

Disarmed

By JJ Argus



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

Chapter One

When you go through the NYPD police academy, they tell you to always be prepared for anything. Human nature is not up to that, however. Any job, however varied, becomes routine after a while. And no one can be completely alert and prepared for sudden violence for long periods of time.

Being a plainclothes cop made that even harder. Jamie didn't have to worry about suddenly being attacked by people who hated cops, and since she was with the precinct's anti-crime team, she didn't have to answer routine calls.

That meant whenever she had to actually intervene in a situation she had time to assess the situation and decide how to do so. Plus, of course, she generally rode with Sergeant Al Mueller, who at six foot seven, tended to be both the main target and main point of resistance to any violence.

Of course, the way surveillance worked, she and Mueller were not always side by side, as in this morning. They were at the Lexton building on Seventh Avenue in midtown Manhattan. There were storefronts across from it, and one of those was a cut-rate jewelry store which specialized in buying back gold jewelry from people who didn't want it.

The store advertised heavily, and paid in cash. Not only did that make it a great place for thieves to offload some of their recent thefts, but a number of customers had been mugged recently. She was sitting on the edge of a fountain ostensibly surfing the internet on her smart phone. Mueller was on the other side of the road window-shopping at a sportswear store.

Her head was bowed enough that the thick red bangs across her forehead had fallen downward to shade her green eyes. But though it appeared she was intent on her phone they only flicked down occasionally. It wouldn't do to have something happen and miss it.

When she got an email from her boyfriend Danny she felt the usual little

rush of emotion, part lust, part affection, and part wariness. He seemed to be forever trying to batter away at her inhibitions, and had no qualms about doing so over a distance.

No one was sitting close to her, though, so she called up the email. It said *A goddess any man could worship*. And there was an attachment. She made a face, but wasn't entirely displeased since she thought she had a fair idea of what the attached picture would show.

Her. He had told her often enough that she had the body of a goddess. And even if that was bullshit flattery she didn't exactly mind hearing it. She flicked her eyes up and across at the storefront across the street, then back down.

She opened the attached picture, and, as she'd suspected, it was of her. It was, at least, not particularly graphic or obscene this time. It was simply a candid picture of her taken in his kitchen. She wasn't wearing anything but a thong, and the picture showed her from behind and to the right, reaching up for something in the cupboard.

That, of course, meant most of her right breast was visible from the side, and given her position, and her naturally athletic, tightly toned body, her breast looked almost unnaturally firm. Her nipple was just visible, barely, but the gold ring dangling from it was fairly obvious.

Since she was standing on the balls of her feet reaching up, and leaning forward a little, her ass was in the perfect position for a flattering picture, too. Her dark red hair was hanging loose and thick down her back, since her head was turned upward, and looked very lush and silken.

Really, for a picture she hadn't posed for, it was a pretty good one, she had to admit, and was about to congratulate him on his expert, if furtive camera skills, when someone snatched the phone out of her hand and gave her a push which sent her falling back into the fountain.

She was startled, to say the least, to find herself underwater, but the realization of what had happened took very little time, and she exploded up and out of the water in time to see a lanky black kid running north on Seventh

Avenue.

The people around her were still gaping at what had happened, some of them still holding hot dogs before open mouths, when she jumped out of the pond and took off after him. Anger lent her speed, but so too did anxiety.

Danny would have to send her those damn pictures of herself! She kept deleting them but he kept sending them!

She'd been a track star in high school and college. She knew how to breathe properly and how to put herself into the right stride for distance or sprinting. She was very fast, and in excellent physical condition. But there were a lot of people around this morning, getting in her way.

“AC4B in foot pursuit northbound on Seventh Avenue at 50th!” she called into the radio. “Suspect black male late teens early twenties, six feet tall wearing jeans and green t-shirt!”

Making the call robbed her of breath, and she had to try and get her breath control back as she ran down the sidewalk, dodging in and out and around people who stared at her in startled surprise. She was soaking wet and angry, and people who saw her moved aside quickly.

Especially when they saw the gun on her hip. She was wearing jeans, a tank top and a loose gray shirt which hung down over her hips to hide her gun, cuffs, and other tools of the trade. It was held together by only one button in the front so she could quickly get at them at need, but now as she ran the wind had blown the shirt back.

The black kid turned and saw her, then picked up speed, and Jamie thought of all the things she was going to do to him when she caught him. After, of course, getting her phone back.

He turned onto 52nd street, and she lost sight of him briefly, but then caught him crossing the street and turning up Sixth. She followed, gaining on him. He turned and saw her, and changed course, sprinting out into the traffic, causing cars to veer violently aside and brake heavily.

Jamie grimly followed, cursing under her breath as he reached the other side and turned down 53rd. She cut the corner and came closer, and he stopped suddenly, turning and swinging at her as she ran up. She jumped, letting both feet fly out in front of her and hit him mid-chest, sending him flying backwards and to the side, into a patio table and chairs set out by a restaurant.

The table, umbrella and chairs were scattered in multiple directions as he cried out and fell to the ground and Jamie landed half atop him, her knee in his groin. He cried out, his eyes bugging out as she slapped his hands away from her and then quickly drew back.

“On your face, you motherfucker!” she snarled.

There were sirens closing in from more than one direction, which lent her a certain urgency.

“Where's the phone?”

“I-I don't know nothing about no phone! You're crazy, lady!”

She grabbed him by the balls and he squealed again.

“On your face!”

He swiped his hand at her and she got him in a wrist block, then twisted it roughly in and around so that he cried out again, forced to roll over as she moved back a little.

She pulled his arm up sharply behind his back, grabbed his collar, and leaned in close.

“Give me my phone or I'll fucking castrate you!” she snarled in a voice too low for the people who were standing around gaping to hear.

Sirens were getting closer now, and she caught at his earlobe and pinched nastily.

“Ow! Fuck! Get off me, bitch!”

“My phone, asshole!”

“I don't got it! I gave it to my friend!”

A siren peaked then as a blue and white pulled up beside them. Jamie cursed at the interruption as the two cops jumped out and hurried over.

“Man, this bitch is crazy! She attacked me for no reason!” the guy shouted to them.

“Yeah, that happens all the time,” one of the cops said.

They knelt and cuffed him while Jamie ran a quick hand over his body. She pulled out a phone, but it was his, not hers.

“Where's the phone, shit-head?” she demanded. “Who did you pass it to?”

“I don't know what she's talking about,” he said to the uniforms.

Jamie glowered as they pulled him to his feet.

“I already advised him of his rights. He volunteered he passed the phone to his friend,” she said.

The black guy gaped at her, then saw the gun and badge. “I ... bullshit! I ain't said nothing!”

“Tell it to the judge,” one of the cops said.

The other was grinning at Jamie, who glared at him and combed her hair out of her face as the other one chuckled in amusement.

“What are you smirking at, Donovan?” she demanded.

“Nothing, McCloud, nothing!” he said with a grin. “Cept your rings are showing.”

He and the other cop snickered as they led the black guy over to their

patrol car and Jamie looked down, glowering. Wet, her clothes were plastered to her body, and the tiny round indentations her nipple rings produced were noticeable.

Another blue and white pulled up, lights flashing, and another couple of uniforms got out. They grinned at Jamie too, and she glowered back at them as Mueller pulled up in his unmarked Tahoe.

She defiantly refused to give in to impulse and cross her arms over her chest and went around them to the Tahoe as he started to get out.

“We need to go check the CCTV for that area to find the guy he passed the phone to,” she said.

He eyed her doubtfully.

“You mind telling me what happened? I was looking at a golf bag and next thing I hear your voice on the radio saying you were chasing someone a block away.”

“He pushed me in a fountain and stole my phone,” she said, glowering.

Mueller pursed his lips, which she knew meant he was trying not to smirk.

“Well, at least you got him.”

“He doesn't have it. He said he passed it to his friend. I need to know who the friend is.”

“Maybe the detectives will get it from him.”

“It's MY phone!”

“You're all wet, McCloud,” he said. “We'll go back to the precinct and you can change, and we can ask the detectives to see what they can get out of him. I don't know how much priority they're gonna put on a cell phone snatch, though.”

Jamie felt a surge of frustration. She knew exactly what he meant, but she was worried about that damned picture. She was going to kick Danny's ass when she saw him!

She muttered a curse and got into the car, arms folded across her chest again.

“It's just a phone. You can buy another one.”

There was no way she was going to tell Mueller, who was literally old enough to be her father, about the picture, or her concerns with it getting out. It was bad enough there were pictures of her in a bikini out there, making the rounds among some of the uniforms, courtesy of an undercover job she'd done months ago as a fashion model.

In fact, it would be better if the detectives stayed out of it, she thought. If they actually got the phone they'd be likely to go through it, especially if they knew it was hers. At least the punk who had it would probably just admire her goddess-like body and then delete everything so he could sell the phone.

And if it got on the internet? Well, there was probably ten billion pictures of half-naked girls on the internet. The odds of anyone she knew coming across hers was extremely low.

At least it had been a good picture, she thought morosely, as Mueller pulled away from the curb. And at least it hadn't been one of the 'live action' ones he insisted on taking. Having that get out would be far worse.

Not that she was particularly shy. At least, not anymore, not even about her body, given some of the things Danny had involved her in of late. But that didn't mean she wanted people she worked with every day learning about her torrid (and extremely kinky) sex life.

The precinct was only a few blocks away, on W54th Street but she had to endure Mueller's bitching about how people wasted their time on their phones, and that phones were a waste of time and money, and associated 'old people' ranting while she glared out the window.

Mueller was old for Anti-crime, which was generally filled with young hotshots identified by the force as being particularly capable, clever and with excellent initiative. Jamie was 22, and while she was the youngest member of the precinct's anti-crime team everyone else but Mueller was in their twenties as well.

But he had found his niche. He said anti-crime was THE perfect job. It avoided the discomfort of being in uniform, which could involve everything from directing traffic, to crowd control, to breaking up fights between couples, to ticketing cars in a driving rain on the Long Island Expressway.

It also avoided the pressure of solving the crimes assigned to you, a statistical judgment on your performance that was gone over week by week and month by month by your superiors all the way up to the Chief of Detectives' office. No witnesses? No evidence? Tough. You still get a big fat fail.

Anti-crime didn't wear uniforms or drive marked patrol vehicles. They staked out high crime areas, followed notorious repeat offenders waiting for them to offend again, and patrolled areas where the city wanted a heavy police presence but didn't want it noticed – like Times Square.

As supervisor of the squad Mueller got to decide where he went every day and what he was assigned. He could literally go home and have a nap if he wanted to. At least until Jamie had been assigned to him.

Nobody had predicted they would get along. Mueller didn't get along with many people, after all. But so far they'd done surprisingly well. That was partly because Jamie didn't have any of the characteristics Mueller hated about young female cops.

She wasn't chatty, and didn't get emotional. At six feet tall, with a black belt in Aikido, she was physically capable. She'd already demonstrated she could run down just about anyone, which he liked since he wasn't much of a runner, to put it mildly, and she was a pretty good shot and didn't panic under fire.

If it bothered him she was young enough to be his daughter, and that

half the men in the precinct had adolescent sexual fantasies about her he hadn't given any sign of it. Nor had he ever given any sign he even noticed she was attractive.

For her part, she appreciated that Mueller was very good at his job, and had almost been on the force as long as she'd been alive. She didn't question his authority or his ability, and since she hadn't even been on the job a year she knew she had a lot to learn.

It would have been nice if he'd had a sense of humor, though.

They arrived back at the precinct and she went inside. She walked briskly, but refused to show any sign she gave a damn that her hair was plastered against her head, much less that the nipple rings could be seen through her tight tank top and light shirt. Letting anyone see she was uncomfortable was something she had long practiced avoiding.

She'd been teased as long as she could remember, usually about her hair, which was naturally red, if not the current shade. It was a rust color, and one she had defiantly refused to change, addressing any criticism with a flat stare or her fist – until the school started to talk about psychiatrists to address her temper.

Jamie hadn't actually had that much of a temper. But she had taken advantage of the cliché of angry redheads to get away with a lot of things in her life. And anyone who criticized her hair quickly learned that she didn't take such criticism kindly.

Then she'd had to dye her hair blonde for that undercover assignment as a fashion model. She'd resisted doing so for years, despite everyone's advice, mostly out of pigheaded defiance. As a blonde, all that changed was that she was teased less and hit on more.

She'd dyed it red again as soon as possible, but hadn't been able to find her particular shade available. Apparently ginger red – or rust color, as her brothers called it – wasn't flattering enough for most people to want to buy it. So now her hair was a considerably darker, sleeker coppery red

She wasn't about to admit she actually liked it better, but she did. Unfortunately, like the blonde, it also got her more unwanted male attention. The difference several months of Danny Lucas had made to her personality, though, was she didn't mind that nearly as much, or sometimes not at all.

The NYPD was a lot less of a boys club than it had been even ten or twenty years earlier. There were a lot more females on the job now, and the rules about sexual harassment were a lot more strictly enforced. It was still, however, a semi-military organization with a culture which was still very much what it had been before she was born.

And for the young, macho idiots who made up most of the male portion of the force, that meant any attractive woman her age got a lot of extra attention whenever they were in range. One that was dripping wet, and not incidentally, with her clothes plastered to her body, got even more.

Jamie moved through them with her face bland, aware of but aloof to the eyes skimming over her. There were, of course, smirks at the fact she'd obviously gotten soaked somehow. Every cop would have gotten that, and she gave small half shrugs to those who laughed about it.

She was annoyed at Danny again, though, over the damn nipple rings. Those had been his idea, of course. And he hadn't asked her permission. He'd sprung the piercing on her when she was literally tied up. She reluctantly admitted that she had come to really like it, that they not only made her nipples feel more sensitive but made her feel sexier.

But that didn't stop her from regretting it at times like this.

She got to her locker and opened it, then stripped. It was mid-shift so the room was thankfully empty. It wasn't just the men who had sexual fantasies about her. A lot of the lesbians here did too, and did less to hide the fact.

They knew she had a boyfriend, of course, but they seemed to take it as a given that a girl who was as tomboyish as she was, and had a slightly husky voice must have an interest in the other side of the fence too. She didn't, not really, and never had.

Not... really.

Danny had been pestering her to do a ménage, though, and he had even gotten a girl involved in a kinky little game he'd played in Central Park. And the way he talked made it clear to her that that was something that would really turn him on. As in really, really. So the thought of doing it with a girl – and Danny, of course, was intriguing.

If only to see the heat in his eyes as he watched.

But just doing a girl, herself? No, she had no interest in that.

The long run in the heat, even though she'd been soaked, had added sweat to the mix, so she decided to take a quick shower while she was already naked. She took her shower pack and towel, went into the shower room around the corner, turned on the water, adjusted it and stepped underneath.

It was not a private shower. This was one of those old-fashioned open showers that were disappearing from most institutions other than the military ones. It was a square room with showerheads running along the walls, and she soaped up briskly and then rinsed off.

It wasn't quick enough to escape before someone showed up, though. She was just rinsing off her hair when she noticed movement out of the corner of her eye, turned her head, and saw Maxine leaning against the doorway, grinning.

She frowned but refused to alter her position in any way. She continued to slide her fingers through her hair as the water poured down, then turned the water off and reached up and back to ring out her hair.

“CT,” Maxine said with a leer.

Jamie raised an eyebrow but didn't otherwise respond. The last thing she would ever do if someone made them embarrassed or uncomfortable, was let anyone know it. Besides, given some of the shit Danny had pulled lately, having people seeing her body didn't bother her nearly as much as it had used

to.

She reached for the towel and quickly rubbed her hair before wrapping it around her body.

“You and me would make fire, baby,” Maxine said.

Maxine was almost as tall as Jamie, but more slender and small breasted. She had very short hair along with dark brown skin.

“Fires burn you,” Jamie said.

“No, baby. Candle wax can, if you're not careful,” Maxine said with a smirk. “But ice relieves the pain quickly.”

Jamie knew both of those things from personal experience but it bothered her how Maxine and all the other lesbians who had approached her seemed to assume she would be the submissive in their little romps. Was it just that she was heterosexual or did they see something about her she did not want to be seen?

She certainly didn't act submissive or meek among them, or anyone else for that matter.

“Hear you got your phone stole and then took a swim.”

“Still got the bastard,” Jamie said as she walked past her.

“Hope there weren't any pictures on that phone which would be embarrassing,” Maxine said.

Jamie stiffened only slightly. It was just a guess. Lots of girls her age would be worried about that sort of thing.

She toweled off casually and then dropped the towel as she reached into her locker room for a pair of panties.

“What could possibly be embarrassing to me?” she asked with raised eyebrow.

Maxine laughed and shook her head, eyes flicking up and down.

“You got a point there, baby. You sure ain't got nothing to be embarrassed about I can see.”

Jamie drew on her thong, then reached for a bra.

“In fact, if I didn't know better I'd think those weren't real,” she said.

Jamie snorted and pulled her bra on, then adjusted it and pulled the straps on.

“They're real, and they're spectacular,” she said deadpan.

Maxine laughed appreciatively.

“Always liked that show,” she said. “Who was the actress that said that?”

Jamie shrugged and pulled on a spare pair of jeans. “Some brunette.”

She went across the room, taking her blow dryer and brush and dried her hair. This was a job she had to be careful with. Her hair fell about six inches past her shoulders, and thankfully wasn't as thin as a lot of red hair, but if she wanted it to look right and not like a tangled mess she had to be careful.

It wasn't that she was vain, she told herself defensively. Not really. But she liked looking good.

“Got to say my hair is a lot easier to look after,” Maxine said. “And it don't get in my way or get caught in anything.”

Jamie shrugged and kept brushing.

“And no one can grab it in a fight.”

Jamie grinned. “No one gets close enough to grab my hair in a fight. And there are other times it's kind of nice having my hair pulled.”

She turned and gave her a significant look before turning back to the mirror.

“Yeah, well, if that's your thing,” Maxine said. “I like to fuck face to face.”

“Variety is the spice of life, Maxine,” Jamie said. “The Karma Sutra has 400 different positions, you know.”

“Yeah, like I'm gonna let Indians tell me how to have sex,” Maxine sniffed.

“Well, they must be good at it. There's a hell of a lot of them,” Jamie replied.

Maxine shrugged and shook her head, turning and heading for the door.

“Well if you want some spice and variety in your sex life, baby, you just call Maxine. I'll show you a few positions your boyfriend has never heard of.”

Jamie doubted that but didn't say so. She finished drying and brushing her hair in what she regarded as record time, then pulled on another tank top. Looking down, she made a face, since her nipple rings were still noticeable, if barely.

She pulled on a purple, short sleeved shirt and buttoned it once between her breasts, and checked herself again, more satisfied. Her belt, with her holster, cuffs, pepper spray, ammo, and notebook, were on a hook in the locker. And they were all still wet.

She sighed, took the leather off a piece at a time, dried it under the hot air hand dryer in the bathroom, then put them on. Then she went down the hall to a workroom and took her gun apart, doing a quick cleaning, oiling and drying.

“You gonna spend the rest of the day here?” Mueller growled as he came through the door.

“You want me to not clean my gun?” she asked.

He grumbled but didn't answer. Sometimes guys his age just felt the need to grumble, Jamie thought, especially around younger people.

“Sergeant Quinn said they'll press your boy on who he gave the phone to,” he said.

Jamie bit her lip and nodded. There was no way to tell him she'd rather they not find the phone.

“In the meantime, you might as well take your time. It's close enough to lunch, we might as well eat before going back out.”

Chapter Two

Jamie brooded as they drove around. She wanted her phone, for one thing, since she was used to checking it often and exchanging texts and emails with people. For another, of course, she was wondering if some punk was slaving over her picture, and maybe deciding to put it on the internet.

“So how long do people usually stay in Anti-crime?” she asked as they drove down Tenth.

Mueller shrugged. “Depends on the person. Some people, in uniform or out, like a particular territory and try to stay there as long as they can. We've got uniformed cops who have been in the same precinct for twenty years.”

“But there aren't a lot of old guys in Anti-crime.”

He rolled his eyes at her.

“Not that you're old,” she said. “And you're the supervisor.”

“A lot of guys want more action. Anti-crime deals with a lot of stuff, but it doesn't often deal with homicides or sexy stuff like organized crime. Narcotics gets a lot of heavy stuff, and the real jocks like Emergency Services or the Gang division attract lots of high-energy types. Detectives still have the prestige, though, and you can earn big time overtime there or in Narcotics.”

“I could be a detective,” she said thoughtfully.

He made a face. “Lot of paperwork, lot of court time, lot of waiting around for court time and dealing with lawyers, a lot of driving around to interview people who mostly don't know anything useful. A lot of pressure from above to solve crimes. A lot of hassle.”

“Yeah but I look really cool in a suit.”

He turned and gave her a jaundiced look before shaking his head and looking ahead.

Jamie smiled to herself as he frowned at her.

Mueller didn't have much of a sense of humor.

They turned onto 49th. Traffic was one way here, and though the street was three lanes wide, both sides were used for parking, leaving one lane. A black Charger raced up on their right, where the curb was empty, then cut in front of the Toyota in front of them as it came to a parked delivery truck. The Toyota driver leaned on his horn and thrust his arm out the window, finger pumping vigorously.

Both of them ignored it as they would pigeons walking along the sidewalk or the smell of garbage. It was too routine to care about. But the lights changed ahead, bringing everyone to a halt, and the driver of the Charger, a husky looking young guy in a leather jacket, got out of his car and walked back to the Toyota behind his.

Mueller sighed.

He stopped at the Toyota's open window, and said something Jamie didn't catch, then gave the guy inside a punch in the head before turning and walking back to his car.

“Isn't that against some kind of law?” she asked dryly.

Mueller grunted as he put the car in park, got out, and walked up past the Toyota, where the driver was starting to get out of his car.

“Hey, asshole,” he called to the Charger driver.

The guy in the leather jacket turned around and glared back at him as Mueller beckoned him back and showed him his badge.

Jamie got out at the same time and walked up along the other side of the Toyota, glancing inside as she passed. The driver was a plump, forty-

something black man with no hair and anger on his face.

She cut in front of the Toyota as the guy in the leather jacket came back, her hand sweeping back to her hip and grabbing her gun as his hand went under his jacket. She had her gun out of the holster and the nose of the Glock raised by the time she saw he had pulled out a badge.

That startled him and wiped the scowl off his face.

“Hey, I'm a cop!” he exclaimed.

Mueller walked forward and looked at the badge.

“Then you should know better than to stick your hand under your jacket like that,” he snapped, waving at Jamie.

She holstered the gun, glaring at the idiot and trying to tamp down the sudden rush of adrenaline.

“I want him arrested!” the Black guy demanded.

Mueller looked up the street, then back at the guy in the jacket.

“Pull your car over to the right behind that garbage bin up ahead,” he ordered.

He turned to the Corolla driver. “You too, in behind him.”

He walked back to the Tahoe while Jamie just walked ahead into the empty lane and onto the sidewalk, and was waiting for the guy in the Dodge when he pulled in and got out.

“What's your name and what precinct are you from?” she asked.

“Billings, from the 34th,” he said.

She wrote it down in her notebook as he glared at her.

“You're writing that down!?” he exclaimed.

She raised her eyes. "That's what I do so I don't forget shit," she replied.

His face shifted expressions. "Look, I was angry. I lost my temper," he said. "I shouldn't have hit the guy. But it was just like, a little slap, that's all, nothing serious."

"Looked like more of a punch than a slap to me," she said.

The Toyota driver got out of his car, but didn't try to come forward, instead turning to Mueller as he pulled in behind him and got out of his car.

"We can make this thing go away," Billings said.

"Can we? You got a time machine?"

He glared at her, then walked back to where Mueller was interviewing the victim. Jamie followed to see Mueller looking closely at the guy's upper lip, which was bleeding.

"Hey, I didn't mean to hit you," Billings told the guy.

The man looked at him in disbelief. "What, you punched me in the face by accident?"

"It wasn't a punch," Billings said. "It was like, just a little jab. You were the one screaming and yelling at me."

"You were the asshole who came back and called me a fat bald fuck!" the man snapped.

Billings glared at him angrily.

"Maybe you should watch who you give the finger to if you don't want them coming back to discuss it!" he snapped.

"Maybe you should learn to drive!"

"Billings, go stand over there," Mueller said, pointing at the other side of the Charger.

He glanced at Jamie, who grabbed Billings' arm lightly.

“Come on,” she said.

He shook his arm off angrily. “Let go of my fuckin' arm,” he snapped.

“You want me to put you face down on the pavement?” she demanded.

He glared at her, looked at Mueller, who folded his arms across his chest and gave him a sour look, then turned and went back where he was told. Jamie followed while Mueller talked to the Black guy.

“You guys in Midtown must be pretty bored since you got nothing else to worry about but a few pickpockets and shoplifters,” he sneered.

“You got a shitty attitude, Billings,” she said. “Maybe that plays in Harlem but it don't go over down here.”

“Yeah? Well, in Harlem cops look after each other!”

“Uh huh. You think we should just let you go? And then this guy goes to the papers with it and we wind up taking the fall? I don't think so.”

“You let me talk to that fat fuck. You can bet he won't be interested in pressing charges when I'm done with him, and he'll apologize for his snotty attitude, too!”

“You must be real popular in Harlem,” she said dryly.

“In Harlem, people know how to show respect for cops!” he snapped.

“Maybe they drive better than you.”

“What the fuck does that mean?”

“Means if you'd cut in front of me I'd have given you the finger, too.”

“Yeah, you want me to give you a finger, baby? Guess where I'll put it?” he snapped, leaning in against her.

“Get your zits away from me, steroid boy,” she said, pushing him back.

“Fuck you, bitch!” he said.

His hand came up and slapped the notebook out of her hand, and Jamie grabbed his wrist and twisted sharply, spinning him around as he cursed in pain. Her other hand came up behind his neck and shoved him down hard across the hood of his car as Mueller appeared behind her.

“You fuckin' cunt!” Billings snarled.

Mueller cursed, then jerked his other arm in behind him as Jamie brought her cuffs out, and they quickly cuffed his wrists behind him.

“What the fuck! What the fuck are you doing?” he demanded.

Mueller reached under his leather jacket and pulled his gun out of the holster, handing it to Jamie.

“Get your fucking hands off me, asshole!”

“That's sergeant to you, Billings. And I'd advise you keep your big stupid mouth shut,” Mueller said.

“No impulse control on this guy,” Jamie said.

The Black guy was observing all this with satisfaction, and walked forward to stand on the other side of the Charger, smirking across the hood.

“Don't look so tough now, do you?” he said.

Billings jerked upright, trying to pull himself free of her grasp and Mueller yanked him back and slammed him down against the hood of his car again.

“Mister Frank, would you please go back to your car and wait for me?” he asked.

Pulling a handcuffed Billings into the booking area at the precinct was a noisy affair. He didn't outright resist but was constantly yelling around at those around him.

"I never thought I'd see the day cops would arrest a brother officer for a traffic offense!" he yelled.

Mueller pushed him forward.

"Real cops don't rat each other out!"

"Who says you're real?" Jamie asked.

"Fuck you, bitch!" he snarled.

"On steroids much?" she asked.

Mueller grabbed his collar as he turned to yell at her again and shoved him forward.

"Keep moving, hero."

"Yeah, I'm sure you'll be real welcome the next time you guys come to Harlem!" Billings shouted.

"Darn, and I sure do love going up there and sightseeing," Jamie replied.

"You ain't helping," Mueller snapped.

She rolled her eyes but subsided.

"I'm sure you'll both get a gold star from Internal Affairs!" Billings exclaimed. "Maybe that's your next transfer, huh?"

Mueller shoved him against the booking desk, where a white uniformed sergeant looked on unimpressed.

"Name?"

“You can get it from my badge!” Billings said, glaring at her.

“Intentional assault in the third degree,” Mueller told the booking sergeant.

“Intentional?” Billings demanded. “You don't even give me 120.1?! What kind of a cop are you?”

Third degree assault in New York came in two parts, intentional and unintentional, with the former being more severe. Despite the wording both forms were 'intentional' but the first was one that caused damage and pain, and the second didn't.

There were a lot of cops looking on by now, and Mueller grabbed Billings by the scruff of the neck and jerked him in close.

“I had this worked out you, moron! I had the complainant most of the way towards dropping it! Then you had to act like a brainless asshole!”

He shook him, though Billings was not a small man, then roughly turned him and shoved him against the booking counter again. “Now shut your mouth except to answer the sergeant's questions!”

They processed Billings, which in his case not only involved the usual forms but going to the Lieutenant so he could contact Internal Affairs. Jamie was new enough to not think that was a big deal, at least, emotionally. She was from a cop family, but most of them were white-caps – starting with her grandfather who was an assistant deputy commissioner.

She had some of the ordinary cop's disdain for Internal Affairs, but not a lot of it. When they were worrying themselves over petty things she agreed with the general attitude that they were 'the rat squad', which didn't mean they caught rats, but *were* rats.

But when it came to cops outright willingly breaking the law, and doing so in a stupid fashion, she was a lot less resentful. A uniformed cop who they went after for being disrespectful to a witness, for example, or taking a free meal from a restaurant had her sympathies. The cop who beat up his

girlfriend in Brooklyn last month and put her in the hospital, on the other hand, deserved whatever he got.

Then there was the cop at a heart attack call, who followed the paramedics in the house, and then as he followed them out, while they attended to the sick man and pushed the stretcher, helped himself to an iPod sitting on the table by the door, sliding it into his pocket as he left.

Not realizing there was a camera on the ceiling of the porch which caught him doing it.

Jamie didn't have much sympathy for stupid, and as far as she was concerned Billings was either genuine grade-A stupid, or, more likely, a guy who was using steroids to bulk himself up. From his edginess, his temper, and his skin, she thought it was the latter.

She and Mueller returned to their desks after talking to the Lieutenant to finish the paperwork, and she caught Taylor glowering at her. Taylor was the newest addition to Midtown North's Anti-crime squad. He was a couple of inches shorter than her, slender, with slicked back blonde hair. Thus far he had failed to endear himself to anyone there, most especially to her or Mueller.

Since Mueller decided on assignments Taylor had been spending a lot of time in the office going over records and cleaning up their filing system. He was not, to put it mildly, happy about that, and felt he ought to be out on the streets fighting crime the way they did in the Bronx, where he'd come from.

So far his one assignment with Jamie, hadn't turned out very well. He'd given them away to a suspect, who Jamie had to then chase through the streets and down to the subway before capturing. Then he'd tried to pretend it was her fault despite being in the lobby of an expensive condominium building with closed circuit cameras and wired for sound.

Neither Mueller, nor the detectives they'd been canvassing for witnesses for had been impressed, and the detectives squad had made several requests for assistance from Anti-crime since, for things like searching garbage bins and interviewing street people, where Mueller had assigned Taylor.

Who, of course, blamed Jamie for his problems. Not only had she made it clear she had no interest in sleeping with him but she'd run off after the suspect after he'd been pushed into a delivery man and fallen down, and had gotten to make the bust he'd wanted on his record.

Jamie took off her shirt as she looked over the paperwork, then yawned, which made her stretch and arch her back. She knew very well Taylor's eyes would be caught by that, but feigned ignorance. She knew she was being bitchy, showing him what he wanted but was never going to have, but it satisfied something in her.

He hung around as she tapped away at the keyboard, and she deliberately ignored him, then when he carried an armload of files out the door she looked up with a brief smile.

“Nice tank top,” she heard from behind her.

She turned and raised her eyebrows at Nora Richards, who sat behind her.

“Hmm?” she asked.

Her tank top was ... form fitting, she would admit, but there was nothing outrageous or unprofessional about it. Normally she wore a short-sleeved shirt over it to hide her gun and other gear, but that wasn't necessary inside the precinct.

Richards leaned forward.

“I know you enjoy taunting him, but did you know he was Foster's nephew?”

“No, I didn't. I wondered how he'd gotten assigned here.”

“I think Foster was hoping you and Mueller would be like cats and dogs and he'd do something which would get him charged with harassment. Since that didn't work now he's trying say that Mueller should go back to being a lone patrol supervisor like before, which leaves a place for Taylor.

“Yeah, with me. Only I could already file charges against Taylor if I wanted to. And if I had to ride around with him for long I'd do it. He's a clueless idiot, not to mention a leech.”

Richards smirked. “You just think every guy is hot for you.”

“Every guy *is* hot for me,” Jamie replied smugly.

“CT.”

“So?”

Richards snorted in amusement and shook her head. “You realize you're living up to every cliché about redheads, right?”

“What cliché's? The only one I know is that we're supposed to have a nasty temper.”

“That they're quirky, oversexed and have no souls.”

“I'm pretty sure I have a soul,” Jamie said, frowning.

Richards snorted in amusement.

“McCloud. Come and sign these,” Mueller said.

She got up and walked around her desk and around his, then looked at the forms on his desk.

She started to bend over when she saw Taylor returning, so bent over even more as she slowly and carefully signed her name.

“Woah!” she heard from behind her.

She turned her head, and saw two uniformed cops had stopped dead in the corridor outside the doorway. Both quickly turned their heads away and walked on as she turned to look at them. Taylor, meanwhile, was walking past to his desk.

She pursed her lips and looked back around to see Richards snickering

at her. She frowned, then finished signing the forms and straightened up, slightly embarrassed.

Well, so she had a nice ass, she thought. So what? Guys had been staring at it and looking at it and grabbing at it since she hit adolescence. Why should it bother her?

It had used to, of course. But then, she'd been so determined to be treated as an individual, and as a professional, that she was a big stickler for dressing and acting as asexual as possible. She'd never even worn a skirt during her teen years except for weddings and funerals, and avoided high heels like the plague.

A few months with Danny had changed her view on herself, and how others perceived her. Sexual attention didn't bother her so much anymore. Not even at work. She was confident she'd done enough to cement her reputation as a professional, as a cop, not some flighty, delicate female, that no amount of guys admiring her ass was going to change it.

And having already put one cop into a manure heap and another into the hood of his own patrol car when they got out of line, both of which had gotten out, she was pretty sure guys knew to keep their hands and dirty thoughts to themselves.

Except, of course, the idiots.

And she had no sympathy for stupid.

Chapter Three

Jamie lived in Brooklyn with her family. Her parents had inherited a brownstone from her mom's father. It had once been separate apartments he'd rented out, but by now all by the basement apartment had been combined back into the original house, and she lived there with her parents and brother Colin. Her other brother, Dale, lived in the basement apartment.

Giving them free rent was her mother's way of delaying them going out on their own as long as possible. Given the rents in New York it had been quite successful. The problem was that her boyfriend Danny lived in the Bronx.

With how hot and heavy things had been getting between them it wasn't practical for her to go home and have him pick her up and take her out. Oh, when they had a 'date' that was fine, though it meant more work for him (which didn't bother her). But when all they were basically going to do was go to his place and have wild gorilla sex all night the travel time cut into their fun.

So she'd taken to spending fewer days at home and more in Manhattan at her girlfriend's house – or so she told her parents. She wasn't sure whether they believed her or not, but at twenty-two there wasn't a hell of a lot they could say anyway but voice their disapproval. And given they were liberals that wasn't likely.

Danny was a federal agent who did a lot of 'role playing' at work, and not just in their sex life. He did undercover stings for people trying to sell illegal weapons, and the agency seemed to have an inexhaustible number of apartments, houses, and business they could use to give credence to whatever background he or his colleagues claimed.

That meant they often wound up at a Manhattan condo, or warehouse or some other place where he'd obtained the keys somehow. He'd find somewhere conveniently located and useful for his fun and games. And when

he couldn't, then they'd go to a hotel.

She was reconciled to the fact Danny was a pervert. As far as she knew, and she had two brothers who were very popular and had a lot of male friends hanging around the house all her life, all guys were perverts. Danny simply had a better imagination, and wasn't at all shy about roping in (sometimes literally) her to indulge his kinky fantasies.

In addition to the number of places the agency had available to it the ATF also seemed to have any number of vehicles, most of them seized during one operation or another, which their agents could drive around to convince people they were who they claimed to be.

Danny sometimes showed up in BMWs, and sometimes in Porsches or Mercedes. Today, he was driving a black Mustang, which was a comedown from what he usually drove when he was undercover.

She'd accidentally arrested him once, when he'd been undercover, including handcuffing him. He'd been handcuffing her ever since.

“Slumming it this week?” she asked, arching her eyebrows.

He was, she was forced to grudgingly admit, an extremely good-looking guy. He had short brown hair and broad shoulders, an athlete, but more in the mold of a quarterback than a linebacker, with strength but also agility and quickness.

He was also almost ten years older than her. Dating him had required considerable changes in her life. For one thing, he was kinky. She wasn't sure if that was the norm for men who were thirty or if it was just that she'd dated boring guys before. But her sex life had taken a massive boost since she'd met him.

“What? No kiss?”

“No kiss. I'm pissed at you.”

“Uh oh,” he said, not appearing unduly concerned as he pulled out from

the curb. "What'd I do this time?"

"You sent me that fucking picture!" she exclaimed.

"It was a nice picture."

"Yeah, and while I was looking at it some kid stole my phone!"

He turned and looked at her. "Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously!"

"You didn't kill him?"

"By the time I caught up with him he didn't have it. He'd passed it on to someone else."

"So beat the information out of him. You're with the NYPD, babe."

"Ha, fucking ha! There were people all around, and then the uniforms took him in."

He shook his head and grinned.

"It's not fucking funny! I had a lot of stuff on that phone!"

"The other pictures I sent?"

"No, thank God! But I had lots of other pictures from other people – all of them fully clothed, and lots of notes and phone numbers and texts!"

"You can't make this guy tell you who has the phone?"

"I'm a patrol officer. The detectives could probably offer him something, but then they'd arrest the other guy and they'd get the phone, and I suspect they'd look through it to see what's interesting because they're nosy bastards."

"And because you're so fucking hot," he said.

“And because I'm so fucking hot, and then the picture will be all around the department!”

He pursed his lips. “Well, you aren't naked.”

“Next to!”

“And you can't see everything. I mean, you can see your ass, but you'd show that on a beach.”

“I don't go to beaches in thongs!”

“And part of your breast...”

“And my nipple and ring!”

“You said they already knew you had nipple rings.”

“Kind of hard to hide in a locker room. But that's not the same as seeing them!”

“That's true. That's why I like you to be naked so often.”

“No more pictures!” she said, jabbing him in the ribs.

“Ow! Hey, watch the poking while I'm driving!”

“Wuss.”

“I apologize,” he said. “But how was I to know someone would steal your phone?”

“Yeah, cuz that doesn't happen much.”

“Don't you have your phone password protected?”

She rolled her eyes.

“Well? I mean, mine is. And all the data is encrypted. All anyone could

do with it is wipe it completely so they could use the hardware. They wouldn't get any of my data.”

“Your phone was set up by the government so no one could access the data!” she said. “Mine was bought from Verizon!”

“You could still have a password!”

“I use it all the time! Passwords are a pain in the ass!”

“I'll buy you another phone.”

She looked at him. “You will?”

“I will, and then I'll take it to the agency and have them put the security on it.”

“Uh huh, and what else will they put on?”

“Like what? Secret code to activate the microphone so I can hear what you're doing?” he suggested with a grin.

“More like tracker software.”

“You could use some tracker software now.”

She made a face.

“Maybe I'll figure out how to activate the vibrator function,” he said with a grin. “That might be interesting.”

“I keep the phone on a holster on my belt,” she said, giving him an annoyed look.

“Well, you could keep it in your pants pocket, right about here.”

His right hand slid down along the inside of her thigh and over her crotch, and she grabbed it and pushed it back, giving him another annoyed look.

“Actually, you know, there is a remote control vibrator on the market that works through your phone's Wi-Fi,” he said with a grin. “You put it inside you.” He wagged his eyes at her. “And I could turn it on and off at random.”

“Yeah, that's just what I need, a vibrator starting to buzz while I'm arresting a suspect. Or worse, sitting in a car with Mueller.”

“I guess you have a point there,” he conceded.

They turned into an underground garage.

“Where are we going now?” she asked warily.

She wasn't sure how he managed to keep gaining access to all the empty buildings and apartments around Manhattan. Sometimes the builder allowed the ATF to access them on cases. Other times the places had been seized by the agency from people they'd arrested. She doubted him taking her to these places to have sex was something his bosses knew about or would approve.

He pulled into an empty space, and then turned to her with a grin.

She looked back with a frown.

“We are not having sex in the garage – again,” she said.

“Of course not. Who would do something like that,” he said, as he grabbed her by arm and hair.

“Danny!” she cried as he dragged her across the center console and onto his lap.

He was bigger than her, and stronger, though. In fact, he was very strong, and she scowled at him without really trying to resist as he sat her across his lap.

“I like being close to you,” he said with a grin.

“I noticed.”

His big hand closed on a thick mass of hair behind her neck and he used it to pull her face down and in against him. He was, as always, an excellent kisser. But she pulled her head back, glowering.

“I'm still mad at you.”

“You can be mad at me and still be my slave girl,” he said, jerking forward on her head so that his lips crushed hers again.

She tried to pull her head back stubbornly, but he simply leaned sideways and kept kissing, and it was hard to protest with his tongue darting and dipping into her mouth and his lips moving so strongly on hers. It was hard to think, too. And her desire to resist to show her resolve was countered by the fact her resolve was wavering the longer he kissed her.

In the end, of course, the kissing outlasted her resolve. By the time he started sliding his hands over her body she was already thrumming with sexual tension, her breathing ragged, and her pulse racing.

He quickly got her pants off, then her tank top. His fingers slid into her panties, and left her flushed, panting and moaning in very short order. What was concerning to her, or would have been if she wasn't half melted with heat and arousal, was how quickly she got aroused lately with him.

It had been something she'd been pondering when they were away from each other, and somewhat worried about. Danny had the ability to get her so hot she lost all self-control, which included any ability to say no to whatever perverted thing he wanted to do.

No matter what it was, it turned her on, even if it hurt. The more outrageous, the more shocking, the wilder it made her feel. She was a lot more bothered by the level of helplessness that brought her than she was about being tied up.

He pulled her bra off, and mouthed her already very stiff, throbbing nipples, then opened the car door.

She was not a small girl, but he managed to stand up with her in his

arms, and then fling her up and back so she wound up belly-down across his left shoulder.

Crack! His open hand slapped her bottom sharply and made her cry out.

An instant later he had the thong in his fingers and was yanking it down and letting it fall off her ankles.

“Danny!” she moaned.

It wasn't the first time she'd been naked in a garage, but now he was actually carrying her away from the safety of the car, through the garage to the doorway which led into the lobby! She gasped, kicking her legs, briefly before he pinned them to his chest, then slapped her bottom again.

“Behave, slave girl,” he said.

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

He pushed open the door and carried her into the lobby, where they were faced by several elevators. Jamie's view of things was necessarily limited, other than his back and his ass – from an upside down perspective. She could slap him, but she was a lot more exposed to retaliation than he was!

“Put me down!”

One of the elevators opened and he carried her inside, then let her slide down to stand in front of him as he pressed a button and the doors closed.

“Where – !?”

He kissed her, gripping her head, letting his heavy body press her back against the wall of the elevator. His tongue invaded her mouth as the elevator rose, and then he grabbed her hair to force her head back, to expose her throat. His lips moved in hungrily along the nape of her neck and she shuddered as his other hand dropped between her legs.

It was impossible to divorce what he was doing with the situation he had created around her. She was naked in a public place, with no clothing

anywhere near her! It was this kind of outrageous behavior which should have shocked her out of her arousal, but lately had only added to it.

And then the doors opened and he moved away from her, except to take her hand and pull her after him.

It was a lobby, an elevator lobby on, according to the sign in front of her, the 29th floor. There was a bulletin board next to the sign, and a water fountain under it. To one side was the doorway to a handicapped bathroom.

The floor was tiled as the door closed behind them, and felt cool under her bare feet as he pulled her along. She was strong, but not, at this moment, very strong-willed. Besides, in a tug of war, all that counted was weight and muscle, and he had a lot more of both.

“Where are we?” she hissed, looking around anxiously, eyes wide.

He ignored her and yanked her forward and out of the lobby. Now she was in a wide, open office area filled with low walled cubicles. It was not an empty building, like some he had taken her to. The cubicles were clearly being used. All had furniture, phones and computers. Many of the desks had personal possessions on them, knick-knacks, pictures, stuffed animals, and there were papers on a lot of them, as well.

She gasped and tried to turn around and he grabbed her and pushed her against a wall, drawing her hands behind her back and handcuffing them behind her. When he turned her back around he was grinning, and had a thin chain in his hand, like a necklace. Only it was Y-shaped.

“Guess what this is, slave girl?”

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

The Y-shaped chain had clips on two of the ends, and he clipped them to her nipple rings. He turned away, releasing her, and holding the chain, then tugged.

Jamie gasped as the chain tugged at her nipple rings! She felt another

shock of the outrageous, realizing that he had, in effect, found a leash for her like no other!

“Ow! Oh! Don't!” she yelped.

“Come along, sex slave,” he said.

And she had no choice then but to scurry after him, breasts thrust out, arms behind her back, as he wound his way down the empty aisles of the office, casually pulling on the chain. Her head swept back and forth along the wide open floor as she breathlessly scanned for any sign of other occupants.

“Oops, I forgot dinner,” he said, as if suddenly remembering.

He had stopped in the middle of the floor.

“I'll go back to the car,” he said. “You wait here.”

“Not on your life!”

He smirked, and then raised the chain upward. It was Y-shaped, but the one side he held was considerably longer than the two branches clipped to her nipple rings. Now as she followed where his hand was going she saw that someone had attached a chain to the ceiling overhead, and it dangled about eight feet off the floor.

He was well over six feet tall, and had no trouble raising the little chain attached to her nipples and clipping it to the one overhead.

“Danny! Don't you dare!”

He hummed to himself as he took something out of his jacket pocket. She had no difficulty recognizing it. It was a large butt-plug. He'd used them on her before. And just like then, she was too helplessly aroused and befuddled to really object.

He had a little tube of lubricant in the pocket, too, and he squeezed some onto the round nose of the plug, then turned her around and slapped her bottom. His left hand slid down her abdomen and pushed her bottom back,

forcing her to rise onto the balls of her feet as the chains above tugged on her nipples!

He pressed the plug against her, and since Jamie was no stranger to this kind of thing he had no problem sliding it into her body. Nor was he finished. She couldn't see what he was doing, but soon felt another toy pressing against her sex from behind.

Jamie moaned helplessly as she felt herself being stretched open. She was already wet, and the dildo, if that was what it was, slowly slid up inside her, inch by inch, as he pumped it slowly. It pushed deep, then widened, much like the butt-plug, straining her to the point of aching, before the donut-like part slipped inside her too.

"I'll be back soon," he said, slapping her bottom and walking away.

"Bastard!" she called.

"Don't say anything you'll regret when I get back," he said over his shoulder.

"You don't scare me! Weirdo! Pervert! Freak!"

He didn't scare her. She scared herself, with how she let him get away with stuff like this! Jamie groaned as she looked down to see the base of the dildo protruding from between the lips of her sex. This was so not the kind of respectful partnership type relationship she had always insisted on with guys!

She had no cover from the sight of anyone who might come on the floor. For that matter, the building was obviously a newer one, with floor to ceiling glass windows all around. Nor was the 29th floor particularly tall in Manhattan. There were buildings all around which were taller, including one right across the street, all with windows looking in!

But there was little she could do. Even though the chain holding her in place was as thin as a pencil lead there was no way for her to pull away from it. So she had to stand there in the middle of an office floor completely naked in this demeaning fashion, and hope no one but Danny showed up!

And that wasn't a certainty on several levels. He liked seeing her with other men. He was a voyeur at heart, like most men. And while he was possessive, he had the kind of brazen self-confidence that bordered on arrogance, so he wasn't worried about some other guy stealing her away or giving her more pleasure than he could.

Which meant he felt free to indulge his desire to see her in a live porn show, especially when he got to take part. At first the other man had been a guy she knew and was attracted to, but a couple of weeks ago he'd let her be taken by men she didn't even know!

And the really shocking and scary part of that was that she'd been even more uncontrollable than usual, practically melting with her inner heat at how outrageous it had all been! She'd actually had to strip for them in a strip club! Granted, it hadn't been on the main floor, but in a side room with only a few men present, but it had still roiled her mind.

So there was no guarantee he would come back alone and not bring a friend, and then, like a pair of merciless cats with a helpless bird, bat her back and forth between them.

And then eat her up!

Just thinking about some of those scenes made her insides thrum with energy. They'd been insanely hot! And now here she was with her nipples aching, naked, helpless, handcuffed, and with the delicious sensation of being deeply penetrated by something thick which always seemed to incite her lately.

The fluorescent lights seemed very bright overhead. It was getting dark outside, not because it was end of day, but because it had been overcast all day, and now it looked like rain clouds were moving in.

Despite her anxiety, though, Jamie's body was crackling with sexual electricity. Her nipples felt swollen, and her clitoris could feel the light breeze the air conditioning made as it rolled across her overheated skin.

Was the entire building empty? Danny must have some confidence they

wouldn't be disturbed. He wasn't crazy, after all. But what if someone showed up anyway? God, she'd be mortified!

It seemed like forever, though she had no way of measuring time. Nevertheless, she was still simmering with sexual heat and hunger when she heard the elevator doors opening. She gasped in alarm, and turned her head towards the lobby.

She felt a wave of relief when it was Danny, and then a wave of heat rolled over her. He had changed. Or maybe he'd just put on a vest and new suit jacket. It was one of those power suits that made him look like he was a rich executive or banker. Combined with his broad shoulders and chest and how handsome he was, it made her hot even at the best of times.

Now it served to exaggerate the distance between them in power. He was fully dressed in a stylish, form-fitting suit with a silk tie. And she was naked and helpless and completely at his mercy. That was unsettling, but only mildly so amid the heat that swept through her.

He had a bag in his hand, no doubt with their dinner in it, but he managed to make it look like he was carrying a briefcase, exuding arrogance. It smelled good, whatever it was, but she paid it little attention as he unhooked the chain and then led her further along the aisle.

“Bastard!” she said, but weakly.

He turned the corner, down a narrower aisle, headed to the corner of the floor, and there was a large corner office there into which he led her.

Chapter Four

He set the bag down, then pulled a leather chair out from a meeting table and dragged it over next to the desk, pulling her along with it. Instead of sitting her on the chair, however, he bent her over the back, then pulled the chain down towards the seat of the chair, over the front, and underneath to fix to a crossbar there.

That left Jamie bent over the chair at a ninety-degree angle or so, still handcuffed, as he pulled the big executive chair out from the desk and sat down, crossing his legs as he faced her.

“Shall we address your disrespectful attitude, slave girl?” he asked sternly.

“Eat me,” she gasped.

He smiled. “That can be arranged, if you're a good girl.”

Jamie flushed. She knew he was right. He was a big man, physically, including the size of his cock. But he had first driven her insane with the skillfulness of his tongue against her clitoris. She'd never gotten much in the way of oral sex before, as opposed to given, and what she'd gotten hadn't been nearly as skillful or determined as what he'd demonstrated on multiple occasions.

He pulled his phone out and checked it. It was a calculated way of making him seem aloof, and even though Jamie recognized it as such it still worked.

He put it down after long seconds and gave her an ironic look.

“So how was your day?” he asked.

She tried to summon up the icy glare she was so good at most of the time, but it failed her now.

“Where are we?” she asked, looking warily out the window on her right, which was right behind the desk. The window was huge, which left her feeling awfully exposed to the view of anyone in the building across the street.

“That doesn't concern you,” he said. “All you need to reassure yourself is to know I'm in control.”

“You would make a good megalomaniac,” she said.

He smiled slightly. “There's that disrespectful attitude again.”

He got up and moved around behind her, and Jamie anxiously turned her head, feeling a rush of anxiety as he undid his belt and then pulled it from the loops of his trousers.

“Not that that's a bad thing!” she exclaimed.

He doubled the belt in his hand, snorting as he eyed her, then slapped it against the palm of his other hand.

“Bad girls get disciplined. You know this, slave girl.”

She did know that. It didn't fill her with happiness, even though she always wound up having multiple orgasms afterward. But given the swirling mood of sexual arousal she was gripped by just then she couldn't really protest.

Besides, Danny had a fairly uncanny understanding of just how far he could go with her on something like that.

Crack!

She winced at the stinging blow across her bottom. But her muscles also clamped down on the thick dildo he'd pushed inside her, which sent another rush of arousal through her mind, if not her body.

Crack!

She kept her mouth shut, though her breathing grew heavier.

Crack! Crack!

“Ow!” she said, as the last blow cut into her softly rounded bottom more sharply.

“Brat,” he said.

Crack!

“Apologize.”

Crack!

“Ow! I'm sorry!” she gasped.

Crack! The belt cut across her buttocks again.

“For what?”

“For being... a brat!”

Crack!

“And how do you address me?”

Jamie moaned, biting her lower lip.

Crack!

“How?”

It wasn't just that she resisted giving in on this, though that was part of it.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Let me hear your proper apology.”

It was that and also that she knew that this really turned him on, and that he needed justification for it. That was the strange game they played.

Crack!

She gasped as the blow snapped down across her upraised buttocks again.

“I'm sorry, Miser Asshole!” she said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

She gasped and yelped as the belt cut across her bottom again and again. Her flesh was heating up now, and getting more sensitive, so the fresh blows were stinging more.

Crack! Crack!

But at the same time, her inner heat was growing more intense, too, and she knew his was, as well. If she said exactly what he wanted he'd have no more excuse, according to the entirely unwritten and undiscussed, but somewhat understood rules of his game.

“I'm sorry for being bratty, sir!” she gasped.

She felt his big hand caressing her now-throbbing buttocks, then sliding down between her thighs. She gasped as he thrust the dildo in harder, her feet rising onto her toes!

“That isn't the correct response, slave girl,” he said.

Crack!

“I'm sorry for being a bratty, slave girl, sir!” she exclaimed.

She felt his fingers in her hair, combing it up and back behind her, and then felt his hand pulling slowly but surely. She gasped as he lifted her head

up and back, for that pulled her nipples against the chains!

“Are you sorry for being disrespectful to your master, slave girl?” he asked.

“I'm sorry... my master has such a tiny penis, sir!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

She gasped and yelped and moaned as he held her head back with one hand while bringing the belt down across her bottom with the other.

There was a competition here, one neither of them had ever really discussed. Just like the rules, though, both of them understood it. How long could she hold out as he strapped her vs how long could he go on strapping her before the excitement caused him to almost explode.

She knew very well how shapely her ass was, and it would be even more arousing to him with the dildo protruding from the straining lips of her sex, and the butt-plug showing.

And Danny was very much an ass-man.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

She winced and gasped as the heat in her buttocks grew worse. But then she heard his zipper going down, and felt a surge of hope that she'd won. He moved around in front of the chair, though, which said he was still in control of himself.

His cock was, of course, not at all tiny. It was the largest she'd ever had inside her. And now it was thrusting out from his unzipped suit pants right in front of her as he held her head up by the hair.

And, of course, the pull on her scalp had her mouth open wide.

He pushed forward until the head was just inside her mouth, and she moaned around it, closing her lips and sucking. He held himself there for long seconds, then pushed slowly but smoothly forward, his cock sliding

through her lips and along her tongue. Then, with a gurgle and brief gag, it pushed into her throat.

All the way, inch after inch disappearing through her lips until they were pressed firmly against the fabric of his suit.

Jamie felt his cock throbbing inside her throat as she rolled her eyes up at him.

“You need to learn more respect, slave girl,” he said.

He swung the belt overhand now, and she gasped and winced as it struck her buttocks repeatedly. His hips began to pump slowly in and out as he did so, and she wondered how much of this he could possibly take before losing control.

At the same time, and despite how good she'd always been at oral sex, and how much improvement she'd made since meeting him, she found it difficult to breathe with him inside her. It was doable, but not easily, and took concentration and patience, neither of which she had a lot of just then.

Which meant her head was starting to throb, and her chest starting to burn, on top of the way her nipples were really starting to ache from the constant tugging against the chains. And, the less oxygen she got the more light-headed she became.

He pulled his thick, glistening cock out of her mouth and she gasped dazedly, gulping in air.

“Do you love my cock, slave girl?”

“Y-Y-Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Show me.”

He lifted his cock up, letting it press along her face, and she licked at the shaft, moaning, licked at the entire length of it as he slid the shaft up and down against her face until the head was against her lips again. He thrust it deep into her throat, and she gurgled helplessly.

He pulled out again, and she rolled her eyes up, noting the flushed look on his face and the heat in his eyes.

She almost smiled.

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

“Yes, sir!” she gulped. “I’m sorry if I offended my master’s sensitive little male ego by telling him what an ass – !”

Crack!

“Aggh!” she cried, as he released her hair and swept the doubled belt down sharply across her bottom.

“That hurt!” she cried.

Crack!

“Tell me you’re a slut,” he growled.

“I-I’m a slut!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Ahg!”

“Tell me you’re my slut!”

“I’m your slut, sir!” she cried.

She felt the dildo being pulled out of her, and cried out, then, moments later, cried out again as he drove his cock into her like a spear! It was bigger than the dildo, and she was sopping wet while his cock glistened with her saliva. But it still ached, and still felt like the head was punching into the back wall of her pussy!

But it also filled her with the dark thrill of having him inside her!

He thrust into her hard and fast from the start, then grabbed her hair and yanked it up and back.

“Tell me you're my slut!” he growled.

“I'm your slut, sir!” she cried, her nipples burning and scalp aching as her body arched back.

His hips were hitting her buttocks hard, his cock thrusting into her with almost unrestrained violence as she sobbed with a wild, churning pleasure and a dark, thrilled heat that swept her into the kind of sexual fever she had only ever known with him.

Lost. She cried out again and again, the breath sobbing out of her as his hips beat against her buttocks. His free hand came down to roughly grip her soft, full breast and she cried out again, her nipple burning, her breast pulsing, heat roiling her mind.

“Again!”

“I'm your slut, sir!” she cried.

God, the feel of his big cock pounding into her was... glorious! She cried out in unbridled heat, her mind tumbling and turning through the flood tides of pleasure swamping her nervous system. She thought she'd go insane, and didn't care!

It went on and on, until her mind was so drowned in pleasure she felt like little more than a mindless animal, and then... then it got more intense. The orgasm hit, and her cries rose in pitch as he cursed and drove himself against her.

The orgasms she experienced at his hands were like nothing she'd ever felt before in what had been a fairly routine sex life. They had addicted her, like a drug, the shattering force of the extended storms of pleasure sweeping through her like a hurricane.

She cried out again and again, until there was no breath left within her,

her eyes rolling back in her head as she gurgled dazedly, and then she heard his curse, his gasps of pleasure, and her orgasm rose to even greater heights as he pounded into her with the savageness of his own orgasm.

And with Danny, that was just the beginning.

It left Jamie dazed, exhausted, and sore inside and out. She felt shell-shocked from the storm of sensations, and she was hardly even aware of anything until she discovered herself kneeling next to his chair, head down, chest heaving, gasping dazedly as she tried to recover.

He came back into the room, evidently after heating up the food, and put it on the desk before sitting down in front of her.

“So I've been talking to this guy I know in Connecticut,” he said, as he opened one of the containers. “He owns a high end strip club there.”

Jamie only groaned.

“Not the kind of place some flatfoot would show up,” he said, his voice changing as he popped some food into his mouth.

Jamie raised her chin, then tossed her head to get the bangs out of her eyes.

“They have amateur nights every Thursday,” he said. “The winner wins a thousand dollars.”

“Gay bar?” she said, panting. I'm sure you'll do well. You have a nice ass.”

He snorted in amusement, and she sniffed, raising her head to try and see what food he had.

“I don't have to let you eat, you know,” he said.

“But you're a nice master and wouldn't want to starve your slave girl,”

she said.

“Hmm, maybe, but I also like shoving my cock down her throat. I wouldn't want her too full to pleasure me.”

She gulped. “I think I have a pretty good control of my gag reflex by now. Anyway, you don't seem to be able to get it up at the moment.”

She smirked and his eyes narrowed.

“I guess your ass has already lost its heat,” he said.

She smoothed her face and tried to look repentant and submissive.

He snorted and reached out to her, something in his hand.

“What's this?”

“Whatever I choose to feed you. Pets eat what their masters choose for them, after all.”

“I'm a pet now?”

“You've always been a pet, baby,” he said with a grin.

It was meat of some kind, but she wasn't certain what.

“What kind of food is this?”

“Thai.”

She sighed.

“You don't like Thai?”

“My mother is always feeding us stuff she makes with these international recipes. What's wrong with a pizza?”

“This is duck.”

She licked the lump of meat out of his fingers and chewed testingly. It wasn't bad at all.

Of course, his fingers got greasy with the sauce on the duck, so he pushed them out for her to lick clean.

“The Weight is playing the Brooklyn Bowl next month. Want to go?”

“What night?”

“I think a Saturday.”

“Well, aside from a demanding boyfriend, my Saturdays are free.”

“Good little girls do whatever their boyfriends want.”

“They do?”

“Good little girls are devoted to pleasing their boyfriends.”

“They are?”

He held out another piece of duck and she opened her mouth, but then he drew his fingers back.

“Right?”

“Right,” she said. “Of course.”

He let her lick the duck out of her mouth and chew.

They talked about normal couple things, and the more they did the more Jamie became aware of how bizarre it was to be doing so with her naked, handcuffed, on her knees, and impaled on the dildo he had pushed back inside her. Not to mention her literally eating out of his hand.

And that, of course, began to turn up the heat within her mind once again.

Danny was infinitely patient, though, especially after his first orgasm. It was a luxurious office, with the traditional mahogany bookshelves lining one wall, the thick rug on the floor, and a large flat screen on the wall. He turned it on so they could watch the news, with her sitting across his lap now and his hands teasing and toying with her while he flicked channels with the remote control.

“Ow. My nipples hurt,” she groaned as he rolled them between his fingers.

“Aw, poor baby,” he said.

He had gotten drinks, and now reached for one, slid his fingers in, and pulled out a small, half-melted ice cube. He gripped her hair to hold her head back and keep her back arched, and then she began to gasp and squirm as he ran the ice cube over her nipple.

“Oh! Oh! Don't!” she gasped.

“I bet they don't hurt anymore.”

“Danny!” she whined.

He laughed and drew the ice cube back, then bent and took the center of her breast into his mouth. His tongue and the warmth of his mouth felt delicious against her throbbing, frozen nipple, and she moaned in pleasure.

His hand drifted down between her legs, and he laid his middle finger along the line of her sex, rubbing persistently up and down across her clitoris.

Then he gripped the dildo and pushed it deeper into her overheated sex, all-but burying it inside her to fill her with the deep, delicious, sensual aching she had come to love.

He released her hair, and let his arm slide around her so he could lightly cup her breast, then took the other hand away from her and picked up the remote for the TV, clicking through channels as Jamie gulped in air.

When she had calmed down, he lifted her up and sat her on the desk,

then roughly yanked her legs up and apart so she fell back onto her arms. He pushed her forward so her head fell across the other side of the desk and she was looking at the TV upside down.

Not that she paid a lot of attention, as she felt his tongue circling her clitoris! She groaned as he spread her thighs achingly wide, his tongue teasing and taunting her as her hips began to undulate and roll up against him.

The sexual pressure pulsed within her, and she moaned helplessly, her back arching slowly and repeatedly as greater waves of passion and heat rolled through her. She was near to orgasm several times, but every time he backed off, letting his fingers skim across the soft surface of her skin while she whined in complaint.

And then, as she neared orgasm again, he stopped, but this time made a satisfied sound.

And there was a knock on the door.

“Don't move,” he ordered curtly.

Jamie felt a shock as he got up and moved around the desk, passed before her, and headed to the door! She froze in place as she heard the door open, but she couldn't actually see the door from her upside down position.

Of course, whoever was in the doorway would be able to see her! All except her head anyway!

“Ah, Mister Sampson,” Danny said. “You have the file.”

The voice which answered sounded startled and distracted, to say the least.

“I ahm, I had no idea you uhm...”

“My secretary. Ignore her.”

“You did say between Six and Seven,” the other man said.

“You're not interrupting. Now, the file?”

“Uhm, yes, uhm, of course.”

Jamie was trying to slowly draw her legs together, but apparently Danny noticed, because she heard his voice lash out at her.

“Did I say you could close your legs?” he snapped. “Do you want to feel my strap across your bottom again?”

She gulped and spread her legs wide again, flushing hotly, knowing a strange man was watching.

“This looks good,” Danny said. “Is this all of it?”

“Ahm well, uh, it's uhm, it's the major details.”

“I want all the details, Roger. That's what I'm paying you for,” Danny said. “I don't like to operate in the dark.”

“I thought that – .”

“Don't think. Just give me everything and let me look through it to see what I want to use.”

“Very well. I can get the rest to you in the next few days.”

“I'm trusting you on this, Roger.”

“Uh, yeah. I uhm, I'll get them.”

“Good. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a uhm, prior business meeting I'm attending to. It's with regard to employee compensation and... discipline.”

Jamie heard chuckling, then the door closed. A moment later Danny passed before her eyes, then sat down at the desk again. She felt his hands on her thighs, spreading them a little wider, then his tongue licking at her clitoris.

“Wh-Who was that?” she gasped.

“A guy willing to sell information on money laundering, as long as I make sure the government doesn't see it,” he replied in amusement.

“You knew he would be coming?”

“Of course. Why, shy?”

“You wanted him to see me!”

“Of course. It's useful in convincing him I'm the arrogant, unprincipled banker I'm pretending to be.”

“You are arrogant and unprincipled!”

“Thank you.”

Jamie gasped as she felt pressure on the dildo, and the nose jammed deeper into her sex.

“Now where was I?” he said, as his tongue began to stroke across her clitoris again.

Chapter Five

“We going anywhere in particular?” Jamie asked, as Mueller drove.

“We'll see if Rockefeller Center is busy,” he said, turning onto Park Avenue.

They got as far as 46th Street when the window of a storefront broker shattered as someone threw a planter through it from the inside.

Mueller pulled over and they hurried around to enter through the door as they heard furious shouts coming from inside.

The place was divided into small glass-walled offices, each with appropriate L-shaped desk and credenza and visitors chairs. The central portion of the office had a reception desk, behind which about a dozen people were taking shelter as a man stormed back and forth in the middle of the floor, shouting and picking things up to throw them out through the rapidly enlarging opening in the window.

“Fucking crooked, lying, miserable cheating soulless bastards!” he screamed, throwing a chair out onto Park Avenue.

“What's his problem?” Mueller asked one of the men in suits, showing his badge.

“He's... a client upset about his investments,” the man said anxiously.

“What's his name?”

“Jones.”

Jones was a middle-aged man, with slightly graying hair, tall, with wide shoulders but a bit of a paunch. He was wearing dress pants, a yellow shirt, and a windbreaker as he picked up another chair and hurled it through the same opening in the window.

The chair didn't quite make it. One leg hit the glass and while that cracked it further, the chair fell to the floor. That seemed to infuriate him so he picked it up and rammed it into the glass, more of which collapsed before him.

“Mister Jones,” Mueller called. “You want to stop that?”

“Fuck you!”

“I'm a police officer, Mister Jones. I think we need to talk.”

“Police!” he demanded, advancing on Mueller. “Are you here to arrest these thieving bastards?”

“Well, I'm here because you threw a planter onto the road in front of my car, if you want me to be honest,” Mueller said.

“Honest? Why would I want anyone to be honest with me? It would shock me to hear honesty in this place! If you try honesty in here the walls will probably melt, and half the staff would die of shock! So by all means, let's do some honesty!”

“I'm guessing you lost money on the stock market,” Mueller said in a calming voice.

“Lost money? Oh no. My investments all made money! I put them into an education fund for my son! They made money for years!”

“Then what – ?”

“But the money it made didn't go to me, you see. It went to them!”

He thrust his finger at the people standing behind the reception counter.

One of the men stepped forward, frowning. “While it's true that we do take a standard fee for administering the investment, Mister Jones, that fee is disclosed in the papers you – .”

Jones hurled himself at the man but Mueller was six feet seven and

easily grabbed him and pushed him back, then spun him around as Jamie moved in and grabbed one wrist. Jones struggled, but they got him cuffed easily enough.

“Now you calm down and I'll put you in the car,” Mueller said sternly. “Otherwise I'm gonna have to call a paddy wagon.”

Jones sagged, defeated, and Mueller and Jamie took him out and put him into the car, then got in the front.

‘You know how much my investment made in sixteen years?’ he asked tiredly from the back seat, “After my skimping and saving and putting money away? Almost nothing. The fees ate up all the profits. Forty six thousand dollars in fees over the years.”

“That seems like a heck of a lot of money,” Mueller said. “I never trust these bastards with a dime of mine. The union invests our pensions.”

“And they take care of education trusts for kids,” Jamie added.

“I don't have a union,” Jones said, shoulders slumped. “These guys were supposed to invest my money for me. What I didn't realize was that that every time she bought and sold something they made money on it by charging me. So they found lots and lots of reasons to buy and sell stocks all the time. That's on top of their percentage fee of how much was in the investment fund, and on top of various other fees, none of which they actually really explained.”

“So you ignored the fund until now?” Jamie asked, puzzled.

“This investment stuff makes me uncomfortable,” he said miserably. “I don't understand it or how it works. My niece got married to an accountant last week and he looked all the papers they sent that I keep in a box and he explained to me how much of the money had gone to these people.”

“You never questioned them about why it wasn't getting bigger?”

“Sometimes they said you can't look at the short term, you have to look

at the long term. And other times they'd say that the stock market has ups and downs, and then other times they'd give me some kind of babble that I hardly even understood as being English.”

They drove back to the precinct and processed him, then returned to the car and headed back towards Rockefeller, only this time they got sidetracked by a call about an explosion on Seventh Avenue. They were the second car to arrive, and found the street mostly empty except for gawkers, and the side of a four-story building half-blown off.

Dark brown smoke was starting to curl up out of the empty doorway and window of a restaurant on the ground floor, and a couple of people were still making their way down the fire escape from apartments upstairs.

They did their best to shoo the gawkers out of the street and out of the way, along with the two uniformed cops there, and helped pick up a couple of people who had been apparently flung out onto the road by the explosion and carry them to the sidewalk across the street.

The smoke got thicker, and then they could see flames starting to appear on the ground floor of the older brick building. More police cars arrived to control the crowds, and then the first fire trucks appeared.

The FDNY had always struck Jamie as a pretty lackadaisical organization. She was no expert on fighting fires but it seemed to her that the first thing to do was get a hose out and start spraying water onto it. The fire department rarely worked that way, though.

The flames got bigger as the firefighters got into their gear, and slowly pulled out long lengths of hose, grabbed tools, and did whatever it was they were doing. It seemed longer, but was probably no more than five or six ... or seven or eight minutes after the trucks arrived that they finally charged the first hose and started spraying water on the open flames.

More and more fire trucks arrived, soon filling the streets in all directions, as crowds of firefighters watched the now much bigger flames from across the street. There were three hoses on the fire now, but that only needed six guys. The other sixty or seventy watched and chatted.

“Easiest job in the world,” Mueller said with a snort.

“Firefighters?”

“Work two days a week, most of which is spent in the fire hall watching TV, sleeping, making meals, showering, shaving, cleaning gear and shit like that.”

“They do twenty four hour shifts,” she said mildly.

He snorted again. “What's a twenty four hour shift when you get to do everything there you'd be doing at home, including sleeping? They even take their trucks to go shopping for groceries. You know what the most important part of a fire hall is? The living room, where they all sit around on sofas watching TV and shooting the shit.”

“You realize that sentiment is blaspheme in this city, right?”

He made a face. “I ain't saying they don't put themselves in harm's way when it's necessary. So do we, all day every day. Most of the time, though, they're sitting around their fire halls eating nachos and watching reality TV. And they don't have to worry about some asshole coming up and shooting them in the head when they're eating lunch.”

They left the fire scene and drove south. Traffic was backed up all around it so it wasn't easy to even move, at first. They responded to a smash and grab at a jewelry store on 48th Street, but the perps were gone by the time they got there, and the uniforms were taking the details.

They drove around looking for anyone who might match the description, but nobody turned up, so they headed east, driving idly, both of them watching the sidewalks.

“Slow... stop,” Jamie said, in quick order, frowning at something that caught her attention on the sidewalk.

She got out and joined the flow of pedestrians, particularly a young, very expensively dressed blonde woman and a skinny, scruffy looking black guy his early thirties. The woman's face was red and she was walking quickly, but the black guy was keeping pace, trying to walk beside her, despite how often she changed directions.

The voice was familiar, and so was what he was saying.

“... cause let me tell you, baby, when you get a big black cock inside you that's the last time you want to do anything else in life but enjoy it, you get what I'm saying? Blonde woman have a – Urghk!”

Jamie caught him by the scruff of the neck, abruptly stopping his forward momentum, then swung him around into the side of a van next to the sidewalk.

“Hey, fuck! What the – !”

“Remember me, Abraham?” she demanded,

He gaped at her in confusion as the blonde stopped and turned, staring in astonishment herself.

“I told you the last time you decided to follow women around and bother them I'd bust you for harassment if I caught you doing it again,” she growled.

“Baby, I don't know what the fuck – .”

She jabbed the heel of her hand into his chest as he tried to move forward and it threw him back into the van.

“Hey, fuck!”

“You're under arrest,” she said.

He stared at her again! “You used to be blonde!” he said in protest.

She grabbed his wrist and used it to forcibly turn him to face the van.

“Hands behind your back.”

“I ain't done nothing!” he shouted, twisting violently around.

Mueller had parked by then and come around to the van and the black man found himself looking into his chest. Momentarily. Then Mueller grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and threw him down on his face on the sidewalk.

He and Jamie crouched next to him, pulling his wrists behind him so she could handcuff him, then Mueller searched him, pulling a switchblade from his pocket. They yanked him to his feet, and Mueller took him to the car while she went over the blonde woman.

“I uhm, thanks!” she gulped.

“Glad to be of service. I need your name for the report.”

“Will I have to ... well, testify or anything?”

“Very unlikely. These kinds of minor things usually end with some plea deal where he agrees to stop harassing women, and stay out of certain areas. I doubt he has any good reason to be here.”

“I was afraid he was crazy and would attack me!” the woman said anxiously.

“I met him a while back doing the same thing. I wouldn't say he's harmless but I don't have any evidence he's ever hurt anyone. I'll find out when we run his record back at the station, though.”

Jamie took the details from her and then went back to the SUV, which Mueller had double-parked.

He was leaning against the car as she came around the side of the van.

“You just gonna charge him with harassment?” he asked, eyes raised questioningly.

“Criminal harassment,” she said, glowering at him.

He pursed his lips. “I don't know if that will stick. I mean, all he was doing was talking to her.”

“He was following her. Just like he followed me a couple of months ago. I told him then that if I caught him doing it again I'd bust his ass for it. You might not be bothered by people like him on the streets, Mueller, but women are!”

He held up his hands in surrender and went around to the driver side as she got in the passenger side.

“Man, this is bullshit!” Abraham said from the back seat.

“Shut the fuck up. I told you to stop bothering women last time we met,” she said over her shoulder.

“That was bullshit too! You were pretending you was a blonde! I never would have gone near no fucking redhead! That's too fuckin' dangerous!”

They headed back to the station, with Mueller keeping quiet. Jamie knew he thought this was pretty minor stuff, but men harassing women was one of her 'things'. Teaching them not to do that was well worth the effort of paperwork for a seemingly minor offense. Even if it got bumped down it was one more thing on this guy's record, and they added up to longer and longer sentences if he kept it up.

Jamie had been enrolled in martial arts class well before puberty, but few of her friends had, and she understood how certain types of behavior made the city seem menacing to them. Her friend Emily was afraid to even ride the subway for fear of harassment and violence.

“You was just jealous,” Abraham said. “You was jealous that a real blonde would take that black dick you want so bad!”

“Yeah, I think I showed you how bad I wanted it last time.”

“Baby if you don't want it that's only because you ain't had it. You got a

fine ass. I guarantee you that you give me a few minutes bending you over and you won't want to do anything but beg for more.”

“Hey, shut your fucking face,” Mueller said, glaring at him in the rear view mirror.

“You can kiss my black ass, porky!” Abraham said.

Mueller took a quick turn and then stopped.

“Going to check his handcuffs since he's complaining they're too tight,” he said as he got out.

He opened the rear door and Abraham squealed pretty loudly before he slammed the rear door again and got back in front.

“That's better,” he said.

Abraham was bent forward, gasping for breath like someone who'd been punched in the balls.

Which, she thought, he probably had been.

They took him in and booked him, then went upstairs to write the report. She started with her own encounter with him when she'd been on her way home from work. She'd had her hair dyed blonde at the time, for her undercover role as a fashion model, and he'd followed alongside her for blocks, his come-ons getting gradually more obscene until she'd thrown him up against the wall and threatened to arrest him.

She checked her calendar to make sure she had the right day, then wrote up the complaint based on that, followed by a second complaint which Haley Adamson, the well-dressed blonde today, had given her. Between the two of them, if he had a record for this kind of thing, he might actually do some time, though probably not much.

Between all the forms she had to fill out, and the booking and processing time for Abraham, it took almost two hours – which was not unusual, and one of the reasons she knew Mueller wasn't all that happy about

her making a minor bust.

She found him sitting in the lunchroom having a coke with several detectives. They all turned to look at her as she approached.

“Finished?” he said.

She nodded, keeping her look calm but not in the least regretful.

He got up and she turned away.

“I think your perp was right, McCloud,” one of the detectives said.

She turned to frown at him.

“Bothering redheads is fucking dangerous,” he said.

He and the other cop laughed and she raised her eyebrows, not displeased, as she headed back out into the hall.

They went upstairs and were headed for the car when Sergeant Ramirez called down to them from the floor above.

“Hey, McCloud.”

She stopped and looked up the stairs.

“Come up here. We got something on that guy you just busted.”

She looked at Mueller, then trotted up the stairs and into the detective squad, with him following.

The squad was all male, and everyone there looked at her as she came in. She wondered if they were trying to see if her rings showed. Men, no matter their ages, could easily revert to about fourteen, she had come to understand, whenever the subject was women and sex.

And it seemed that the more unobtainable they were the more interested the men got. She had thought letting it be known she was seeing a guy would

do away with the constant efforts of guys to pick her up, and it had, mostly. But it didn't seem to stop them from looking at her like hungry wolves eyeing a plump sheep.

Of course, that damn picture hadn't helped, and if this new one got out it would make things even worse...

Ramirez grinned at her happily, then invited her to check his monitor. She moved around him and felt like smiling herself.

“Jamal Lincoln,” she read.

It was a wanted poster from the Jersey City Police for aggravated sexual assault with a weapon, multiple offenses.”

“I'm checking to see if he matches some of our open cases,” Ramirez said. “I've already got several possibles. Good working bringing this guy in.”

Mueller snorted. “Well, you know what they say, Ramirez, don't piss off a redhead.”

Chapter Six

It looked like a very nice apartment. The entry hall was round, with a marble floor. It had a twenty-foot ceiling with a large crystal chandelier set in the center. There were doorways to the right and left, and straight ahead. The one ahead gave onto a much larger area with a picture window looking out on the city beyond.

That, however, was all she saw, as a black silk scarf went over her head and pressed in against her eyes. Her hands rose at once, then hesitated, and fell to her sides as she felt her heart starting to beat faster.

“You afraid I'll see how ugly you are?” she asked.

“That's it,” Danny replied.

She felt his hand on the clasp of her trousers, then felt the zipper going down. A moment later he tugged her pants and panties down and let them drop to her ankles.

“Sit.”

He sat her down on a floor which was uncomfortably cold on her bare skin, and she felt him tugging her shoes, socks, pants and panties off. She was not surprised to feel something thick and leather-like being wrapped firmly around each ankle, but a little puzzled on why he'd do her ankles before her wrists.

She heard sounds, vaguely metallic, and looked around her as if she could somehow detect more despite being blindfolded.

“What perverted game are you up to this time?” she asked.

“You haven't been screaming in pleasure enough lately,” he said.

Then she felt her ankles lifted up, not by him, but by a pull on the

restraints around them. She slapped her hands back on the floor behind her, the flow of adrenaline picking up as she felt her ankles raised higher – and then still higher!

She gasped as her buttocks slit across the floor a little, and then her ankles were raising so high she had to lay back as her buttocks lifted off the floor. Her back slid forward a bit, then it too was raised up, higher and higher, until only her shoulders remained on the floor.

Then they too were raised into the air, along with her head, and only her hands were able to touch the floor. What was more her ankles weren't simply raised straight up. Each one was raised up and apart so that her legs were widely spread.

It made her feel very, very ... exposed!

She felt her blouse being yanked down over her head and then down her arms and off. Her bra quickly followed, and then she felt the leather straps going around her wrists, which were pulled down and to the sides, leaving her, in effect, spreadeagled upside down in mid-air!

Her head was already throbbing as the blood rushed to it, and it throbbed even more as he began to run his hands casually over her body.

She felt him gathering in her hair, then felt it pulled slowly but firmly back. That bent her head down and back sharply, first until she was facing the floor, and then facing almost behind her, bowing her chest out as he pushed something – a ball gag – into her open mouth.

“And don't forget the safe word,” he said.

That, of course, was his dry wit. Not only could she no longer say a thing, as he buckled the strap behind her head, but he didn't believe in safe words. “Safe words are for amateurs,” he said.

It left her completely helpless and vulnerable, unable to affect what was going to happen in any way. That, of course, was the idea.

Music began to play from somewhere, a soft violin, as his hands glided up and down her body. His thumb found her clitoris, rubbing it expertly as the breath caught in her throat, and then his tongue took its place.

Danny had basically introduced her to oral sex, at least, from the receiving end. The guys she'd dated before, and there were a lot of them, had had precious little interest in giving compared to receiving. One of the reasons she had put up with what she had first thought of as his kinky games was his determination to make them as wildly pleasurable as possible – for her.

She wasn't sure if that was simply a calculated means to an end, wanting her to become enthralled with his domination and submission games so she'd let them continue. Or if his male ego demanded he prove that he could turn her into quivering mush.

The effect was the same, so far as Jamie was concerned. The intensity and frequency of the orgasms he forced upon her were so much greater than she'd ever had during sex before in her life that she'd become more than slightly addicted to his 'games'.

Not to mention *him*.

Already, despite the fact he'd barely gotten started, simply the act of stripping and tying her up naked and helpless like this had caused her body to thrum with sexual power, her insides churning with excitement and her body hot and excited and responsive.

How quickly and easily he could get her aroused had caused her to ponder why lately. She wasn't entirely comfortable with it. Maybe, she thought, it was like Pavlov's dog. If it got a tasty treat every time a bell was rung it would start to salivate when it heard the bell.

And maybe, if she was given a thrilling sexual experience culminating in an incredible orgasm every time he tied her up she'd start to burn with arousal as soon as she was tied up.

She didn't really know, but her misgivings about it were usually quickly

overcome by the hunger he brought her, and that was the case this time too. His fingers were pushing into her as his tongue stroked expertly, and she could feel how wet she was already.

Her nervous system was already buzzing like an overloaded electrical wire, her muscles quivering and straining her body against the restraints as the heat grew more and more intense.

He paused in his licking, and she could hear him moving around above the violins. Then she felt the pressure against her sex as something thick and round and slick was pushed down into her body. She wasn't surprised by this. He liked to use sex toys in their games to extend them.

The dildo or vibrator – she would find out soon which, strained the lips of her sex and felt very thick going down, making her moan a little into the gag. But he was a big man himself, and she had always loved being fully penetrated, which was part of why he turned her on so much.

She grunted at how deep the thing was, feeling the ache in the pit of her belly. Then she felt a finger at her back passage, slick and warm, sliding slowly into her and pumping in and out. What followed after was what she thought of as a group of golf balls impaled on a stick, one after the other slowly sliding into her bottom.

She felt his fingers rubbing her clitoris again, then sliding down her body to knead her breasts before sliding through her hair. His hands moved up her back then, slowly, sliding up and down over her skin, caressing her ribs, then sliding up her back and over her buttocks.

He said nothing while he was doing this, so the only sound Jamie could hear was her own breathing, her own grunts and gasps and moans, and the violin playing in the background as she writhed and moaned in ever-growing heat.

She felt the dildo lifted up and then pushed in, and gasped as it moved even deeper into her body. This time she felt the spring clip at the base sliding down over her clitoris, and recognized the toy as it began to buzz and vibrate against her.

The vibrator stayed in place, pulsing within her and buzzing against her clitoris, while the 'golf balls' began to slowly slide backward, one by one oozing out of her body, then pushing back in again, one by one.

The heat grew more intense within her as Jamie moaned into the gag, her head and heart pounding in unison as her body twisted in slow, delicious pleasure. Then the golf balls were jammed deep, and she felt his fingers at her ears of all places!

Something was being pushed into both ears, and she wondered, at first if he wanted to do some total form of sensory deprivation, to guide all her senses inward. She could hear the violins that were in the background now playing from her ears, though, so realized they were earbuds, not earplugs.

And then, over the sound of the violins, came a woman's voice, gasping in pleasure, moaning excitedly, then crying out again and again.

It was *her* voice.

He had taken a number of pictures of her over the months, and videos of their lovemaking, and of his 'games'. Sometimes he made her sit and watch them, tied up, occasionally massaging her body, but not allowing her to get off, to climax, keeping her in a state of torment as she watched what were, after all, at least to her, extremely erotic videos.

She had gotten over the embarrassment of seeing herself like that, at least, with him. But hearing herself still made her mind squirm, especially without benefit of the actual images. She had been raised to always consider herself the equal of any man, and to insist upon it.

She didn't think of it as feminism, exactly, but she had always been fiercely determined that everyone would treat her with respect, male or not. That certainly included her boyfriends. If they wanted what she was willing to give them they better damned well treat her properly!

And so they had.

Hearing herself not simply moaning but begging and groveling and

saying the kinds of outrageous and frankly degrading things he sometimes persuaded her to say at the heights of passion, especially when she was at his mercy, made her cringe mentally.

Or would have if she wasn't already so aroused. And if the vibrator wasn't buzzing against her, and her head wasn't pounding and her chest wasn't fluttering and her body wasn't flushed with heat and sexual pressure.

“Please fuck me, Master!” she heard herself beg.

“I'm your slave girl, Master!”

“I'm your bitch, Master!”

They were spliced together from here and there, but that hardly mattered, as Jamie felt her body thrumming with sexual intensity, and her wrists and arms strained against the restraints.

She heard her voice cry out in her ears as she orgasmed. She had no idea when it was recorded, but it made her shudder and squeeze her muscles down around the thick phallic object he had jammed deep inside her!

Then came a sharp loud sound, a *crack!* of something striking flesh.

“Ah!” her voice gasped. “I'm a bad girl, Master!”

A moment later she felt a blow against her back that made her cry out at the same time as the recorded her cried out. She felt a thin, spread out and unified blow across the center of her back from a dozen or more laces as he hit her with a flog.

“I'm a bad girl, master!” her recorded voice cried.

Her mind was spinning somewhat, but she couldn't help admire the effort he'd put into mixing the tape he was playing. The violin was in the background, but so was a nearly continuous series of passionate moans and groans and low cries from her own voice as she spoke actual words in the foreground.

“I'm your whore, Master!” her voice cried over the moans, as there was the sound of another blow.

And she felt another blow across her back, and then another, and another, making her cry out into the gag, her body straining and twisting upside down, her pulse racing as her back began to sting and burn.

“I'm a sex slave!” her voice cried into her ears.

Crack!

The sound in her ears came from the blow across her back and from whatever was being done to her in the video he had recorded this from.

Her own cry into the gag was echoed by her cry into her own ears from the tape!

If the intent was to disorient her it was succeeding!

And then she felt his fingers in her hair, at the buckle of the gag. The strap fell away, and he pulled the round ball gag from her mouth, leaving her gasping and panting. His big hands gripped her head and tilted her head downward as his cock pushed against her open mouth and slid into it.

She moaned around it, feeling his thick, hard erection push deep into her mouth. Her lips closed almost instinctively around it as she sucked and began to lick, but his pumping motions soon gave way to him pushing the head deep into her throat, holding her head downward as he drove his shaft up through her straining lips until he was buried in her throat and mouth.

Now her head began to pound even more, even while the vibrator continued to buzz against her, even while her body burned with heat and hunger. He drew back slowly, then buried himself again before he'd come loose from her throat, then drew back all the way, leaving her gasping for breath and gulping in air.

“Please fuck me, Master!” she heard in her ears, not even sure if it was her own voice or her recorded voice by then.

“Please fuck your sex slave!”

He buried himself in her throat again, and she gurgled and twisted and arched helplessly as he pumped himself in and out using long, deep strokes, her chest starting to burn from lack of air.

He pulled out again and she coughed and gulped in air, moaning, still hearing her own voice in her ears begging him to fuck her.

Then he was deep in her throat again, pumping in and out, hard and fast, making her gurgle wetly, disorienting her further.

He pulled back again, leaving her dazed and gasping, and released her head and hair. Then she felt the dildo pulled free of her. A moment later she gasped as his cock sank deep into her body.

Maybe it was purely psychological, but Jamie always felt much more deliciously excited to have a real cock inside her than a fake one. She could feel his hands on her buttocks as he thrust into her hard and fast, and shuddered and moaned as her own voice continued moan and cry out into her ears, begging him to fuck her.

“Please fuck me, master!” she gasped, hardly aware she was even saying it.

She felt his thumb on her clitoris then, stroking rough and fast, and she cried out, then cried out again, thrashing and twisting and pulling at the restraints. The orgasm washed over her and made her cry out even louder, her head whipping back as her back arched again and again, her body flaring wildly with heat and pleasure as her hips tried desperately to buck against him.

Upside down, with her head pounding, disoriented, dazed, the orgasm struck like a hurricane, blowing away her scattered wits and turning her into little more than a writhing, grunting, mindless animal overcome by its own pleasure.

And she didn't care.

All her attention was, indeed, turned inward. Blind, deaf (in effect) and dumb, her senses focused entirely on her own body as the orgasm thundered through it like an out of control freight train, wave after wave of raw pleasure washing over her to leave her even more dazed.

After that she was gagged again, the dildo/vibrator thrust back into her body, and was left to her own devices for long minutes. Since she'd begun seeing Danny she had learned that, to him, a climax was not the end of the line, but just a subway station along the route.

He didn't say a word, and she didn't feel him anywhere near her. Until, suddenly, she felt the pinwheel gently rolling along the edges of her shaven mons. The lips of her sex were strained wide as they clasped tightly to the shaft of the thick dildo inside her. And she gasped as the little pinwheel gently rolled along their edges.

There was no human touch, just the sharp prickling of the little pinwheel as it rolled slowly up and down, circling her sex and the buzzing clasp across her clitoris. It rolled along her inner thighs, making her nerve endings spasm, then up the back of her right leg all the way to her foot.

She squealed and twisted as it rolled along the bottom of her foot, her toes clamping on air, her body thrashing, but there was nothing she could really do about it. The pinwheel rolled along her heel and instep and she squealed again and again.

Then it suddenly appeared behind her neck, rolling slowly down her spine. It lifted off her, then she felt it rolling across her right breast, then across her nipple!

And then it was gone, leaving her panting, moaning.

“Please fuck me, Master!” she heard moaned into her ear.

“I'm your sex slave, Master!”

Crack!

She gasped at the blow across her breasts. It was the flog again, the thin leather laces spreading out and landing lightly to send a crackle of stinging blows through her mind where they struck, across her chest and breasts.

“I'm sorry for being disobedient, Master!” her voice cried into her ears.

Crack!

The flog came down again, making her gasp and cry out, just as her voice did the same in her ears. The individual thongs were minor, more startling than painful. But a dozen together were certainly noticeable, and the more they hit the more tender and warm her breasts felt under the next blow.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“I'm a bad slave girl, Master!” her voice moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her breasts were starting to ache and burn! She twisted and writhed and moaned in place, with no way to dodge the blows nor even complain about them.

They stopped. She felt the dildo with its buzzing vibrator clip sliding upward, then his tongue on her clitoris. He pumped the dildo in and out as he licked her energetically, and his tongue, after the steady, machine-like buzzing of the vibrator felt deliciously warm, soft and sent fluttering bursts of sensory pleasure through her body.

The contrast was even more shocking when he stopped, thrust the dildo all the way into her again so the buzzing vibrator was pressed against her clitoris, and then ground it harshly against her!

The orgasm exploded within her and she screamed into the gag, writhing and thrashing uncontrollably as her muscles spasmed and jerked. Convulsions wracked her body as the pleasure gripped her like an electrical storm, her nerve endings twitching and jerking at the power of the sensations tearing through her.

And then she was left alone again for a time, dazed, drooling around the ball gag, her mind more than slightly shell-shocked by the intensity of the sensations which had blown through her.

The violins continued to play. Her voice continued to moan and gasp and whimper and make soft, breathless pleas into her ears.

And then he started in on her again with his tongue, pumping both the dildo and the anal dildo as his tongue licked hungrily away at her swollen, ultra-sensitive clitoris.

Jamie gasped and moaned and grunted in tune with the voice in her ears as the sexual heat soared once again, and then she felt the flog across her back, snapping down harder, again and again, before shifting to her breasts and belly.

Another orgasm tore through her, even as the flog swept down across her body, the sharp stings against her breasts like flickering fireflies in the bonfire of heat consuming her mind. And then the flog swept over hand to land between her legs.

The thin laces swept down to snap at the inside of her buttocks and thighs, against her crotch and abdomen, and the soft, sensitive flesh which surrounded the sex toys he'd jammed inside her.

And then, slowly, she was aware of being lowered to the floor. Dazed and moaning, her body was finally laying prone, and she felt a wave of dizziness as the blood from her head made its way back into her torso.

“Onto your belly, slave girl,” he said.

He had removed the ear buds and spoke now for the first time since he'd put them in.

She moaned dazedly, then gasped at a sharp sting, as of a thin stick or crop, across her bottom. She rolled onto her belly, gasping, her overheated breasts pressing against the cool floor.

It did not occur to her that with her hands free she could now remove the gag and blindfold.

“Raise your hips high. You know the position I want, slave girl.”

Groaning, she obeyed, and did indeed know the position he wanted of her. It was a position of unparalleled submission and offering, bowing her body so as to bring her belly in as tightly as possible to her upright thighs, shifting her knees aside, and thrusting her arms out before her.

It was a position to be mounted, to be used, to be taken from behind by whoever wanted her.

Crack!

She gasped as the thin stinging crop cut across her bottom.

“Do you want my cock, slave girl?”

“Y-Yes, Master!” she moaned into the gag.

Crack!

She gasped again, flinching.

“Beg for it.”

“Please fuck me, Master!” she cried around the ball gag.

Crack!

“Louder, sex slave.”

“Please fuck me, Master!” she cried again.

Crack!

“I still can't hear you, slut.”

“Please fuck me, Master!”

She shuddered as she felt his hand gripping the dildo and drawing it slowly out of her body. For a few seconds she felt empty, bereft. Then his warm, hard cock slid into her and she shuddered in undisguised delight, reveling in the deep, full penetration of his pulsing flesh.

She felt his hands on her hips as he started to move, and grunted dazedly as her mind and body focused with delight on the sensations as his shaft moved in and out, in and out, his hips now slapping against her buttocks as the head of his cock punched into the back wall of her sex.

Her mind reveled in the sense of delicious rightness to the position and to the sensations. He felt sooooo good inside her, moving as he was! It felt so perfect the way his hips were hitting her upraised buttocks! Her entire body was gripped by a dark, liquid heat that was sloshing back and forth in her body every time his hips slapped against her!

So good! Soooooo good! she thought dazedly.

She grunted with every thrust, her mind gripped by a deep sense of the perfection of the moment, reveling in every hard thrust.

She felt him gripping her arms and pulling them limply around and back behind her, crossing her wrists behind her and gripping them there in one big, strong hand. Then he gripped her hair and she shuddered, crying out, as her head was forced back, as he continued to thrust, his cock continuing to spear her, his hips continuing to strike her upraised buttocks.

She was melting in the heat of the moment, eyes slitted behind the blindfold, her mind utterly focused on her own sensual pleasure, hardly aware of who she was, never mind where, and not caring about either.

The orgasm hit hard, but not as hard as the last one, but it seemed to go on and on before fading, while his hips continued to pound against her. The next orgasm swept through her and she sobbed dazedly, then the next as her body began to tremble and shake and twist and writhe in the grip of a sexual firestorm.

“More! More! Harder!” she sobbed dazedly. “Oh! Oh! God! Fuck! Harder! Fuck me! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

Another orgasm swept through her and she cried out as her mind was blasted by the wild power of the carnal overload.

Chapter Seven

It was cool the next day, so she decided to get a little classy and wear her Armani blazer to work. She could take it off if Mueller decided to put them somewhere it would look out of place. But the truth was she missed her purse. It was annoying at times, but a nice catch-all for stuff she had no room for in her pockets.

Wearing a blazer gave her a bunch more pockets where she could slip things, pockets that, unlike those in her jeans, were actually meant to carry things, and not for show.

Which was when she discovered the card. It was a business card for Manhattan Investments. The gold embossed name below that was Victoria Bryant. A tall, statuesque blonde had given it to her while she'd been making a bust in the First Precinct some weeks back.

The woman had had short hair, and a very regal, confident manner to her. She had been even taller than Jamie, but moved like a man, perhaps because she was very obviously a lesbian. And she'd made it very obvious she was interested. Thus the card.

Jamie had never had much sexual interest in women, nor, to be honest, a lot of patience for a lot of things girls had always fixated over when she was young. She had had little interest in hair and makeup, in feminine clothes, or in giggly games to attract boys. She'd been into sports instead, including the martial arts, basketball, volleyball, hockey, and of course, track and field.

That had gotten a number of people to question her sexual preferences, though if they did it to her face she'd often respond physically, which had gotten her into trouble a time or two.

But while she appreciated the beauty of the feminine body – her own, for example – she'd never been attracted to women. She preferred to hang around with guys, and when it came to sex, her one, overriding instinct had

always been a helpless, squirming attraction to penetration.

She'd learned in one of her psyche classes in college that a lot of women and girls masturbated purely by rubbing their clitoris, with no penetration using fingers or toys. Jamie, on the other hand, had always found that her arousal deepened the bigger the object she had inside herself.

So the fact Danny was so damn big in that department had played a role in how she'd let herself be seduced into his dark, kinky games.

But what could she get from a woman? Nothing. Well, of course, now she knew, from Danny's big collection of sex toys, that they could at least substitute something for what they lacked in anatomy. But it wasn't the same for her. Silicone didn't give her the same emotional charge as real flesh.

Still, the idea of having sex with another woman while Danny watched had caught at her imagination over the months he had been suggesting it. She got turned on when Danny was turned on, and she was pretty sure by now that watching her and another woman would make him incredibly hot.

Of course, Danny would probably want to join in, as well, which was fine with her as far as doing whatever he wanted with her. She wasn't as sure about how she felt about him fucking some other woman. If that woman was a lesbian, though, and didn't want any part of him touching her, but would agree to being observed...

That would really drive Danny insane!

Her inhibitions had taken a major battering over the last few months, and even more over the last few weeks. It didn't seem to bother Danny at all if other men had sex with her. He was a voyeur at heart, and loved watching her get driven out of her mind with hunger and heat.

She licked her lips uncertainly, but then called the number. It was early, so she'd likely get an answering machine, which was pretty much fine with her. That would let the woman decide whether she did or didn't want to call back, and no embarrassment all around.

To her surprise, the phone was picked up on the first ring.

“Bryant,” the voice said.

“Uhm... hi,” she said, taken unprepared. “Sorry,” she said, a bit flustered, “I thought I'd get your answering machine.”

“Would you like me to hang up so you can call it back?” the woman replied dryly.

Jamie flushed. “Sorry. My name is Jamie McCloud. I uhm, was interested in investment advice.”

“You were? How did you get this number?”

“You gave me your card,” Jamie replied, “A few weeks ago... in the World Trade Center mall...”

“The redhead with the handcuffs,” the woman said, her voice slowing with interest.

“Uhm, yeah.”

“Well, well. Why don't we meet for coffee or something and... discuss things?”

“I'm not sure... that is, I work until four in Midtown.”

“Really? I do a lot of running around in Manhattan during the day, especially along Park and Fifth Avenues. Do you know Morgan's, off 5th at 39th?”

“No, but I'm sure I could find it,” she said.

“Then do so at eleven thirty this morning.”

That was weirdly like an order, and made her wonder once again if she was giving off some weird sort of submissive aura of if all lesbians simply assumed they would be in charge in any sort of sexual romp with a straight

girl. Well, in a way, they would be, since she had little idea what sex with a woman was like...

“Sure,” she said.

Jamie was listening to a dial tone, and hung up, pursing her lips. Well, the Armani was out since she'd been wearing it the last time the woman had seen her. She did have a nice dark purple blouse she could wear over a black tank-top, though. And she could wear a jacket over that if it stayed cool.

She put in for some time around noon, but given the job Mueller had decided on for them today she wasn't completely sure she'd be able to get it. They were working with the Anti-crime guys from the 112th precinct in Queens, staking out a couple of guys who had recently been released from prison for bank robbery.

They were spree bandits, people who would hit a number of places close together, and then leave to enjoy their profits. They'd splurge on drugs, alcohol and women, and then go back to work when the money was over.

And they were not known for their patience.

Andrew Sullivan had been released last month, and Larry Tombs just the other day. The betting was that Sullivan would already have lost patience with trying to find a job, presuming, which was quite a leap, he had actually ever had any interest in one, and had already scoped out a few jobs and located weapons, even if he had to rent them.

And today they were driving a beat up twelve-year-old Ford Econoline van down Park Avenue. They'd been followed across the Queensboro Bridge by the guys from the 112th, who suspected the only reason they were here was to pull a job.

They parked the van on 57th and Park, across the street from a Citibank, and the units following them from both squads began to park.

“Five, into the bank,” Sergeant Anderson said over the tactical radio.

That was Jamie and a 112th precinct guy named Burns. They were both in their early twenties, and were judged to be the least likely to draw any suspicion that they were cops. Burns was twenty-five, six feet tall and athletic, with a square, shaved head, short beard, and clothes from Old Navy; faded jeans and a teal shirt with white doves across the front.

They got out of their car and walked up the street, determinedly not looking at the Econoline van as the two men got out. Inside the bank they quickly looked around, and Burns led her into an office on the left side of the door, where they sat down, to the surprise of the man sitting behind the desk there.

“May I help you?” he asked.

Burns showed him his badge.

“We'd like to sit here a few minutes, Mister Long,” he said, reading the nameplate on the desk. “There are a couple of individuals outside we suspect may intend to rob your bank.”

Long's eyes and jaw opened and he stared past them at the door.

“Don't look at the door, please,” Burns said pleasantly. “These people have never harmed anyone before and we'd just like them to do their business, if that's their intention, and leave.”

“We're only here in the unlikely event anything goes wrong,” Jamie assured him.

They were adjusting their chairs so they faced the desk at an angle rather than directly, which let them see Tombs and Sullivan coming into the bank and crossing the floor behind them.

Typical bank robberies were not like the showy ones you saw on television or in the movies. Most bank robbers didn't shoot into the ceiling and demand everyone get on the floor. Instead they waited their turn, more

often than not, then went to the teller and demanded cash in a quiet voice, sometimes showing a gun, sometimes not.

Jamie eased her chair sideways a little to get a better view of the tellers, and saw the two men waiting in line. She pulled her wrist up to her mouth and said. "Waiting in line," into the microphone there.

There was no need to whisper. The men were a hundred feet away and there were many conversations going on in the bank and the officers along the side.

"Just tap away at your computer," Burns told the man behind the desk. "Look at your screen. Don't look so worried. Nothing is likely to happen."

"Sullivan at the teller," Jamie said.

"Roger," Anderson said.

She couldn't see what he was doing or the teller since his back was to her, but the bank was still calm. A few seconds later the teller appeared, moving to the next teller in the line, whispering into her ear. That teller turned to look towards Sullivan, then opened her drawer.

It was probably going down, she thought, with rising adrenaline, but she couldn't be sure. For all she knew the first teller was asking for change. Maybe she was out of five dollar bills or something. But then she moved on to the next teller as Tombs casually leaned against the counter on the far end.

"Okay, it's going down," she said, certain now, from the looks on the tellers' faces.

"Taking positions," Anderson said.

The teller returned to her window in front of Sullivan, and a few seconds later Sullivan and Tombs moved away from the counter, turned and quickly headed for the door.

Jamie didn't speak into the microphone but double clicked the button instead. That was the prearranged signal.

“I think your interest rates are too high,” Burns said in annoyance as the two men passed behind them and pushed their way out the door.

Jamie got up casually and turned around, her hand moving to her hip. She moved forward out the door into the bank, saw the men crossing the street, and threw the bolt on the glass doors to lock them. Then she and Burns moved to either side of the doors, protected by the walls, and watched.

As soon as they got into the van Mueller's SUV drove around the corner and stopped nose to nose with it as men appeared from all directions, pointing guns at the van and shouting at them.

They put their hands up, the doors were yanked open and they were pulled out onto the road. Burns unlocked the bank doors and he and Jamie went out onto the street to join the rest.

She checked her watch, pleased at how quickly things had gone. She'd have no trouble making her lunch date.

That thought then made her stomach squirm a little.

She should have worn the Armani, she thought as the man in the suit showed her to Bryant's table. The restaurant was expensive, and everyone in it, including the staff, were in suits and ties or dresses. She didn't like feeling out of place. Thought at least she'd worn dress pants rather than jeans today.

Bryant raised her eyebrows as Jamie appeared, and Jamie flushed slightly. Bryant herself was in a forest green blazer with gold blouse and knee length gray skirt.

“Hi,” Jamie said, sitting down.

“Delighted to see you again... Jamie,” Bryant said with an ironic smile.

She already had a tea – in a fine china cup, and sipped delicately from it as she looked Jamie up and down.

“May I get you something to drink, Miss?” the man in the suit said.

“I’ll have a tea, please,” Jamie said.

He nodded and walked away.

“So what inspired you to call me after all this time?” Bryant asked.

“To be honest, I was going to wear my Armani blazer today and discovered your card.”

“You forgot me? I’m crushed,” Bryant said.

“I doubt that,” Jamie said.

Bryant smirked slightly.

“You don’t look like a woman who lacks... company,” Jamie said.

Bryant smiled. “Some people think life is all about money, but it’s really all about... friends, good company, enjoyable times.”

“Money helps with all of that,” Jamie said.

“True enough. And are you looking for money or for... companionship?”

“Maybe I’m looking for all of that or maybe just for... enjoyable times,” Jamie said.

Bryant smiled even more. “You’re what, twenty one?” she asked.

“Twenty two,” Jamie said, slightly defensively.

Bryant herself looked to be closer to thirty.

“And you don’t look like you lack friends and company either. For that matter, the police are fairly notoriously... indiscriminate in the number of friends they have.”

“Male police are.”

“Female police, too,” she said. “They’re just usually more discrete about it.”

“That’s true to an extent,” Jamie said. “But sometimes people prefer not to be gossiped about at work.”

“Smart ones,” Bryant said with a nod of her head.

“That’s particularly so if the kind of uhm, enjoyable times you get involved in might be a little out of the ordinary,” Jamie said carefully.

“Ooo, am I out of the ordinary?” Bryant asked in amusement.

“You might be ... part of something out of the ordinary.”

Bryant snorted and took a longer drink from her tea, eyeing Jamie over the rim. She put it down and sat back in her chair.

“Let me guess,” she said cynically. “You have a boyfriend who would love to see you with another woman.”

Jamie pursed her lips and Bryant let out a brief bark of laughter.

“And he’s been bugging you about it for some time,” she added.

“Maybe,” Jamie said slowly.

“And you’ve been resisting but either you’ve given in or you’re curious yourself. You don’t look like the kind who would give in easily on something you didn’t want to do.”

Jamie frowned, wanting to object, even though it wasn’t exactly an insult. It was just that for some reason she found it more comfortable to say this was all Danny’s idea. She *wasn’t* curious! She was just into making Danny hot!

“My relationship isn’t exactly the normal plain vanilla kind,” she said.

The man returned with her tea, and she thanked him and waited for him to leave as she poured some sugar into it.

“So you like a little kink with your tea?” Bryant asked with a smirk.

Jamie flushed a little.

“Girls like you usually aren't at all into anything kinky,” Bryant said. “Even I wasn't at your age. Let me guess, older boyfriend?”

Jamie raised her eyes from the tea, startled, and Bryant laughed.

“I don't get paid what I get paid for lack of insight into the human condition, dear,” she said.

Jamie shrugged as Bryant looked at her.

“Kinky to a het girl usually means some kind of sub/dom game. Am I correct?”

Jamie flushed but nodded.

“How... interesting,” Bryant said. “There are two kinds of girls that go in for that sort of thing, in my experience. The first are dishrags, weak willed women who will simply do whatever their man tells them. You look to me like the second kind.”

“Which is?” Jamie demanded.

“Someone for whom that goes completely against character. You being a tough little police girl, I can see that. You have to deny your sexuality in your business. Your kinky game has you living like the ultimate cliché of the sexual animal. You were a rebel to want to be a police officer, and now you're a rebel against the rigid social rules imposed on you by being one. Delightfully contradictory.”

Jamie shrugged.

The man returned to discretely inquire if they were ready to order, and

Bryant ordered for both of them, a Santa Fe chicken salad. Jamie frowned at her as Bryant ordered, and when the man left the blonde smirked at her.

“If you and I are going to have some of those enjoyable times with me, dear, you'd best get used to me treating you in the same manner of kink you've come to expect from your boyfriend. I'm presuming you've found that to be... enjoyable?”

Jamie blushed and shrugged.

“Say yes,” Bryant said softly.

Jamie pursed her lips. “Yes,” she said.

Bryant smiled. “Say yes mistress,” she said with a smirk.

Jamie blushed further and looked around, then scowled at the blonde.

“Don't be insolent in the look you give me, dear. I'm quite familiar with this game. I play it all the time myself, and insolence always draws punishment.”

Jamie looked at her uncertainly. She felt a sense of irritation and indignation at the woman. After all, they'd barely met, and she wanted her to start pretending she was some kind of... dominatrix or something? Not to mention the fact Danny wasn't here to get excited by this. It was one thing for her to be submissive to him, given his size and how gorgeous he was, and given she was usually very aroused when she gave in.

It was quite another to be submissive to this admittedly sleek, beautiful older woman she'd hardly met. On the other hand, Bryant *was* sleek and sophisticated and older, and probably richer, given her job title and that she worked in the Financial District.

That made her somewhat intimidating, though not in a physical way.

“Say it,” Bryant ordered.

Jamie didn't want to say it! But on the other hand, she felt a sense of

arousal at the situation, at the submission thing. Was it because every time she played Danny's submission game she got incredible orgasms? Was she doing the Pavlov's dog thing again?

“Mistress,” she said softly.

“So I'm guessing this little enjoyable event is to involve him, too,” she said. “Got a picture?”

Jamie hesitated, then brought out her brand new phone. It didn't have much in it, but it did have a picture of Danny, and she showed it to the blonde.

“Hmm, looks spiffy. What does he do?”

“He's a federal agent.”

“Ah, an authority figure,” Bryant said with a small smile, handing back the phone.

“Our relationship is not... I mean, he and I are... equals except in one... area,” Jamie asserted.

“I can guess what that area is,” Bryant said.

She flicked her eyes up and down.

“Open your blouse,” she said.

Jamie's eyes widened.

“You've only got a couple of buttons done and have a tank top underneath. So do it,” Bryant ordered.

Jamie scowled, but looked around the room, which had quite subdued lighting, and undid the buttons casually.

“Open it and sit up straight.”

Jamie's eyes narrowed, but she did as was told, letting the blouse slide open naturally and straightening. She saw Bryant's eyes widen slightly.

“I didn't notice those before,” she said. “But then you had the jacket on.”

Jamie looked down and saw the faint indentations of her rings, and flushed a little.

“Do they really make your nipples more sensitive?”

This kind of conversation was making her mind squirm, and embarrassing her. It wasn't like Bryant and she were old friends, after all.

“Yes,” she said reluctantly.

“Interesting. I'll have to see how sensitive they are,” Bryant said.

She looked around, checked her watch and stood up. “Let's powder our noses before our meal arrives.”

Jamie gaped at her.

“Briefly,” the woman said, then turned and walked away.

Jamie hesitated, then got up and followed her across the room and down a panel lined corridor to the ladies room.

The stalls here were wider, higher, and made of real wood. They also lacked the large openings underneath. Apparently the management didn't think their customers, being of a generally higher quality, would get up to anything nefarious. Soft music played overhead, perhaps to drown out indiscreet sounds.

Bryant looked around, then entered a stall, and beckoned Jamie to follow.

Jamie reluctantly followed her into the cubicle, considering how to object. But she was hit by the memory of the last blonde she'd been in a cubicle with, and felt a sudden uncomfortable rush of heat. That woman had

not had the effect on her she'd expected, and she became suddenly anxious.

Bryant was one of the few women taller than her, and as she closed the door she turned to look at her.

“I'm not sure I want to involve myself in your kinky enjoyable time,” she said in a soft voice. “I could be interested, though, depending.”

“Depending on what?” Jamie asked warily.

“On my assessment of how... enjoyable it will be... for me.”

“I'm not going to – .”

“Lift your top.”

Jamie stared at her in surprise.

“Now.”

Jamie flushed, hesitated, then gripped the tank top and pulled it up to bare her bra.

“Open the bra.”

Again Jamie hesitated, not wanting to, wanting to be defiant, but felt the rising heat within her, which was... frustrating. She shouldn't be getting turned on by this! Just like she shouldn't have been turned on by that other woman!

She pulled her bra up over her breasts, blushing hotly as Bryant examined her.

“My, my,” the woman said. “Those are lovely.”

Her hands rose beneath Jamie's breasts and lightly caressed the underside.

“Very hard nipples,” she said with a smile.

She cupped Jamie's breasts and lifted them gently up and together, her fingers kneading them softly. Then she let them go. Jamie's breasts dropped, wobbled slightly, then resumed their previous firm, round nature.

“Very nice,” Bryant said in a softer voice.

She gripped Jamie's nipples between thumbs and forefingers, rolling and rubbing them as Jamie stood there uncomfortable, fighting a rising sense of sexual hunger as her heart beat faster and faster. Then the woman leaned in and kissed her.

Jamie would have sworn her mouth was actually softer than that of the men who had kissed her. Maybe it was just that she was gentler, but the actual skin of her lips felt more delicate, her tongue softer and more tender.

But that shifted, or at least, the gentleness shifted rapidly. Like the men she had been involved in lately Bryant slid her hand into Jamie's soft, thick red hair, and after enjoying the feel of it around and between her fingers, closed those fingers and used them to jerk her head up and back.

And that too was one of those Pavlovian moments, for exactly that reason! For as she gasped and felt her back arch, and felt the woman's lips move down along her exposed throat, Jamie felt flashbacks of heat from all those other recent moments. And it didn't seem to matter that this was a woman.

Especially when Bryant's other hand quickly and deftly undid her trousers and pushed down the front.

“W-Wait!” she gasped in sudden alarm.

She wasn't prepared to get involved in some kind of lesbian thing right here in a bathroom! Not to mention the whole point was to do it with Danny watching! But Bryant's fingers, and these were definitely softer than that of any man, were now deep into the front of her pants and quickly found her clitoris.

Jamie felt a pulse of raw heat through her groin, then a ripple of power

like a flood tide, rolling up through her abdomen. Her hips jerked against the fingers, her buttocks grinding helplessly against the wall of the stall as the woman's lips moved up under her ear, chewing deliciously at her flesh as she kissed her.

And then the woman drew her fingers up out of Jamie's pants and placed them at her mouth, sliding them in.

“Lick!” Bryant growled.

Jamie gasped, then moaned weakly, sucking on the fingers in her mouth, licking them uncertainly.

Bryant chuckled, drew them out, and thrust her hand down the front of Jamie's trousers again. This time she didn't try to kiss her, didn't even lean in against her. She simply stood there, cool-eyed, her hand down the front of Jamie's pants, fingers stroking her.

Jamie felt her body flooded with heat from either end. Her face flushed as she felt her mind squirming. She tried to reinforce her will, to get control of herself. They were, after all, just two women standing there facing each other.

Except the blonde's hand was down the front of Jamie's pants, of course.

And those fingers were doing... amazing things. Two slim, soft fingers pushed in between the tight lips of Jamie's sex, curled up, and was pumping in and out. Meanwhile a thumb was stroking upward against her clitoris in swift, sharp little movements.

Jamie realized her hips were jerking up and back in time to those movements, and tried to brace herself, but every rapid stroke sent a sharp little jolt of pleasure through her body. As Bryant put more pressure on her it ached too, but in a deliciously sensual way that made her buttocks grind back against the wall even more.

Bryant leaned in, her hand cupping and kneading Jamie's right breast as she chewed lightly along the nape of her neck, bringing her lips up to nibble

on her earlobe.

“Are you a sex slave, little redhead?” Bryant purred. “Is that what you are?”

Jamie gasped as the woman's fingers suddenly thrust all the way up inside her.

“Are you anyone's slut?” Bryant whispered into her ear.

“N-N-No!” Jamie gasped.

Bryant drew back, pulling her hand out of Jamie's pants, then slid the fingers into her own mouth as she smirked at her cat-like.

“You taste divine,” she said. “Let me call your man... your master, and decide what I will do.”

“He's no-not my master!” Jamie gulped.

Bryant smiled.

Chapter Eight

Jamie made it back to the precinct on time, but feeling frazzled. She was also unhappy at how quickly and easily the woman had aroused her, and feeling more than slightly embarrassed about letting her do whatever she wanted. Letting Danny play his domination games was one thing, but letting someone else, a woman do it, was entirely different.

And yet, she kept feeling odd little rushes of excitement as she made her way back to work, little bursts of arousal and desire as she thought back to the feel of the woman's lips and fingers, and the heat they'd roused in her.

Maybe she *was* anyone's slut!

There were three low, narrow steps up to reach the green doors of the precinct house. And there were two uniformed cops standing on the top landing as she arrived. Both looked at her, but neither moved aside.

She knew them only vaguely. There were almost two hundred cops assigned to Midtown North, after all. They were older cops in their late forties, one with the weathered and reddened face and veined nose of the long-time alcoholic.

The one with the nose – and a belly pushing out over his belt, looked at her sourly.

“Excuse me,” she said.

“I hear you like arresting cops,” he replied.

“You need your hearing checked,” she said.

“You arrest one of our own because of some routine traffic run-in with a civilian?” the other demanded.

“I arrested someone who didn't have the self-discipline or brains to keep

his hands off me,” she replied. “I would have thought all you guys would have realized that wasn't a smart thing to do by now.”

“He was upset,” the red-faced one said. “I woulda been upset if some eager ass rookie was arresting me for shit, too.”

His name tag said Brent.

“This guy some kind of friend of yours?” she demanded.

“All cops are my brothers, McCloud,” he replied. “Cept those who show they don't belong.”

The door opened behind him and almost threw him off the stairs.

“What the fuck. Move out of the way,” another uniformed cop said, coming out.

Brent moved aside for the two cops coming out and Jamie walked past him and went inside, then upstairs to the Anti-crime offices. Mueller wasn't at his desk, but his jacket was there. She sat down and checked her computer for messages, but didn't find much of interest.

She checked her watch, then saw the inter-office brown envelope on her desk. She didn't get a lot of those, but they were about half and half made up of reports that someone thought she needed to redo, and pictures of her in the bikini from that earlier undercover job.

It was like the mentality of some cops, mainly male, she knew, insisted on making lewd comments about it, but knew better than to do so in person. She'd gotten a number of these in the weeks following the undercover assignment, but they'd tailed off of late.

About half had messages scrawled on the picture, which were usually just eight and a half by eleven prints in black and white that someone had obviously printed up from a cheap home printer. This one said *Whores like you should be naked all day, McCloud, with your face full of cream!*

Not particularly creative, she thought, but more hostile than most. She

tossed it into the trash, almost as unconcerned on the inside as she made sure she demonstrated on the outside. Most of the men in the precinct had probably seen that picture by now anyway, and she'd long resigned herself to it. Besides, she wasn't particularly bothered by it anymore.

So she had a nice body? So what.

She caught Taylor looking at her as she tossed it and he quickly shifted his eyes away, making her wonder if it had come from him. It was certainly unimaginative enough. She wondered if he'd carefully donned gloves and taken other measures to make sure it couldn't be traced to him if there was an investigation.

If so the best response she could think of was utter lack of concern.

Mueller returned from wherever he'd been, grabbed his jacket, and jerked his head at her and they went down to the car, then headed south on Broadway.

Broadway was the heart of Manhattan and Manhattan was the heart of New York. The street was bit of an oddity in Midtown, which had been so rigidly set in its grid pattern of broad, north-south avenues and narrower east-west streets, all of them numbered. That was because it pre-dated the grid-pattern laid out in 1811. In fact, it followed an Indian trail the Dutch had found in the early 17th century and used as a path, then a road themselves.

What the native Americans trudging along their trail in early 16th century, or the Dutch settlers moving their wagons along the path in the early 1600s might have thought if they could see it now was impossible to imagine.

They'd probably run screaming into the night, except there was no night here, for Broadway never slept.

It started at the southern tip of Manhattan, and extended straight up the island, then cut diagonally through midtown and up along the west side and through the Bronx. City planners had interrupted here and there over the centuries. They'd dropped a park across its path from 14th to 17th streets, for example.

But the most obvious difference was that it meandered, turning this way and that as city planners had fussed over it over the years. Sometimes, like now, it curved through canyons of high-rises and flashy neon signs.

As they passed 50th Street that meant not only were they hemmed in along the broad avenue by tall buildings on either side, but also in front of them, as the road curved to the east. In the rest of New York, ordinances prohibited flashy advertising on buildings, or at least limited them. But as they entered the Times Square district the ordinance actually *required* them.

New York liked its flash, and this section of Broadway rivaled Las Vegas for it.

Mueller turned onto W49th and Jamie amused herself by running license plates through the computer.

“You know, in England they have automatic license plate readers in their traffic cars,” she said. “They scan license plates automatically, and let you know if they're wanted for anything, or the driver is suspended or whatever.”

“Cops in England must be lazy,” he said.

“Or efficient. You know how many people in this city drive on suspended licenses?”

“No. Don't care either. That's for the uniforms to worry about.”

The call about a disturbance at a Buffalo Wild Wings came as they passed 47th Street, and caught their attention mainly because it was ON 47th Street, just up the road, in fact.

Mueller braked, put on the flashers, did a U-turn and turned down 47th. The restaurant was less than a block up and they pulled over in front of it and got out.

“Too bad I already had lunch,” he said.

It was a sports bar but it usually didn't get very rowdy in the middle of the day, especially on a weekend. As they entered Jamie looked quickly around and saw the place was mostly empty. It didn't take long to find the source of the disturbance.

There was a family sitting at one of the round tables. There were two kids, a boy and girl, in t-shirts, both about six or seven, an adult woman she took to be their mother, who was pretty, thirtyish, with short brown hair, glasses, and a big chest. The man at the table was slim, dark haired, and red faced as he glared at what Jamie could only think of as an escapee from Swamp Things standing there shouting at them.

The man was well over six feet tall, with far too much hair and a long, scraggly beard. He was shouting about how Tom Brady was a cheat and a liar and a tool of the devil, and that the New England Patriots – she noted the woman at the table was wearing a Patriot's jersey with Brady's number on it – were worthless faggots.

Jamie could feel for the guy at the table. He was half the swamp critter's size, but what angered her was the scared look on the kids' faces.

Mueller moved through the tables and stepped neatly in front of the swamp man, startling and abruptly silencing him.

“Time for you to go,” he said.

The man gaped at him. “Who the fuck d – !?”

He apparently saw his badge then, and glared sullenly, stepping back.

“I didn't do nothin'!”

Jamie walked past them and over to the counter to check with the staff, which in this case was a woman in her mid-twenties wearing the black and yellow uniform.

“You called the police?” she asked.

“Yeah. Wow, you got here fast.”

“You got lucky. We were just passing by. Do you want him out?”

“Oh yes! Please!” she said.

Jamie nodded and went back to where the swamp man was arguing with Mueller, though she noted his voice had dropped considerably.

“Staff want you out, Bubba,” she said.

He turned and glared at her.

“That ain't my name!” he growled.

“I don't really care,” she said with a shrug.

“His name is Andrew Beuhl,” Mueller said, reading a driver's license.

“I paid for my wings and I'm staying!”

“You know that's not going to happen, right?” Mueller said.

“Take your wings with you and leave,” Jamie said. “This is private property and they want you out.”

“Out,” Mueller said.

The man glared at him, then at her, eyes narrowing, assessing the odds, which apparently didn't look good. He probably didn't worry much about Jamie, but Mueller was an awfully big guy.

“There ain't even any freedom of speech in this country anymore! It's the Jew-S-A!”

“Shalom,” Jamie said, holding her hand up and waving.

That jolted him and his face got red and even angrier, but then the door opened and a couple of uniforms came in. And neither of them were small men either.

“This country is going to hell!” he shouted as he went to a table with some food on it, grabbed some wings, stuffed them into his pockets, and then headed for the doors.

Mueller turned and looked at her.

“Shalom?” he said.

“What?” she asked innocently.

“He woulda punched me, not you.”

“You could use the exercise.”

He snorted and turned to greet the two uniforms as they arrived.

“Thank you!” the woman at the table said.

Jamie smiled and nodded. “No problem,” she said.

She and Mueller and the uniforms followed the swamp guy to the door and watched him head up the street.

“What jersey is he wearing anyway?” she asked.

“Panthers,” Mueller said.

“Carolina,” one of the uniforms said.

“They actually have a team?”

“Not a very good one,” Mueller said.

“Maybe they should hire Tom Brady.”

He turned and looked at her again. “You know the theory is women cops would be better at calming angry men down.”

“Not my thing.”

“Yeah, I noticed.”

They headed back to the car, and then headed north, this time along Fifth Avenue. Around 49th Street they parked, and walked along the gardens leading to Rockefeller Center, looking around. It was, as usual, crowded with tourists, with fountains and greenery running down the middle, stores along the edges, and plenty of benches to rest weary feet.

Mueller went down the south side and she went down the north as they headed for the lower plaza a block up. It was a good place to people-watch, and after a few months with Mueller she had developed the habit of skimming across crowds looking for those who didn't fit in.

Almost everyone here came in two categories. Either they were tourists, or they were office workers. That made for a startling contrast in wardrobe which let her almost instantly place people into one group or another while she looked for people who fit in neither.

Those would be the ones watching people the same way she was, only with an eye to targets. Tourists with cameras in hand were a favorite, as were guys in shorts tight enough to show where their wallet was in the back pocket and women who set their purse down while they sat on the benches.

What caught her eye was a skinny little middle-aged janitor with leathery black skin pushing a broom. He was wearing a dirty blue jumpsuit and baseball hat, and sweeping trash along the mall near some benches. Jamie had lived in New York all her life and never seen anyone pushing a broom on the sidewalk aside from local shopkeepers pushing debris out from in front of their store.

And as far as she knew the city didn't use guys in brooms so much as little vacuum and sweeper machines on the sidewalks. Still, she wasn't terribly suspicious until he paused behind a group of benches and then, after checking both directions, squatted low and thrust the broom in under the bench in front of him.

Jamie raised an eyebrow as she saw him hook the broom around a purse one of the woman had set on the pavement as she ate an ice cream cone. She

didn't notice a thing as her purse slid back under the bench and the janitor picked it up on the other side. He opened it, pulled the wallet out, and thrust it into his jumpsuit before zipping it up again, then turned and almost bumped into her.

“Hi,” she said pleasantly.

“Ah, hi,” he said, starting to move around her.

“I'm a police officer,” she said.

He stared at her in disbelief.

“You're a cop?”

She pulled her badge out on the lanyard and dropped it against her chest in plain view.

“Shiiiiit,” he said, staring at it, then up at her. “That ain't no fair.”

“I'll take that wallet.”

He sighed and unzipped the front of his jumpsuit, then handed it to her before turning around, spreading his legs and putting his hands behind his neck.

“I take it you've done this before,” she said dryly.

“A time or two.”

She patted him down, then drew her handcuffs out of her belt and pulled his right wrist around and back, cuffing it. By the time she had the other hand back Mueller had turned around and come back to see where she was.

“Purse snatching,” she said.

“I didn't take no purse,” the man said indignantly.

“Wallet snatching then.”

“You got to be precise,” he said as she turned him around.

He looked at her again. “You're the prettiest cop I ever saw.”

He looked up at Mueller.

“Cops are supposed to be big and ugly, like him.”

“Sorry to disappoint,” she said.

“I ain't disappointing. I'd way rather be arrested by you, baby.”

Jamie gave the surprised woman back her purse and wallet, and took her name and details while Mueller led her collar back to the road to wait for a blue and white. Jamie caught up to them on the sidewalk at 5th Avenue and then they handed him over to the RMP.

Both of the cops in the car checked out her chest, she noticed with annoyance, probably looking for signs of her nipple rings.

With that done they headed back along the garden to the lower plaza. In the winter it was a skating rink. Now, in summer, it was full of tables with umbrellas where office workers and tourists munched on overpriced food from the concourse restaurants in front of the massive waterfall and fountain.

Mueller headed for the stairs down to the lower plaza while Jamie, at a signal from him, headed south along the pedestrian plaza. It wasn't as nice as the garden area but was still jammed with benches, tourists and who knew what.

She was crossing 49th Street when she started hearing the screams and yells ahead, and it stopped her in the middle of the road for a moment before she quickened her pace forward, reaching for her radio as she started to see people running past her

“Mueller, something going on near 48th,” she said briefly, starting to feel a surge of adrenaline.

What the hell was going on up ahead?

From the looks she saw on some of the faces she pulled her badge, which was hanging from the lanyard and tucked into her tank top, out into plain view and swept her hand down under her shirt to grip the butt of the Glock in its holster as she started to trot forward.

Then all the running people opened up, more or less, and she saw a man with a scraggly looking beard running forward holding a machete aloft and screaming. There was virtually no time to think, and the Glock came out and swung up without her even thinking about it as she took a shooting stance.

And shot him four times.

His upper body seemed to be thrown back as his legs ran out from under it, and the machete dropped to the pavement as he collapsed in a crumpled heap.

There was another brief surge of yelling and screaming at the gunfire, then everything seemed to go mostly silent as those around gaped.

She glanced around quickly to see if there was any other threat, then moved closer to the man laying on the ground. All four bullets had hit him dead center, probably because she was firing instinctively, just the way she'd been taught.

She could hear her radio crackling with a shots fired call for Rockefeller Plaza Mueller must have put in, but she ignored it. She used her left foot to push the machete further from where the man sprawled, noting blood on the blade as she did so, but didn't try to touch him.

She doubted he was playing possum, doubted he was even alive, but simply had no desire to touch him. She felt shaken inside, and started to lower the gun and reach for the radio, just as Mueller came trotting up.

He took one look and holstered his own gun, then crouched beside the man and checked his neck for a pulse while Jamie instinctively moved further to the side so he wouldn't be in the way if she had to shoot again.

“Stay here with him. I want to see who he hit with this thing,” he said, taking out his own radio and barking a staccato series of statements into it as sirens began to wail.

There were people huddled against walls and planters where the man had come from, and he quickly checked them as he called for medical.

Jamie looked down at the dead guy but couldn't summon up a lot of sympathy. When you picked up a machete or a sword or knife and started hacking away at people you pretty much absented yourself from the human race, as far as she was concerned.

Besides which she was fairly sure which subset of humanity this one had come from and it was a subset which considered her as something less than human. The sirens were growing louder and multiplying, and the curious now felt safe enough to start edging closer and closer, some of them pulling out their phones to take pictures and videos.

The circus, Jamie knew, was about to begin. Soon the throngs of white hats would be arriving with their endlessly repeated questions and demands for her to go over her story again and again and again, along with their incessant questions about what she might have done differently.

Shooting people was such a pain in the ass, she thought.

Chapter Nine

Shooting people earned you paid time off, sort of as a reward, Jamie thought cynically. She knew, of course, that the actual idea of forcing officers involved in a shooting to take leave was to give them time to recover, psychologically.

For some reason, perhaps because the NYPD expected there to be deep psychological issues when a cop shot someone, much less killed him, officers were placed on leave until they were cleared by a psychiatrist, and the shooting had been cleared as 'good'.

She'd been through it before. The only problem she had was feigning some degree of bother about the douchebag she'd shot. Jamie didn't consider herself to be particularly cold-blooded, just very, very logical. There was no reason for her to feel upset at the man's death, and very good reason to feel she'd done good by removing him from the community.

Granted, there'd been an adrenaline rush, both during and after what had happened, but she was quite calm by now. She had little concern about the processes under way because the shooting, to her mind, had very clearly been well within departmental guidelines.

She sometimes wondered if she didn't have a bit of the sociopath in her, with her cool, logical judgment and acceptance of such things. Everyone around her was making out like it was a big deal, so she felt she had to at least pretend like she agreed and it was really an awful thing that the Muslim wack job had had to be put down.

Like a rabid dog, she thought to herself.

She let her mother fuss over her, and her father reassure her that everything she'd done was entirely legal. She let her brothers, uncles and grandfather congratulate her, and refused to answer the phone or have anything whatever to do with the media that tried to get near her.

The level of media interest was actually much more alarming to her than what she'd done, because there was a video of it someone had taken and that had gotten onto the TV, played repeatedly while talking heads droned on about terrorism.

It wasn't the first time she'd appeared in a video, but this one was much clearer, and she was far too recognizable, especially with her red hair.

Anti-crime cops were supposed to be anonymous.

I'm going to have to dye my hair again, she thought morosely. Maybe a deep chestnut this time. But would that be enough or would the powers that be decide she needed to be moved, this time out of Anti-crime completely, and maybe even into an office job away from the public.

It was several days before things could settle down enough for her to get together with Danny again. They went to an Italian restaurant, and it didn't go well. Even walking on the sidewalk she saw heads turning as they went by. The video had been everywhere, the last few days, after all.

What was almost as bad was that whoever had her phone had seen the video, and put out the stolen picture of her. None of the media were using it, as far as she knew, but it was all over the internet, and, she was sure, all over the precinct.

Her father hadn't seen it, as far as she knew. Her mother had, but in her typical ultra-liberal way had just smiled and told her she looked fabulous and to be proud of her body. Her brothers had just shaken their heads resignedly, especially Dale, who was a uniformed cop in Brooklyn.

Several people looked at them inside when they came in. And three times people came over to their table to thank her for her service, which was weird and horribly embarrassing. It wasn't like she'd just gotten back from a war zone or anything. She didn't feel the appreciation was deserved.

"I'm going to have to dye my hair," she said sadly.

He shrugged. "You did look great as a blonde."

She scowled. “Blondes are sluts!”

He smirked and raised an eyebrow and she scowled even more.

“I was thinking brown,” she said.

“You could,” he said, “But brown isn't as different from red as blonde is. Blonde is a real contrast to everything else. Sometimes when you're blonde, people see the blonde and not you.”

“I remember!” she said hotly.

“Well...” He shrugged.

“I didn't like it!”

“You do have the coloring for it, though. Besides, some blondes can be sleek and sophisticated, like that woman you gave my number to.”

Jamie blinked and looked at him.

“She called me to discuss... arrangements.”

“What kind of arrangements,” Jamie asked, suddenly nervous.

“Well, she had... ideas, things she thought she'd run past me to see how I thought you'd react. You understand she wants to turn you, right?”

“Turn me?”

He smirked. “Make you one of theirs.”

“Not much chance of that,” she sniffed.

“I agree. But obviously she wants you to have the best possible experience.”

That made her lower belly flutter.

“And what do you want?”

“Oh I have lots of fantasies.”

She let out a bark of laughter. “That's for damn sure!”

“Remember that place we went a few days back, the condo?”

“I remember the front hall, and not much of that since I was blindfolded most of the time,” she said dryly.

“That's true. You didn't get to see much of it. Well, I think that would be a nice setting for what Victoria and I have in mind.”

Now her stomach fluttered even more, and she felt her chest tighten.

“And what would that be?”

“I wouldn't want to spoil the surprise for you, slave girl.”

They left the restaurant, with more people staring at her, then went out on the street. It was dark, but the streetlights were bright, and more people seemed to notice her. Or was she just being paranoid? Men often looked at her, after all. Women noticed her too. She was unusually tall.

That was how she'd gotten involved with Danny, after all. They'd needed a cop to play his fashion model girlfriend. That meant she had to be young, attractive, and at least 5'11" tall. The problem with that, as Danny's boss had informed her, was that less than 0.7% of American women were 5'10" or over.

And, of course, only a small percentage of women were redheads. Given the news and the video played endlessly the last few days, a tall, young redheaded woman was bound to attract notice. And with the proliferation of that picture on the internet...

She had counted on nobody paying any attention to one more picture of one more half-naked girl on the internet. All this publicity had ensured otherwise. She wasn't looking forward to having to explain that to her boss

when that reached his level.

Fortunately, there was a way of forgetting about all of that, at least temporarily, and Danny, of course, had found it. As soon as they drove down into the garage all that disappeared from her mind. This time Danny didn't strip her naked. He did, however, fool around with her in the elevator hall and get his hand down her pants.

That reminded her of her little experience with the blonde in the bathroom, and served to heighten her nerve endings and fill her with a sense of both anxiety and thrilled anticipation.

Danny manhandled her in the way he knew turned her on, using his bigger body as leverage, throwing her up against the wall, kissing her roughly, jerking on her hair and treating her as if he owned her.

He was, as always, an amazing kisser, and the feel of his body, so big, solid, strong and warm, pressing her back against the wall had the usual effect. He half carried her into the elevator, and continued his oral assault on her own mouth as his hands moved roughly over her body.

The elevator opened and he pulled her down the corridor, swinging her around once to put her up against the wall and kiss her again. By the time they reached the right apartment she was breathless, excited, and more than a little mussed.

And then the door opened, and Victoria Bryant stood there, giving them an amused look. That immediately sent adrenaline flooding into Jamie's body as her pulse raced faster.

“So good to meet you in person, Mister Lucas,” she said, taking Danny's hand.

Bryant was wearing a black, single-breasted tailored power suit with thick lapels and a narrow waist. Under it she had a high-necked white blouse. She greeted him warmly, smiling broadly, then turned her eyes on Jamie, and gave her a look which was a mixture of mocking and contemptuous.

It was a look Jamie could easily return, and had, many times. But not now. Now it made her even more anxious and self-conscious. And she realized why without much thought.

This sleek, successful, self-confident woman was who Jamie was supposed to emulate. Oh, not the lesbianism, of course, but the pride, the behavior, the manner. She was someone who certainly regarded herself as any man's equal, even Danny, and was armored in a sense of personal value that had nothing to do with her looks.

That was how Jamie had been raised to think of herself. That was how she DID think of herself, most of the time. She allowed herself to not think of herself that way only when the fires of her own inner heat melted her sense of decorum and pushed aside her inhibitions.

Like now. Like tonight. And while she always felt like that was a guilty pleasure, she didn't mind in front of Danny, or even, all that much, other men. She didn't mind men thinking of her – depending on when and where – as an uninhibited sex object.

Now she minded. Because Bryant reminded her of just how far from her own ideals she let herself stray. And with she and Danny both so nicely dressed in suits, and her in a jeans and a tank top, she felt almost like the child being looked at reprovably by a pair of adults.

That they were both almost a decade older than her didn't help, either. And, of course, it was only going to get worse.

“Take your clothes off, dear,” Bryant said as she closed the door.

Jamie hesitated, feeling heat come to her face.

Bryant raised her eyebrows. “Well?” she demanded.

Danny looked on silently, but his eyes were already showing signs of deep anticipation.

Jamie's face flushed even more, but she pulled off her tank top, then

kicked off her sneakers – noting, as she did, that Bryant was wearing an expensive and sexy pair of high heels. She undid her jeans and pushed them down her hips and then stepped out of them.

“The rest,” Bryant said impatiently.

Jamie undid her bra, feeling a wild mix of emotions, baring her breasts to the two of them, and then removing her thong to stand there naked, doing her best not to seem self-conscious.

That was when she noticed the leather collar on the table by the door, because Bryant picked it up and then placed it around her neck, buckling it in the back, and combing her hair out from under it. Then she pulled what Jamie first thought was a thin strap from her jacket pocket.

It was a leash, and the blonde clipped it to the front of the collar around Jamie's neck, then tugged down sharply.

“On your hands and knees,” she suddenly ordered in a stern voice.

Jamie felt a jolt, then dropped to her knees, and, with more embarrassment flooding into her, dropping forward onto her hands as well. Embarrassment wasn't all that was flooding into her, though. So was a dark, helpless sense of heat and arousal.

“As you will be our bitch for the night, I expect you to crawl like one,” Bryant said, tugging on the leash.

Jamie felt another jolt hit her psyche as she crawled forward on her hands and knees, Bryant casually tugging on the leash. The woman walked with graceful elegance down a wide corridor, then into a large, luxuriously furnished bedroom with an enormous, four-poster bed.

The room was big enough to have a sofa, armchairs and coffee table at one end, though the coffee table had been moved aside and placed against the wall nearby. Bryant led her over to it and had her kneel facing one of the armchairs.

“Stay on your hands and knees, little bitch,” Bryant ordered, dropping the leash.

She sat down on the armchair which faced Jamie, crossing her legs smoothly and giving her another of those tight, contemptuous smiles.

“Keep your head up, little bitch.”

Jamie gulped as Danny moved behind her, then knelt down, and she felt his hand between her thighs, his fingers caressing her sex. Her clitoris felt swollen to twice its usual size, and was incredibly sensitive, sending delicious waves of sensation through her body as his fingers stroked it.

“How, I wonder, did you become such a... dirty little girl?” Bryant asked rhetorically.

The sound of Danny's zipper was quite loud in the otherwise quiet apartment, and a moment later Jamie felt the head moving up and down along the line of her sex, then rubbing insistently against her clitoris.

“I'm told that being a bitch in heat is your favorite thing,” Bryant said in amusement. “That, in fact, when you're... in heat, you're as mindless as a dog in the streets, and will copulate with anything which seeks to mount you.”

She picked up a wine glass from the table beside her and took a sip, eyeing Jamie over the rim with a look of amused contempt.

Jamie felt Danny entering her, pushing in firmly, not gently. She was already shockingly wet, but he was a big man, and she winced and gasped as he forced himself into her with very little time for her to adjust. Nor did he give her any time before he started to thrust in and out.

He reached forward, grabbing the leash where it dangled from the collar, jerking back on it as he thrust into her, and then swept the far end of the leash down across her bottom stingingly, making her gasp.

“A bitch in heat,” Bryant said in amusement.

Jamie felt horribly embarrassed and self-conscious, but that didn't stop

the rising sense of sexual pressure which began to fill her body. Every hard thrust from Danny's cock sent the head spearing deep into her hot, quivering belly.

And then his hips would strike her buttocks, rocking her forward, only to have him jerk back on the leash, pulling her back to meet the next stroke.

This was the opposite of what she had expected to take place this evening. She had thought it would be Bryant having sex with her while Danny watched. This was much more demeaning, somehow. Bryant's cool, amused contempt while Danny used her like a bitch made her mind twist and squirm in humiliation.

But it didn't stop her body from crackling with sexual electricity. In fact, the longer it went on the more powerful her arousal became. For as she had come to realize about herself, the more outrageous her behavior, the more arousing it was.

The heat swept over her like a fever, and her inhibitions melted away. That didn't stop her from being intensely aware of Bryant's eyes on her, and quailing under her gaze, but it did make it harder to keep from expressing herself orally.

Which was embarrassing as well!

Her gasps and grunts as Danny thrust into her escaped her, as did her ragged breaths. Danny yanked back on the leash, forcing her head back, and she yelped and moaned and cried out as he whipped the handle of the leash across her buttocks.

And then he grabbed a thick, handful of her hair behind her neck, jerking her head back even more sharply, then shoving her face down to the floor. He forced her breasts to pillow out beneath her, then yanked back on her hair to force her to stare up at Bryant, who was still sipping from her drink and smirking down at her in amused contempt.

It was, she knew, intended to humiliate her, and it did! But as Danny's hips struck her upraised buttocks and the sexual heat roiled her mind, she

couldn't do anything with that emotion but embrace it, reveling in her own degradation as she began to cry out repeatedly at the wild burst of sexual energy tearing through her.

“Stop,” Bryant said.

To Jamie's shock, Danny did so, sliding himself back out of her, leaving Jamie panting dazedly, chest heaving.

“Come here, little bitch,” Bryant ordered, reaching down to snap her fingers.

Jamie hesitated, then gasped as Danny slapped her bottom sharply. She pushed herself up onto all fours and crawled a couple of steps closer.

Bryant's legs were crossed comfortably, her left leg across her right, which left her foot, clad in a pointy toed black shoe, pointed up.

“You see this shoe?”

Jamie looked down.

“Let me feel your tongue on it.”

Jamie looked up at her, felt another jolt of psychic energy, more embarrassment – and more heat. She shuddered slightly, then dropped her head and began to lick at Bryant's shoe. Bryant looked down at her as she licked up across the top, then along the sides, face flushed hotly.

“Now take off the shoe,” Bryant ordered.

Jamie obeyed, pulling the shoe off.

“Now let me feel your tongue on my foot, little bitch slave.”

Jamie felt another dark jolt of heat, and a sense of anguished rebellion, but the heat was too intense, and she got another sharp slap on her bottom when she hesitated. She began to lick at Bryant's toes, and up along the instep.

“Stop. Move back to where you were.”

Panting, Jamie crawled backward a couple of steps.

“Position yourself the way a proper little slave bitch does to be mounted,” Bryant ordered.

That gave Jamie another jolt, but she moaned helplessly as she obeyed, gasping as she lowered her upper torso and her breasts throbbed hotly when she pressed them against the floor. She positioned herself the way Danny liked, with her bottom raised high, her belly drawn in tight against her thighs, and her knees spread wide, then shuddered as he mounted her while Bryant smirked down at her.

It was humiliating, and darkly thrilling, as Danny's big cock punched into her and his hips rocked her forward and her body crushed her breasts beneath her against the floor. Jamie shuddered and began to cry out in helpless pleasure again.

“Stop.”

She moaned as Danny pulled back, and Bryant snapped her fingers at her again.

She rose and crawled forward.

Bryant had crossed her legs in the other direction. Now Jamie had to lick her other shoe, up and down along the top and side, and underneath, then take her shoe off and lick her toes and foot.

And once again Bryant ordered her to position herself in that same position as before, while Danny entered her once more and began to pound her insides to a burning mush!

“Stop.”

She gasped raggedly, moaning as Danny pulled back. Danny had always exhibited a tremendous degree of self-control in his determination drive her insane, but she had no such restraint.

“Come here, slut,” Bryant ordered, snapping her fingers.

Jamie crawled forward. This time the woman reached behind her and caught at her hair, then pulled sharply. Jamie cried out, forced up and across her lap until she was firmly draped there, belly down.

Bryant's hand caressed her bottom, kneading her buttocks, then slid between her thighs, fingering her sex. Jamie moaned as two long fingers thrust into her, pumping in and out. She was not far from a climax and knew it. Yet she didn't want it to be at Bryant's hand!

Crack!

She gasped as the woman's hand came down sharply across her bottom.

“Nasty little slut,” Bryant said in a purring voice, fingers rubbing at Jamie's clitoris.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“I hope you realize what a disgrace you are,” the blonde said, as she again stroked Jamie's clitoris.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“A grown woman who so demeans herself is quite frankly, embarrassing to me!”

Her fingers penetrated Jamie again, pumping in and out as her thumb stroked across her clitoris.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Are you sorry for being such a miserable, little slut?” Bryant demanded, pushing her fingers into Jamie's overheated sex again.

Crack!

“Answer me, slut!”

“Y-Y-yes!” Jamie moaned.

Crack!

“Mistress,” the woman barked.

“Yes, Mistress!” Jamie cried.

“Dirty little girl.”

Crack!

“Filthy little animal!”

Crack!

Every time she talked, her fingers found Jamie's sex, stroking or thrusting into her. Every time she stopped, her hand came snapping down across Jamie's now red, throbbing bottom!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Jamie gasped and moaned and winced as her bottom got hotter and hotter, but it didn't seem to diminish the heat between her legs, especially since Bryant's fingers kept thrusting in between her thighs to stroke and push into her dripping sex.

“Are you sorry for being a miserable little whore?” Bryant demanded.

Crack!

“Yes, Mistress!” Jamie gasped.

Crack!

“Then say so!”

Crack!

“I'm sorry for being a miserable little whore, Mistress!” Jamie cried

Jamie felt the woman's fingers pushing into her hard, more than two this time, and she could actually hear herself panting as the heat rose to fever-level again.

“Show me what a slut you are,” Bryant said in a sneering tone.

Crack!

She used her left hand to slap down on Jamie's red bottom this time, as the fingers of her right continued to push against her sex, twisting and turning, two, three, then four of them, the knuckles grinding against the entrance to Jamie's sex.

Crack!

“Show me,' Bryant barked. “Come for me, slut!”

Jamie cried out as the lips of her sex ached, as they strained around the woman's fingers and knuckles.

Crack!

“Show us what a bitch in heat you are!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Bryant slapped her bottom as her fingers pushed and Jamie felt the knuckles slowly grinding their way past her entrance, and then with a wild shock she realized the woman's entire hand was passing into her body!

The shock turned almost instantly into a massive orgasm, and her legs thrashed as her hips jerked convulsively. Raw energy tore through her body as she cried out in a long, helpless, undulating wail of animal pleasure!

Her voice rose and fell, rose and fell, rising every time Bryan thrust her

fingers in harder, lowering as she eased back, rising again as she thrust again, until her knuckles slowly passed through the taut, aching lips of her sex.

Jamie could feel the strain easing as the woman's hand slowly passed through, closing around her wrist as she gasped for breath. The feel of the hand inside her was both a psychic and sensory blow, and she shuddered and gurgled breathlessly as it twisted and turned within the narrow, elastic sheath of her sex.

“Whore,” Bryant said. “Nasty little slave girl whore.”

The hand pushed deeper, and Jamie cried out again, head jerking up and back as her spasming muscles made her body twist and turn. She felt hands drawing her wrists up and back together behind her, then, strong male hands. Then handcuffs went around them, hard cold steel pinning her wrists together.

She felt Bryant's long fingers drawing in and back, one by one, until they formed a fist within her, and that fist pushed deeper.

“Please!” she gasped dazedly. “Oh! Oh! Fuck! Fuck! Oh God! Oh God! Oh please!”

“Nasty little sex slave,” Bryant said, her fist twisting and turning inside Jamie's belly.

A harsh hand gripped Jamie's hair, yanking her head up and back, and then Danny thrust his rock-hard cock into her open mouth, and almost immediately, down her throat. Meanwhile, Bryant's fist moved slowly inside her, twisting and turning, pumping ever so slowly in and out.

And then it moved deeper. Jamie could feel the lips of her sex stretching wider again as the blonde woman's wrist passed into her and her forearm started to stretch her out. The fist pushed several inches deeper, and she felt a deep, throbbing ache that turned her blood to liquid fire.

The orgasm had left her almost breathless, but now she screamed as another hit her, sobbing in mindless pleasure as Bryant began to move her fist

in and out with more determination, using longer strokes.

Danny's cock pulled back, letting her gulp in air in frantic sobs of breath, crying out with every exhalation as Bryant thrust into her deeper, the fist making her ache, twisting and turning as it moved in and out. Danny gripped her hair and rubbed his spit-wet cock over her face, then shoved it deep into her throat once more, burying every last inch.

Bryant started spanking her again, pumping her right hand inside her while her left slapped down against her red buttocks, and still another orgasm tore through her mind and body, which thrashed and bucked in wild-eyed heat.

There was nothing for Jamie to do after that but obey everything she was told. She was mind-blasted and dazed, gasping and moaning as Bryant's fist finally slid out of her, and the woman gripped her hair in hand, roughly tumbling her off the chair, then forcing her up onto her knees and to kneewalk alongside her across the floor to the bed.

She roughly jerked her up and threw her into the bed, then stripped herself, showing no particular shyness around Danny as she straddled the gasping redhead's face and sank her sex down against her mouth.

“Now please your mistress, sex slave,” Bryant said sternly.

Jamie moaned dazedly, and the woman seized small tendrils of red hair, wound them around her fingers, and began to tug them as she rubbed her pussy against her mouth.

“Now, slave,” Bryant ordered.

Jamie began to lick, dazedly, her eyes glassy, at first, but with more concentration as Bryant continued to jerk on her hair. And if she needed a guide she soon felt Danny's hands on her thighs forcing them wide, then his tongue on her clitoris.

She found herself imitating whatever Danny did, except, of course, for the fingers he thrust into her. His hand was far too big to fit inside her, but

that didn't stop him using three long, thick fingers to pump in and out of her as he sucked hungrily on her clitoris.

They turned her over, soon after, and Jamie moaned as Danny slapped her bottom and yanked her hips up, raising her buttocks high so he could enter her from behind. At the same time, Bryant gripped her hair and sat before her, knees raised and spread, sitting back against the headboard as she guided Jamie's mouth to her sex.

Another orgasm rocked Jamie's world, redoubling in power as Danny's fingers roughly stroked her clitoris while his hips pounded against her from behind. Then another, then a long string of them that had her mind-blasted again, half drooling, glassy eyed, over Bryant's sex before the woman jerked her hair to bring her mind back to business.

After Danny came inside her they switched places again. This time Danny sat back against the headboard while Bryant donned a strap-on dildo, which she drove deep into her ass, slapping her bottom as she rode her, but reaching down under her hip to stroke her clitoris.

Meanwhile Danny had her licking and sucking his balls, then mouthing his cock to get him hard again. When she succeeded in getting him erect again they had her straddle him and sink down onto his hard cock, then lean forward and ride him as Bryant drove her dildo into her ass again, pressing her small, firm breasts against her back as she thrust.

Jamie thought she would lose her mind at the wild, burning heat which enveloped her mind and body. She came again and again, mind shattered by the incredible waves of pleasure and dark, wicked thrills which swept over her.

And then Danny left them alone for a while, and Bryant taught her how to perform oral sex the way she wanted it, wearing out her tongue as she orgasmed herself several times before donning the strap-on once more and riding Jamie from behind, pounding the thick dildo into her as she yanked on her hair and slapped her bottom until Jamie came helplessly yet again.

It was an exhausting night for Jamie. Both physically and emotionally. It was an overload that drained her energy and left her twitching, trembling and aching all over, inside and out. Her voice was so husky from screaming that people asked her if she were getting a cold, and she felt sore inside for most of the next day.

It bothered her that she had become so intensely aroused she had practically lost her humanity, letting herself be turned into the sexual plaything of other people. But the memories were so overlain with searing pleasure and heat that all she could think of was how to get them to do it again.

In the meantime, she had more notoriety than she wanted, even without considering her role with the NYPD. She dyed her hair a golden blonde once again, in hopes of being at least a little more anonymous.

Whether that would work for the NYPD, of course, remained to be seen. But at least as a blonde she found she was able to walk around on the sidewalks without being stared at.

Well, without being recognized, anyway.

THE END

The Jamie McCloud series

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Out of Uniform

Learning the Ropes

Black and Blue

Law and Order

Bound and Determined

Dancing on the Edge

Disarmed

*

Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

*

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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