



Dancing on the Edge

By JJ Argus



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(Jamie McCloud)

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

Chapter One

Times Square was jammed. It was a zoo. Every type of humanity was wandering, strolling, striding, or standing around in it, as traffic crawled by on the busy street, horns honked, distant sirens wailed, and vendors cried out for customers.

There were thousands of tourists, who came from every corner of the world, and ranged from Californians with loud shorts and tank tops to Arabs in full robes and headdresses. There were thousands of impatient New Yorkers trying to get through, most working or living in the nearby towers. And then there were the vendors.

Those ranged from the guys standing outside stores trying to entice tourists to come inside, to sidewalk vendors to the ubiquitous 'characters' who dressed up in costumes – or undressed down to body paint, and tried to get tourists to pay them for pictures. Music and shouting were everywhere.

It was a carnival of humanity, and like any carnival it had its shady side, which mostly included pickpockets, purse snatchers, prostitutes, beggars and fraud artists, all of them quite brave given the high number of cops known to constantly patrol the area.

Brave or crazy. For Times Square had far more than its share of loonies, day and night. The area was like a pinball machine, with the constant clamor and flashing lights, and seemed to attract them like flies to... honey.

The smell of Times Square in summertime, unfortunately, did not at all resemble the sweetness of honey. It was more like the sweetness of overripe garbage, an unavoidable product of humanity, especially when the idiots who founded the city had decreed there be no alleys between buildings, so as to reduce crime.

No place to put your garbage, then, but on the street, on the sidewalk.

Fortunately, it was air conditioned in the small, NYPD substation in the square. Officer Michael Renzo wasn't terribly happy with his job there, however. It was boring. He'd twisted an ankle two weeks earlier, however, and wasn't up to much in the way of quick movement.

The department had found him a job here, mainly watching the monitors which kept an eye on the Times Square area. The software behind the cameras was sophisticated, and the digital cameras could produce crystal clear images even from some distance.

At the moment, Renzo was skimming his eyes across several monitors which were showing stationary views up and down the street and square, and a few others which rotated among other cameras. The one much of his interest was on, however, was focused on a leggy redhead in shorts who was meandering across the square.

Renzo had always thought of himself as a leg man, and this one had well-sculpted legs which met entirely with his approval. The rest of the package wasn't bad, either. The girl in question had a nice looking chest in a tight tank top which, unfortunately, he could only catch glimpses of since she wore a short sleeved purplish Hawaiian shirt over it. The shirt was open down the front, though, which teased at him to keep trying different angles from different cameras.

At the same time as he watched the action, he was listening in on the radio bands, both that of the local precinct, and a shorter ranged tactical channel attuned to the plainclothes units in the square. There were always a lot of cops in Times Square, but the city didn't like the image, so many were in plainclothes.

“You're gonna get in trouble if the sarge comes back early,” Stephens, the cop beside him said.

“Harris is in love with the super burgers at Burger Emporium, and that's gonna be a line he can't push through fast,” Renzo replied. “Besides, it ain't like he moves fast at the best of times.”

He watched the redhead coming up the street, almost across from where

the substation was, and sighed, mentally undressing her and wondering if it was true there were bikini pictures of her out there somewhere.

Jamie was wearing white denim shorts with frayed legs and a studded leather belt. The shorts were low waisted, and tight, but they were certainly not Daisy Dukes. They came down a good finger-length from her buttocks. It wouldn't do to be seen as unprofessional. She worked for a fairly conservative organization after all.

The NYPD Anti-Crime unit was a staple of every precinct. They didn't wear uniforms, and drove unmarked cars. The generally younger officers who made up the units were selected for having demonstrated above average initiative and ability, which she had certainly done on a number of occasions.

Though it didn't hurt that her grandfather was one of the NYPDs assistant commissioners.

She had about six months on the force, and at twenty-two, hadn't become either jaded or the least bit bored with the wild variety of unusual situations she encountered. In fact, if anything, she'd become calmer, and less inclined to judge people harshly.

When you were a redhead people expected you to have a temper. She'd spent some part of her life living up to that, partly because she could get away with it – because, hey, she was a redhead, so people expected it.

She was six feet tall, had a black belt, was a dead shot, and had cops strewn liberally throughout her family tree. In addition to her grandfather, several cousins, several uncles, and her brother were on the job, which wasn't unusual in New York. Nepotism had a long and cherished part in the department's history. There were a number of 'cop families' on it.

So Jamie had a tendency towards a stern, no-nonsense outlook on life that didn't tolerate a lot of backtalk or disrespectful attitude. She didn't gossip, didn't feel the need to be chatty, and respected those who talked only when they had something worth saying.

That was why she got along so well with Alaric (big Al) Mueller, her partner. He was a gruff, old fashioned, dour German with little tolerance for... almost everything. He was seven inches taller than her and twice her age. And as the Sergeant in charge of the unit, he had normally been without a partner, until she was assigned to the unit, and him.

Everyone had had a few snickers about the potential of *that* match. Mueller with a 'girl' cop barely more than a rookie. She'd drive him insane, if he didn't strangle her first. Lieutenant Foster had probably hoped for one or the other since he'd been itching to get rid of Mueller for some time, and knew very well who her grandfather was.

But Jamie's height, demonstrated ability and close-mouthed behavior while they drove around had allowed him to get used to her, and even, she thought, kind of accept her. As much as he could anyone under forty anyway, particularly a girl.

For her part, she respected Mueller as a good cop, smart and fearless, if a bit too sour on his outlook in life for her, and with terrible taste in music and a frustrating need to drive under the speed limit.

She got a lot of looks as she wandered around, a box of popcorn in one hand, but that was normal. No matter what she wore she'd get looks. She doubted any of those looking suspected she was a cop, though, which was all that mattered.

Anti-Crime made a disproportionate number of arrests, and were constantly in and out of the precinct houses. They were assigned to higher crime areas, areas which required an unobtrusive police presence (like the Times Square district), and targeted known repeat offenders.

So while they weren't undercover, they did their best to simply blend in and not be noticed by criminals – until it was too late. Jamie had little hope of not being noticed. But not being seen as a cop was just as good.

She wandered through the square and over to one of the stores, where a stocky Hispanic guy was standing. He turned to look at her and raised his eyebrows.

“Working hard?” she asked.

“Hardly working,” he replied.

Geraldo Batista was another cop from Anti-Crime. He pursed his lips a moment as he looked at her, then turned away.

“What?”

“Nothing. You're looking... hot today.”

“Well, it is pretty hot out,” she said with a grin.

Under the open shirt she wore a pale lavender, midriff baring tank top. It was form fitting but not tight, or at least, not *too* tight.

“Uh huh. Keep that belly away from Richards. She's complaining about the extra two pounds she put on over the weekend.”

Nora Richards was his partner.

“Nora is almost forty, and has two kids,” she said. “And she's married. Come on. We're not in competition.”

And Nora Richards probably didn't take pole dancing classes, she thought.

He shook his head. “Baby, sometimes I wonder about you.”

“What?”

“You got no sisters, right?”

“No. Two brothers.”

He nodded. “Thought so. I got eight.”

Her eyes widened. “Eight sisters!?”

He shrugged. “Believe me, I know women. You're always in competition with each other. All the time. Everywhere.”

She rolled her eyes. She understood the sentiment, and she knew there was a lot of truth in it, but it wasn't a truism when it came to her. Oh, she did the quick assessment of other women in a room, but it didn't bother her if she thought one of them was prettier than her.

Of course, that didn't happen a lot. And she had other qualities that boosted her self-confidence, like the knowledge she could beat the crap out of that woman without breathing hard.

“Nora and I are friends,” she said. “And anyway, it's not like I'm showing much.”

She looked down at the few inches of bare stomach being displayed between her belt and the bottom of the tank top. There was no flab there, of course, not even a trace. Her stomach didn't show obvious muscles like her boyfriend Danny's did, not unless she moved in a certain way, but they were there under the very lightly tanned skin.

“Whatever you say, babe.

She passed on, feeling a bit pensive, but quickly put it aside. There had been a time when she'd been very religious about ensuring her appearance was as, well... professional and asexual as possible. She'd been defensive about being a 'girl' and determined not to be treated like one.

That had faded, and her boyfriend Danny had been a big part of the reason why. She'd met him only a couple of months ago. He was a federal agent, and they'd been assigned to an undercover stint at a modeling agency because, as his boss had put it, less than one percent of American women were five foot ten or over, and the job needed a young, attractive girl who was at least five foot eleven.

It had been a weird experience. She'd had to dye her hair blonde! And then she'd had to basically act like a blonde airhead, complete with revealing outfits. It had had an effect on her. When you've paraded around in public, or

semi-public, in a thong bikini you get less shy about showing your body.

She frowned as she saw two young Hispanic guys ahead. She was fairly sure they were locals, but they were moving too slowly. They *could* be tourists, but they weren't acting like it or dressed like it. They weren't looking around at all the bright lights and signs and costumed characters and stores, either. They were looking at the people, the tourists.

Plus they were Hispanics.

You couldn't be a cop in New York and not follow the ongoing debates about profiling. But that was all political theater to her. As a cop she went on facts, and the stats were undeniable. Most of the street crime in the city had Black or Hispanic perps behind it. The arrest sheets said so. The victim descriptions said so. And she'd never heard anyone deny it.

Most of the violent crime came from the Black community. There was a lot of anger there behind it. Hispanics mostly didn't want to stomp on your head or shoot you. They just wanted your stuff. That was something she could respect. Kind of.

The two guys ahead of her were about her age, or maybe a bit younger, wearing jeans and t-shirts. As she watched they leaned in together, speaking quietly, looking at a teenage girl walking along beside an older woman, and staring down at a smartphone.

It was a larger smartphone, probably an Iphone, she thought. The latest model, given its edge to edge glass. They retailed for over a thousand dollars, if you paid cash. Nobody did, of course. You took out a plan, which reduced the cost considerably.

Of course, if you wanted to buy one on the black market, a stolen one, the cost was even better. So there was a ready market that didn't ask a lot of questions.

Jamie had what would look to casual eyes like some kind of Ipod clipped to her belt, with wires running up to her ears. She pulled the tiny microphone out and double clicked it to get people's attention, then glanced

around.

“Two Hispanic males in gray and brown t-shirts, by the recruiting station,” she said. “Heading north.”

She didn't have to say anything more. Whoever was nearby would head her way. And there was a local NYPD sub-station in the square itself, right across the street, in fact, which monitored their frequencies. There were a lot of cameras around, as well as uniformed cops. That was why most criminals were too smart to try anything obvious here.

She moved a little closer to them as they moved a little closer to the girl. A blonde, she noted, who rarely looked up from whatever she was doing on the screen. She was simply going wherever the woman next to her, probably her mother, was going, and leaving it up to others not to run into her.

The two split up, one veering around to the opposite side while the second moved up closer to the girl from her left. Jamie sped up too, weaving in and out around the crowd. She watched the two young men glancing at each other, getting their timing right.

Then just as one snatched the phone from the blonde girl's hand, or perhaps an instant later, the other tapped the older woman on the shoulder.

“Do you have a dollar?” he asked innocently.

Jamie and his partner were already running before the sentence was completed. She passed the blonde girl, who was still holding up an empty hand and staring in open mouthed astonishment at the Hispanic guy's disappearing back. By the time she shouted “Hey!” Jamie was already twenty yards away.

“He stole my phone!” she shouted.

Jamie was forty yards away by then, and already gaining on the Hispanic guy. She'd been a track star in both high school and college. The good thing about being in plainclothes, she thought, as the guy turned, saw her, and sped up, was you didn't have to wear the heavy gear and shoes that

slowed you down so much in a chase.

Even the damn boots weighed two and a half pounds apiece.

The lightweight tennis shoes on Jamie's feet weighed considerably less, and the Hispanic guy was now breaking trail through the crowds for her, making it easier to catch up. Then he stopped abruptly, clothes-lined by a short blonde woman in several layers of tank top and t-shirt with a short sleeve shirt hanging loose over them.

He dropped on his back with whoof, all the air and fight knocked out of him.

“That's how an efficient blonde does things, long-legs,” she said with a smirk at Jamie.

Jamie stopped and grinned, grabbing the phone before it walked off, then helping Nora roll their gasping suspect onto his belly and cuff him. Mueller ambled up then. He wasn't much of a runner at his size and age. Then again, as he'd told her, that was what rookies were for.

“Good job,” he said. “What about the other one?”

“They split up. And there's only one me,” Jamie said.

Their suspect was still gasping, and not in any shape to walk. Nora tsked and rolled him onto his side.

“Pull your legs in tight. That's it. You just got the wind knocked out of you. You'll be fine.”

She examined the back of his head to make sure he hadn't hit it on the sidewalk, then glanced at Jamie, eyes flicking up and down.

“White pants?” she asked, with raised eyebrows.

Jamie smiled. “If you got it...”

“Bitch,” Richards said without spite.

“What's your point?”

Richards snorted in amusement.

A Chinese guy stopped and snapped pictures of them, until Mueller pushed him away. Then they hauled their suspect up and walked him back to the girl, who had disappeared. But given how close the police substation was they headed across the street. Sure enough, she was there with her mother, having hysterics for her lost phone.

She was incredibly relieved when they showed up with the suspect and phone, until the uniform on the desk told them it would have to be held as evidence. Then she started to get upset. Her mother was getting annoyed with her, as were the desk cops – though their annoyance was tempered by her being a cute blonde.

Jamie figured that her emotional response to being deprived of the phone might have less to do with being parted from it than having it in the hands of other people for a bit of time.

A bulky looking uniformed sergeant came through the door, carrying a bag that smelled like lunch. He and Mueller exchanged greetings as he bustled around behind the counter.

“What we got?” he asked Mueller.

Jamie picked up the phone and turned to the blonde. “Maybe you could have a look at it and make sure it hasn't been damaged,” she said, handing the girl the phone.

The girl snatched it and quickly turned her back on everyone as she examined it. Jamie figured the examination involved deleting a number of photos she feared some nosy cop might stumble across.

Danny kept taking pictures of her, which made her nervous, and he'd even sent her some while she was on duty – to her phone. She'd instantly deleted them, of course, and questioned him repeatedly about where he was storing those pictures – and videos. He said they were encrypted, so even if

someone stole his computer they wouldn't be able to see them.

Men. Was there even one who didn't want naked pictures and videos of his girlfriend? If so she'd yet to run across one.

“Think we can spot where the other guy went?” Mueller asked the sergeant.

They went behind the counter and over to the monitoring station as the sergeant pushed aside a patrolman.

“We got some set up here, Al. You can practically keep watch in a fly making its way around the square. Course, you gotta spot it first to track it. Renzo? We get the arrest on tape?”

“Uh... well....”

“Ah, here it is. Good work,” the sergeant said.

Jamie was impressed at how clear the image was. The sergeant rewound it a little, then played it forward, and laughed with approval at the way Nora Richards had clothes-lined the guy, although that had barely been on screen since the camera was focused on Jamie.

The sergeant rewound it, and she blinked as she saw the camera following her all the way back up the street.

The sergeant frowned and looked up at Renzo.

“Ahm, she called in a suspicious activity, sergeant.”

Which was true enough. He'd certainly spotted her quickly, though. He must be good with the cameras, she thought. But he should have zoomed out more to search for the guys she'd reported. They got to about the point where she reported it, and yes, she saw herself bring the mike up to speak.

But the rewind was going fast, and it continued past that. When the sergeant stopped it the camera was showing her legs, following them along.

He abruptly shifted to another camera, turning his head to glare at Renzo, who was blushing as Jamie frowned a look at him. It didn't particularly bother her, though it was a bit stalker-ish, but men would do that kind of stuff, so it wasn't any real surprise.

Be bothered when they stop looking, her mother had told her once.

The camera showed the blonde and her mother, now, and got the moment when the two Hispanic men came up to them. The second guy turned and walked off to the left, going up Seventh Avenue, and the sergeant picked up the microphone and put out a call to units in the area to watch for him.

He gave Renzo another scowl, then got up and ushered them back to the front desk, looking a little nervous. Jamie had no intention of getting fussy about the guy watching her on the camera, but he wouldn't know that, she supposed.

The station no longer had a cell, so a patrol car pulled up alongside it and they put their suspect in the back seat for transport, then Jamie and Nora Richards wrote up initial reports on the substation's computers. She gladly gave the bust to Richards, so she could do most of the reports as arresting officer.

That got her back out into the heat faster, of course, but she was fortunate in that she didn't burn easily, unlike most natural redheads. She had lots of suntan lotion, anyway, and never really got tired of the spectacle out there.

Besides, she didn't have to stay outside. She wandered in and out of the stores and restaurants to briefly look around (and shop). If the ones with more interesting merchandise took longer for her ascertain all was peaceful and good, well, that was just coincidence.

She wandered into the Doubletree Suites hotel lobby to get some cool air. Given it was a Hilton hotel she didn't expect anything to be amiss, and it wasn't. It was still a nice looking relief from the bright sunshine and hot, smelly air outside, though. Though she frowned in confusion at the thinking

behind the curtained wall behind the long reception desk.

She wandered back out and further up Seventh Avenue, and noticed a commotion of some sort at the McDonalds, so pushed her way inside. It was crowded, as it always was, mostly with tourists looking for quick snacks.

The commotion seemed to involve a large, fat man in a straw hat, a yellow shirt, and shorts, who was in an argument with a half dozen of the counter staff. As she moved closer he waved his arms wildly, getting red in the face as he shouted at them, and a couple of the staff threw spice packets at him.

“Fucking redneck!”

“Racist honkey bastard!”

“What the fuck!?! I got a right to say what I want!” he shouted back.

She kept her badge on its lanyard around her neck, with the actual badge usually hanging down to the side under her shirt. She tugged it out in front now and grabbed the man's shoulder bag.

“What the fuck!?” he shouted again, this time at her.

She held her badge up and pulled on the bag insistently.

“I'm not the one who's doing anything!” he protested loudly.

“Uh huh.”

She led him through the crowd, ignoring his protests, and back out onto the sidewalk.

“All I asked was how come all the people who worked there were blacks!” he said.

All the people who worked there *were* black, and there were a lot of them. She'd noticed that herself. It made for an interesting societal commentary when you saw twenty black employees on one side of the

counter and a hundred white customers on the other, but you didn't make those commentaries in public these days.

“You might have noticed that race relations are a little on the raw side these days,” she said.

“Is it my fault Trump got elected!? I didn't vote for him!”

“There's a Burger Emporium just up the block. Chalk it up to overly sensitive people and move on with your life,” she said.

Of course, not having heard what he'd said she didn't know if they were overly sensitive or not, but then again, she didn't care. Sometimes what you did as a cop was the equivalent of a parent sending the squabbling kids into separate rooms so you got some peace.

“But I wanted McDonalds!” he protested.

“Well if you're that desperate there's another bigger one a few blocks down. Walk to 42nd street and turn right.”

He grumbled but ambled off in that direction.

She shook her head and headed in the opposite direction.

Chapter Two

She walked down 47th street briefly before turning onto Broadway, where she quickened her step to pass Hershey's Chocolate World as fast as possible, resisting the temptation to go in. She turned back on 49th, where the Irish and Italian restaurants were side by side and across the street from the Dim Sum Sushi Palace.

While she was standing at the light an Arab guy with bad teeth and a heavy accent came up beside her, grinning, and put his arm around her waist.

“Hey, baby,” he said. “My name is –.”

She didn't get his name and he didn't give it, since with a very quick move of her hand she had his wrist in a tight grip, used it as leverage to swing him around, and jammed his face up against the glass of a shoe store.

“Here's a clue for you about American culture,” she said. “You don't touch people without an invitation. You got that?”

“Fuck! I was just being friendly! Bitch!”

She slapped the back of his head, which smashed his nose into the glass hard enough for him to cry out in pain.

“I don't like that word,” she said. “I tend to get bad tempered when I hear it used with me.”

She used her leverage on his wrist to swing him around again and send him stumbling back a half dozen paces. By the time he stabilized himself and stuck his jaw out angrily her badge was dangling openly on her chest. He started forward, halted abruptly after one step, and his face shifted rapidly.

“Are you going to go on your way, schooled in the need to keep your hands to yourself, or am I going to be writing up a report while you

experience the homey welcome of the New York city correctional facilities?

He held up his hands as if to ward off an attack. "I didn't mean nothing!" he exclaimed.

"Then go away."

He turned and hurried off, feeling his sore nose, and Jamie sniffed, put her badge aside, and crossed the street onto 9th Avenue.

There were aspects of guy culture she really didn't like. And Arab and Hispanics were the most guy-guys out there, even worse than Blacks, in their assumption they were God's gift to women and should thus be accepted and admired.

She liked a guy with self-confidence, but not when it crossed the border into an arrogance which presumed any woman had to admire them and let them do whatever they wanted, and got pissed off when they didn't.

The Arabs were even worse, especially the foreign born ones, because too many seemed to view every woman who showed a bare shoulder or ankle as a whore who they could do anything they wanted to. She'd been cluing them in on their mistake in various clubs and venues since she turned fourteen.

She stopped at a Lids store, examining herself critically in the mirror with several different kinds of hats and caps on. The cowboy hats were efficient, like the fat man's straw hat, in keeping the sun out of her face, but she thought she looked goofy in them.

She gathered her hair behind her in a loose pony tail and tied it there, then tried on a few baseball caps before selecting and buying a white one. Then it was back out on the street, where she turned on 42nd street (which was technically out of their precinct). There were a lot of theaters here – and the big McDonalds she'd sent the fat guy. She didn't look inside it as she passed.

Madame Tussauds seemed to be doing a bang up business, and the

souvenir shops were all busy. She was headed back north but had only gotten a block when she heard a call on the radio for a disturbance at the Port Authority bus terminal – which was literally in view behind her – so she turned, quickened her pace and headed over there.

There were always cops in the PABT, of course, Port Authority cops, but it never hurt to have a look. Besides, anything to liven up the day.

Like most NYPD members she didn't think all that much of the PAPD. Most of what they did, as far as she was concerned, ought to be done by the NYPD. The remainder could be done by cops in Jersey, across the river. Maybe a case could be made for them watching the trains that went back and forth between New Jersey and New York but that was about it, she thought.

It didn't take long to find the disturbance. It never did in New York, because they drew flocks of looky-loos almost instantly. She had to push her way through the ring of people gathered around where a couple of cops had a guy on the floor and were trying to arrest him.

There were two uniformed PAPD cops cursing and struggling with him, and two more cursing and pushing at the crowd that had gathered around, many of them black, as was the guy being arrested.

Jamie didn't have a lot of sympathy for the complaints from the Black community that they got harassed by police without cause. The cause was the crime statistical report. It wasn't the fault of the police that so much crime was committed by young black men. And if police backed off and ignored them, well, look what had happened when the cops in Chicago did that.

It irritated her when crowds of angry, shouting blacks gathered around scenes like this one, none of them having a clue what the guy was being arrested for, but all taking it as race-based. And there didn't seem to be much doubt the guy on the floor was refusing orders and struggling against being arrested, which she figured meant he pretty much deserved whatever he got.

That being said, she wasn't under any illusion about there being racist cops either. She'd met more than a few. She hesitated about pulling her badge out, not sure the PABD guys needed any help anyway, and preferring not to

get involved if they didn't.

The two on their feet were getting frazzled, though, at the verbal harassment, and both had their nightsticks out and were jabbing them at people as they ordered them to get back. Their attitudes weren't doing much to diffuse things, though, especially given the way they snarled and cursed at everyone around them.

There was one particular black girl who caught her attention. She was about twenty, petite, with glasses and her hair drawn back in braids, and wore a stylish looking summer dress in various shades of orange and brown.

She was saying "Oink," repeatedly.

And that was all she was saying. Her eyes never left one very large, beefy cop, and she pitched her voice high, though it was calm, as she repeated the word, again and again and again. Even among the babble of shouts and curses it was pretty hard to ignore.

What started Jamie forward was the way the cop's eyes were narrowing, and he was twisting the nightstick between his hands. Her eyes skimmed the crowd nearby, and sure enough, there were cameras everywhere. She wasn't sure if any of them were with the girl, but she wouldn't have taken any bets against it.

She let her badge drop into sight and then walked past the first cop with a casual wave, ignored the second, and stopped directly in front of the girl, with her chest about six inches from the girl's face.

The girl scowled as she looked up at her.

"Move back please," Jamie said calmly.

"I'm allowed to be here!" she said, her voice less calm.

"Not if you're interfering with the administration of justice," she said, keeping her voice as reasonable and casual as possible.

"I'm not interfering with anything!"

“Listen, I could arrest you right now for disorderly conduct for that oinking stuff, but I'm gonna be nice and let you move along.”

“There's no freedom of speech if you're black, is that right!?” she demanded.

“The laws are written without regard to skin pigmentation,” Jamie replied, quite certain cameras were trained on her. “I suggest you check section 240.20 of the New York state penal laws. I could probably get you on harassment and criminal nuisance, too. But that would all involve putting you up for the night at Rikers Island and then expensive legal activities. We don't want that, now do we?”

“Bitch, we don't need your advice!” a bulky black guy next to her shouted.

“People who call me bitch usually come to a bad end, fatso,” Jamie said, her eyes narrowing, “So shut the fuck up!”

More cops arrived, and one of them came up beside her, shoving the black guy back. Jamie pushed the shorter girl back as well. The PAPD cops had managed to cuff their suspect by then, and were leading him towards the door, as some of the crowd dispersed.

She turned around and was confronted by the big PAPD guy, glowering at her.

“Why they fuck did you let that bitch go?” he demanded.

She gave him a pitying look, then glanced at his name tag.

“Pierce, did you really want to be on the news tonight? You know how much they love videos of great big strong white male police officers manhandling little black girls, right? Plus if you grabbed her a bunch of the macho idiots in the crowd would want to protect her, which could have led to a riot.”

He hesitated. “*You* could have arrested her,” he said.

“Yeah, that wouldn't have made as good a video, but it still could have caused a PR mess, and it wasn't necessary. You realize they were probably hoping you would arrest her, right? That she was doing that on purpose just to piss you off? You know the activists do that, right? Usually with a friend who has a camera nearby.”

He glowered at her and looked around suspiciously.

“Now if that big mouth next to her had tried anything I could happily have busted *his* ass, sure. A video of a girl beating on a fat ass doesn't get a lot of sympathy from anyone. But that didn't happen.”

He made a face. “Yeah, I suppose.”

She patted his arm as she moved past.

“Watch out for open manhole covers, Pierce, especially the ones someone opens up just so you'll step into them.”

“Yeah, I guess. Hey, thanks,” he called after her.

She waved casually.

She headed back into the heat, up 8th, where she stopped at Margo's for an ice cream bar, then down 45th, where she met up with Mueller, who was leaning against a wall in the shade.

“Working hard?” she asked.

“Supervisors work up here,” he said, tapping his head.

“Uh huh. I bet that really tires them out.”

“Brain work is hard work, little girl.”

He reached over and gripped the top corner of her ice cream bar, breaking it off, then popping it into his mouth.

“Did I say you could have my ice cream?” she asked blandly.

“You know what my philosophy is on asking permission for stuff,” he said.

“The same as Donald Trump's?”

“Pretty much.”

“You realize what billionaire celebrities can get away with is a bit different than what public servants in New York can get away with, right?”

“I'll watch what I touch,” he said, looking around. “I should bust someone just so I can get inside and take my time on the reports.”

“Why? It's gorgeous out.”

He gave her a pitying look.

“I could have busted someone ten minutes ago but I didn't.”

He nodded at her and she explained, then made a face. “You should have let him bust her and then we'd all get drawn in and could make arrests and go back to the station to fill out the reports.”

“And get on the network news.”

“So? It's a Trump world.”

“Maybe you didn't notice but he didn't get a lot of votes in New York, city or state.”

“So?”

“And our mayor is still...”

“A pussy?”

She frowned a look at him.

“Okay, a limp dick. That better?”

“Just think of your pension, Mueller.”

“Yeah, yeah, I do, believe, me, every day.”

He pushed himself away from the wall. “Come on.”

“Where?”

“I'm bored and it's hot.”

He walked down the block and got into his Tahoe, then started up and headed uptown, turning the air conditioning up.

“We going anywhere in particular?”

“Nope.”

The siren grew behind them as they drove up 11th Avenue. The FDNY ambulance wove in and out of traffic where it could, and Mueller signaled, then pulled the Tahoe over into the left lane to let it past.

The car which had been in front of them was a white BMW. It didn't appear to make any effort to move over, and as Jamie glared at the driver she saw his head down.

“He's fucking texting,” she muttered as the ambulance whooped repeatedly without affect, then found a space in oncoming traffic and went around the BMW.

“Asshole,” Mueller growled.

As a general rule, Anti-Crime didn't bother with traffic problems, just like it didn't bother with regular precinct calls. It had more important work to do. But as the head of the precinct's Anti-Crime unit Mueller could bend the rules whenever and wherever he felt like it. And certain types of behavior irritated him to no end.

Unsurprisingly, failing to yield for an emergency vehicle was one of them. He flicked on the lights with which the unmarked Black SUV was lavishly equipped and pulled in behind the BMW. The blue and red lights behind the front grille, under the bumper, and in the light bars at the top of the front and rear windshields lit up enough that even in the bright of day Jamie could see them reflecting off the shiny white paint.

It took a minute and several whoops from the siren before he noticed, then the driver turned onto 52nd street and parked at the curb. Jamie absently ran the license plate while Mueller fished around in the storage area under the armrest for his citation book.

He got out of the car, slamming the door, book in hand, and stomped up to the driver's door of the car as she eyed the list of moving and parking violations running down the screen, then the attached picture of a pouty looking blonde.

"I hate blondes," she muttered.

She frowned, however, as she saw the address. She knew it well since she'd patrolled near it in the First Precinct, where she'd been temporarily moved a couple of months ago. It was an older building, like a lot in south Manhattan. It had been gutted, completely renovated, and was in the final stages of preparation for occupancy when she'd been there, but as a commercial building.

According to the license she'd lived there for three years.

Jamie got out of the car and walked up alongside the BMW on the passenger side. The driver was already bitching about being stopped and that she hadn't done anything wrong, and denying she had ever touched her cell phone.

She made sure there was no one else in the car, then went around to the other side to get a look at the face that went with the whiny voice. The woman looked to be in her mid-thirties, pretty enough, with white blonde hair falling neatly down either side of her face to just past her shoulders.

The woman frowned at her but didn't stop talking, complaining. Jamie moved around on the other side of Mueller, who ignored her, though he did look up when she took out her cell phone, focused it on the VIN just inside the front windshield and took a picture.

“What are you doing?!” the woman demanded.

Jamie ignored her, raised an eyebrow at Mueller, and went back to the Tahoe, then punched the vehicle identification number into the computer. The computer paused a few seconds to consider, then reported back that the vehicle had been in an accident and destroyed last year.

“What the fuck,” she said.

There were a couple of ways a car reported destroyed would be on the road again. One was if an unscrupulous used car salesman had repaired it, even though the insurance company had marked it as a write-off, then pawned it off on some sucker.

Another way was if some unscrupulous person had convinced the insurance company that a perfectly good car had been in a bad accident, usually by sending in pictures of a different car, and they'd written it off that way. That would allow the existing owner to get an insurance payout for a car which worked just fine. Then he'd usually try to insure it with someone else.

Poking through the records she discovered this BMW was still insured with the original company, but under a different VIN. She got out of the car again and joined Mueller at the window, where the woman had quieted considerably and seemed in a hurry to get things over with.

“Ma'am, where do you currently reside?” she asked.

The woman looked at her for a long moment.

“I uhm, well, I just moved,” she said. “I'm ahm, in Brooklyn now, in Park Slope.”

“Your driver's license says you live on 248 Albany,” she said.

She gave a regretful little laugh. “No, I moved from there last month. I'm sorry. I guess I haven't had time yet to get my license updated.”

“You moved out last month?”

The woman nodded helpfully.

“That's really interesting. That address has been under renovation for the last couple of years. It was completely gutted and rebuilt and last month when I was driving around there it was getting ready to open again as a commercial building.

The woman looked at her with a frozen expression on her face.

“And your vehicle identification number shows this vehicle was marked as totally destroyed last year and paid off by the insurance company. You want to explain that?”

“I-I'm sure I have no idea!” she said. “Your computer is just... mistaken!”

Mueller put his book away and opened the driver's door.

“Step out of the car, ma'am,” he said.

“What for?!”

“Because I'm going to detain you until we figure out what's going on with your documents.”

“You can't do that!”

“Wanna bet?”

“You have no authority to arrest me!”

“I'm not arresting you... yet. I'm detaining you.”

“If I'm not under arrest then I'm free to go!”

He took her arm and tugged her out of the car as she tried to remain inside. That was a losing battle given she didn't look like she weighed more than a hundred and forty pounds. Jamie went around to the other front door and opened it, then sat in the passenger side and opened the glove compartment.

“You can't do that! I forbid it! I do not give you consent to search my vehicle!”

There were sunglasses, DVDs, tissues, the owner's manual, a pair of gloves, and a slim leather folder in the glove compartment. Jamie took out the folder and flipped it open. Inside was a US passport in the name of Catherine Layton. The picture was that of the woman standing protesting to Mueller, but the name on her driver's license was Anne Thompson.

Frowning, she also found a social security card for Layton, as well as two birth certificates, one for Thompson, and one for Layton.

She got out of the car and went around to where the woman was glowering sullenly at her, and showed Mueller the documents.

“What's your name, ma'am?” he asked.

She glared sullenly at him then turned her head away, refusing to speak.

Mueller looked at Jamie, who shrugged. “Give it to the detectives?”

“Works for me.”

He took out his cuffs, and Jamie grabbed the woman's arm and pushed her against the side of the car.

“We're arresting you at this time on suspicion of fraud,” he said, as Jamie searched her.

“Fuck you,” the woman said over her shoulder.

They had her car towed, then drove her back to the precinct house, an uninspiring gray stone complex on West 54th Street, and booked her in. Since

she resisted being fingerprinted and wouldn't answer any questions that took longer than usual, which didn't seem to bother Mueller at all.

They wrote up their reports, which given the arrest was a little out of the ordinary, was more complex than usual, and more time consuming. Jamie could have found better ways to spend a nice sunny day than inside tapping away at the computer, but she wasn't the brainy supervisor, so had little choice.

Chapter Three

The stripper pole cost \$199 on Amazon. That was chump change, but unfortunately, it didn't come with installation. Jamie had learned, over the last ten odd years of her life, that she could generally get men to do unpleasant things like that for her, but that wasn't an option here.

It was supposed to be a surprise for Danny, after all, so she could hardly have him install it. And most of the other men she knew were cops or relatives. She snorted to herself at the thought of asking one of her brothers or cousins to install it for her.

As for the cops she knew, well, it was hard enough for a woman to get respect on the NYPD without it getting out that she had a stripper pole installed in her boyfriend's living room so she could... entertain him.

She was pretty sure she'd already gotten that respect, though, and in record time. Her actions over the past few months, including saving kids from a fire, several major arrests, and a couple of shootings, had made her somewhat notorious, in fact, among the cops in Manhattan at least.

Which was fortunate, in a way. It gave her more freedom in how she acted – and dressed. She didn't have to be quite so stern about off-colored jokes or double-entendres directed her way. They knew she was competent so a few comments about her looks or sexual attractiveness were nothing to worry about.

And she'd been getting more of those lately. Partly it was because she'd slightly, almost unconsciously changed the way she dressed. But she'd also changed the way she acted. It wasn't that she was flirty, exactly, but she spent no time denying her sexuality or either resenting or fighting against the fact most of the men she worked with thought she was really hot.

That they almost all wanted to fuck her was something she supposed she'd always kind of known, known since junior high, in fact. She'd always

felt the need to affect a kind of stern demeanor, an almost asexual behavior when around men who weren't her family or boyfriend, though, as if to deny that fact.

Danny had... changed her.

Oh, she'd enjoyed sex with other men before. But no man she'd known had ever had the kind of skills Danny Lucas did, and he combined those skills with the kind of body and looks which made her practically want to drool. She'd always liked big, powerful men, after all, and he was both, with an attitude to match.

It was hard for her to find a guy she thought could fairly easily physically overcome her. Since she'd been a cop that had become even more of a challenge. As to why she wanted a boyfriend stronger than her... all she could claim was that she was a victim of her instincts.

Just seeing his bare torso could turn her on, that muscular, powerful chest, the broad shoulders, the washboard abs... and that... attitude. Oh the attitude was an incredible turn-on! And before meeting him she would have predicted she'd hate a guy so incredibly bossy and pushy and... well... dominating.

Because domination was what Danny practiced in the bedroom. And to Jamie's astonishment, it had completely disarmed her defenses and turned her into putty in his hands. She'd never imagined feeling the kind of intense sexual fever she got from Danny, or that she'd let it influence her, like a drunk who'd had too much, into doing the kind of outrageous, kinky things he made her do!

Made her? Not entirely. Her own body had betrayed her, its scalding heat melting away her will to resist. She wanted sex now. She wanted it a lot. She thought about it a lot. She looked forward to it, and fantasized about it. She sometimes felt like she'd become an addict, always breathlessly eager to get her next fix, to feel that incredible rush of sexual heat again, and the way her entire body trembled at the pressure inside her.

She supposed that was normal enough. If you found a food bland then

you probably wouldn't eat it much. If it was the most incredible oral treat you'd ever had, on the other hand, you wouldn't be able to get enough of it.

And with those changes had come a perhaps subtle (and sometimes not) change in her attitude in public. She didn't so much flaunt her sexuality. It wasn't that bad. But she did nothing to disguise it either. She'd even gotten her nipples pierced. Both of them. At first she'd worn little round band-aids over her nipples at work just in case anyone noticed the little protrusions through her bra and top.

But word had gotten around anyway. It was summer, and sometimes she showered at work, especially if she wasn't going straight home but headed on a date with Danny. The studs had been noticed, and word had gotten out. She wasn't sure what those who knew thought about it, but they definitely thought it meant she had an active sex life.

Which was absolutely correct.

And clothes she'd rejected for wearing to work before because, while they were decent enough, might make her look too, well, sexy, she now had no issue with wearing. She didn't shrink away from the thought of her being sexually attractive to men.

Being Danny's girlfriend had done wonders for her ego in that regard. Which was kind of weird, when she thought about it. After all, his ongoing game, at least when it came to sex, was one of domination and submission, which meant that he was the master and she was his... slave. And weren't slaves low things, meek and lacking pride or strength of will?

Instead it gave her a feeling of uninhibited freedom to ... act out, to be as sexual and outrageous as she wanted, without feeling a lot of guilt. He was the one giving the orders, after all, so how could he complain about her actions afterward?

At the moment she was sitting on the floor of his living room with the piece of the pole spread out around her. They, at least, were fairly easy to snap together. The problem came in putting in the plates at top and bottom which would hold it firmly in place. It wouldn't do to have the thing collapse

when she was swinging around it, after all.

She had raided her father's tool room for the heavy drill and stud finder, and carefully locked the plate into the ceiling. The one for the floor was more of an issue. You wouldn't want something you could stub your foot on when the pole wasn't in place. That meant drilling several holes into the floor, then hammering the metal sleeves into them so they were flush with the surface of the floor.

She ran her hand across it and pulled the rug over top. No one would even know it was there, she thought, before pulling the rug away. She took the pole and fit the long bolts in the bottom into the sleeves. Then she locked into the plate on the ceiling.

She'd have to find a plant to hang from that, she mused.

In the meantime, she tested the pole and then gave it a whirl – literally.

She had taken up pole dancing for a few reasons. The first was because she knew it would do wonders for her upper body strength, which a female cop definitely needed. The second was because she loved dancing, and her newfound feeling of eroticism and sexuality made her think pole dancing, as an exercise, would be a lot less boring than most anything else.

The third, of course, was anticipation of what men would think when she demonstrated her new talents, Danny in particular.

In fact, Danny and only Danny, for now. They'd been going together for several months now and things were still working out quite nicely. She often got bored of guys by this point in the relationship, but felt no sense of lessening interest. He was also smart enough not to try to slop over much of that master slave stuff from the bedroom to the rest of their relationship.

Much. She had to watch that, she thought, as she took a few swings around the pole. His games were becoming darker, and more outrageous. And they were having an impact on her personality, at least insofar as sex went. She was fine being sexually submissive with him, but being submissive in life was another thing entirely.

Was she giving in to him too often when they were together? Maybe, but it was hard to tell. So much of their relationship was about sex, after all. Both of them were a lot more into hot, kinky sex than, say, going to a movie or a restaurant or a walk along the river. Still, she had yet to feel any sign she was more hesitant to argue with or put forward her own opinions and thoughts in dealing with other people in her life.

She was wearing short, drawstring shorts and a tank top, which was about what she wore during the classes. She dropped back, then took a couple of steps run and leapt a little, grabbing the pole next to the ceiling, then swinging her entire body around it and then back so that she caught it between her thighs. She let her thighs and feet clamp firmly, then let go with her hands, leaning slowly back farther and farther.

This, she thought, was going to be good!

She stole the narrow focus goose-neck lamp off his desk and put it on a nearby table, with the light angled towards the bar, then replaced the bulb with a red one. Then she took the straight backed chair from the kitchen and put it about six feet from the pole, a couple of feet in front of the sofa.

Pole dancing was excellent exercise but she didn't think there was a single woman doing it who hadn't had fantasies while swinging around the poles, who didn't know very well where the 'sport' had originated. Certainly not her.

She went into the bedroom and quickly changed, keeping an eye on her watch and smart phone. When she was dressed she went out to check the stereo and make sure the music was set in the little USB stick she'd plugged in.

Danny had hinted tonight was going to be extra hot, but of course, he never told her what was going to happen until it was happening. That was both irritating and, often enough, enthralling. It kept her off balance, but the sudden shock of whatever outrageous thing he'd come up with could turn her blood to fire. Tonight, she would be the one with the surprise.

She turned off all the lights in the apartment except for the narrow focus

light, and given it was red, well, the room was pretty dark aside from the pole. Perfect!

She queried him on the smart phone again, frowning. He wouldn't reply while he was driving, but she wanted to provoke an answer when he was here, before he came up. The way to do that, of course, as she had come to figure out, was to be bratty.

That could get her a 'punishment' later, but that was okay. Her punishments always ended in orgasms, anyway. Danny's arrogance was such that if he left a girl with only one orgasm he felt like his manhood was under question.

What are you doing, waiting for the Viagra to kick in? she typed. I wonder if I need a younger man.

He was, in fact, at thirty, the oldest guy she had ever dated. So she often teased him about the kinkiness of old guys. So far that hadn't seemed to especially bother him. He'd even had them do a student-teacher scene a little while back which had ended in her being spanked for being 'bad'.

She had the same uniform on now, in fact.

Maybe I should start without you, she typed. I'm better at this stuff anyway.

She paused and considered a moment. *Besides, you're not very good at warming a girl up in advance.*

That would put his nose out of joint. He was, she knew, kind of proud of his oral skills. And justly so. She used to call herself the fellatio queen for her own skills in that department. He'd proven more demanding, still, though, forcing her to improve.

It took a few more minutes before she got a reply.

Someone is looking for her bratty ass to get warmed up, he sent her.

You and what army, she typed back.

The Army recruiting slogan used to be 'an army of one'. Guess what that means?

She didn't bother to answer, just turned out the lights, and hid inside the door of the bedroom with the stereo's remote.

The outer door opened, flooding the outer room with light.

“What the fuck?” he said.

She heard the click as he tried to flick on the light, but she'd loosened the overhead bulb.

“Come in and sit down, sir,” she called through the door.

Then she hit the remote so the music would start. The door closed, and she waited a few seconds before swinging the door open. She couldn't see him, though, which meant, she was sure, that he couldn't see her. It would look like she was just appearing before him in the light!

She stepped into the red colored light, and now saw his shape sitting on the chair as she backed against the pole, reaching up to grip it and then roll her hips in time with the music. She was already starting to feel aroused in anticipation of running her hands over his chest, and feeling his hands on her!

She turned her back to him, still gripping the pole above her, and now pushing her bottom out to roll and grind in time to the music. She was wearing the very short tartan pleated skirt and too-tight white blouse he'd had her wear for the schoolgirl thing, along with the white knee socks.

She released the pole and strutted slowly around it, then took a leap, grabbing it and swinging her lower torso wildly around and then back, grabbing the pole and pressing her body against it. She stared at him in the shadowy darkness, letting the pole press into the blouse between her breasts, and sliding her chest up and down it.

The blouse had buttons down the front, but they were snap buttons. She drew back, then swung around, stood straight-legged, feet apart, and tore the

front of the blouse open, arching her back to let it slide over her shoulders, then letting it slip off her arms.

“Should I hoot and holler?” he asked.

“Is that what men do in clubs?”

“Only the drunks,” he said.

She hadn't stopped dancing. She swung around the pole again, her hips rolling and grinding, then undid the zipper down the side, and let the skirt fall away. Underneath, she wore a lacy white thong to match her lacy bra. It had a little pink ribbon at the top of the back, just above her buttocks.

She gripped the bar again, then leaped up, clasping it between her thighs, sliding down and turning around it as she did, kicking off her shoes at the bottom. Then she turned back to it, grasping the pole, putting her crotch against it, and leaning back, grinding herself against the pole as she let her head swing back.

This was turning her on even more. She'd never had the opportunity to actually dance around the pole in anything less than sportswear, after all, or to do it in so blatantly sexual a manner. When she dropped her bra her nipples were rock hard and tingling, her chest tight as the sexual pressure thrummed through her body.

She leapt up and grabbed the pole, swinging wildly around with both legs, then back, then forward so that her legs were clasped around the pole, then she arched back sharply, until she was upside down and holding the pole below her.

She continued to grind her hips, to roll and arch her body as he watched, all in time to the music, of course. Then she slid down so her hands were on the floor. She let her legs open, but her feet fall back behind her several times, up and down, on either side of the bar, before swinging them forward once more, and letting them fall forward and down to hit the floor.

That left her bent completely over with her bottom facing him, of

course, and she reached up to her hips, gripped the strings and tugged the thong down to her ankles, feeling another rush of heat and breathless excitement.

She straightened, stepping out of the thong, naked now but for the socks, prancing and dancing, and grabbing the pole once more to swing around and around and do a few of the harder moves she'd learned before dropping onto all fours and crawling across the floor as if on a stage.

She crawled forward until she was grasping his knees.

“Would you like a lap-dance, sir?” she asked in a throaty purr.

He took out his wallet, then pulled a ten dollar bill from it, folded it, and thrust it at her. She clasped it between her teeth, and slowly snaked her way up his body between his legs, still rolling her hips as she raised one long leg, swung it out and put her foot down to the right to the right of the chair, then did the same to the left.

Straddling the chair, and him, she danced, rolling her hips slowly, then bent forward, grasping his thick shoulders, and slowly slid her feet apart until she was sitting in his lap. She was still grinding her buttocks against him, of course, had never stopped.

She let her head move from side to side, swinging her long red hair, letting the bangs spill across her forehead, and arching in and back so that her stiff nipples slid up past his face, almost, but not quite touching.

His big hands came around to cup her buttocks and she halted momentarily.

“I'm sorry, sir, but you're not allowed to touch the dancers,” she said.

“My house, my rules,” he growled.

His hands pulled her in tighter, and then he mouthed her right breast, sucking and licking at her nipple and the surrounding flesh as his teeth bit into her skin just enough to make her wince a little.

“Sir!” she gasped, pushing against him. “I’ll have to call the bouncer!”

“But the bouncer works for me,” he said with a smirk. “In fact, maybe I’ll have the bouncer punish you for impertinence.”

The hand on her bottom rose up her spine and then turned behind her neck, gripping a thick mass of hair. She gasped as he jerked it back sharply, forcing her head back and pushing her breasts out strongly.

Her instinct was to jerk her hands up to grasp his wrist, and she did so, but they halted quickly, dropping to her sides.

He had trained her to that.

In fact, his hair-pulling had become one wickedly exciting aspects of their sex life, the way he used it like a leash to pull and move her around, to demonstrate his dominance. And he pulled on it often while he was riding her from behind, one of his favorite positions, which had by now turned having her hair pulled into a supremely erotic thing for Jamie.

“Want me to punish her boss?” a strange male voice asked from behind him.

Jamie’s eyes and mouth both widened and she felt a sudden shock of embarrassment and alarm cut jaggedly through the hot, bubbling heat enveloping her.

Her arms windmilled, as she tried to break free, even as she recognized the voice.

It was Malcolm! Malcolm Terris!

That sent another shock wave through her, but it was followed by a scalding wave of... anticipation!

She’d worked with Malcolm in the 1st Precinct about six weeks earlier. She’d liked him and found him to be extremely hot. He was six feet four, and almost as broad at the shoulder as Danny. And Danny had had a kinky desire

to see her dominated and roughly used by a black man.

So he had.

She moaned as he stepped forward from where he'd been sitting on the sofa, his skin black enough he was almost invisible save for his grinning teeth.

“She has committed a number of crimes, Malcolm,” Danny said.

He stood up, using her hair to control the breathless redhead, then turned her around and sat her on the chair.

“Sit on edge, hands behind your neck,” He barked.

She stared up at him, then at Malcolm, flushing hotly, then... obeyed.

She sat on the edge of the wooden chair, her legs spread wide, on the balls of her feet to raise her knees. Her elbows drew back, her head tilted up, her back arched as the two men moved to stand in front of her.

Her breaths fluttered in her chest as a wild rush of adrenaline flowed through her system.

“What do you think, Malcolm?”

“Like a statue of a goddess,” Malcolm said.

Danny unbuttoned his shirt, then pulled it off. He peeled his T-shirt off and tossed it behind him, and Jamie felt the sense of squirming sexual hunger rising within her as her eyes raced over his torso.

“You like what you see... slut?”

She felt a jolt at the word, but no surprise. He liked to use words to jolt her, to turn up the emotional heat.

“Yes,” she gulped.

Malcolm grinned and peeled his own shirt off. He wasn't as thick of shoulders and chest as Danny, but was probably even more finely toned and muscled.

“What about me, slut?”

“Yes,” she moaned.

Danny stepped closer, his groin right before her face, and she could see he was erect inside. She moaned as he slid a hand in her hair and drew her face forward, rubbing it against him.

“Do you know what's in there, slut?”

“Your cock!” she gasped.

“And you want that cock inside you, don't you?”

“Yesss,” she gulped.

He gripped her hair and jerked back sharply, and Jamie cried out.

“Because you love cock, don't you, slut?”

“Yes!” she moaned, panting.

“Yes? That's not the way to answer me, slut.”

He slapped her face, lightly but it still stung.

“What's the right answer?”

“Yes... sir,” she moaned.

He undid his zipper and pulled his cock out, and she felt another hot rush of excitement. He rubbed it back and forth along her lips as she opened her mouth, in no hurry to push it through.

“Tell me you love cock.”

“I love cock, sir!”

“Are you my bitch?”

She gasped as he jerked back on her hair.

“Yesss!” she moaned.

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm your bitch, sir!”

The wild heat had hold of her mind, and Jamie didn't care about much in the way of pride or dignity anymore. In fact, degrading herself was a part of the seething dark thrill ride that was baking her brain!

Then Malcolm unzipped and pulled his own cock out. His skin was very dark, and his cock seemed to gleam in the red light as it thrust towards her.

“What about my cock, slut?”

“I-I love your cock, sir!” she gasped.

Danny rubbed his cock over her right cheek as Malcolm rubbed his over her left and lips. Then he thrust through her lips, and she moaned, her lips closing around it as she began to suck.

He pumped slowly in and out as Danny rubbed his over the other side of her face, then Danny pulled her torso forward by the hair while tilting her head back, and Malcolm pushed his cock down her throat.

She gurgled weakly as he pushed it all the way in to the balls, held it there, then pulled it slowly back out again, dripping wet.

Danny turned her head towards him and pushed his cock into her mouth, pumping it in and out as Malcolm rubbed his against her cheek. Then he too pushed himself deep into her throat, this time holding her in place for long seconds before drawing back.

“Do you want these cocks inside you, slut?” he demanded.

“Yes, sir!” she moaned, her voice trembling.

“Beg.”

“Please fuck me, sir!” she moaned.

Saying things like that made her mind squirm with a kind of outraged dignity, but it was a darkly delicious squirming.

“But you've been a bad girl. We can't just let you have what you want without punishing you,” he said.

Chapter Four

He jerked on her hair and pulled her out of the chair, then roughly positioned her next to it and pulled forward on her hair, bending her over.

“Hands on the seat of the chair,” he barked in *that* voice.

It was not a voice he ever used with her any other time. It was not dissimilar to the one the recruits were taught at the academy: command voice.

He was better at it than her, though.

“Keep those legs together,” he growled as she leaned over the chair, gulping in air.

She felt his hand kneading her buttocks, then sliding down under them, turning sideways so it could push between her trembling thighs and caress her sex.

Jamie felt her heart pounding. Her mind was fluttering like a small bird. She hadn't seen Malcolm since that night at the hotel and now she blushed fiercely at being like this in front of him! At the same time, the dark inner heat was roiling her mind as her body began to thrum with repressed energy, and her breathing grew more ragged.

Danny moved around to stand on the other side of the chair.

“Now then,” he said. “You've been a very naughty girl, haven't you?”

He combed his fingers through her hair, then bunched it up.

“You installed a stripper pole in my apartment without first asking permission,” he said, shaking his head as he unzipped his trousers.

“Very bad,” Malcolm said from behind her.

She gasped as she felt his big hand on her bottom, casually kneading the soft flesh.

“And where has this newfound expertise in swinging around a stripper pole come from, may I ask?”

“I-I’ve been... it’s... an exercise,” she gulped.

“Malcolm? I think that was dishonest.”

“I agree... boss.”

Danny rubbed his cock along her lips and over her face again. It was big, and thick, and hard, almost menacing in the way it thrust out from his neatly trimmed groin like a spear. She moaned, her mouth already open as he tugged on her hair, and he slid himself right into it.

His other hand undid his belt as she sucked and licked, gasping anew as Malcolm's hand slid between her thighs so he could squeeze her pussy. He drew the belt out of his pants loops, then doubled it and... handed it over her head to Malcolm!

Jamie trembled, moaning as he pulled on her hair, drawing her head forward, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth.

“Such a bad girl,” he said.

He pulled out again, letting his saliva coated cock rub against her face.

“Now about these exercises?”

“I-I’ve been taking pole dancing classes,” she gulped breathlessly. “It’s good exercise!”

“And you didn't tell me because...?”

“I was... surprising you!” she gasped.

“Me too,” Malcolm said behind her.

“But slave girls don't get to surprise their masters, even in a pleasant way,” he chided her. “Slave girls are obedient and always inform their masters of anything going on.”

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

“Such a bad girl,” he said.

Crack! The belt snapped down across her buttocks!

Jamie gasped and then moaned as his cock thrust into her mouth again.

“Bad girls have to be punished,” he said. “Especially bad slave girls.”

Crack!

Jamie cried out weakly, still sucking hungrily on his cock as he pumped idly in and out.

Crack!

“Mmhhpp!” she moaned.

He tightened his fist in her hair and then thrust forward, and she felt almost as if she were opening her mouth wider, as she relaxed her throat muscles and his thick cock slid straight down it. He jammed himself in to the balls, and held her firmly in place, with her lips wrapped around the base of his cock.

Crack!

She moaned and trembled at another blow from the belt.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

He held himself firmly in place, then drew back slowly, pumping evenly as she tried to suck in air around his thick girth.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Every time the belt cut across her upraised buttocks she flinched and gasped and moaned, but she didn't try to move. The dark hunger gripped her mind in a feverish sexual heat, and her nipples felt like hard little pebbles dangling below her as the sexual pressure built higher.

Crack!

“Gotta teach the slave girl to behave,” Malcolm said.

Crack!

“Gotta make sure she knows who's in charge.”

Crack!

“Sex slaves must know their place,” Danny said.

Even the words gave her a jolt of wild, thrilled heat!

Crack!

Her bottom was stinging and starting to burn now, but the heat was a pale shadow of the wild, pulsing sexual tension rippling through her body and mind.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Danny pulled his cock free of her mouth and she gasped for breath, face red, eyes teary. She felt light-headed and her head ached, but the sexual fever was still tightly in place.

Crack!

“Ungh!”

Crack!

“Aghh!”

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl?” Danny demanded, twisting his fingers in her hair.

“Y-Yes!” she moaned.

Crack!

“That's not the proper answer, slave girl.”

She shuddered, cringing a bit at having to say the words in front of Malcolm. They were demeaning, after all, degrading. Yet saying the words always sent a pulse of raw hunger through her mind and body.

“Yes, master!”

Crack!

“Apologize then.”

“I-I'm sorry for being a bad girl, master!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Ungh!”

“Apologize for being a bad slave girl.”

“I'm sorry for being a bad slave girl, master!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Apologize for being a bad sex slave.”

“I'm sorry for... for being a bad sex slave, master!”

He pushed himself back into her open mouth, then drove himself straight down her throat, pulling her head in by the hair as his other hand reached down to roughly cup and fondle her left breast.

Crack!

“Spread your legs, slave girl,” Malcolm ordered.

Trembling, Jamie obeyed, gasping as she felt his hand cupping her mons, felt his fingers tracing the line of her sex, then pushing into her. She was tight, but very, very wet as his fingers twisted and turned and pushed all the way to the knuckles.

And they were *big* fingers!

“Your bitch is pretty wet,” Malcolm said.

She shuddered.

The fingers turned and twisted within her, pumping in and out, then pushing in even thicker, as if he'd added another finger. She gurgled and gasped and gagged weakly as Danny pumped in and out of her throat, moaning as she felt another hand come up to cup her right breast now, and knew that was Malcolm.

A sense of dark, thrilled unreality gripped her as she stood there, bent over between the two men, being fondled and groped and abused by them, a wild carnal heat suppressing almost all other cares and concerns as she felt the sexual pressure grow even more intense.

Danny pulled out, and she gasped, drooling a little, gulping in air, then he gripped her head and hair in both hands, leaning over so that his face was close to hers.

“Tell me you love black cock,” he said, as the fingers inside her drew back.

Another jolt of emotion hit her!

“I-I love black cock!” she gasped as she felt what had to be Malcolm's cock rubbing up and down against her.

It pushed forward, as thick as Danny's, and she whimpered and moaned,

her eyes slitting, her mouth widening as she felt the delicious glory of being so thickly penetrated, and felt it pushing deeper and deeper through the tight, clutching lips of her overheated sex.

“Beg Malcolm to fuck you.”

“P-Please fuck me, Malcolm,” she moaned.

He slapped her face lightly, but stingingly.

“You don't call him Malcolm. You call him sir.”

“Please fuck me, sir!” Jamie groaned as another raw carnal rush of heat swept over her.

He straightened and thrust himself into her mouth and down her throat once again, then the two men used her, thrusting into her body from either side with long, deep strokes that made her feel as if there was just one single cock impaling her and sliding all the way through her body!

The orgasm took her, and she trembled and shook, crying out in breathless, muffled, animal wails of pleasure as Malcolm thrust harder and Danny thrust faster. Each man grasped one of her breasts in his big hand, roughly kneading it as they pounded into her, and Jamie's mind felt as if it were spinning wildly in mid-air as wave of pleasure swept over her.

They both pulled back, almost letting her fall forward across the chair. But Malcolm grabbed her from behind and pulled her around until she could at least stagger upright. He sat down on the sofa and pulled her forward and, gasping, flushed, dazed, Jamie straddled him, then sank down on his thick shaft once more.

Danny moved in behind her, and she whimpered as she felt him pressing against her bottom. He'd basically introduced her to anal sex, though, and she'd come to appreciate the dark, seductive sensuality of being taken so... crudely!

Now as her aching sex slid slowly up and down on Malcolm's thick

black cock she felt Danny's even thicker one slowly pushing up into her ass! She felt herself swaying and moaning, the heat racing through her again as she pushed her bottom out even while Malcolm thrust up into her from beneath.

Ecstasy!

With both big cocks impaling her a whole series of orgasm swept through her, one after the other, making her cry out again and again, sobbing out every breath in her lungs as her muscles spasmed and her body trembled and shook!

Neither man was gentle, nor did she want them to be. Their manhandling of her only turned her on more as the sensations churned through her mind and body! They slapped and groped and bit and chewed at her breasts as they pulled at her hair and bit into the nape of her neck!

It was wild, it was animalistic, and it drove her out of her mind with a seething dark hunger as their over-sized cocks pumped wildly in and out of her fiery, churning belly.

Every time she sank down on Malcolm's thick, bulging cock she felt a wild wave of sensual seething pleasure wash over her, and every time Danny drove his cock achingly deep into her ass she felt another churning wash of dark hunger and heat! The two together were... indescribable!

She sobbed with pleasure, riding Malcolm while Danny drove into her with deep, forceful thrusts, her breasts aching, especially the one Malcolm was practically eating at! She felt Danny's teeth at the nape of her neck as she sucked and kissed her there.

Then Malcolm's fingers found her clitoris and she screamed as the sensual overload redoubled, her body twisting and thrashing between the two big men as they thrust harder and faster, driving her out of her mind with the avalanche of sensation swamping her mind!

They adjourned to the bedroom, with Danny carrying her like a bag of potatoes over his shoulder, then dropping her onto the bed. He showed

Malcolm where the straps were and the two men strapped her wrists and ankles to the four posts as she moaned dazedly.

“Man, I gotta admit this is fucking hot,” Malcolm said, bemused. “I mean, I never went in for shit like this before, but it really does add something.”

“It helps when you have a girl as gorgeous and responsive as her,” Danny replied.

Then he showed Malcolm some of his toys, including the thick dildos he then inserted in Jamie, and the vibrator which they took turns rubbing against her clitoris to drive her insane. He also had the little pinwheel, which he showed Malcolm how to use, rolling it teasingly up her belly and across her breasts and nipples.

He had always been able to read her body in an almost uncanny way, Jamie though dazedly, moaning as she writhed and twisted and arched against the straps. And now, as Malcolm gently ground the vibrator against her clitoris, he held the candle over her and tortured her by slowly dripping wax onto her nipples.

Jamie was already overheated, gasping and trembling, her skin sheened in sweat as she sobbed with pleasure. The sharp stinging little droplets made her cry out, arching and twisting as he grinned down at her.

“Fuuuck!” Malcolm said excitedly, watching her thrashing and straining at the straps.

He was hard again, and licking his lips as his eyes burned with hunger.

“You want her? Be my guest. Fuck her,” Danny said in a voice she was fairly sure was aimed at her.

And it worked, jolting her mind *again!*

“I want that ass!” Malcolm growled.

“I give you permission,” Danny said.

Malcolm reached down and released her ankles, then scooped her legs up and shoved them back. The two dildos inside her – or almost inside her, tilted up as he did so. He pulled the one out of her behind and she shuddered, then cried out as his cock slid into her.

“Do her hard,” Danny growled.

He stepped back, and she saw he was picking up a camera. She moaned, then cried out as Malcolm let his weight push her legs back further. He jammed her feet against the headboard above her as he began to pound into her, and all Jamie could do was cry out again and again, and burn with the dark, searing heat whipsawing her mind.

Chapter Five

It was cold the next day, and threatening rain. It didn't surprise her, or anyone else, that Mueller decided it would be a good day to patrol the subway stations.

New York's subway had once had a reputation as a dangerous place, but that wasn't the case anymore. One of the reasons was the 'broken windows' school of policing which said if you cracked down on small crimes the big crimes often didn't happen.

Most of the criminals on the subways jumped the turnstiles, for example. If you stopped people from jumping turnstiles you had fewer criminals on the subway. Put in reverse, fare beaters were disproportionately criminals involved in other crimes, so if you grabbed someone for fare beating you might find, during the investigation, that they were guilty of something else, and often carried weapons.

The most dangerous stations were now, as they'd always been, in Manhattan, especially the bigger ones with lots of connecting passageways, narrow, hidden doorways, and lots of ramps and posts.

Mueller took a newspaper and sat on a bench near the turnstiles in the 53rd Street station. Jamie wandered through the passages, down onto the platform, then up again and over to the 51st street entrance, where some guy was playing the violin.

She leaned against the wall and sighed, thinking about the wild and kinky evening she'd just had. Her friends and family would all be astonished, to say nothing of horrified, if they had any idea of the kind of things she was now getting into.

Or the kinds of things getting into me, she thought, without humor.

She felt a little guilty about it, but more out of a sense of her lifelong

determination to be treated as an equal as opposed to any actual moral guilt over doing dirty stuff in bed. That was especially so when the dirty sex brought such an incredible rush!

Yes, it had been embarrassing to have Malcolm there and the two of them treating her like a damn sex slave, but it wasn't the first time, and that had also greatly increased the sense of thrilling sexual adventure.

Being manhandled by not just one but two large, powerful men, and used so... roughly, so rudely, having them say those nasty things and make *her* say them, that had been so fucking wild! Talk about an adrenaline high!

But it bothered her, being so... submissive like that. It offended her sense of self-worth and independence. That the reward for doing so were multiple incredibly intense orgasms kept her doing them, or letting them happen anyway, but she was still troubled by it.

They weren't the kind of things she ought to be enjoying so much! So what was in her head that shit like that turned her on so much!? That was what concerned her. Not to mention what was Danny going to do next? He kept coming up with more and more outrageous things to stretch her limits and melt away her inhibitions.

Any thought of putting the brakes on it, though, was blown away every time her mind replayed one or another of those outrageous things, and a hot rush of excitement and wonder rolled through her mind.

She sighed and pushed herself away from the wall, then took another passage back to 53rd, where she ran into what looked like a case of aggressive panhandling.

That was part of the broken windows policy the police still partially embraced. It was also a quality of life thing for strap-hangers. The passage was comparatively narrow and the skinny little black guy had set up right in the middle.

He looked to be about fifty, and he reeked. He was likely a homeless man, she thought, and he was stepping in front of people coming down the

passage, especially women, she observed, hanging back.

“What the fuck!? You ain't got a fucking quarter!” he demanded of one middle aged black woman who dodged around him. “Fat fucking ho!”

He turned immediately to confront a skinny guy in suit and glasses.

“You got a dollar? Come on, man, just a dollar. You got a dollar, I know you do.”

Jamie sighed and moved forward, putting her gloves on. If she had to frisk this guy she didn't want to touch him anymore than necessary. She pulled her badge out from the pocket and let it dangle in the center of her chest as she walked up behind an elderly woman he had turned to.

“Hey,” she barked. “Move out of people's way.”

He backed towards the wall, glaring sullenly.

“What's your name? You got any ID?”

“No,” he said.

“You know begging is illegal in the subway.”

“It's fucking raining outside!”

Jamie sort of sympathized since that was why she was down here too, but she wasn't pestering people, much less threatening them.

“You can't get in people's way or threaten them.”

“I wasn't threatening nobody!” he exclaimed.

“You getting in their face and demanding money is threatening. Turn around and put your hands against the wall.”

“What for!?”

“I want to see if you have any weapons.”

“I don't got no fucking weapon.”

“Fine, then you got nothing to worry about.”

He started to turn then kicked her in the ankle and ran. Jamie yelped in pain, almost falling, then cursed and started after him. The ankle slowed her, though, as she grabbed her radio.

“Mueller! Skinny middle aged black guy in a dirty jean jacket is running your way. Grab him for assaulting police!”

She ignored the pain in her ankle and ran out of the passageway and into the station in time to see him rounding the corner and headed for the exit. She turned the corner just in time to see him run into Mueller – literally. It was very much like what happened when an economy car ran into a semi, and he bounced backwards six feet, aided by Mueller's shoulder, and landed more on his back, more than slightly dazed.

Mueller calmly put his gloves on as he walked forward, and when the guy started to rise put his foot down none too gently on his chest.

“On your back,” he barked.

Panting, the guy groaned and obeyed, and Mueller dropped and put a knee on his back as he pulled his skinny wrists back behind him and cuffed them together.

“Little fucker kicked me in the ankle,” she said.

Mueller didn't find any weapons, but did find a handful of Metrocards, the transit passes the MTA sold.

“What are you doing with all these?” he asked, slapping the back of his head with them.

“I found them!”

“Bullshit,” she said.

Mueller stood up and dragged the little man to his feet, and briefly off them, before dropping him back to earth.

“How's your ankle?”

“I'll live,” she growled, glaring at the man.

“We'll charge him with third degree assault for now.”

She nodded. They walked him through the turnstiles and out to the street, then held him there until a blue and white showed up to take him away. When it arrived he pushed the man back against the car and leaned in against him as he all-but lifted him off his feet again.

“Do you know what substantial pain or impairment mean?” he demanded.

“N-No! Lemmie down!” the man squealed.

The two uniforms walked up beside them and moved to either side to block the view of most of the people who were watching.

“If my partner was to say, decide her ankle hurts too much to work the rest of the day, that's called impairment. Do you know what happens then? Then you get charged with assaulting police and that brings a minimum of two years in jail. You understand me? You know how close you are to getting that charge?”

“I didn't do nothing!” he panted.

Mueller drew him forward then thrust him back against the car again, hard.

“Next time you do less,” he growled.

He turned them over to the uniforms, who ungently shoved him into the rear of the cruiser.

“Hold him for assault three for now,” Mueller told the cop.

They went back inside and She took Mueller's place on the bench watching the turnstiles while he took a walk. She rubbed her ankle a little, but wasn't tempted to claim she couldn't work on it. Two years was a bit of overkill for what he'd done. Besides, she didn't want to seem fragile.

She scanned the post while keeping an eye on the people passing through the turnstiles, then looked down at a chime from her phone. She took it out and then looked around warily to make sure no one was around, because there was no telling what Danny would send her.

Sure enough, it was the video he'd taken the other evening, of her with her ankles pinned back behind her ears while the huge bulk of Malcolm crushed her beneath him. Seeing it from another angle, from outside herself, and putting it together with her memory of the time made her chest tighten and her nipples tingle and harden inside her bra.

It looked incredibly hot! At the same time, her mind kind of squirmed at how helpless she looked, with her wrists tied above her and his massive hands on her ankles with his body hammering down against her. He was fucking her like a ... well, like she was his bitch or something!

And Jamie was nobody's bitch – well, even if she said she was during particular moments of dark, nasty sex.

She still ached a little inside from the hard pounding he and Danny had given her! The bastards!

She deleted the message, shaking her head and muttering, but seeing it had left her feeling a little breathless, her heart beating faster. Was she turning into a nympho or something, she wondered.

She stood up and tested her ankle. It was a bit sore, but it didn't impair her walking around a little, so she did.

She wandered around the station, and caught something out of the corner of her eye. People who were doing things they shouldn't tended to give

themselves away through their guilty consciences, through the way they stood, and the way they were constantly looking around themselves for witnesses.

The white teenager behind a pillar in the corner of the station was doing exactly that. He was tall, slender, and well-dressed, with a long nose and short hair. As she watched he called to a couple of teenagers walking by, holding up something in his hand. They kept walking.

She moved her position to get a better view, and saw him hold up his hand at another group, then another. Every time someone under twenty five went by he held up his hand with something yellow in it and made some kind of offer. He found someone interested and they huddled behind the pillar for a minute, then they went to the turnstiles.

The other kid swiped what looked like an MTA metropass, then handed the first guy some money and went downstairs. Jamie went over to the pillar, where she cornered the white kid.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

He stared at her, then at the badge hanging down the front of her open jacket.

“Nothing!” he said, in a remarkably unconvincing voice.

“Yeah? You're selling something. I've been watching you. Turn around and put your hands on the wall.”

“Are you kidding!?”

“Do I look like I'm kidding?”

She searched him and pulled out a bunch of MTA cards held together by an elastic with a paper note that said fifty dollars. Then she found another bunch, with another paper that said a hundred dollars.

“Where did you get all these cards?” she asked.

“Nowhere! I mean, I found them!”

“No, you're selling them. So either these are fake and don't work, which is fraud, or they work and you stole them. Or... what?”

“What you find?”

The kid's eyes widened as Mueller came up to them.

She held out the packs of cards and he pursed his lips, then took a couple over to the turnstiles and tried them. They worked, and he came back to them.

“Bust him,” he said.

She turned the kid around and pulled his wrists together behind his back, handcuffing them.

“I didn't do anything!”

“Yeah, heard that before. You got a credit card skimmer on a machine somewhere. Want to tell us which?”

“I just found them!”

“Uh huh.”

They took him out to the street and put him into another blue and white.

“You know,” she said, “That's actually a very good idea.”

Mueller looked at her.

“I mean, the thing you want the most with a stolen credit card, or if you skimmed one and can use it, is to get cash, right? But the credit card companies watch very carefully for a card that suddenly starts kicking out cash advances. So if you make a couple of purchases a day from MTA machines using a stolen card, by the time the customer gets his invoice you could have bought thousands of dollars' worth of legitimate cards.”

“Then all you gotta do is sell them at a discount rate,” Mueller said.

“So you make thousands of dollars off each credit card, instead of hundreds, and there's no actual danger, except to the guy selling the discounted cards.”

“Who's probably just a punk. That's the way I'd set it up. Recruit them on the internet, don't tell them who you are. If they get caught, oh well.”

They returned to the precinct for lunch, and while they were at their desk detective Lopez ambled in from downstairs and dropped into a chair next to Mueller's desk. Lopez was a portly, balding guy of forty or so, and wore a brown suit with a yellow tie.

“You know that blonde you arrested yesterday?”

They both nodded.

“We still haven't been able to figure out who she is or where she's from.”

“No prints?”

Lopez shook his head. “The car belonged to an Ivan Popov. He was a Russian mobster who was allegedly killed in a fire two years ago.”

“Allegedly?”

“ID'd by family who described tattoos and jewelry.”

“No dental records?”

“No.”

“I bet Popov was wanted, too.”

“For murder.”

“Interesting.”

“One of the birth certificates, as well as the social security card and the passport were for a woman killed in nineteen ninety seven, Catherine Layton. Checking the ID supplied for the driver’s license we found that Anne Thompson supplied a birth certificate and a social security card, both of which were for a woman killed in two thousand and four.”

“I take it she isn't talking.”

“Not a word.”

“You gonna bring in Organized Crime.”

“I'd like to keep this at the precinct level until we know what we got. We got a warrant and searched the rest of the car, and came up with a couple of receipts for Green's Bodega in south Manhattan. The address we got for the second passport isn't that far from the grocery store. Could you send a couple of people down there to show her picture around, along with Popov?”

“Yeah I can do that.”

“We're waiting on a warrant on the address.”

“Which might or might not be real.”

“Yeah.”

Mueller looked at her and smiled, and she raised her eyebrows.

“You got long legs,” he said.

“So do you.”

“Yeah but I'm suffering under the burden of command.”

“You don't seem to be suffering very much.”

“I put up a good show. You can take Taylor. He needs to be walked anyway.”

Taylor looked up from the files he'd been given to process at his name as she glared at Mueller. It wasn't that she didn't like Taylor – exactly. He was new, newer even than her, and very eager to prove himself. He was also very eager to get into her pants, which so wasn't going to happen. He was two inches shorter than her, and two years older. He looked about seventeen, though, with his short, slicked back blonde hair and slender, athletic body.

“You can show him around, being you were assigned there not long ago.”

“Only for a month,” she grumbled.

“I'm sure it was a learning experience.”

“You need me for something, Sergeant Mueller?” Taylor asked, coming over.

“Yeah. Get a car and drive McCloud down to the First Precinct. I need a canvas of an area around there for a pair of suspects.”

“Sure thing, Sergeant!” he said eagerly.

Jamie looked at him sourly. Though being fair she would have been delighted for an opportunity to get out of the office if she'd been assigned filing herself. But Taylor always looked like he was undressing her with his eyes, or playing little made-up pornographic videos in his brain.

That didn't bother her as much as it used to in high school. Now it mostly just annoyed her.

“Take McCloud down to south Manhattan and do a canvas for a couple of people. She's been there before so she'll make sure you don't get lost.”

Taylor flushed a little. He'd been late to work most days for his first week since he didn't seem to have much of an understanding of how to handle the subway system. He was from Yonkers and worked in north Bronx, and had apparently only gone into Manhattan by car on the rare occasions he'd ventured this far. Which she thought was very, very odd. He hadn't had

any choice when he was transferred here last month, though.

Chapter Six

They took 12th Avenue south, and traffic moved fairly smoothly. Whenever it didn't, Taylor turned on the lights and burped the siren to get cars to move out of the way.

Jamie considered this in light of the fact he, in fact, had two more years on the job than her, and she hadn't been put in charge of their little expedition, and decided to say nothing. While it was clearly against the rules to use lights and siren for something as routine as this it wasn't likely anyone would find out, and if they did, Taylor would be the one who took the hit.

“So this guy's some kind of organized crime guy,” he said.

“Was or is. We don't know. He's supposed to be dead. Might not be.”

“And the blonde chick? I saw them processing her. She's pretty hot. Nice rack.”

“We don't know anything about her, including her name.”

“So you been here a while, huh, Jamie?”

“A few months.”

“Sergeant Mueller always like that?”

“Like what? Sweet and charming and polite? Sure.”

He snorted, then turned his head to glance at her.

“I heard we were gonna be made partners,” he said.

Jamie felt a sudden sense of alarm, then damped it down.

“Who told you that?”

“Well, it makes sense, right? I mean, they put you with Sergeant Mueller because there was no one else available, right? Now they got me. And Sergeant Mueller doesn't like having partners, right? So he can put us together and go his own way again.”

It did kind of make sense, but she sure hoped it wasn't going to happen. Everything about Taylor struck her as ham-handed and unimaginative, and she had no idea how he'd even wound up in the unit. Maybe, like her, he had family influence.

“I haven't heard anything,” she said.

“I think you and me would work great together,” he said enthusiastically. “I can show you the way we did things in the Bronx!”

“Manhattan is not the Bronx.”

“Oh yeah, sure. You got a lot more rich people here, so less crime. You got a lot less street gangs too.”

“We got no street gangs,” she corrected. “We just got members of street gangs passing through or looking for something to steal from those rich people.”

“Yeah, and lots of hot office girls in short skirts,” he said with a leer.

“I haven't noticed.”

He laughed. “Yeah, well, you wouldn't.”

Taylor drove fast, which she partly admired since she rarely went the speed limit herself, but he drove a lot more recklessly than she would, constantly weaving in and out of traffic and honking his horn. It was starting to annoy her. It was certainly annoying other drivers.

“Traffic in the city sucks ass,” he said. “You go up north and get on Route Nine and you can haul ass!”

“There isn't anything up there worth rushing to get to,” she said.

He made a rude sound. “You kidding? Lots of hunting up in Connecticut! Lots of beautiful country, lakes and rivers, you know, not all this concrete.”

“I’m a city girl.”

“You come up with me and I’ll show you better. They got some nice beaches there too. I bet you look hot in a bikini.”

“Uh huh.”

“They got nude beaches too,” he said with a leer. “You ever been to a nude beach?”

“Nope.”

“Me neither. They won’t let you go, mostly, unless you’re a couple. I look pretty good naked,” he assured her.

“I’m happy for you.”

“I heard you got a boyfriend, a fed.”

“Yup.”

“Yeah, well, if you guys ever break up, put me in the line, babe. I think you’re plenty hot.”

“Thanks.”

“I can lick my own jaw, you know.”

She blinked, startled, and he proceeded to demonstrate, leering at her.

“I guess that helps clean up the drool,” she said dryly.

He laughed and then waggled his tongue at her.

“To know me is to love me, babe. Always a seat available. No waiting!”

“I'm comfortable where I am, thanks.”

He laughed at that too. “Just say the word. Any time, day or night.”

He stomped on the breaks and veered aside behind a panel truck, then honked angrily at the car in front of him to pass so he could thrust his upright middle finger out the window at the panel truck driver and pump it wildly up and down.

“Asshole!” he shouted.

Jamie sighed and vowed to confront Mueller about any reassignment.

“What a fucking rat warren!”

“It's some of the priciest real estate in the city,” she replied as he glared at the traffic in front of them. South Manhattan was very unlike the careful grid layout to the north. This was the original city, and it had grown up with very narrow, curving streets that always had far too much traffic.

“You might as well park it and we'll walk. We have to soon anyway.”

“I ain't fucking walking any further than I have to,” he growled.

Which meant they inched forward the last couple of blocks, slower than they could have walked, until he found a space to park illegally by a fire hydrant.

“I don't think you can park here,” she said.

“We're cops, babe,” he said loftily. “We can park anywhere we want.”

She shrugged and pulled out her Iphone, then called up a detailed map of the area.

“So here's the thing,” she said. “If someone is living here then they go to certain stores. There aren't many bodegas or grocers nearby because this is

mostly a commercial and business district. So it seems to me we should check them out, and the bars and restaurants.”

“Sounds good to me, babe.”

“Stop calling me babe, Taylor.”

“Hey, sure, if it bothers you. Just trying to be friendly. I mean, you are a babe, after all. You can call me stud if you want.”

“Yeah, not happening.”

He laughed and wagged his tongue at her again. “Just kidding. Just call me Cody.”

Idiot, she thought.

They started at the gourmet deli, then went on to the bagel shop, the sushi restaurant, a Starbucks, a lobster restaurant, several bars and restaurants, a steak house, a pastry shop, and a Chinese restaurant.

“Don't ever eat at chink places,” he said as they left the latter. “They're fucking disgusting. They're always getting cited by the health department. Those people don't know what clean means, and you're lucky if the meat isn't road kill, like dog and cat.”

He slipped his arm across her shoulders as they walked, and she knocked it off, turned and jabbed his finger into his chest.

“Hey, we are not on a date, you got that?”

“Just trying to be friendly!”

“Well be less friendly. Would you put your arm on Jefferson's shoulder?”

“He'd think I was a fag!” he protested.

“Yeah, like you were making a move on him! Well don't make any

moves on me.”

“I get it, I get it. You're spoken for! For now,” he said, holding his hands up. “Can't blame a guy for trying!”

“Yes, I actually can.”

It wasn't until they went into a Duane Reade, though, that anyone thought they recognized the blonde. She showed pictures to the store clerks at the front desk, who shrugged, and then they went back to the prescription counter.

They stopped at another clerk, in an aisle with birth control, but she hadn't seen her either.

“Uhm, do you have the giant economy size Trojans for extra-large men?” Taylor asked her.

Jamie sighed and walked away, going to the prescription counter.

“Oh, her,” the clerk behind the counter said, making a face.

“You've seen her?”

“Yeah her name is uhm, Thompson, I think it was. Yeah. She came in last month to complain because we wouldn't give her a renewal on a prescription for pain pills - Oxycontin. She had already gotten a bottle that should have lasted two months and she was back after a month claiming she lost the bottle – for the second time. She made a scene and we had to order her out of the store.”

“You got the name and phone of the doctor? And the patient's address?”

“Well...”

Jamie raised her eyebrows and the woman nodded, then tapped her keyboard.

“Doctor Ivanov, Alexie Ivanov, on Ninth Street. Ms. Thompson is in 20

Exchange.”

She went back down the aisle, looking for Taylor, but had to check a few more before she found him, flirting with the same store clerk.

“Hey Romeo, let's go,” she called.

She turned and walked away, figuring if he came, he came, and if not, she didn't care. He caught up to her down the block.

“Geeze, what's the hurry?”

“Got an address for Thompson, only a couple of blocks away, on Exchange.”

“That ain't the address the detectives got.”

“Fancy that.”

“You know that clerk was hot for me. I almost had her number.”

“You can always go back on your own time.”

Twenty Exchange was a 60 story, hundred year old building with a garrulous doorman who was an ex-cop named O'Shaughnessy, who had a very red nose.

“The couple in 5820 are both assholes,” he confided. “She's a bitch who looks down her nose at everyone, and he's a Russian punk who thinks everyone is out to rob him. They never tip or even say thank you.”

“This him?” she asked, showing Popov's picture.”

“Yeah, that's the guy. Real asshole.”

“Woah! Pay dirt!! Let's go get em!” Taylor said with a grin, putting his hand under his jacket to loosen his gun in his holster.

“Not happening,” she said.

She took her cell phone out of her pocket and called Mueller.”

“What the fuck? This bust will look great on us! You gonna let someone else make it!?”

“What don't look good on us is screwing the detective squad out of this. They'll get us back if we do. Well, they'll get YOU back anyway, but I don't want to get splattered.”

“What can they do?”

“Uhm, ask for us specifically to help them in some really crappy job that involves, say, dumpster diving, or searching street people?”

“You listen to the lady, kid,” O'Shaughnessy said, nodding.

“Mueller,” she said when he answered. “We're at Twenty Exchange. The doorman is an ex-cop and identifies Thompson and Popov as living being here on the 58th floor. He says Popov is here now.

Make sure he don't leave, but don't let him know who you are. Follow him if he does,” Mueller said. “I'll get hold of Lopez.”

“Right,” she said, hanging up.

“We stake it out and wait for the detectives.”

“I can't believe we're gonna give up our bust to some greaser from the DS!” he exclaimed.

“It's not our bust. Get it through your head we're the errand runners for them. It's their bust. When you get a gold shield then you can investigate cases and have lowly patrolmen do canvases for witnesses.”

“So what do we get?”

She sighed. “We get a pay check, and a little local rep boost among our colleagues.”

“Well, let me tell you something, babe, what your colleagues think of you don't mean squat when it comes to the promotion board. What they look at is felony busts.”

“There's a garage, right?” she asked O'Shaughnessy.

He nodded. “But they got to take the elevator to the lobby before going across to the elevators that go to the basement. It's a security thing.”

“Well, he's not walking down from 58,” she said.

A guy came in from a cake delivery service, and O'Shaughnessy turned to deal with him. Then another man walked in, and she recognized him right away. It was Popov. She turned her eyes to the other man instead.

“Cake? I love cake,” she said with a grin. “What kind is it?”

“Chocolate layer cake,” he said. “Black forest.”

“Yeah, how much do you guys get for it?”

Then Taylor recognized Popov. He froze and his jaw dropped. His hand jerked to his belt as Popov drew back.

“Hey! You! Police!”

Popov grabbed the cake guy and shoved him into Taylor, then bolted.

“I thought he was upstairs,” O'Shaughnessy said as the cake guy knocked Taylor down then fell on him.

Cursing, Jamie took off after Popov and they raced down Exchange as she pulled her radio from her belt.

“This is Eighteen Adam Charles Four, in foot pursuit east on Exchange Place of a thirty five year old white male in a blue jacket and blue jeans wanted for homicide!” she yelled as she dodged in and out among pedestrians.

“Turning north on Broad Street!” she called into the phone.

Broad street was cobble-stoned on this section, and pedestrian only, because it was very close to Wall Street and the stock market, and cars had been banned to prevent some lunatic from blowing it up. It was crowded with tourists, office workers and businessmen, though, as she chased him down its length until he ran into the subway.

“Eighteen Adam Charles Four going into the Broad Street Subway!”

Popov jumped the turnstiles and headed for the stairs to the platform, and Jamie jumped after him, hurtling them with one hand on the top and the other holding her radio. She glanced behind her but there was no sign of Taylor.

She took the final four stairs in a leap and then got her hand into Popov's collar. She jerked him in and to his left as she swung her body around, as well, and he spun and went tumbling across the floor of the platform as people nearby yelled and scurried out of the way.

Popov scrambled to his feet, his hand darting under his jacket and Jamie pulled her Glock as his hand emerged with a switchblade, the blade popping open as he glared at her.

“Police! Drop the knife! Now!”

Technically he was so close she should have shot him, but she held the gun up, finger on the trigger.

“Now!” she shouted.

He drew in a long, shuddering breath, looked around, and then lowered his hand, dropping the knife on the floor.

“On your face on the floor!”

He glared savagely at her, said something in Russian, then sank to his knees.

“Face down!”

He said something else, a snarl, almost certainly an insult, but whatever it was it was in Russian.

Then two First Precinct uniforms she recognized half ran, half jumped down the stairs and ran over, one pulling his gun, the other with his hand on his.

“On the fucking floor!” the nearest one shouted.

Popov snarled something back at him while the other circled him, then abruptly moved forward and with the flat of his foot shoved hard so Popov was thrown forward onto his face. They jumped on the squirming man, then, and quickly yanked his hands behind him to cuff together.

It was hard for Jamie not to feel a little smug about how things had worked out as they led him back upstairs and out to the street. Taylor still hadn't showed up, so the bust would be hers. But she wouldn't get blamed for it. There was even CC cameras in the lobby of the apartment building for everyone to review.

And hopefully this would put aside any consideration of her working with Taylor. He was going to be awfully pissed at things, and she doubted he'd have the restraint to keep it to himself. Younger men just didn't have much maturity, she thought, an image of Danny flickering through her head.

No wonder a lot of women preferred older men.

Then again, Taylor probably wouldn't be anywhere near the pervert Danny was, but he probably also didn't have anything like Danny's skills.

Chapter Seven

Danny wanted more of a demonstration of her dancing skills that evening, which she was happy to provide. Having a threesome was an incredible turn-on but she preferred the intimacy of just the two of them.

“You are pretty good,” he said as he watched her swinging on the pole.

“I'm not pretty good,” she said, clinging to the pole upside down. “I'm amazing!”

It was easier without the knee-socks, she thought. Her legs were more easily able to clamp together around the pole so she could let her upper torso swing and arch and twist in attractive ways while he watched.

“You're better than most real strippers,” he said.

She slid down the pole and twisted gracefully onto her hands and knees, then crawled over to him and up between his legs.

“And hotter,” she said, her hands sliding up and down his thighs.

She'd replaced the studs in her nipples with rings for the evening, and he reached down and slipped his fingers into them, using them to tug her slowly upward.

Gasping, Jamie didn't grab his wrists, which was her initial instinct, but let him pull her up, wincing only a little as she let her chest arch forward and then climbed onto his lap.

“You know, I'm investigating a biker gang that's moving a lot of drugs and guns,” he said, as his hands caressed her breasts.

She began to grind herself against him in time to the music, grasping his shoulders and pressing her breasts against his face.

“They own a high end strip club in Jersey,” he said, one hand sliding down between her legs to rub her clitoris as he licked and mouthed her nipples.

“And you want me to get hired there as a stripper?” she asked in amusement.

She unzipped his trousers and pulled him out, her hands sliding up and down the length of him. She slipped her fingers into her mouth to moisten them, then brought them down again, pumping slowly as her fingers twisted firmly around him, rubbing him against her bare belly as she began to feel her inner heat rising.

“Would you do that for me?” he asked mildly.

“Any time,” she said. “I could use the extra money.”

She rose, gripping his cock, angling it up against her, then sank slowly down, feeling a deep, all-encompassing heat spreading through her body as she sank deeper and deeper.

“It's very hard to get near these guys,” he said. “Convincing them you're not a cop is difficult. It usually involves you committing some kind of violent crime.”

“I bet for a girl it involves you fucking them,” she said, a little breathless as she ground herself slowly against him.

She could feel his thick girth buried in her belly, could feel it throbbing, and shifting as her body moved around it.

“As a matter of fact that is what it involves.”

She snorted, rolling her hips and dancing in place, with him inside her.

Then she stopped, staring at him.

“You aren't seriously!?” she demanded.

“Well...”

“Are you out of your perverted mind?” she demanded.

“Just thinking aloud.”

“Well stop! We hire you to sit there and look pretty not try to think!”

He grabbed her and swung her in and back, so that he slipped out of her, and then grabbed her arms and pinned them behind her as he arranged her face down across his lap.

Crack!

“Ow! Hey!”

Crack!

“Being disrespectful towards your master,” he said.

Crack!

“You're not my master, you goon!”

Crack!

“Ow! That hurts!”

“It's supposed to hurt. That's how slave girls learn discipline.”

“I'm not a slave girl!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ow! Fuck!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

She gasped as he cuffed her wrists together, then gripped her thick red

hair and jerked it up and back even as his other hand was thrust between her legs! She felt his big thumb penetrating her and sliding to the knuckle as his fingers began to roughly rub her clitoris.

“Nasty, disrespectful little girl,” he said.

“P-Pervert!” she gasped.

“What I had in mind was something like yesterday, only with a biker I know,” he said. “I’ll let him recruit you to his club.”

“Forget it!” she exclaimed.

“You have an incredible body,” he said.

“And if the NYPD knew I had been showing it to people at a strip club my name would be mud!”

“I think we could keep your department from becoming aware of the details.”

His fingers and thumb squeezed in around her clitoris in a way which made the heat flood through her body and mind.

“I’m... working!” she panted. “I don’t have time.”

“Maybe we could arrange for you to be loaned to us again.”

“If I do that they’ll want a complete report on everything I did!”

“Your organized crime group is fairly close mouthed.”

“My grandfather would find out! And a lot of the guys I work with go to strip clubs!”

“Not this one,” he said with a bark of laughter. “It’s way too expensive and too... exclusive. Its customers are more likely to be stock brokers than cops.”

He drew his thumb back and his long, middle and index fingers slid into her instead, soon joined by his ring finger. They pumped slowly in and out as he jerked back on her hair, and Jamie moaned in that dark mixture of pain and pleasure he'd come to twist her mind into reveling.

“I bet you'd be really popular with the stock brokers. You could earn a lot of spare cash.”

“Not... interested!” she gasped.

He pulled her upright and sat her back across his lap, but gathered in her hair around his fist and yanked roughly back as she cried out dazedly. His other hand glided over her body, caressing her breasts, plucking her nipples, then sliding down between her legs as she stared, breathless, up at the ceiling behind her.

“Hot little slut,” he growled, licking at one breast. “I think you'd get off being on a real stripper pole up on a stage before a room full of men.”

Jamie didn't have much to say to that. The truth was that she'd often fantasized about that as she'd practiced and swung herself up and around the poles at class. After all, he'd really raised her sexuality to a powerful high, and done a lot to reinforce her self-image, particularly of her naked body's attractiveness.

He'd gotten her to show it off more than any time in her life, and to strangers, too! But dancing naked in a strip club!? The very thought was so scorching it took her breath away! Oh, sure, she'd idly fantasized about it, but now that he was presenting an actual possibility of it happening she found herself barely able to think straight!

His fingers slipped up inside her, twisting and turning as his thumb began a rapid stroking of her clitoris, and she moaned helplessly as the heat swirled and churned within her.

“You might not even have to dance in the club,” he said. “Maybe you could get a job as a waitress there.”

“I have a job,” she moaned.

“Maybe you could take a holiday.”

“I can't!” she gasped.

“Just a week or so. That would be all I'd need.”

“Caaaan't!” she moaned as his fingers thrust into her.

“I always get my way, slave girl,” he growled.

He lifted her off his lap and pushed her face first against the stripper pole, then uncuffed her right wrist. But it was only to draw her hands forward to the pole above her head, and then cuff them together again.

He roughly twisted her around, then knelt before her, forcing her thighs apart as his tongue attacked her clitoris.

Jamie gasped and moaned helplessly, jerking her wrists against the bar just to feel the handcuff clinking and remind her how helpless she was. That sense of being helpless always turned her on now, always made for a scalding rush of heat as he used her body in dark and kinky ways!

She moaned, her right leg rising as she tried to curl it across his shoulder. He shoved it back, though, the heels of his hands on her inner thighs as his fingers pushed into her and his tongue licked faster and harder.

He soon had her lower belly grinding and rolling against him as the flush in her face spread down her chest. Jamie moaned, gulping in air, her body charged with sexual electricity as the pressure mounted inside her skull.

He rose suddenly, and gripped her hair, jerking it back sharply again. And he had something in his other hand. It was one of the sex toys he'd started introducing into their already kinky sex life. It was a long, thick dildo, very realistically shaped, and he slid it through her open lips and down into her mouth.

“Suck that cock, slave girl,” he said.

She moaned around the sex toy, sucking and licking as he pumped it in and out. She wasn't surprised when he pushed it deeper, when he forced it deep into her throat, in fact, and pumped it slowly in and out.

“You look so incredibly hot!” he whispered.

He pulled the dildo out and released her hair, then roughly spun her around to face the pole. He slapped her bottom sharply, stingingly, then his free hand curled around her hip and down to her sex, roughly shoving her hips back and out.

Jamie moaned as she felt the slick head of the dildo pressing against, not her pussy but her back opening. He twisted and turned, pushing in slowly, pumping in and out, but sliding it up deeper and deeper until she began to feel what was becoming a familiar ache, something like cramps high inside her belly.

“Hot sex slave,” he said.

Crack!

She moaned as he pumped the thing in and out.

“Push your hips back more.”

Crack!

“Ow!” she moaned.

“Bad sex slave, being disrespectful to your master.”

He stepped back, and she turned her head to see him picking up something he'd left beside the chair. She moaned as she recognized it as one of the flogs he'd begun using. It wasn't much of a flog, as she'd come to realize. It was very lightweight, with thin leather thongs. But they did sting a little when it hit. And since there were a couple of dozen of them the combination of a couple of dozen little stings was not something to ignore.

She gasped as he swung it down across her pushed out bottom, and her

hips jerked forward.

“Are you sorry for being disrespectful to your master, little sex slave?”

Jamie moaned, another rush of heat sweeping her mind at the words.

Then the flog struck her back, and she gasped, her belly pressing hard against the bar. Another blow struck her upper back, and though it didn't really hurt a lot it stung enough for her to... to sink into the fantasy.

“Bastard!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Ungh!” she gasped, raising her hands higher and gripping the bar tightly.

“Say you're sorry for being disrespectful,” he growled.

Crack!

She moaned and twisted, but clung to the bar.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The flog cut across her upper, middle and lower back, then her buttocks, and Jamie found her thighs squeezing together around the bar as she ground her sex against it.

“Tell me you're my bitch,” he growled.

“I-I'm your bitch!” she gasped.

Crack! Crack!

“Tell me you're my slut.”

“I'm your slut!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Say master.”

Crack! Crack!

“M-master!” she gasped, shuddering.

Crack!

“Tell me you're my slut.”

“I'm your slut, Master!” she moaned.

“Tell me you're my sex slave.”

Crack! Crack!

The flog cut down across her back, then her bottom. Her skin was becoming pink and tender, now, and the blows stung more. The raw, wild heat within her was far more debilitating to her willpower, however.

“Ungh! I'm your sex slave, Master!” she groaned.

He peeled his shirt off, then quickly dropped his pants. She moaned as he pressed his heavy body against hers, grinding her even harder against the bar before drawing her hips back. She felt his thick warm cock against her thighs, then he reached around her hip, gripping himself and sliding the head up and down along the line of her sex.

“Nasty little slave girl,” he growled into her ear.

His lips and teeth moved along the nape of her neck as he let the now-slick, swollen head of his cock move up to rub insistently against her clitoris.

She cried out as he yanked back her hair, biting into the side of her throat with a force just short of pain.

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” he ordered.

Panting, Jamie moaned, grinding her buttocks back against him, and he yanked again on her hair.

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” he ordered.

“I'm... your... sex slave,” she moaned.

He chuckled throatily, then drew back, and gripped her upper body to roughly spin her around, the metal of the handcuffs clinking against the bar above her head.

His eyes were intent as he brought the flog sweeping around and down across her taut breasts, and Jamie cried out, shuddering, twisting and rolling, grinding her buttocks against the bar as she arched her back.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The blows were soft, at first, as if he were measuring her response, but got harder and sharper, the thin leather laces snapping down across her tender breasts again and again as she winced and moaned and cried out, then twisted around as the pain mounted.

He dropped the flog and gripped her hips in big hands, then yanked them savagely back.

“You belong to me, slave girl,” he growled.

She heard his zipper going down, then felt his cock pushing up against her entrance, finding the angle, and pushing deep. She cried out at the delicious swell of excitement and carnal pleasure as his thick cock buried itself inside her, even as she moaned as his pubic bone pressed against the base of the dildo he'd driven up her ass.

He gripped her hair and yanked her head back, slapped her ass, then started to thrust in and out. There were few preliminaries now. It wasn't like he had to show restraint given how incredibly hot Jamie was already.

She came within seconds, crying out again and again as his cock drove up inside her, as the nose of the dildo thumped against her insides, as her

breasts were ground against the bar and her scalp burned.

“Dance for me, slave girl!” he growled, pounding himself into her harder and harder. “Dance for your master!”

The orgasm washed over her in waves. And like a sudden high tide, each was more powerful than the one that preceded it, threatening to drown her mind, to overdose her on the dark, thrilling high which she feared she was becoming addicted to.

Sex shouldn't be this intense, she thought dazedly! Orgasms shouldn't be this powerful! Why would anyone want to do anything else!?

She cried out in breathless ecstasy as he drove himself into her like a spear, again and again, crushing her against the bar as he jerked back on her hair and leaned in to bite savagely at her exposed throat.

“Mine!” he growled.

Chapter Eight

They were nearby and responded to a call about a mugging on West 49th Street when it came in. It was across the street from the Red Cross offices, and when they got there, lights flashing, they found an indignant senior citizen in a brown checked suit standing on the sidewalk waiting.

“You called about a robbery, sir?” Mueller asked, getting out of the car.

“Yes, I did! This punk came up to me and pointed a gun at me and demanded my wallet!” the man exclaimed.

The man was mostly bald, slim, with narrow shoulders and face, but stood very straight as he glowered at Mueller.

“Can you describe him for us, sir?” he asked.

“He was a punk! They all look the same!”

“What color punk was it?”

“Dirt color! Oh he was white, but dirty. He smelled like he hadn't had a bath in this lifetime!”

“How old do you think he was?”

“In his thirties. He was dirty looking! He wore jeans and a t-shirt and a coat. It's too hot to wear a coat!”

“What kind of coat?” Jamie asked.

“A long coat, blue or gray. It was too big for him.”

“Brown hair, blonde?”

“Dirt! He had dirt hair!” the man said angrily. “All greasy like he poured

a bottle of Vitalis on his head but then forgot to slick it back! His hair was way too long, too!”

Jamie didn't know what vitalis was but got the picture.

“Would you say he was tall or short?”

“He was a punk!”

“Yes, sir, a tall punk or a short punk?”

“He was taller than me, but not as tall as you,” he said to Mueller. “About like her,” he said, looking at Jamie “maybe a little shorter.” He smiled. “Nowhere near as cute, though.”

“You say he had a gun?”

“He had a black revolver.”

“That's enough for an APB,” Mueller said, looking at her.

Jamie nodded and went back to the car while he continued to talk to the man, then radioed in the details to dispatch for rebroadcast as a blue and white pulled up, lights flashing.

Mueller talked to the two uniforms, read out his notes for them to copy, then handed the man over to them and came back to the car.

“I want to do a quick tour of the area,” he said. “I hate people who pick on seniors.”

Jamie smiled briefly, but restrained herself from suggesting that was because he would be one soon. Mueller wasn't much into jokes, especially about him.

They drove down to Eighth Avenue, turned the corner, then drove back on 48th street. The traffic was heavy on the narrow street, which slowed them to a crawl, then a stop as the light ahead turned red. Mueller eyed a young, long haired guy on the sidewalk suspiciously, pursing his lips.

“He doesn't look dirty and he's not wearing a coat,” she pointed out.

“He could have ditched the coat, and dirty is a subjective term.”

Jamie shrugged, then something caught her eye about the cab parked ahead and to their right. The driver was inside, turned towards the passenger, who was leaning forward against the partition. There was something about their body language, though, that made her suspicious. The passenger was black, and wearing a T-shirt, so it pretty definitely wasn't their guy. That didn't mean he wasn't *someone's* guy, of course.

“We'll look up ahead. The Salvation Army runs a drug rehab program out of that building,” Mueller said, pointing up the street.

“Yeah, okay. I'm interested in this cab, though,” she said, opening the car door and stepping out.

The traffic wasn't moving, so that wasn't a big deal. She walked up alongside the cab and turned her eyes in to see the passenger had thrust his arm through the opening in the partition and was holding a knife against the driver's throat.

Neither paid much attention to her as she turned back and swept her right hand around behind her and in under the shirt tail dangling over her hip, pulled the Glock, and grabbed the rear door of the cab. She turned abruptly, yanked the door open and swung the gun up in one motion.

“Police! Freeze!” she shouted.

Mueller moved surprisingly quickly for a big man, around to the other side of the cab, yanking open the front passenger door and leaning in to grab the man's arm, which was in the process of pulling back. He bent it back against the side of the partition opening as the man screamed in pain.

“Drop the knife or I'll break your arm!” he yelled as the cabby jumped out his own door.

The man dropped the knife, and Mueller eased his grip on the arm.

“You're going to back out of the car very, very slowly,” he said in a menacing voice.

He released the arm and the man pulled his arm free, turned to stare up at Jamie and her gun, then at the other door across from him as Mueller pointed his own gun through the opening in the partition.

“All right! I surrender!” he said.

“Then get your ass out and down onto the ground, face first!” Jamie shouted.

The traffic ahead of their car moved on but of course, they were blocking everyone else behind them. There were no honking horns, though. People rarely honked at people with guns.

The guy moved cautiously out of the car, and Jamie grabbed him by the arm and flung him forward onto his face on the pavement as Mueller quickly came back around the car. They briskly frisked him, then Mueller all-but lifted him to his feet and threw him against the hood of their car for a more extensive pat-down.

They put him in the car and took him back to the station to book him and do the paperwork. Taylor was still there doing his filing, and glared at her as she sat down heavily behind her desk and to start up on the reports. She ignored him.

Mueller had told her he had tried to suggest she was the one who had spooked Popov the other day, without actually saying so. They had, of course, being thorough, retrieved the lobby camera footage and seen what had happened. There was sound, too, so the detectives had heard the conversation they'd had at the time, too.

Taylor was aware he hadn't impressed anyone, then, and seemed to be blaming her for it. Yesterday, when Batista was congratulating her on the bust he'd muttered “Precinct Princess” as he walked by.

Perhaps in defiance, or at least, partly in defiance, Jamie shrugged off

her shirt as she pulled up the appropriate forms on her computer. Without it, her form-fitting tank-top did little to hide her shape, which she had long known was a goad to certain types of men in certain types of situations.

Like the ones who liked to pretend she had gotten where she was on her looks or her body. She then deliberately ignored Taylor, who sat to her right with his piles of file folders, glowering at her between sorting folders.

Yeah, it's just my tits, Taylor, she thought a bit smugly. It's not that you're a fucking idiot.

She finished a couple of forms, then started in on another as Lyle Jefferson came in with Al Bryant.

“Hey, babe,” he said.

She waved at him casually.

Bryant, who was a little like Taylor but with ten more years and a lot better control over himself, winked at her and waggled his eyebrows, but didn't say anything suggestive, not with Mueller there. Mueller didn't approve of humor, especially humor about his partner's looks. Nor did he think much of his other cops trying to seduce her.

Which was perfectly fine with Jamie since she didn't need the hurt feelings turning guys down inevitably involved at the precinct. At least since she was known to have a boyfriend that didn't happen much.

Taylor wandered by with a pile of file folders, and he deliberately walked down the aisle in front of her. Jamie ignored him, but obligingly leaned forward a little more. She wasn't sure exactly why it pleased her to have him getting a look at what he was never going to have, unless she had a bit of a sadistic side to go with her masochistic side.

She wondered what Taylor would have thought if he had a clue what she'd been up to last night. No doubt it would have confirmed all his suspicions.

She'd been worrying at Danny's thought about having her do some kind of strip club performance. The thought of that was simultaneously terrifying and thrilling. Yes, her, for want of a better term, exhibitionist side had also grown much stronger since meeting Danny. Yes, she wasn't quite as 'shy' about being seen naked or semi-naked as she had been – given the number of people the last few months who had seen her.

But doing a stripper routine in front of a couple of guys she knew was one thing. Doing it in front of a crowd was quite another! She didn't care if they were all high priced wall street types! Then again, the most worrying thing about it was that the really daunting thing was fear of that being discovered by NYPD, not the thought of stripping in front of a crowd!

When had she gotten to the point of thinking being a stripper, even a pretend stripper for a few days, was... well, doable!?

When had her mind gotten so sexualized the fantasy of twirling completely naked around a stripper pole in a club while a hundred men stared at her... stared at her lustfully... hungrily, licking their lips appreciatively... wanting her... when had she gotten to the point the thought of that was more exciting than, well, her sense of self-respect!?

Of course, looked at from another perspective, stripping was empowering. It was taking control of her own body and using it for her own profit, and at the expense of men. The stripper exploited the men as much as the men exploited the stripper, maybe more!

But as intellectual as she tried to make the argument in her head seem the overriding thought was the breathless fantasy of her dancing and twirling naked in front of a whole room full of people! As if she was... well, a stripper!

Not that that was ever going to happen, of course! If Danny wanted a stripper to confirm his status as a criminal type he could find someone else!

Not that she particularly wanted him partnering up with some slut of a stripper, of course. And not that any self-respecting federal agent would ever do it.

But anyway, it wasn't going to be her! Imagine what would happen if she did that and word got out! Her career in law enforcement would be over! And wouldn't the Taylors of the world be smug about that.

Mueller took a call, and spoke briefly, then stood up.

“McCloud, we're going to the squad for a minute.”

She raised her eyebrows, saved the form she was working on, and joined him

“What about? The Thompson woman?”

He shrugged and headed down the stairs as she followed. She took a half stumble, almost instinctively starting to turn back to get her shirt, but it was really too late for that without making a big deal of it. They were only going down a flight of stairs anyway.

The tank top wasn't *that* tight, after all. And it didn't really show any cleavage unless she was sitting down and leaning forward and someone was standing over her. The faded jeans she was wearing were tight, but not *tight* tight. She sighed and shrugged it off. If guys looked at her, they looked at her.

And they did.

The detectives in the squad looked at her and Mueller as they came in, looked away, then looked back, at her. Nobody said anything, and nobody actually stared, but she knew they'd noticed as she followed Mueller over to Lopez' desk.

“Hey,” he said, waving them forward.

A short, balding, chunky looking detective with heavily lidded eyes in his mid-forties nodded at them from a desk across from Lopez.

“Mueller.” he said.

“Nowicki,” Mueller replied.

Nowicki nodded at her too and she nodded back.

Mueller took a seat in Lopez' interview chair and she propped her butt on the corner of the desk.

“Guess what we found in Popov's apartment,” Lopez asked with a lazy grin.

“Something illegal,” Mueller said.

“You always was smarter than you looked,” Nowicki said.

It wasn't an insult, Jamie thought. It was just the way guys who knew each other well talked to each other.

“It looks like Popov and his girlfriend had been running a string of high class hookers.”

“Expensive hookers,” Nowicki said.

“All of them wired for sound and video,” Lopez added. “You'd be amazed at the number of officials in those videos.”

“No, I wouldn't,” Mueller said.

“Half a dozen judges, to begin with. An assistant district attorney, a couple of very high ranking cops from One Police Plaza, several state assemblymen.

“And assemblywomen,” Nowicki said with a smirk.

“Yeah, and a couple of congressmen.”

“And evidence that Popov was funneling this information to guy Intelligence says works for the Russian government,” Nowicki said.

A tall, slender detective walked past them and ran into a filing cabinet, sprawling across a desk briefly before picking himself up, red-faced amid a number of insults, and walking on. Jamie wondered if he'd been distracted by

her, then realized that the air flow in the room was chilly and she had instinctively crossed her arms below her breasts.

She flushed slightly and purposefully dropped her arms as Lopez continued.

“So what we want to do is turn Popov, have him deliver a video to this guy, and then Intelligence can follow him and see if he passes it on to someone at the Russian embassy.”

“Wouldn't they just send it electronically?” Jamie asked, frowning.

“According to Intelligence, for this guy to be able to do that without it being traced would require a level of high tech which he would not be able to explain. We're talking high tech that's not out there in public yet, you know, spy stuff. If he had that kind of tech it would be like a big flaming cross in the sky pointing to him as a spy.”

“They always have to be wondering if their cover is blown and if they're being watched,” Nowicki said. “If we were suspicious of him and found that kind of capability on his computer we'd know, not suspect, he was working for a foreign power.”

“So you're saying the kind of firewall you buy on the internet for forty nine dollars won't keep the NSA from reading everything he sends?” she asked.

“It won't even keep Intelligence from reading everything he sends and receives, never mind whatever scary shit the CIA or FBI or NSA have,” Lopez said.

“Which means he has to deliver it somewhere.”

“And why shouldn't he if he doesn't know he's suspected?” Nowicki said.

“But the guy who works for the embassy has to be watched, right?”

“Hundreds of Russians work for the embassy in Washington, the

consulate here in the city, and the United Nations,” Lopez said. “They can't all be watched all the time.”

“But they do take precautions,” Nowicki said.

“That's where you come in.”

Mueller raised his eyebrows, but Lopez was looking at Jamie.

“Me?”

“The usual way Popov passes information on to the Russian is through one of his hookers.”

“Uh...”

“High class escorts,” Nowicki said.

“Very beautiful and sophisticated young women,” Lopez said.

“College graduates,” Nowicki added.

“So use one of his hookers,” she said, frowning.

“We want to wire her up, and they'd likely be nervous about that.”

She sighed and then shrugged. “What do I have to do?”

She was dressed in a ridiculously short, tight sheath dress which was showing an awful lot of cleavage. The only weapons she could have with it would be the stiletto shoes – if she pulled one off and hit someone with it. But that shouldn't be necessary.

Popov was with her in the back of the cab, and was not a happy camper. He kept glaring at her, and when he wasn't doing that he was brooding. He'd been warned there would be cops all around – the taxi driver was one – and that if he tried anything he'd wind up at the bottom of the deepest, darkest

prison cell they could find for him.

That would tend to work on most people, at least, most Americans, but Jamie had her doubts about a hard core Russian mobster. Those guys were all about taking enormous risks and bravado, about never backing down or giving up.

Lopez and Nowicki had brought Intelligence in on this, but she'd have been happier if he'd contacted Organized Crime instead. The Intelligence weenies had an entirely different set of customers and tended to expect them to act in a certain way.

They were supposed to meet the Russian intelligence guy in a night club on East 23rd Street, and then she'd hand the little thumb drive containing the videos over to him. The club was very dark, very crowded, and very noisy. She'd seen a picture of the guy but had a hard time seeing very far amid the flashing lights and crowds.

Popov moved to the bar and she followed, head swiveling, looking for the guy in the picture. Popov ordered for both of them, and seemed entirely too casual to her. She was fairly sure he was going to try something.

“Go to the bathroom,” he said suddenly.

She turned and looked at him suspiciously.

“Why?”

“Because a woman just went to the bathroom that is with Andrei. She will contact you.”

“How does she know who I am?”

He glared at her. “You ask too many questions. Russian women know to do as they are told.”

“Yeah, well fuck you. Can Russian women kick your ass? I can.”

He glowered at her. “She saw me. She saw you with me. She signaled

me, then went to the bathroom. Must everything be spelled out for you?”

She glared back, then shrugged and turned away, moving through the crowd. There would be other cops in here watching him, and that wasn't her job anyway. She made her way to the ladies room and went inside, but didn't see anyone there.

She went to the counter and turned on the water as if to wash her hands. Suddenly the stall at the end opened and a tall, lithe, beautiful blonde in her early thirties looked at her, jerking her head. Jamie looked around, then went to the stall and the blonde backed up and pulled her inside, closing the door.

“Are – ?”

The blonde put her fingers against Jamie's lips and shook her head. Then to her surprise she leaned in against her and kissed her! Jamie was too startled to react at first, though she stiffened, even as the blonde slid her lips off her own and up under her ear.

“Where is it?” she asked in the merest whisper, as her teeth lightly chewed on her earlobe.

“I...”

“Never mind. I will enjoy searching,” the blonde said.

Her hand slid over Jamie's breast, both the part covered by the dress, and the bare part.

“You're very lovely,” the woman said in that same very soft, almost-unheard voice. “I haven't seen you before.”

“I-I'm new,” she gulped softly.

The woman chuckled throatily as her hand moved down Jamie's body and then in under her skirt.

Jamie inhaled sharply, flushing with sudden embarrassment and discomfort as the woman's slender fingers caressed her sex through her lace

thong, then inside to where the small thumb drive was sitting against her skin.

Her fingers did not immediately pull the little thumb drive out, though, but took their time, as Jamie felt a sudden hot squirming rush of dark heat rise through her body. The woman's fingers were idly caressing her suddenly pulsing clitoris as the woman's lips returned to her mouth.

She was about to push her back when the woman's other hand grasped her hair behind the neck, jerking it back in a way which was so familiar that it immediately caused an almost dizzying rush of heat through her body.

“You and I... should get together,” the woman whispered, sliding her lips up under her ear and down along her neck. “You taste – delicious.”

Her hand pulled out from her thong, taking the drive with it, then then it skimmed up her body and pulled aside the top of her dress as the woman bent over and mouthed her hard nipple, sucking and licking with *just* the right amount of speed and pressure and suction and light little nibbling as Jamie felt her heart thumping in her chest.

Then with a smile she eased off, giving her an almost chaste little kiss on the lips. There was no sign of the thumb drive as the woman winked and unlatched the stall door.

Jamie hurriedly tugged the dress back over her breast and the blonde walked out, then left the bathroom.

“The blonde took the thumb drive,” she said to the air, knowing the microphone would pick it up.

After a few moments to compose herself, and irritated at how hard – and visibly hard her nipples were, Jamie followed.

Fortunately, the club was dark, save for flashing lights. She moved through it, unable to see either the blonde or Popov, made her way back to the table, and then looked around helplessly, wondering what she ought to do now.

That was when a guy came up next to her at the bar, ordered a drink, and whispered that Popov had left and she should 'take a cab home'.

The cab was waiting outside, with the same cop in the front seat. She got in and sat down – carefully.

“Popov ran?”

“Yeah, but we expected him to. He doesn't know he's bugged. You made the transfer?”

“Yeah, to a hot looking blonde in a green dress.”

“We figured. These people are pretty careful. But we can follow wherever the thumb drive goes. Right now it's headed in the opposite direction from Popov. That's okay. We got lots of guys on them both.”

Chapter Nine

It was frustrating, but her part in the operation was over. She wasn't a detective and she wasn't with Intelligence, and, given the way she was dressed, and that both parties knew her on sight, wouldn't be much use in tailing them, so she went home, or, actually, to Danny's.

The real cab driver who drove her had big eyes in the mirror as he drove. Given how short the dress was, even when standing, it didn't cover an awful lot, so she kept her legs tightly closed the whole way. There wasn't much she could do about the cleavage, but she'd had people staring at her chest since she'd put the thing on so was getting used to it.

Danny was staying in a place in New Jersey, in Newport, for the operation he was on, and given she was in lower Manhattan it was just across the river through the Holland Tunnel. She was earlier than she'd expected to be, and weighed how much warning to give him. The more she gave him the more weird things he could come up with for her!

She decided to surprise him. Maybe that would get her a spanking but those could be fun. The cab dropped her off in the front of the place, a two story red brick building that might once have been a house – a hundred years ago. It had an ugly looking garage of gray cinder blocks and metal roll door attached to it and separating it from some other red brick industrial building.

Lovely it was not, especially at night. She walked up the three steps to the porch and knocked, then rang the bell.

There was a delay, and she looked around at the unimpressive neighborhood, then back to the door. She was just about to check her phone to make sure she had the right address when Danny opened it. He glared at her, then raised his eyebrows.

“Hey, babe,” he said.

“Hey,” she said. “Finished early.”

“You didn't call to warn me.”

“No, I didn't, did I? You gonna spank me?” she asked, moving past him.

“If he doesn't, I'll be happy to,” the man inside said.

She halted in surprise as Danny closed the door behind her.

She was in an office, a crummy looking office, with wooden floors that had been scuffed, scratched and dirtied decades ago, walls which hadn't been painted in twenty years, and old metal filing cabinets with very ugly plastic desks scattered along the walls.

The guy standing before her was as tall as Danny, but wider, with a smoothly shaved, bullet shaped head.

“Max, This is my girl, Jamie,” Danny said gruffly.

“Hot one. Nice dress, baby.”

“Uh, thanks,” she said uncertainly.

“So you're the dancer, huh.”

“Uhm, I dance... some,” she said cautiously.

“I bet you dance pretty easy in a dress like that,” he said with a grin.

“It lets me... move,” she said.

“Yeah, I figured it would. I run a club. You interested in dancing?”

“Uh... maybe,” she said, glancing at Danny.

Was this the biker guy Danny was running an operation on, she wondered, her mind working frantically.

Max grinned at her.

“Come on. Let's go,” he said.

He walked to a door on the side of the wall and she turned and gave Danny a look with widened eyes. He gave a small shrug as the bullet headed guy turned to her.

“Come on, baby. Maybe I'll let you audition.”

Jamie had no intention of auditioning! On the other hand, she didn't see a way out of this without possibly damaging Danny's operation, so she followed the man into what turned out to be the garage, where a black SUV was parked.

Max got in the driver's seat while Danny got in the front passenger seat. She got in the rear and strapped in, nervous because she wasn't entirely sure what was going on.

“Danny said you were hot stuff,” Max said as the garage door slid open.

She met his eyes in the mirror.

“He was right,” she said.

He snorted in amusement and drove out onto the street, then hung a left and accelerated.

“So did you wear that little bitty dress just for me, baby?” Max asked.

“Uhm, I didn't know you'd be here,” she said, glancing at Danny again.

“I like to be unpredictable,” he replied with a grin.

They didn't drive very far, and there was little traffic. Then they drove down into an underground garage, though a small one under a mid-rise gray stone building. The elevator was surprisingly upscale given the general look of the building, and as it rose music began to echo down the elevator shaft, and Jamie felt her adrenaline and anxiety rising.

Surely this wasn't the strip club Danny had talked about! She was definitely not stripping at a club, even if she blew his operation!

The doors opened and sure enough, it was the entrance to a club of some kind, with two very large bouncers standing outside the entrance. They ignored the three of them, though, except to give her very careful inspection as she passed.

Once through the door it was obviously a strip club. It wasn't terribly busy, this being the middle of the week, but there were probably fifty men there, along with the half-dressed girls floating around serving them drinks and flirting with them. There was a round stage in the middle of the room with two stripper bars on it.

Jamie stared at them with a kind of dread fascination as they walked through the crowd, her pulse racing.

They walked through the club and into a narrow corridor, then through a red velvet curtain into a much smaller room. This was a round room with the walls covered in red velvet, or some kind of imitation. Padded red leather seats circled the wall like two semi-circular couches facing each other. There was a raised round platform the height of a coffee table in the middle of the room, with a stripper bar in the middle going up to the ceiling above.

A girl in a dress even smaller than Jamie's talked to Max, apparently taking drink orders, then left, and Max reached to the side of the doorway and slid a leather covered pocket door across the entrance as Danny sat down with a strange grin on his face.

Jamie gave him a glare and he shrugged again as Max came in and flopped down on the sofa.

“Joey ain't around right now,” Max said. “He's got some business, you know, with those niggers in East Harlem.”

“Big profits?”

“We don't deal with them if there ain't big profits,” Max said. “We don't

deal with anyone if there ain't big profits.”

“I thought he was working with the Chingos in the Bronx.”

“That's the fucking beauty of it man. It's a three way deal. You get it? The Chingos got the cash. The darkies got the powder, and we got the bang bang.”

“You do a lot of three ways, baby?” he asked Jamie with a grin.

“Uhm...”

She flicked her eyes at Danny. “It's been... known to happen... “

He laughed in amusement. Then the pocket door slid aside and the girl came in with a tray with drinks. She put them on the 'coffee table' platform, then withdrew, sliding the door closed.

“Show me what you got,” Max said imperiously, pointing at the pole.

It was one of those oh shit moments for Jamie, and for a moment she hung on the brink. If she refused, what excuse could she use that wouldn't fuck up Danny's operation? But if she went up there and... well, it was only one guy...

She took a deep breath and then climbed onto the platform. The music was still more than loud enough despite the curtain and leather covered pocket door, and she began to roll her hips to it, feeling very tense and anxious as the two men looked up at her.

She was helplessly aware of how short the dress was, too, and that she was rolling and swinging her hips in front of a complete stranger! Her heart was thumping and her blood racing as she licked her lips nervously, then took a deep breath and reached up and behind her to grip the pole in her hands.

The music wasn't what she had practiced to, but it certainly had the proper beat, and she pressed her lips together with determination and began to mirror the beat with her movements. She turned and gripped the pole, pushing her bottom out at him and rolling her hips in time to the music, then

bent her knees, jumped and gripped the pole higher up.

She swung her body around it, then in against it, her legs on either side of the pole, throwing them in hard enough her legs swung up high. She gripped the pole with her thighs and let go with her hands, swinging her upper torso back and down to grip the pole with her hands down low, her hips rolling and body arching.

Of course, the short dress fell around her hips, leaving her in nothing but the little lace thong, and that sent a rush of embarrassment and heat through her body and mind.

She let her hands slide to the floor of the platform, then her body slid down the pole to fall away so she was on her knees facing the pole, her bottom pushed out at Max. The dress hadn't fallen past her hips as she rolled them at him. She rolled her bottom at Max, feeling a dark gushing sexual tension spreading through her body.

This was a real strip club, after all! And she was... stripping for a stranger! That was so incredibly outrageous, and yet, wickedly thrilling in its own tense, anxious way!

She crawled slowly up the pole until she was standing again, then reached down, gripped the hem, and, while still rolling her hips, peeled the thin sheath dress slowly up her body, up over her head and... off!

She felt something like sexual electricity crackling along her skin as she gripped the pole again, leaning into it, rolling her hips back at Max, then turned again, facing him in thong and a very tiny bra, giving him a lecherous look as she let her body undulate.

The words *what the fuck am I doing!?* went through her head a number of times, but each time she felt a sense of helplessness. She couldn't stop now, after all!

“Nice body,” Max said, looking her up and down.

It was an almost... clinical assessment, like that of a strip club manager assessing new talent! That was reassuring and terrifying at the same time.

And also...hot.

She swung around the pole and back, arched and twisted, running her fingers up through her hair and making her hips grind, then, heart pounding, she undid her bra and pulled it free. Another rush of sexual electricity rolled through her, along with a sense of disbelief.

It's too late to stop now! she told herself desperately.

“Nice fucking tits,” Max said admiringly.

He looked across at Danny and took a drink from his glass.

“Those are real, too. I can tell.”

“You bet they are,” Danny said.

“You don't see em that firm that big very often, not when they ain't plastic,” Max said.

“She's young,” Danny said. “And talented.”

“Nice ass, nice tits, gorgeous legs. Gorgeous face. Yeah, she'll sell real well,” Max said. “Love those nipple rings.”

She jumped up the pole again, clutching it between her thighs, which of course, ground her sex against it, then swung around and then fell back upside down, still holding the pole between her thighs.

That was when the door slid open and another guy came in.

This one was husky, wore a beard, and a denim vest. The three men greeted each other while Jamie tried not to fall off the pole in her sudden shock. But despite the new guy in the room she again told herself that it was too late to stop now. And, in fact, the adrenaline rush grew more intense!

She bowed back, gripping the pole below her, arching her back in a slow, sinuous fashion that kept pushing her chest out so the skin tightened against her breasts.

“Who's this?” the new guy asked. “We finally see his girlfriend?”

She used strong stomach muscles and threw her arms upward, sitting up to clutch the pole above her once more, then letting her legs slide down its length until she once again stood holding it between her breasts. She slid slowly around the pole until she was facing them, her arms pressed against the sides of her breasts in such a way that they squeezed together around the pole.

She slid her tongue along her lower lip, her bangs sweeping across her forehead as she rolled her head from side to side, then swung around it again, this time putting her back to the pole. She slid slowly down so that she was squatting at its base, knees spread wide, head rolling up and back as she arched her back.

That was when the new guy reached in and gripped her thong, then tore it off!

She gasped in sudden shock, embarrassment and another wild rush of sexual electricity crackling through her. She hesitated, though her legs momentarily snapped together, and he stood up, then grabbed her wrists above her head, pulling them behind the pole and holding them together in one big hand.

“That's the way I like to see my bitches,” he said to the others, then grinned down at her.

“Spread your legs wider,” he barked. “And arch your back more.”

Trembling with heat, she obeyed, moaning low in her throat as he pinned her wrists together, and let his other hand slide over her breasts, then down her taut, straining body. She felt her hips jerk as his fingers found her clitoris, then ran up and down the line of her sex.

Her face flushed and she felt a wild swirl of emotions, not knowing what to do or how to respond. Her body's physical responses, on the other hand, seemed to be growing more intense with every passing minute as this shocking, outrageous tableau was igniting something dark in her mind!

“Nice and tight and hot,” he growled as one thick finger penetrated her and slid slowly inside.

“That's the way I like my bitches, too.”

He looked across at Danny.

“So Max says you do that bondage shit with her, huh.”

Danny shrugged and smiled. “It's amusing, and it's always fun to train them to obedience.”

“Obedience I like,” the guy growled.

He snapped his fingers at Max and gave him a look. Max nodded, got up and left the room, and the man looked at Danny, while his finger continued to stroke her clitoris.

“Where did you find this hot little number?” he asked with a grin. “She's got some kind of fucking body, and from the looks of it, just the right kind of attitude.”

“Just lucky, I guess, Tony.”

The man released her wrists and pulled back.

“Dance!” he barked.

Jamie gulped in air and rose to her feet, hesitated, then started to dance again, feeling a sense of bewilderment about how she'd let things get so out of control so quickly! She was stark naked dancing around on a little platform in the back room of a strip club in front of strangers!

In fact, unless she was mistaken, it was one of those champagne rooms, where men paid the strippers for 'private dances', and lap dances. And then the man named Tony seemed to confirm it

“Get over here, baby. Let's see what you can do.”

Jamie looked anxiously at Danny, then stepped down awkwardly.

“Don't stop dancing!”

She started to roll her hips again and drew in a deep, shaky breath, then slid slowly forward, straddling him, then sinking down onto his lap. She ran her hands over his shoulders, tried to look sexy and not horribly anxious and embarrassed, and started to grind her buttocks into him.

She leaned in and porpoised up slowly, sliding her stiff nipples just before his eyes, arching her back as he licked his lips and grinned at her. She slid lower then rubbed her breasts against his chest and then arched way back so that she was arched back across his knees.

She gasped as she felt his big hands settle on her breasts, casually kneading them, and pulled herself back upright, heart thumping in her chest.

“You got some good moves, baby, but you're too timid,” he said. “How limber are you?”

“She's very limber,” Danny said.

“Stand up.”

She gulped and got to her feet.

“Never stop dancing,” he said, reaching around to slap her bottom sharply.

Jamie yelped, but started rolling her hips again.

“Now extend your right foot, gracefully. Raise it up high, straight legged, and swing it around.”

She obeyed anxiously, and he gripped her lower leg, guiding it up and across his shoulder!

“Now grip my head.”

Her fingers trembled a little as the wild rushes of emotion churned within her, but Jamie obeyed.

“Don't pull my face right into your pussy. That ain't classy. But kind of roll your hips in and out, getting closer and closer.”

“There's certain things we don't allow the customers to do,” he said as she ground herself in and out, with her pussy inches away from him.

“Like, for example, this.”

His hand had left her ankle, now it slid up her leg to grip her thigh as the other gripped her other buttock, pulling her right in against his mouth! She gasped and gave a yelp as his tongue licked strongly up along her sex and across her clitoris, and tried to pull back, but he had her in a firm grip as he licked her again and again, laughing as she struggled.

She twisted her head around to stare at Danny, who gave her a helpless look which did not, to her mind, seem nearly as bothered as he ought to have been!

Tony let her go, but really only to pull her forward onto his lap again.

“Keep dancing!”

Jamie breathlessly ground herself against him, hands on his shoulders as he ran his hands up and down her sides. Behind her, the curtain slid aside and Max returned, but she was distracted as Tony ran his hands up her chest and cupped her breasts!

“Man, these are fine fucking tits!” he exclaimed. “I don't think I've seen a better pair.”

Then something was going around her neck, and her hands jerked up and back to feel a thick collar as Max buckled it behind her neck! Her heart beat even faster as Max drew her right hand behind her and she felt what had to be a leather restraint going around her wrist!

When it was firmly gripping her wrist he lifted her wrist up higher

behind her, and then released it. She found she couldn't move it, however, and, twisting her head around, saw the leather restraints was cinched to a chain dangling from the rear of the collar!

Then her other wrist was pulled behind her, another restraint placed around it, and it was locked to the other wrist and the chain as Tony's fingers mauled her breasts!

“I love these tits,” he said, squeezing them tightly enough he could pull her forward, then licking and sucking and chewing at her nipples!

His hand came around her hip and slapped her bottom stingingly, and Jamie yelped in pain.

“Don't stop dancing!”

Moaning, she obeyed, breathlessly grinding herself against him as he sucked and licked at her nipples!

Then a phone rang, and he pushed her back.

“Max, take her into the brown room,” he said, pulling the phone out of his pocket.

She gasped as she felt a hand grip her hair and draw her backwards. Another hand took her arm and she turned to stare at Danny, whose eyes gleamed with something like amusement at her predicament, even as the front of his jeans bulged.

Max pushed her through the curtained doorway and further down the little corridor, then into another room. It was much like the first except the round padded bench circling it was brown instead of red, and it had no platform or pole in the center.

What it did have was a metal bar hanging from a chain above her head.

Chapter Ten

Max unlinked her left wrist from the chain dangling from the back of the collar, then stretched her wrist up to a clip on the end of the bar. A moment later he did the same with her other wrist, to the other end of the bar.

He grinned at her, turned to the wall, and pressed a button which produced a machine-sound, and the bar began to raise, pulling her completely off her feet to dangle helplessly by her wrists!

A moment later he stuffed a ball gag into her mouth. This one differed from the one Danny had used on her in that it had a thick flat rectangular backing. The ball completely filled her mouth, and then the leather pad attached to it completely covered her mouth and lower cheeks as he buckled it behind her.

Moaning, panting, heart pounding, pulse racing, Jamie hung in place, helpless, feet dangling just above the floor as Max slowly ran his hands up and down her body.

“Very nice,” he said admiringly.

His fingers found her clitoris and then penetrated her, sliding slowly up to find her tight and wet and warm. He chuckled throatily, adding a second finger as his thumb stroked her clitoris.

The bizarre part of this, Jamie thought, was that she wasn't at all attracted to him, really. She wouldn't, in the normal course of events, have the slightest interest in even dating this man. Yes, he was big and strong looking, but that was it as far as fulfilling her likes.

And yet, helpless before him, naked, with his hands moving over her, she could feel the wild, pulsing heat rising even higher inside her body, driven by a dark sense of thrilled fascination with her own helplessness and her own... abuse!

She moaned as he leaned in and began to suck and chew on her nipples, and then Tony and Danny arrived, closing the door behind them.

“Damn, she looks fine all stretched out,” he said.

“Couldn't argue with you, Tony,” Danny said.

“How responsive is she?”

Danny grinned. “Test her and see.”

“She's sopping wet!” Max said with a laugh.

“Is she?”

He slid his finger into her as Jamie's face burned with embarrassment, and laughed softly.

He pulled his finger out, licked it, and then moved behind her, pressing it against her back opening.

“This is a great ass too,” he said, his finger prodding at her, sliding deeper.

“I should have her wearing a butt-plug all the time so she's ready to be used there,” Danny said.

“You're a man after my own heart, Danny boy,” Tony said.

Max had found another bar, and now put restraints around her ankles, then attached them to the lower bar! Jamie shuddered, raw heat seeping through every organ in her body as the two men, and then Danny, used their hands to caress, squeeze, knead, stroke and roll every part of her body!

“You want to really torture her?” Danny said with a grin.

He went to a cupboard and slid it back, fished around on the shelves, and returned with a large, curved dildo. Jamie hardly noticed, with the other two men in front of her. But then Danny rubbed the thing up and down

against her sex, and she dropped her eyes, gasping at how thick it was!

She was wet enough, though, and ready enough, that though it stretched and strained her, though it ached, he was easily able to force the head into her body. Then the long, curved, gleaming shaft followed, inch after inch of it, until it filled her to overflowing, stretching her out all along the length of her sex.

At the base, with it stuffed achingly deep, was a curving arm which curled up and across the top of her sex, pressing a buzzing vibrator against her clitoris! Danny had used similar toys on her before, and they'd always had an impact. Now, given the intensity of the sexual heat swirling around her, they pushed her almost immediately into a shattering orgasm that had her sobbing and crying out again and again as her body writhed and twisted in mid-air!

“I can feel her muscles clamping down on my fingers,” Tony laughed as he pumped them in her ass.

“Try this,” Danny said.

It was another dildo, and as the orgasm began to fade, leaving her limp, Tony slowly pushed it up deep into her ass, doubling the feeling of being utterly stuffed!

Jamie knew she was helpless now, and not just physically. The sexual heat had risen to the feverish state she'd begun to fall into more often of late, a state where her inhibitions melted away to nothing and she became nothing but putty in his hands.

They lowered her a little, which still left her feet off the floor now that her legs were spread, because Tony didn't like her being taller than him.

Then Danny selected a flog for her, a thin one. He'd used little play ones on her before, and they'd driven her insane with the dark, kinky thrill of what he was doing! This one was stronger and heavier, and it hurt more, but Jamie was in the full blown fever of dark carnal heat, and her body was too charged with sexual electricity for the pain to really do anything much but rouse her

further.

The little flog had long, slim laces which spread out and cracked across her back with sufficient sting that she arched her back, crying out breathlessly into the gag! Max was still running his hands over her breasts, and the vibrator was still buzzing against her clitoris as her insides churned with hunger.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The flog cut across her back, high and low, as Danny demonstrated to Tony the kind of wrist movements he used. Then it hit again, harder, as Tony took over, and Jamie cried out, twisting and jerking in mid-air as the wild storm of sensations rolled through her mind.

“You have to ease them into this kind of thing a little at a time,” Danny was saying. “You want their minds to always associate it with pleasure and arousal and excitement, not with fear and pain. Eventually, if you do it right, they'll get wet just at the sight of a flog or a whip.”

The flog cut across her upper and lower back, then her buttocks and thighs before Max took a turn, flogging her breasts and belly.

Jamie came again as the laces cut into her swollen breasts and nipples, sobbing breathlessly as convulsions wracked her body.

She felt the dildo pulled free of her ass, and then another one thrust into her. Only the new one was warmer and pulsed with life. She cried out again, gasping heatedly as Tony buried himself in her ass, grunting with excitement as he thrust into her hard and fast!

Max grinned and threw down the flog, then unzipped himself. He gripped his hard cock and pumped it as he stared at her being sodomized by Tony, then moved forward, pulling the dildo/vibrator out of her sex and thrusting into her.

Jamie was sandwiched between the two men, both of them complete strangers! Their thick, hard, hungry cocks pumped into her with an eager lack

of restraint as she shuddered and grunted and moaned in animal heat mixed with dark, outraged anxiety.

Another orgasm ripped through her, one so intense the muscles in her belly burned and ached, threatening to tear with the force of their spasming convulsions!

“God, she's hot and tight!” Max groaned, his hips pumping violently.

“I can feel her ass squeezing my cock!” Tony said, panting.

When the two men had come Danny grinned at her as she hung slackly, panting and moaning, and attached a pole to the center of the pole her ankles were locked to. He placed the dildo/vibrator on the end of the pole somehow, then slid it back inside her, deep, as the other two men chuckled in appreciation.

Then he stepped back, and spun her around and around. The men laughed and left, turning off the lights behind and closing the door.

Jamie was already dazed and breathless. Now the world swirled around her, even if she couldn't see it, and her eyes rolled in her head.

But just before the door closed, she heard Tony saying “I want to buy this bitch. How much will you take for her, Danny.”

Moaning, she continued to spin, though slower and slower. It was hard to tell how fast since she could see nothing. She could certainly feel the pressure on her aching wrists, though, not to mention the fullness in her belly and the buzzing from the vibrator.

Everything felt surreal, as if she were in a different sort of reality. Her body continued to hum with sexual electricity, and she shuddered, head falling back as her hips tried to grind themselves forward against the vibrator.

Her wrists and arms were aching more and more, and she was panting for breath. Hanging suspended from her wrists was draining the strength from her body. The door opened and Danny came in, along with Max.

She moaned into the gag, then gasped as Danny carefully drew the pole out from the base of the dildo, then lifted the pole between her legs up high, folding her body in two. He raised it up higher still, as Max unlinked the pole her wrists were bound to from the chain overhead, and let her upper body fall downward.

Jamie now found herself upside down, in the same spreadeagled position, only now hanging from her ankles. The blood rushed to her head, but on the other hand it was much easier to breath, and much less exhausting. She groaned as Danny locked the vertical pole in place against the base of the dildo again.

He put the other dildo deep into her bottom, then he and Max, laughing, left her that way – after he spun her around again.

The lights clicked out, and Jamie spun, moaning, feeling even more dizzy now.

A few minutes later, the orgasms started. Being upside down, with her head seemingly pulsing, seemed to intensity the sensations, and her cries became screams as she writhed and twisted in the darkness, her body swept by wave after wave of pleasure that overloaded her nervous system, her mind a sodden swamp of feverish heat and dark, masochistic desire.

She had no idea how much time passed before exhaustion reduced her writhing, thrashing body to twitches and trembling. Her eyes were slits, her jaw slack behind the gag. Her mind seemed to drift in the same way she imagined her body drifting.

Then, someone came for her. She moaned, eyes slitted against the light, until a blindfold went over them. Then she was righted and carried, dazed and moaning... somewhere. Up stairs, down a hall, and then she was standing – though not without hands on her arms to steady her.

She felt something cool and hard against her bare back and buttocks, like stone, and her wrists were lifted up and locked together above her head. The blindfold was pulled free, and she blinked at the sight of Tony grinning at her.

“Your boyfriend sold you to my boss, sex slave,” he said gleefully. “We paid a heavy price, but we figure we’ll make it back in a lot of ways. You’re gonna make us a lot of money downstairs when you’re trained right. But the boss plans to enjoy you for a lot different reasons than that.”

They were in what looked like an attic. The roof peaked high overhead, and she was in a jail cell built against the brick wall. Thick black bars pushed out from either side of her and crossed behind where Tony stood, with the door open behind him.

He cupped her breasts and grinned.

“You only live once, they say. So I suppose I get why a man like Joey should have a gorgeous sex slave for his own enjoyment any time he wants.”

He reached behind her neck and undid the buckle of the gag, then pulled it slowly out of her mouth, allowing Jamie to gasp and cough and gulp in air.

“You have beautiful lips,” he said, sliding his finger along them. “I intend to enjoy them a lot in the coming days and weeks while I help Joey train you.”

He drew back with a grin, then closed the cell door and walked out of sight. After a few seconds she heard feet on stairs going down, and then silence.

There was no way Danny would 'sell' her to anyone, she thought with fierce determination. But he was still a bastard to let this guy think he had! She looked around her, as far as she could. The cell wasn't very big, perhaps six feet wide by six feet deep. Her wrists were chained against the brick wall above her head, but at least she was able to get her feet flat on the wooden floor.

There was no furniture inside the cell, and the only thing she could see through the bars was a table set against the far wall on which was piled.... what looked like dozens and dozens of thick plastic packages of white powder. Each was about two inches thick, and about as wide and long as a paperback book.

Which meant, if those were what she suspected they were, that was millions of dollars' worth of drugs ready for someone.

Not that that was of high importance to her at that very moment. She was too shaken and exhausted and dazed to care about much beyond her own predicament. She wasn't entirely sure what Danny had planned, but hoped it wasn't something that had a long time line!

But being alone like this, with the knowledge Danny might not even be nearby, might not even be in the building, was both alarming and strangely, darkly alluring. Because it made her situation very much like the sex slave that had become her obsessive fantasy since Danny had introduced the idea months ago.

And hadn't he filled every mention with a dark, hungry pleasure so rich and suffocating that it drowned her mind in lust?

But that didn't stop her anxiety. It only filled it with a strange, breathless sense of dark erotica. She was in a cell naked, chained to the wall like...

Like a sex slave!

Jesus Christ!

She had work tomorrow... no, today! Danny better have called in sick for her because it was already getting light outside! And speaking of which, how long had she been in that dark, wild, blind, dizzying sexual fever while hanging upside down that it was already daylight!?

She tried to calculate the hours. True, she'd gotten to his place late, nearly midnight, and then they'd come here, or at least, to the club, and then there'd been an hour of, well, dancing and fooling around and stuff before going to that other room.

That had lasted... an hour? Before she was left to hang and twist by herself with that damn vibrator jammed inside her. She felt her insides twitching just at the memory. Her insides still ached from the strength of the muscles spasms which had ripped through her again and again!

Then she'd been hung upside down. Had that really been for hours!? She could remember little of it. Which wasn't surprising since she'd been in the dark the entire time, and gripped by a feverish, light-headed kind of sexual heat.

It hadn't been continuous, but she'd been left exhausted and gasping, and dazed to the point of perhaps being half conscious or delirious. Her head still ached, and her wrists were sore and red, though her weight wasn't hanging from them anymore.

She moved her jaw around testingly. Having that gag thing in her mouth for hours hadn't made it feel very good either. Jesus, God she was going to kick Danny's ass for this! She should have found a way to pull out of it before they even left his place, even if that made Max suspicious.

But she hadn't. And here she was, naked, chained to a fucking wall, and... staring at what looked like millions of dollars' worth of either cocaine or heroin over there across the room. That was anxiety-producing in itself. It meant the people who owned it were playing for big stakes, and if they had any doubts about her she'd wind up disappearing.

So far it didn't look like Tony had any doubts. That wasn't surprising given she'd acted like a fucking whore, she thought morosely. Of course, none of it had been her idea! And it wasn't like anyone had sought her opinion!

She shifted her weight from foot to foot, looking down at the bare wooden floor, scratched by decades of use, then up through the bars at the top of the cage at the ceiling high above. She wondered how long she'd be in here before Danny came for her.

That presumed, of course, that this wasn't all some kind of wicked game of his, or that he wasn't prolonging her time here in aid of his games. She thought it was likely real, in which case it was probably more a case of her aiding in cementing his cover identity coinciding with his desire to cut away as much of her inhibitions as possible.

Was he really hoping to turn her into a sex slave, an actual sex slave

instead of a pretend one? She wasn't completely sure. Sometimes she was sure it was all just a kinky part of his high sex drive. Other times she wondered if he really wanted an adoring, obedient sex doll that would leap to obey his every desire.

But if that was the case he'd picked the wrong girl. He'd have been better off finding some anxious-to-please little airhead stripper and training her instead.

Then again, he had done an awfully good job of enlisting her own body in making her into some kind of bondage nympho. And this was liable to do even more, presuming it didn't wind up disastrously.

Sold her!? She didn't take that seriously (though there was a faint twinge of anxiety present in her mind). Danny had never expressed much interest in money.

She looked down her body, noting the pink bite marks on her breasts, and the rings dangling from her nipples. Where had they come from!? She'd shown up wearing studs, not rings! She didn't even remember anyone putting them in! Was it possible she'd been drugged or something, or was it all just that wild sexual fever?!

They were attractive rings, but now that she noticed them she also noticed the small aching sensation in her nipples, as if they were being stretched. The rings were gold and looked thicker than the ones she'd worn before. Maybe they were, and that was why her nipples felt the ache.

Her nipples were quite hard, though it was warm in the room, and while she was too tired to be really aroused, having been up all night now (depending on how 'up' was defined) a soft simmering heat bubbled away within her.

But how could it not given her situation?

Then a sound jerked her head up and around, and her heart began to race. Feet were coming up stairs, and she licked her lips nervously. A figure appeared at the other end of the room and came closer, and she felt her face

heating. It wasn't Danny, nor was it Max or Tony. It was... a complete stranger!

He was about six feet tall, slender and athletic, rather than bulky like Max and Tony. He had short, tousled brown hair and glinting gray eyes along with a hard look to his face.

She flushed and pulled at the restraints above her head as he paused before the cell. His head turned to look at the drugs, then back at her, and she felt her anxiety increase. His thoughts were fairly obvious. She'd seen something outsiders weren't supposed to see!

He unlocked the cell and came inside, then stood before her, looking her up and down, his face expressionless, but his eyes cold.

“What are you?” he finally asked.

She stared at him, face hot, not sure how to answer.

He slapped her face and she gasped, her head thrown to one side.

“What are you?” he growled.

“I-I'm... I'm a sex slave!” she blurted.

He slapped her face again, and she gasped in pain.

“Is that how you address me, slut?” he growled.

“I'm a sex slave, master!” she gasped.

His hand closed around her throat, tight enough to stop her breathing.

“See that you remember that,” he said in a cold hard voice as he leaned in against her.

He released her throat and she gulped in air, pulse racing. His hand roughly cupped her breast and squeezed it, then drew back. He slapped it, and she cried out at the stinging blow, but he'd already turned away and left the

cell.

He moved to the side, so that she could barely see his shoulder as he did something. When he walked back in he had a strange object. It looked like a silver ball about the size of a baseball, on a narrow pipe.

He roughly twisted her around so that she was facing the wall, her breasts against the cool, rough brick, then pulled her hips back and placed the ball before her.

Jamie stared down and saw there was a small rectangular plate in the wall the size of a wall socket, only it had a hole into which he slid the bar so that only the ball sat there. He tilted it up and then drew her back into place.

Jamie groaned soundlessly. It was another vibrator! The one last night – or was it this morning – had set her nervous system to tingling so powerfully she'd lost her mind!

She felt his hands caressing her buttocks, lightly, at first, then more firmly. He gave them a slap, then turned and left the cell, closing it loudly behind him. A minute later she heard his steps on the stairs.

She pushed her hips back from the vibrator, looking down once more. It wasn't entirely flush with the wall. About an inch of the pipe was visible, and there was a couple of inches of space between the ball and the wall.

Whether by accident or design the thing was directly against the top of her sex unless she pushed her bottom out. But doing that forced her to lean her upper body against the wall so that her breasts pillowed out against the rough old bricks.

It also made her keep her legs together, which, she was fully aware, was in the near perfect position for someone to strap her. That produced its own anxiety, though once again, since every spanking or strapping she'd ever had had come with an orgasm, it also had a dark sense of thrilled erotic hunger with it.

She eased her hips forward a little for comfort, at least until her sex

came into contact with the buzzing silver ball. The vibrations were more powerful than the ones of the vibrator they'd used on her earlier, much more powerful.

The vibrators did strange things to her mind, twisting her body's heat onto odd pathways. They gave her orgasms but... the orgasms were not very fulfilling, strange as that seemed. She had become addicted to penetration, and needed to be penetrated to be fully satisfied. And not by cold, unmoving dildos, either.

After a few minutes she found herself lightly rubbing her sex against the silver ball, unable resist, her body fascinated with the sensations, at least, in brief doses. And as time passed those doses got longer as her insides began to squirm and flutter with spasming muscles and nerve endings.

Her breasts began to ache as her constant small movements ground them against the brick, her hard nipples aching, but she couldn't quite resist her body's urging, couldn't keep still.

She moaned helplessly, spreading her legs to lower herself, groaning as the ball pressed up against the mouth of her sex. She could feel how wet she was as she rubbed herself against the ball, panting now, starting to sweat, too, as the room heated up with the morning sun.

Her hips rolled slowly in and out, up and down, her nipples sparkling and tingling as they were rubbed against the brick. She spread her legs more, hissing as the lips of her sex stretched wider and wider, and then, slowly, as she gulped in air and shuddered, the ball sank into her body.

She heard the footsteps on the stairs and gasped, eyes widening, slowly trying to pull herself off the ball. But it didn't want to pull free. The lips of her sex strained wider and wider once more and slowly the ball pulled free.

It was him again! The stranger with the cold eyes!

And he had with him some kind of thin black rod or crop!

“What are you?”

“I-I'm a sex slave, Master!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Ah!” she cried as the crop cut across her buttocks.

“What are you?”

“I'm a sex slave, master!”

Crack!

She gasped at another blow, which left a line of fiery heat across her buttocks!

“What are you?”

“I'm a sex slave, Master!” she repeated.

Crack!

The crop snapped across her back, and she cried out again, hissing, shocked for some reason, but feeling a dark, swirling thrill of heat at the same time. This was outrageous! This was shocking! This was... absolutely... not something she wanted!

Crack!

“What are you, slut?”

“I'm a sex slave, Master!” she cried.

Crack!

The crop snapped down across her bottom again, and the dark pain ripped through her, sending her hips jerking forward so that her sex ground against the silver ball – a silver ball which was now glistening with her own juices.

Crack!

“What are you, whore?”

“I'm a sex slave, Master!” she cried.

Crack!

“Again.”

“I'm as ex slave, Master!”

Crack!

“Again, slut.”

“I'm a sex slave, Master!”

Crack!

“Keep saying it.”

Crack!

“I'm a sex slave, Master!” she gasped. “I'm a sex slave, Master! I'm a – ahg – sex slave, Master! I'm a s – ahg – sex slave, Master!” she cried as the brought the crop down across her bottom and back repeatedly.

It was starting to hurt!

But the wild, dark, desperate thrill-ride was still sending her mind into seething, masochistic places of dark eroticism, and even as she sobbed helplessly, chanting the words he demanded of her, her body burned hotter and hotter.

He dropped the crop, seizing her thick, soft hair, and jerking her head up and back as he pressed his body against her.

“What are you, whore!?” he growled.

“I'm a sex slave, Master!” she whimpered as he ground his jean covered crotch against her aching buttocks.

He fumbled at his belt, and his pants dropped, then he jerked her hips back further. She was, she realized, almost literally, dripping wet, as the head of his cock rubbed up and down against her. Then he thrust up into her from behind and her throat gurgled dazedly as an explosive rush of sensation enveloped her mind.

His cock buried itself inside her as he spread her legs wider, and that, in turn, lowered her body so that the front of her sex ground against the buzzing silver ball.

The orgasm exploded like a fireworks rocket in her nervous system, and she cried out in helpless, wanton pleasure, her body shaking and bucking as she sobbed in mindless heat! She jammed herself back against him desperately as he began to thrust into her, his hips slamming against her buttocks to throw her forward against the vibrator again and again.

His hand closed around her throat, choking off her breath as he bit at the nape of her neck.

“You belong to me, slut!” he snarled. “I own you! I fucking own you! Do you understand!?” His hips were pounding against her buttocks as Jamie's overloaded nervous system made every muscle in her body spasm again and again, and her skull threatened to explode as his hand tightened around her throat.

Then it loosened at last, and she gulped in air as he jerked back on her hips and continued thrusting, his motions becoming harsher, savage, as he used her without any sense of restraint, as if he were punishing her with his hard, throbbing spear.

It... ached, as he rammed it into her, but Jamie's mind was so awash with dark, scalding excitement she didn't care. She shuddered and sobbed, and cried out as he yanked at her hair or roughly groped her breasts, another orgasm sweeping over her, then a third, before he finally erupted inside her.

Chapter Eleven

Tony came for her, after a while, and after casually using her up against the wall, he pulled her away, clipping the wrist restraints together behind her, then gagging her. He threw a heavy black sheet over her, then, and as he adjusted it to fall around her a small rectangular mesh came down over her eyes so she could see, if imperfectly.

He led her down the stairs, floor after floor, then up a narrow corridor to a fire door which led to a narrow alley. He put her into the back of a black van, then closed the door, and talked with someone she didn't see in a voice too low for her to understand.

A man got in the front of the van and pulled out of the alley, then drove for about ten minutes before cursing and pulling over. She had no idea what was happening, at first, until a familiar voice ordered him out of the van.

He got out, and she heard more voices, then silence for about five minutes. Someone else got into the front of the van and it started forward, someone in a black baseball cap she could barely see for the seat. The van drove for several minutes, then stopped and the turned around.

She groaned in relief as Danny winked at her.

He climbed into the back, then slid open the side door of the van and helped her out.

He put her in the front seat of a black Volvo, then got in the driver's side and drove off.

“That worked out amazingly well,” he said.

Jamie jerked her head, trying to signal him, but he ignored it.

“I never planned it that way, you understand. I mean, I did mention having you go in there as a stripper, and I had mentioned to him I had a

girlfriend interested in becoming a stripper. Actually, I mentioned I was training you as a sex slave, because he's into that. He's into it worse than I am, in fact.

He shrugged.

“I had no idea just how into it he was, that he would insist, once Tony sent him the video, that I sell you.”

He grinned at her. “He paid a lot, by the way. You're a very valuable commodity.”

She glared uselessly through the mesh.

They arrived back at his place, and the garage door slid up so the van could drive into it. Once it was down he opened the van and led her into the house again, then pulled the sheet – which turned out to be one of those Muslim burkas, off her, leaving her standing in her skin, glaring at him.

“Why did I do it? Why did I let them?” he asked as he grinned at her. “Because I knew you would get off on it. Because I thought it would be completely safe – nobody was gonna guess you weren't legit – and because it would help my case.”

He tapped the collar she still wore, then unbuckled it and removed it. He played with the inside, and then nodded to himself and turned it around.

“See this stud? It's a camera,” he said.

He tapped the one next to it. “Locator bug.”

“We figured he had a secret room in that building somewhere, but boy, did we get lucky that you were staring straight at all those drugs. With that picture and the locator, we were able to get a search warrant and busted into it right after you were driven off.”

She shook her head, trying to talk.

“I'll take the gag off in a minute. I wanted to get my side in first.”

She glared at him.

“Nobody knows who you are, by the way. Nobody saw you except Tony, Joey and Max. And I got creative in how I described where the locator and hidden camera were. I said they were worn by a confidential informant. I didn't mention the confidential informant was a naked sex slave.”

Even the words, Jamie discovered, sent a small little gush of heat into her lower belly.

“As for our little party this morning, that isn't in the report, nor does it serve any purpose to put it there. It wouldn't help the bikers either.”

He checked his smart phone and grinned, then raised his eyes to her.

“These guys are either going to go away for long lifetimes, or, more likely, are going to turn on those above them in order to get into the witness protection program. This is a huge break, and will do a lot to stop illegal guns coming into the city.”

He took her arm and led her up the stairs, to where an apartment had been set up.

“I brought you some clothes from my place in the Bronx,” he said. “I figured you probably didn't want to wear that dress home.”

He led her over to the bed.

“But first...”

He threw her onto the bed, and with her hands locked behind her she certainly couldn't do much to resist. She went sprawling onto the bed, then gasped as he slapped her bottom and flipped her over onto her back. He spread her legs wide, yanking her hips up towards the side of the mattress, then dropped to his knees beside the bed.

Jamie struggled weakly, but there little she could do to resist, and, as indignant as she was, once his tongue got on her clitoris, there was little she *wanted* to do to resist! The soft, slick, warmth of a tongue was the opposite of

the cold vibrations of the machines which had driven her crazy earlier.

And it was exactly the kind of thing which drew her quickly into the deepest, most luxurious realms of exotic physical pleasure.

And he knew that, damn him!

She shuddered as his fingers slid into her, as his tongue and lips roused her, as her body arched and twisted and bucked through orgasm after orgasm.

It was, of course, his way of disarming her, and it worked, after a fashion, leaving her too breathless to complain even after he finally removed her gag.

For a minute or two anyway.

And by the time she got her breath back she was on her knees on the edge of the bed with her hips raised and legs spread as his big cock pushed slowly into her body from behind.

After that, all she could do was moan and cry out in pleasure.

She got home around noon, told her mother she'd been on a sudden all-night stakeout, which was what Danny had gotten someone on the NYPD to call and tell her parents, then crashed for six hours in her bed – after a long, hot shower.

She woke, sore all over, and ravenous enough to eat dinner, despite having just wakened. It felt... very strange, to be sitting at the dinner table with her mother and father and brothers as if nothing had happened. She even felt a little bad about it, like she was a phony of some kind.

But there was no way on earth she would ever have even given any of them a hint of how she'd spent her morning! There was kinky, and then there was absolutely outrageous! And the things she'd done that day passed well beyond even that!

It was even kind of weird to be treated, well, normal, as if she was just Jamie McCloud, who was off duty from her perfectly normal (sort of) job on the NYPD.

The memories of what she'd done since midnight, particularly that time in the 'cell' as a 'sex slave' were vivid in her mind, and every time one of them rose to the surface – which was often – she felt a flush come to her cheeks.

Talk about a secret life! This was one she needed to make sure no one ever found out about!

But she couldn't help having dark little thoughts of what if... what if Danny had sold her? What if she really were someone's sex slave? Hell, what if she were stripping in a club?! The thought of that made her insides squirm because she'd come close, so close...

And something inside her wanted to go all the way! Something inside her, some hungry, exhibitionist side of her wanted to see what it was like to dance on a real stage with hundreds of men watching and lusting after her, wanting her, playing out little pornographic fantasies in her mind.

It was something she thought she needed to know, now, some side of herself that caught at her imagination. When it would happen, or where, she didn't know. But she thought now, that it would.

God help her.

As for Danny, it was more than a little disturbing how similarly that Joey guy had acted to him. Oh, he was nastier, colder, and had little affection for her. But that dark obsessive desire to ... own her, seemed to be even more obvious in him.

It made her feel a little like a mouse being desired by big cats, and Jamie didn't like to think of herself as a mouse. On the other hand, what all the cats wanted to do was, well, eat her, and she found that a little hard to protest!

Tomorrow she would go back to work, and no one would have a clue about the kind of things she'd done when she was 'off sick' or the kinds of

dark fantasies which were growing more powerful in her mind. They all looked at her, and they all wanted her – well, except for Mueller, probably – but their imagination couldn't begin to produce her real life.

She wondered just how much darker that life would get in the future.

“Have some more gravy, Jamie,” her mother said. “It's from a recipe I found in Costa Rica.”

Jamie dutifully poured more gravy over her steak and smiled. What others didn't know couldn't hurt her.

THE END

The Jamie McCloud series

Out of Uniform

Learning the Ropes

Black and Blue

Law and Order

Bound and Determined

Dancing on the Edge

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand", then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought it'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them

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