex slave and spread your legs!” he barked.

*Crack!* His hand slapped her bottom sharply as she complied, panting, groaning, shuddering as he knelt behind her. She felt him gripping the vibrator and pulling it free, and groaned as she knew a moment of near emptiness there. Then he thrust himself into her and she cried out as a new wave of dark heat swept over her.

He gripped her hair again, jerking it up and back, and slapped her bottom as he began to use her immediately, roughly. She ached. It hurt. And yet, the sense of kinky dark hunger was... enthralling! It was the hottest, most realistic he'd made the game so far, and as he began to ride her, the sexual heat grew into a wicked feverish lust that had her sobbing in pleasure.

It was... degrading, frightening, and thrilling as he used her, as he treated her like his bitch, like his animal, like he could do anything he wanted to her, his big hips slapping against her upraised buttocks as his cock speared her

again and again!

He jerked back even more sharply on her hair and she cried out as he jerked her head and shoulders off the floor. Then his other hand enveloped her breast, squeezing roughly, kneading the tender flesh as his hips pounded against her buttocks.

The orgasm thundered through her body and mind like an avalanche. Her nerve endings flared and she screamed, bucking back to meet his thrusts, her eyes rolling back in her head as the orgasm mounted and peaked at stunning – literally stunning levels! It went on and on until she thought she would go insane, thought she would lose consciousness.

She was caught in that moment, in that peak, sweating, aching, mouth wide, eyes slitted, riding the wild storm of pleasure as long as it would last, and hoping it would never end.

# Chapter Eleven

There was so much happening in midtown Manhattan that even when nothing was going on something was going on. Riding through the precinct keeping an eye on the busy, bustling sidewalks and answering occasional calls was something Jamie knew she could do for years to come.

She had friends whose days were spent in cubicles and meetings, and tapping away at computers. And few of them made as much as she did. True, there were moments of shock and terror, not to mention some nasty traffic accidents she'd had to attend.

But moving around, doing different things every day, out in the fresh air (so to speak), and never knowing what could happen was something she couldn't imagine ever giving up. Certainly she was in no hurry to move on and up in the department like her grandfather had.

Then again, she might think differently in twenty or thirty years.

She didn't put much time into pondering it. That was forever from now, and she was living for the day. And night.

She'd made it clear to Danny that however wild and kinky his imagination got there was a limit to what she was willing to put up with, and that most particularly included pain. True, the whip he'd used was almost a toy, and left no lasting marks at all, but he'd better not think of progressing to heavier ones.

Fun was fun and all, but she was simply not the masochist type.

She used to think that with more confidence, however, than she now did.

She tapped away at the keyboard as they drove along Seventh Avenue, glancing idly at the sidewalks and traffic as Mueller ranted about the psychiatrist he'd had to talk to. He was not, of course, feeling the slightest

remorse or regret over killing the hairy terrorist on the balcony. She'd have been shocked if he did.

And at least it had gotten Foster off his neck for a while. Foster was pleased at the good publicity “his” Anti-crime unit had gotten, both within the department and from the city at large. He was even talking about expanding the squad, if he could get the Inspector's agreement, and overtime.

Jamie wasn't sure what she thought about that. On the one hand, she liked her time off, especially when accompanied by massive orgasms and kinky sex games. On the other hand, downtown after dark was a whole other creature with a lot different face on it. A lot of the bad people only really came out after dark.

Mueller grunted, which drew her eyes up and around. She'd come to be able to interpret his grunts and sounds, and that was the same as saying “Well, look at this now. Isn't that interesting?”

There were two too-tall 'women' yelling at each other on the sidewalk. Both were in too-short skirts and too-tight tops. And neither one seemed, to her eyes, to be terribly feminine. They were drawing a crowd, of course, as they yelled and gesticulated at each other, their girly boy voices rising to a fever pitch.

Mueller pulled over a half block up and waited to see if anything got out of hand. When they moved on he pulled back into traffic and continued on, and she ran more license plates as they turned and headed west for the nicer side of town.

It had been a largely uneventful day. They'd taken a few reports, but made no arrests. That was often the norm. Occasionally he'd get a tip phoned in from someone he knew, but none he chose to act on. It had been kind of a boring day, all told, but given the recent events, not one she minded.

Her phone buzzed and she glanced at it and made a face. Another text from Danny. She wasn't going to open it with Mueller sitting there. He had a habit of sending pictures which were far too eye catching. Lately it had been attractive young women as he started up his hints about doing a ménage

again.

Well, doing a woman with Danny there wouldn't be all that horrible. She hadn't said yes yet but that was basically because she was enjoying him – if not begging, at least, doing his best to persuade her. She liked to keep reminding him that as much as he said otherwise she wasn't *really* his sex slave.

Well, except for those times when she was so feverish with heat that she'd do and say anything. It was a little disturbing how often those times occurred, but on the other hand, she wasn't going to complain about being given too much sexual pleasure.

She'd only sort of hinted to her friend Andrea, without going into specifics of how and what, and she'd been filled with wide-eyed envy. Andrea would probably give herself, body and soul, to any man who could do that for her.

“Let's head in. Finish up our reports so we can head home on time. There's a ball game on TV tonight,” Mueller said.

She grunted her assent. They went back to the precinct, did up their reports, and she went home on the subway, just like any other worker – except of course, for the gun on her hip. Danny said he had something planned for tonight, and she was already starting to think about what that might be with a mixture of trepidation and excitement.

Neither her job nor her love life were at all predictable. And that was just the way she liked it.

THE END

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