

Notorious



By JJ Argus

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(Jamie McCloud – Book 8)

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

Chapter One

Robert Taylor was conflicted. Everything had been going perfectly in his world when his uncle John got him transferred here to Midtown North's Anti-crime team. He could see his future laid out before him in clear detail. He'd do a year in Anti-crime, pass the detective exam, do a stint as a detective somewhere in one of the higher crime areas, and then move upward.

Maybe he'd be a captain one day, or even an inspector.

But there was no one in Anti-crime to partner with him, and its supervisor, a big, stupid kraut sergeant named Mueller, hadn't asked for him and didn't seem inclined to do anything with him but give him the shittiest jobs he could find.

The one time he'd gone out on an actual case it had been with Jamie McCloud, who was basically a rookie bimbo who had slept her way into her position. She'd stolen the credit for a major bust he was going to make, and then Mueller, who was probably fucking her, had punished him by giving him more shit jobs!

Fucking bitch! She rode around like Queen shit and getting praised because she didn't fall on her ass too often, and he, with several more years of experience, straightened out the squad's old file system! So she'd shot a guy who had come running at her with a sword; so what! Who couldn't shoot some crazy Arab who was screaming and waving a sword? His grandmother could have done that!

She was the one who should be straightening out filing systems, and acting as the squad's secretary! In fact, the filing room would be a good place for her. He could go back there and bend her over whenever he was in the mood, and give the bitch what she deserved.

He eyed her across the room from hooded eyes. As if she weren't getting enough attention already she'd dyed her hair blonde. Well that was fucking

typical, wasn't it? Red hair hadn't been special enough, he supposed. Fucking slut!

She was no kind of cop. Otherwise she wouldn't have busted that Harlem cop who'd had a little incident with a civilian. Cops didn't bust cops unless they were rats! There was a code of brothers in blue. But you couldn't expect some airhead bimbo to have a sense of honor.

Taylor didn't like the bitch one bit, but at the same time, he kept having the most graphic sexual fantasies about her. His mind played through one idea after another, all of them ending with her naked on her knees in front of him!

It was starting to drive him nuts!

He saw the bitch in his fucking dreams! And every time she taunted him and flirted with him and played the cock-teasing bitch, but he never got to fuck her!

There were practically naked pictures of her going around, and he had found them breathtaking. Her body was everything he had ever wanted from a woman; long, beautiful legs, gorgeous, tight ass, firm, high, full breasts, flat stomach. God!

She was wearing a baby blue sweater today. Every morning as he approached the office he found himself wondering what she was going to be wearing. Usually it was a tank top. But today it was a sweater. It was a thin sweater, though, one of those tight, ribbed turtlenecks that showed off every curve.

And it didn't go all the way down! A couple of inches of her bare, flat belly showed above her jeans, and he found the sight of it incredibly erotic. Her walking into the room in that sweater, with her long blonde hair floating around her face had given him an instant erection!

God, he wanted to do her! But he also wanted her fired or transferred so he could get her job. Better than that would be to get Mueller to back off and make her and him partners the way he'd originally wanted. He was sure he'd

be able to win her over eventually, and then get between those long legs and show her what women like her were made for.

Maybe if he talked to Uncle John again...

He had to wait for his erection to subside before he could get up, though, and then leave the room. As he walked out she yawned, which meant arching her back to push her chest out even more obviously. He gulped, fighting against getting hard again as he quickened his pace and left.

Bitch!

“You know, if you keep doing all that yawning around him even Taylor is gonna figure out you do it on purpose.”

Jamie turned and looked at Nora Richards as if surprised.

“Huh?”

Nora gave her a jaded look and Jamie smiled faintly. “Everyone yawns,” she said.

“Uh huh. Nice sweater.”

“Thanks. It suits the new hair.”

“Blondie,” Richards said with a smirk.

Jamie sighed. Richards was a blonde. Jamie herself had fought against the suggestion for years. She'd been attached to her red hair, or at least, to the self-image of a redhead. But she'd become too notorious after the video of her got around of that shooting at Rockefeller Center. It was embarrassing having strangers come up to thank her for her service as if she were some kind of hero. Jesus!

“Blondes have more fun,” Richards said.

“I had lots of fun as a redhead, thanks. And I'll be a redhead again when people forget about that video.”

“What's your boyfriend think of the blonde?”

“My boyfriend is a pervert. Of course he likes the blonde.”

Richards laughed.

“Of course, he was a pervert when I was a redhead too.”

“Men usually are.”

“You know what my father told Danny when they first met?”

Richards shook her head.

“He said if you upset a blonde or a brunette you'll make them cry, but if you upset a redhead, she'll make *you* cry. He told me that when I was twelve and going on my first date as a kind of encouragement for me to not put up with shit from boys. I've done my best to live up to that for a long time.”

Richards laughed again.

“Redheads have attitude. I like that.”

“And what do blondes have?” Richards asked with raised eyebrows.

“The reputation of blondes is not exactly the same,” Jamie said.

Richards snorted but couldn't disagree.

“Well, you should surprise some people then.”

“Yeah.”

The thing was, the reputation of blondes was, of course, of oversexed sluts. And Jamie was reluctantly coming to accept the fact that almost anyone who found out about her sex life would find that an entirely apt description of

her.

Even she was starting to believe she was a slut!

Oh, not all the time, of course. Only under certain circumstances, like whenever her boyfriend Danny was in sight of her. The pervert!

She didn't necessarily mind being a slut with Danny. Except he kept wanting to make her more and more of a slut as his kinky imagination found more ways to erode her inhibitions. And that had given her a newfound sense of sexuality, of sexual power, of sexual attractiveness which she worried was making her too... well... sexual!

She used to be extremely careful about how she dressed, for example, especially at work. Her mother was very liberal, not a prude at all. But she'd taught Jamie that a woman should be respected for her mind, not her body. And Jamie wanted to be respected as a good cop, a professional. That meant dressing as asexual as possible.

It was hard enough for a woman to get respected on the job. It was harder for a young woman who looked like her. That wasn't to say she was vain about her looks, but there was a reason why Danny's agency and the Midtown North Detectives squad had selected her to go undercover with him, playing a fashion model.

It wasn't because she was plain looking.

Oh, being six feet tall helped, of course, and being twenty-two. But if she hadn't had the looks and body to qualify she wouldn't have been very convincing as a model. So it wasn't like Jamie was under any illusions about her attractiveness.

Nor had she ever been. She'd been fighting off boys since puberty, after all. But the way Danny treated her, the way he talked to her, the way he looked at her, made her feel the strength of her sexuality in a way she never had before. And made her feel proud of it in a way she felt guilty of feeling.

She was supposed to be respected for her mind, after all! She was

supposed to insist on being treated like an equal!

And she still did, at least at work. And what she'd gone through so far at Midtown north meant all but the most sexist idiots there gave her a grudging acceptance, no matter what she looked like. Of course, throwing one cop into a pile of manure, and planting another's face into the hood of his car had helped there.

Cops respected strength.

But now, her thoughts on sexuality had shifted. She no longer thought it was necessarily a sign of weakness to be seen as, well, hot. In fact, it might even be a strength. That wasn't necessarily bad. Why should she be shy or embarrassed that people thought she was hot, after all?

Her problem was that the way Danny made her heat up just by looking at her, the way he made her heat up by letting other people look at her, had, over the past few months, twisted her mind into taking a dark pleasure in being looked at sexually.

It wasn't like she was an exhibitionist or anything. Or... maybe she was! She worried over that. Danny had basically exposed her naked body to the eyes of strangers on several occasions. It had been humiliating! But her memory of every such occasion was laden with such incredible heat and intense pleasure that it practically made her melt.

But that was not something cops would respect. Weakness was not something she could expose here. It would ruin her reputation as a ball-busting bitch. So whenever anyone seemed to be paying too obvious attention to her body she'd turn her green eyes on them and give them a flat, unblinking stare that quickly made them avert their eyes.

Even though it really didn't bother her to have men looking at her. In fact, it pleased her.

She just couldn't let *them* know that.

“Just remember who Taylor's uncle is.”

Jamie sighed and nodded. But the truth was she wasn't worried about Foster. She had a sneaking suspicion Foster knew who her grandfather was. Inspector Tuttle, who ran Midtown north, certainly did. And nobody wanted to fuck with one of the NYPD's Assistant Commissioners.

She didn't like people to know about her grandfather. She'd ostensibly gotten transferred here from Staten Island just six months into her first year on the job because of a medal she'd gotten for saving some kids from a house fire. But the truth was her grandfather had arranged it for her.

Nepotism was a well-respected force on the job, and always had been. But if the other cops found out her grandfather was an Assistant Commissioner they might treat her differently.

She turned back to her computer to finish up a report, glancing across the desk towards Mueller's empty desk. He was her partner, forced upon him by Foster. He was not exactly a sociable person, and every other partner had fled from his humorless, taciturn attitude.

On the other hand, he was very knowledgeable, and had been on the job longer than she'd been alive. He was also, at six foot, seven, an intimidating looking man who generally got cooperation from whatever witness or felons they dealt with without having to do much fighting.

“Where is he?” she said, glancing at her watch.

“In his office?” Richards suggested.

Jamie made a face. Richards meant the men's room, of course. Mueller liked to read the paper in there, which was just plain weird as far as she was concerned. But she was no expert on middle-aged men.

She was actually probably better off with him as a partner, she thought. If her partner had been younger there'd surely have been rumors they were sleeping together, simply because she looked like... how she looked. And if her partner was a woman, like Richards, then the men would start having lesbian fantasies.

Taylor returned from wherever he'd been, with files in his arms. She very carefully did not look at him, and concentrated on finishing up the report. They would go out on the street whenever Mueller decided they ought to. That was what it meant to be supervisor, and Mueller took full advantage of his freedom.

She finished the report, printed it, and signed it, then put it in her out basket just as the kid with the mail cart came by. He dropped a strangely thick envelope into her basket as he walked past, and she frowned as she reached for it.

She opened it and out dropped a dildo.

“What the fuck?” she said aloud, frowning at it.

“Someone likes you, McCloud,” Richards said from behind her.

“That's nice and big, McCloud,” Geraldo Batista said in delight.

“Still got the plastic on, at least,” Lyle Jefferson said from his desk.

Jamie had been teased about her red hair basically all her life. She had adopted a certain attitude, which said that under no circumstances did you ever show that gave a damn about someone mocking you or taunting you.

“This isn't big,” Jamie said, looking at it calmly, peeling the plastic off.

And then, she tilted her head back – which, of course, arched her back and pressed her breasts against the thin sweater – and slid it into her mouth – and straight down her throat – until only her fingers were showing. The room went silent for an incredulous moment.

She pulled it back out again and tossed it into her trashcan. “Too small,” she said, turning back to her computer.

The room exploded in laughter, though the mailroom boy dropped the envelopes he'd just picked up, then quickly grabbed them and held them in front of his crotch. Lyle Jeffries gaped at her.

“Holy shit!” he exclaimed.

Taylor, who she suspected had sent the thing, gaped at her too, but wasn't making any sounds.

Batista got out of his desk, dropped to his knees and bowed forward until his hands and head were pressed the to the floor, rose quickly and bowed again, and then a third time as the laughter and ribald jokes continued.

“Batista, what the fuck are you doing?” Mueller demanded as he came into the room clutching the Post.

There was more laughter, and Batista quickly got up and went back to his desk.

Mueller glared around the room, tossed his paper onto his desk, and looked at Jamie, who looked back innocently.

“Let's go,” he said.

She nodded, grabbed her windbreaker off the back of her chair and shrugged it on as she followed him out the door.

Behind her, Taylor stared at her, still feeling poleaxed. His mind was still filled with the image of her in that sweater, back arched, head back, as the dildo he'd bought slid straight down her throat. He'd seen the round little indentations in the sweater, which came from her nipple rings. He'd even seen the bulge in her throat as it went down!

And, he realized, he'd come in his pants.

God damn her!

Chapter Two

“What was that all about?” Mueller asked.

“Dunno. Something about how good I am at filing reports, I think.”

He turned and looked at her suspiciously, but Mueller wasn't known for his sense of humor.

They trotted down the stairs in silence. She didn't ask where they were going. He would tell her eventually or she'd learn when they got there. Her being almost as chatty as him was one of the things she was fairly sure he liked about her. Assuming he liked anything about her.

He was not the kind of guy who would like a chatty partner, particularly one who was a 'girl' who was half his age.

The precinct house was on W54th Street in midtown Manhattan. She'd been here several months and was still getting to know the area. She'd grown up middle class in Brooklyn. Aside from concerts she'd largely stayed clear of Manhattan. Everything in it was way too pricey, from its designer shops to its absurdly expensive apartments.

Granted, there was the theater district. And if she had much interest in theater – as opposed to movies – that might have drawn her here before. But her entertainment preferences were generally more lowbrow, and included wrestling, hockey, and action movies.

Her ability to talk enthusiastically about sports with the other cops, in fact, combined with her 'attitude' and a slightly husky voice, had made her even more a target of frustrated sexual interest to the precinct's lesbian cops than the straight ones. They all seemed to be convinced that her tomboy attitude meant she must be secretly gay, and that the right woman could get her to admit it and pull her over to their side of the fence.

They had all been disappointed in her refusal to admit this was the case.

Maxine Dornan even had *that* picture on the inside of her locker door.

Maxine had made it clear she lusted after Jamie, and when the picture had come out – after detectives had found her stolen phone. The picture had gone through the station like a fire in dry grass. She doubted there was a cop there who hadn't seen it.

Damn Danny.

It was not a posed shot. It was a candid shot of her in his kitchen, reaching up for something in a high cupboard. But she wasn't wearing anything but a thong, and it was taken from behind her and to the right. It got her head tilted back, her bottom pushed out since she was on the balls of her feet, and most of the side of her bare breast – along with the ring dangling from her nipple.

It was (thankfully) a very flattering shot of her, and at least it wasn't one of the graphic ones he'd taken, which he also had the habit of sending her. It might have been ruinous to her professional reputation if it had come out six months before.

As it happened, it came out the same day as she'd been confronted by a crazy, sword wielding Muslim terrorist running along the Rockefeller Center plaza and shot him dead. That had gotten on CNN and every other news show, and the civilians had made her into some kind of hero – which she found more embarrassing than the picture. Any cop would have done the same, after all.

They turned onto Broadway and drove past the marquee for the Late Show. Mueller turned briefly and glared at it.

“Communist,” he muttered.

She raised an eyebrow. “I think Colbert is funny.”

He rolled his eyes at her. “Liberal.”

She smiled. “I've killed more Muslims than you have.”

His eyes widened, no doubt at the outrageousness of the comment, then turned back to traffic. That was not exactly an argument he could counter.

The call for assistance came over the radio, just as he was turning off onto 51st. It was only a few blocks down Broadway, so he did a U-Turn and accelerated.

Anti-crime drove unmarked cars, and they didn't have to answer radio calls like the blue and whites. That was one of the things Mueller loved about the job. No calls for traffic accidents, domestic disputes, drunks throwing up in stores, no directing traffic, no writing traffic tickets – unless he wanted to.

Anti-crime was not assigned regular duties. It patrolled high crime areas, areas the city wanted lots of police but didn't want them visible, like Times Square and other tourist areas, sometimes assisted the Detective Squad with surveillance on its cases, and targeted repeat offenders.

While the blue and whites patrolled their regular districts within the precinct, the anti-crime cars were free to go anywhere in the precinct they felt like going, for any reason Mueller felt like going there.

If they wanted to answer a call, then of course, they'd answer it. Calls to assist a police officer were, naturally, high on the list of those they would answer. But they could also respond to anything else that seemed worthy of their attention, like armed robberies and assaults in progress.

Of course, any kind of assist officer call would draw every cop within range, so she could already hear sirens in the air. Mueller didn't bother to turn theirs on, though Jamie flipped the lights on as he zoomed through a red light.

They saw the fuss up ahead, on the sidewalk near a row of bicycle rentals parked on racks along the curb. Jamie sighed as Mueller got out, then reached into the back of the SUV and pulled out a can of pepper spray as she heard the shouts coming from some of the crowd.

A blue and white pulled up beside her as she walked up to the crowd. Mueller had already roughly yanked people back to push his way through, and she followed as the uniforms came in behind her.

In the center of perhaps a hundred staring bystanders was a longhaired man half laying atop a cop who held him in a headlock. Another cop was half sprawled over them, and two more were flanking them, trying to twist him around and get his arms behind his back.

The man was actively and obviously resisting, but common sense didn't always have a lot of fans in the city, and several people were screaming and shouting at the police as if they thought he was being abused.

Usually when she encountered this it was outraged black spectators who thought the police were racist if they so much as asked a Black man the time of day. This being midtown Manhattan most of the spectators appeared to be white, and not poor white either.

They were deep in the theater and tourist district after all.

A man in a green jacket was bent over the scuffling cops, shouting. Mueller grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and hurled him backwards into the crowd.

“Get back!” he shouted. “Everyone back!”

The two uniforms began to push at the crowd on their side, which gave way reluctantly, edging backward.

One of the uniforms with the scraggly haired man hit him several times, which seemed to unnerve the crowd, who shouted and demanded he stop.

“Don't hit him! You can't hit him!” one middle aged man shouted in outrage, pushing forward.

“Police brutality!” a woman a few feet away shouted.

“Get back!” Mueller shouted.

The female cop struck him again, this time with her baton, and the man yelled, which seemed to drive several members of the crowd into even more extremes of outrage.

“Stop hitting him!” the middle-aged man cried frantically, pushing forward.

Jamie raised her pepper spray and gave him a shot in the face.

“Move back, please,” she said calmly, as he staggered back and fell down, coughing.

The crowd on that side all moved back rapidly after that.

One of the uniformed cops was female and she smirked at Jamie.

“Nasty woman,” she said.

Jamie shrugged, not displeased.

Stupid civilians, she thought.

The truth was police were the only people in the country who could legally hit people. And they did it all the time. Ultimately, the police could use whatever level of force was required to make an arrest up to and including shooting someone dead.

But people were exposed to so little violence in their lives they seemed shocked to see any, and what with the way the media had been harping on police violence for the past year or so some people, like very liberal ones, were easily outraged.

Liberals, she thought in contempt.

Of course, she also held conservatives in contempt.

She wasn't sure what that made her, other than a judgmental bitch, as Danny called her.

“You bitch!” another middle-aged woman screamed, shaking her fist at Jamie.

Jamie sprayed her too.

“Move back, please,” she said mildly.

After that the members of the crowd moved back whenever she walked near them. The cops managed to cuff their struggling perp, and stuffed him into a car. She and Mueller got back into their car and drove off.

They headed further south on Broadway and turned off onto W50th, slowing as the traffic slowed at shouting ahead and a crowd forming. Mueller parked and they got out, pushing their way through to find a young Hispanic man lying face down on the sidewalk in the proverbial pool of blood.

Mueller checked his pulse, and shook his head at Jamie. There wasn't a lot of doubt about what had happened to him given the blood oozing from several puncture wounds in his back. Jamie scanned the faces of those around, looking for the ones that looked more shocked than curious, and quickly grabbed a tall, slim young man in a suit.

“Did you see what happened?” she asked.

“Some guy punched him in the back!” the man exclaimed. “I mean, I thought he had punched him but... he stabbed him!”

“Were they having an argument?”

“No! He just walked up behind him and another guy who were walking, and stabbed him in the back and then took off!”

“Which direction did he go?”

“Into the subway!”

“Can you give me a description?”

Mueller had already gone on the radio to report the homicide. She went

on again to give the description of the suspect, a husky looking male black in his late teens or early twenties wearing black pants and a blue t-shirt, and that he'd gone into the subway.

After that it was more crowd control until first the blue and whites arrived, then detectives from the squad, in this case Nowicki, a short, chunky balding Polish guy, and Lopez, who was a taller, chunky, balding Spanish guy, both in their mid-forties.

“Whatayasay, Mueller,” Nowicki said, ambling up beside them.

“I'm saying this guy had a bad day,” Mueller replied.

“Yeah, the worst. But also the last bad day. You gotta look on the bright side.”

He and Lopez were putting on blue surgical gloves and now dropped and searched the body. There was a bigger crowd now, but the uniforms were keeping them back. The street was blocked by patrol cars and an ambulance, as well as the two unmarked police cars.

Lieutenant Barnes, who headed up the detective squad, showed up, then two more detectives, then Inspector Tuttle, who ran Midtown North. A homicide in Midtown was a rare occurrence. They'd only had one last year, and this was the second this year.

Some parts of the city were a lot more violent, of course. Murders north of Central Park (Harlem) were more common than south of it. But the worst areas were Brooklyn and the Bronx. Some precincts could get a dozen or more murders in a year there. The 60th precinct, in Brooklyn, had over thirty, but they also had ten public housing projects and were the center of New York's street gang wars.

Mueller had found another witness to the crime, a waiter working in a nearby restaurant who had come out to smoke, and they turned them over to the detectives, then left the scene behind. Mueller had to drive on the sidewalk a little ways before they could clear the mess and get back on the road.

They turned north on 6th Avenue and Mueller decided to answer a call for a supervisor at a leather good shop only a few blocks away. They rolled up behind a blue and white, and went inside to find The uniforms had detained a large, overweight black man in a shirt and tie while a pretty blonde woman sniffled and looked anxious and fearful next to them.

The Black man was not happy.

“That fucking whore is lying through her fucking teeth!” he yelled.

“Hey, shut your mouth or I'll put you on the floor, fatso!” one of the uniforms snapped.

“What's up?” Mueller asked.

“Sergeant, we got a call here claiming a sexual assault,” the uniform – his name was Drake – said. “We found this guy refusing to let the victim leave the –.”

“That little whore ain't no fucking victim!” The black man shouted angrily.

“Who is he?”

“He's the clerk,” Drake said.

“I'm the manager, asshole! I told you that!”

“He's saying she was trying to steal a pair of gloves,” Drake said.

“Yeah and he wanted her to pay for em',” his partner, Jacobs said with a smirk.

Mueller made a face. “Talk to her and take her statement,” he told Jamie, then turned and went over to the Black man.

Jamie looked at the woman doubtfully. She looked to her to be in her mid-twenties. She was attractive, with white blonde hair and bangs, and was wearing very low-riding, very tight jeans, and a tight, midriff baring halter-

top with decent, though not outrageous cleavage.

Since it was kind of cool out today she found herself questioning the woman's clothing choices on several levels. It was the way a fifteen year old would dress if her parents let her get away with it, or a seventeen year old would dress going to a club. She couldn't imagine dressing that way to go shopping on a cool day.

She took out her notebook as she stepped in front of the woman.

“Can I have your name please, ma'am?” she asked.

“D-Darla, Stoneman!” the woman gulped, eyes enormous and filled with anxiety as they looked towards the Black man.

Jamie told herself not to look down on the woman – other than literally since Darla was almost a foot shorter than her. Most women were a lot more easily intimidated than she was herself, after all.

“Can you tell me what happened, Darla?”

Through a stuttering voice and a lot of sniffles, she told Jamie how she had come in looking for gloves, and tried on several pair. Then the black man had come over and offered to give her a deal if she went in the back room with him. She, of course, refused, and tried to leave, whereupon he had grabbed her breasts.

Her eyes welled with tears then, and Jamie bit her tongue. Weeping women grated on her nerves. As someone who had been a tomboy, and who had been taught all her life that women and men were equals, she hated to see women living up to the cliché of helpless, emotional and girlish.

Uncharitably, she thought the woman ought to be used to having her breasts groped if she routinely walked around dressed like this, especially since she was pretty damn busty. They weren't real, either, which meant she had chosen to have herself made this busty. Jamie figured she was probably at least a 38D-cup, if not a 40D.

She could not help overhear the Black man's interview with Mueller at the same time. He was a lot louder, and his voice was filled with frustration. According to him he'd caught her stuffing a pair of two hundred dollar Italian leather gloves down her cleavage and blocked the door. Then she'd run back and put the gloves away, and called 911 on her phone.

“She fuckin' told me if I didn't let her walk out with the gloves she'd have me arrested!” he exclaimed.

While Jamie had a lot of sympathy for women being harassed by men she couldn't help thinking he sounded a lot more credible than she did. Nobody else seemed to think so, though. The uniform guys were smirking and all but laughing at his claim, and Mueller's body language and facial expressions showed a lot of doubt too.

She walked back to him and saw the woman go over to Jacobs, who looked like he wanted to put his arm around her. She also heard the woman's voice, which had started to strengthen when she was talking to Jamie, get all weepy again.

“Just charge him with Forcible Touching,” he said to Drake as Jamie walked up.

The black man cursed and shook his head in resignation. Jamie looked at him for a long minute. She was still far from certain he wasn't telling the truth, but the other three seemed to have no doubts.

“How long you been working here?” she asked him.

He glowered at her. “Seven years,” he snapped.

“You ever been arrested?”

He rolled his eyes.

“I asked you a question.

“Nine years ago. I did nine months auto theft.”

Jamie went back to the woman, who was dabbing her eyes with a tissue... which struck her as a bit odd. The long lashes she was wearing weren't natural. There was some really well applied mascara there, but it hadn't run at all.

“Do you have some ID, ma'am?” she asked.

“Of course, detective,” she gulped.

She had a very large purse, and opened it to pull out a very large wallet. Flipping it open produced a row of cards in little slits, and she took out a credit card for Bergdorf Goodman. Jamie looked at it doubtfully.

“I was looking for something like a driver’s license,” she said.

“Oh, I'm afraid I don't drive,” the woman said.

Which wasn't unusual for New York.

“Do you have anything with your picture on it? A city ID card, an employee card?”

The woman looked at her helplessly, ruffling at her cards, most of which looked like credit cards.

Why, Jamie wondered, did people need so many cards?

“That's okay,” she said. “Wait, what's that?”

She reached out to flip the edge of a card forward from an inner slot. It was a Visa, as she'd thought, but the weird thing was there was already a Visa in one of the outer slots. Who had two Visas?

“Excuse me!” the woman said indignantly, as she pulled it up high enough to read the name.

It was Nicole Sherman.

“Who is Nicole Sherman?” Jamie asked.

“I'm holding that for my aunt!” the woman exclaimed.

Jamie lifted the wallet out of her hand.

“Hey!”

The woman grabbed at it but Jacobs grabbed her arm and pulled her back. Jamie looked in the money section of the wallet and found three singles and a five. Behind them were two more credit cards. One was a Visa in the name of Andrea Warnski, and the other a Mastercard in the same name.

“Who's Andrea Warnski?” she asked.

“You have no right to root through my wallet!” the woman exclaimed.

“Who's Andrea Warnski?” she demanded, giving her a cold, flat look.

“My friend!”

“You're holding her credit card too?”

The woman's face stopped being angry and her lower lip started to tremble, and then she started to cry. Jamie looked at her in distaste.

“I've just been attacked and now you're... you're... accusing me!” she sobbed.

“I haven't accused you of anything. I just asked you a question,” Jamie said.

She looked through the wallet and found more credit cards, then grabbed her purse and yanked it away. The woman again tried to snatch it back but Jacob pulled her back.

“You have no right to look in my purse!” she cried.

Jamie sniffed and looked inside. There was a full size hair spray there, lots of makeup, lipsticks, feminine napkins, an apple, and an inner pocket which had nine more credit cards.

“Who are these people?” she asked, holding up a handful of cards.

The woman glared at her furiously.

“I think you need to come along with us until we find out the answers to these questions you don't seem able to answer, Miss whatever your name is,” she said.

She gestured to Jacob, and he turned her as Jamie grabbed her other wrist. The woman didn't resist as they cuffed her hands together. Jamie searched her, but didn't find anything on her at all.

The black man looked on with interest, not saying anything.

“I guess we take em both,” Drake said uncertainly.

“If you arrest me I have to close the store and I'll get fired!” the Black man exclaimed.

“Do we really need to arrest him?” Jamie asked. “I mean, if he's been working here for seven years I don't see him running to Texas or something to get away from a forcible touching charge. And I don't believe a word out of this woman's mouth.”

The woman glared daggers at her.

In the end, they uncuffed the man and took the woman, who, after fingerprinting, turned out to be named Angela Stevens, and had a record for theft and fraud going back ten years.

Men, Jamie thought, were way too easy to manipulate if you were a reasonably attractive blonde.

Well, except for her boyfriend.

Chapter Three

She'd met Danny Lucas when she'd arrested him at gunpoint after staking out a drug buy with the detectives squad. It turned out he was a federal agent with Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, and had been trying to entice someone into a large exchange of drugs for weapons.

Since she'd damaged his credibility, he and his agency had seen a way she could make up for it by pretending to be his fashion model girlfriend. That was where the drugs were, and the people selling them were also importing and selling a lot of very illegal weapons.

It was the one time she'd managed to handcuff him, as opposed to him handcuffing her.

He was a couple of inches taller than her, and had just about the best body on a man she'd ever seen. He was one of those few men, as far as she was concerned, who actually looked really good naked. He was muscled and lithe, like an athlete, like a quarterback. He had broad shoulders, a nicely muscled chest, and a very flat belly which went right down his abdomen to his unusually large cock.

He also had a very handsome, square-jawed face, and the fact he was eight years older than her gave him an air of sophistication and knowledge she liked. When he'd demonstrated for her just how extensive his oral talents were, practically introducing her to the joys of being on the receiving end of that particular skill, she'd lost most of her resistance to whatever he wanted to do to her.

Prior to him she'd had a fairly ordinary sex life. Her determination not to be taken for granted, and not to be seen as cheap or easy had not exactly made her a highly experienced woman in terms of sex. Though she had mastered, through practice and determination, the art of deep throating.

She'd never had an orgasm during sex before, but then, sex before

Danny had never lasted so long, and her partners had never put nearly so much effort or imagination into turning her on and making her come.

Sure, he was a pervert. Most men were, in her experience. She had two brothers, after all, and had grown up in a house filled with their male friends. Danny's particular perversion was his submission and domination games.

She would once have rolled her eyes and smirked at the thought, but he'd drawn her slowly deeper and deeper into his games by inflicting an astonishing amount of intense pleasure on her body, which in turn had radically changed her whole thinking on sex.

Before, it was something which could be, well, nice, and even exciting. Now she thought about it far too often, and wanted it almost any time she could get it. She wondered if the difference between the way men were all such sluts and women weren't was because men orgasmed every time they had sex.

Because now that she was having multiple orgasms whenever she had sex she couldn't get enough of it either!

That meant she allowed Danny a lot more leeway than she'd ever have given her previous lovers, and played along, even when she thought his games were goofy.

The weird thing was the stuff she thought of as goofy wound up being deliciously hot and exciting anyway, if only for how outrageous he acted or made her act. Pretending to be a schoolgirl getting spanked by teacher made her snicker, for example, until it was happening, and then it had her mind baking in the scalding heat.

Danny knew what to do with his fingers to manipulate her body, and he knew how to manipulate her mind, too. Sometimes she wasn't entirely sure how much of his 'tude' during his kinky sexual performances was real and how much was acting. But even if she suspected it was acting it still turned her on.

Today, he hadn't picked her up, which was odd. Instead he'd sent her a

text telling her to meet him at an office building on 5th Avenue, in room 4922. Given the last time he'd taken her to an office building after work she'd wound up ... doing some very kinky things... the thought of what he had planned tightened her chest.

Danny's agency seemed to have either seized a number of real estate investments, as well as cars, or made deals with their owners to 'help the government out' by letting them use them. Since Danny often went undercover it followed he needed such things to go with the person he was pretending to be.

She highly doubted any of his superiors at the agency had a clue that he was also using some of those places for kinky sex, or that they'd be pleased if they ever found out. But he seemed confident that wouldn't happen.

Usually he showed up after work to pick her up in something like a Porsche or a BMW, whatever agency car he was using in his latest undercover assignment. It was odd for him to just send her somewhere, but it added to the mystery of what he intended, and she thought that was probably the point.

She took the elevator to the forty-ninth floor and found the right office, and opened it to find the office empty. That was, it was clearly an outer office, and there was nothing in it but carpeting. Correction, there was a piece of paper on the floor just inside the door. It said, in bold black letters.

Close the door. Lock it. Take off your clothes. Walk directly ahead and enter the door before you. The door itself was closed, and there were two glowing tea candles framing it, the battery operated kind you could buy at a dollar store for four for a buck.

She stared at the note with a sense of disbelief, but despite her initial thought - no way! – she found her body starting to thrum with sexual tension. She closed and locked the door. Now the only light came from the two fake tea candles. It was enough to see by, but not much more.

She felt a sense of nervousness, wondering what he was up to. There was no predicting what kind of perverted things Danny would spring on her!

And sometimes, though not often, he wasn't alone!

She stripped naked anyway. Her pulse was already racing as she padded across the carpet and opened the inner door. It was pitch black beyond, too – except for another fake tea candle. And another note on the floor.

Close the door. Cross your wrists behind your back. Close your eyes. Do not move.

She looked around the room anxiously, but there was no sign of anything. The tea candle was so small a light, though, that he could be sitting back in the shadows.

She took a deep breath, closed the door and then crossed her wrists behind her back and closed her eyes.

She didn't hear any movement. The first sign anyone was there was when she felt a light pressure over her eyes. Her hands jerked, but then she put them back down as she felt what was obviously a silk scarf go over her eyes. It was tied behind her head, then she felt rope going around her right wrist.

Before meeting Danny she would never have even imagined there would be a rope specifically designed to tie up kinky people. But there was, and it came in multiple colors. It was made of soft cotton and was meant to be gentle against the skin.

She felt it tied off around her wrist, then felt it drawn around her other wrist, then back in a crisscross pattern until her wrists were very firmly tied together with multiple layers. A hand gripped her hair, then and bent her over at the waist. It let go, and she held her position, heart beating, wondering what he was going to do next.

She felt another rope against her skin, this time it felt like it was already looped, for it pushed up against both breasts, and he worked it up around them until it was pressed around each breast separately and up against her ribs. Then he tightened the loops.

This was NOT bondage rope. It was rough and itchy against her skin, and she could feel her breasts start to swell out tautly as it squeezed around the base. It was drawn back behind her, then, and a hand on her hair straightened her then pushed her to her knees.

Her head was pulled back sharply and she gasped, only to feel something against her open mouth. It was, she recognized, a ball gag. She moaned as fingers worked it past her teeth, so that it expanded inside to press down on her tongue and up against the roof of her mouth.

She felt the straps drawn back behind her head and then she felt the rough rope tying around her wrists – over the softer rope. It was fed between her thighs, then up her abdomen. She felt it being held in place there as the loop circled her waist, then came back again. And then there was a sharp jerk, which pulled the rough thick rope up against her sex, made it dig into her sensitive flesh, in fact.

She gasped into the gag as the rope pressed uncomfortably hard against her. Then her body was made to lay down. She felt her ankles being lifted up behind her and the rough rope tied around them. It was then tied to her wrists, tightly, forcing her body to bow sharply.

Strong hands lifted her into the air and carried her across the room, then set her down on a wooden surface. A moment later, the blindfold was taken off and she stared around her wildly.

She was in a larger and much brighter office, in the corner in fact, laying on her side on a low wooden table, which was right up against where the floor to ceiling windows met. Her hard nipples were less than six inches from the glass.

And right across the street was another office building, scarily close in fact, with many, many windows. She could see people still moving around in some of those windows! She tried to look up and back but a gloved hand pressed her cheek down so she still couldn't see him. Couldn't even see if it *was* him!

Of course it was. It had to be!

Probably!

She rolled her eyes downward to see the rope digging into her sex, actually disappearing between the lips of her sex, with a knot just at the top, over her clitoris. Then she rolled her eyes up and forward, looking at the windows across the street. So many windows!

A moment later the blindfold went over her eyes again. He'd only wanted her to see where she was, in a window!

She felt his fingers at her nipples, now, then a sharp tug on both nipples at once, or rather, on the nipple rings. Something was tied to her nipple rings, she thought, and then she felt his hands at her ears, and tried to figure out what he was doing!

He was removing the studs in her ears! She had had her ears pierced like everyone else a decade ago, of course, but she rarely wore earrings. Now she felt him removing the studs. A moment later they or something else were put back in her earlobes, and then she felt a pull at first one, then the other.

She was already starting to feel how clever his little rope tying was. Her back was arched sharply, with her wrists tied to her ankles. But they were also tied to the rope between her legs. Which meant if she pulled on them even a little the rope tugged up more sharply against her sex.

The ropes looped around her breasts were somehow tied to her ankles too, so that if she tried to ease her tightly arched position at all the loops around her breasts squeezed tighter!

Now she realized that he'd somehow tied her nipple rings to earrings in her ears. Pulling her head back meant tugging on her nipple rings, which made her nipples ache, of course.

Jamie had taken psychology in college. She knew all about Pavlov's dog, and had, on occasion considered whether she was a living example of the truth of Pavlov's experiment. In the experiment, the dog was fed a treat every time a bell rang. Eventually, it started to salivate just from hearing the bell.

Jamie, of course, was given massive orgasms every time she was tied up. So as soon as she had felt the ropes around her wrists she'd started to... salivate, so to speak.

By now, even though he'd done basically nothing to her other than tie her up naked she was sopping wet and her body was thrumming with sexual excitement. In fact, not only had he done nothing but tie her up but she was tied up in an uncomfortable way, with the rough hemp rope digging very uncomfortably into her sex and squeezing tightly around her breasts.

In addition to that her back was bowed sharply as her wrists were forced back and tied to her ankles. And if the physical discomfort wasn't enough she had the emotional discomfort of laying here on her side right in the window, where she could be seen by people across the street if they paid attention!

By any sane assessment none of this should have turned her on at all! So, she thought, she clearly was more than a little crazy. Because she was helplessly aroused!

She heard the sound of a camera shutter, or rather, the artificial sound an iPhone made when it snapped pictures. She heard it again and again, from different directions as she lay there, wriggling slightly as her chest rose and fell rapidly.

Every movement made something ache. The most noticeable was if she tried to pull on her wrists because that tugged the rope up more sharply into her sex. It was already digging uncomfortably into the soft flesh between the lips of her sex, and she felt what had to be a knot over her clitoris, making it throb.

Pulling her head back pulled on her nipples. Trying to unbend her back a little squeezed the ropes in more sharply around her breasts.

She couldn't help a sense of admiration for his cleverness, his skill in how he'd tied her.

But she also couldn't help moving nearly continuously. She didn't even have to try. Her body was in an uncomfortable position, and her body kept

trying to adjust her discomfort by shifting out of that uncomfortable position in one way or another.

The longer she was in that position, the greater her discomfort, and the more her body tended to pull and twist and arch and shift to try and ease it. Which meant the loops around her breasts were constantly tightening and then loosening, the rope between her legs constantly pulling harder, or even grinding the knot against her clitoris, and her nipples were aching as her head pulled back.

And he wasn't even *doing* anything!

In fact, she couldn't even be sure he was there!

She was laying right in the window, a west-facing window. It was coolish outside, but very bright and sunny, and the sun was full upon her as she lay there, heating her up on the outside, while her own arousal heated her from the inside.

And then she felt his fingers – someone's fingers – at the buckle behind her head. It loosened, and the gag was drawn slowly out of her mouth. She sucked in several deep breaths of air and then gasped as she felt him pulling back on her hair.

That, of course, pulled back on her head, which in turn pulled on her nipples. It also made her scalp sting and opened her mouth, into which his cock slid slowly but firmly, filling her mouth as it slid along her lips.

Moaning, she sucked on it. It was big and thick, and that was ... reassuring, as well as arousing. If it hadn't been so large, so thick, then it would have meant it was someone else there. She gurgled as it pushed into her throat, but the angle was perfect, and it slid smoothly down until she felt his balls pressed against her cheek.

He held himself there for several seconds, grinding his pelvis against her face, then drew back, halfway, perhaps, before pushing in deep again, and holding it. Again he drew back halfway, then pushed into her to the hilt and held it.

By then, her heart was pounding and her chest burning from lack of air. He slid it back halfway again, then thrust deep and held it before pulling it out halfway once more. This time he halted only to pull himself the rest of the way out.

Jamie gulped in air, gasping for breath as he held her hair tightly, her chest heaving as she felt his spit-wet cock rubbing over her face, over her lips and nose. Then he pushed himself into her mouth and started to fuck her throat.

It was a smooth, steady stroke, one which brought the head of his cock back and forth from just within her throat, to deep inside her and back again repeatedly as he held tightly to her hair. Her head pounded again and her skin prickled with perspiration as she writhed helplessly.

He pulled out, and she coughed and gasped for breath, her nipples aching from the steady pull on the rings.

Again he thrust into her and pumped in and out for long seconds, until her lungs burned, before pulling out.

It was disorienting, and left her light-headed and flushed, perspiration against her face.

He let her gulp in air as his hand roughly squeezed her breast, then she felt something between her legs, something plastic-like pushing in under the rope on her abdomen just above her sex. It began to vibrate.

The vibrations resonated within her, and while the device wasn't touching her clitoris, it was touching the rope which was tautly pressed against her sex, including the knot jammed against her clitoris.

Jamie's body hips began to grind helplessly against the vibrator, or try to. That caused the rope to repeatedly pull in harder against her sex, and the knot to grind against her clitoris.

He thrust his cock deep into her throat as the orgasm exploded within her body, and Jamie felt like fireworks were going off inside her skull as she

twisted and writhed and jerked violently in place, scalding waves of sensation, of pleasure sweeping through her as she screamed into the fleshy gag filling her throat.

The orgasm faded, leaving her dazed and groaning as his cock was withdrawn, gulping in air and her eyes glassy behind the blindfold. She felt his hard cock sliding over her cheeks as he let her breath, then it was pushed deep into her throat again and held there firmly, her lips pressed against his groin for long seconds.

She gurgled dazedly, trembling a little, as he stayed unmoving. Then, slowly, he slid himself back out and let her breath again.

All this not only left her too breathless to talk it was putting her head into another place, so that her consciousness was floating. But her body continued to twist sinuously, pulling and straining against the ropes in instinctive need of easing her discomfort.

And the vibrator continued to buzz even as the ropes dug into her breasts and into her sex, and her nipples were tugged sharply by whatever he'd tied to *them*. She trembled as he pumped in and out of her throat, faster now, making her gurgle and gag a little.

He pulled back, and she could taste his cream filling her mouth as he drew his cock out and slid the gag back into place. Then he released her hair, letting her lay there panting and moaning by herself in the heat.

She was sweating freely now, and she ached down low, between the legs. But it was a darkly deliciously ache which made her even more sensitive to the vibrations. She writhed helplessly, the heat rising again within her to pull her mind into a sexual fever.

It was no longer incidental, how her body moved. It was moving in a rhythmic fashion as she tugged the rope against her sex, as she tugged on her nipples, as she squeezed the rope around her breasts, as she ground the knot against her clitoris.

Her movements became more frantic, and another orgasm swept through

her, then another, as she sobbed dazedly behind mask and gag. The fever was deep and penetrating, and even between orgasms her body was gripped by a hunger and sense of lust that kept her writhing and twisting in continuous motion, gasping and whimpering into the gag as she sought the next orgasm.

She wasn't sure of how long passed before she felt his hands on her. She was dazed and overheated as he untied her ankles and she felt the surge of relief as her back unbowed. He flipped her onto her belly and then yanked her hips up high, slapping her on the bottom before peeling the hemp rope slowly down between her buttocks, and then out from between the lips of her sex.

He spread her legs wide, and she felt her ankles tied down. And then she felt the pressure against the mouth of her sex, panting and moaning as it forced in and aside the highly irritated lips of her sex and pushed down into her body.

It was thick but not warm. It was not him but one of his toys. But it was penetration, and Jamie was a woman whose notion of arousal was deeply attached to penetration. That he was so big down there was certainly, along with his talented tongue, one of the reasons why she'd let him take her to such dark places without much resistance.

She groaned as it filled her, as it pushed deep enough to make her ache. Then she heard the vibrator again, then felt it, this time pressing directly against her clitoris, rubbing up and down as her hips began to jerk and buck in helpless convulsions.

She didn't know if he was actually trying to drive her insane, but he was succeeding nevertheless, as the sexual heat and hunger took on a new height, a new tone and flavor. She cried out into the gag, again and again, her body twisting and writhing ever more frantically as he ground the vibrator against her clitoris.

Another orgasm shattered her mind, and she screamed in pleasure, convulsions wracking her body as he pumped the dildo at the same time as he ground the vibrator against her.

Danny was perfectly capable of giving her an orgasm without any games

or toys. What he wasn't capable of doing was sustaining this level of all-consuming sexual tension and hunger for as long as he wanted to.

Jamie sobbed dazedly as he removed the vibrator. But then she felt his long, soft, slick tongue against her clitoris. At first, he licked her with long, slow, soft laps of his tongue. And given the harsh rope, which had ground against her, and then the high-speed vibrations, the feel of his tongue was indescribably soothing and wondrous.

She shuddered, eyes closing, moaning around the ball gag, drooling around the ball gag.

But as he continued, and his licking grew stronger, Jamie's hips began to roll up and back in time to his strokes, and when he began to pump the dildo in and out of her the sexual fever reignited so that she was soon crying out and trying to jam herself back against tongue and dildo with desperate need.

Another orgasm tore through her, and even in the mist of her fever heat she recognized a different sense to it, a deeper, more delicious pleasure, her body loving his tongue more than the artificial vibrations.

That did not, of course, mean it couldn't be addicted to the vibrations, too, as he soon demonstrated, driving her into yet another orgasm, and most of the way to another.

She felt his fingers at the gag, undoing it, pulling it free once more. She cried out as he wound her long hair around his fist and yanked back sharply, even as he slapped her bottom with a stinging blow.

“Are you my slave girl?” he growled.

“Y-Yes, Master!” she cried dazedly.

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom again.

“Say it, slut!”

“I'm your slave girl, master!”

Crack!

“You're my sex slave.”

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

She felt the warm, thick head of his cock pressing against her, then slowly sinking in, but he stopped with the his head stretching out her lips, filling the mouth of her sex.

Crack!

“Who's sex slave are you, slut?”

'Yours, Master!'

Crack!

“Whose sex slave are you?”

“Yours, Master!”

Crack!

He yanked on her hair sharply and she cried out.

“Who?”

“Danny's sex slave, Master!” she cried dazedly.

The head sank slightly deeper and she shuddered.

“Again.”

“I'm Danny's sex slave, Master!” she cried.

Again it sank deeper.

“Again, slut.”

“I'm Danny's sex slave!” she cried.

His cock slid deep into her body and she sobbed with pleasure as he began to ride her, hard and fast, his hips slapping against her upraised bottom as he yanked on her hair.

Since the cords between her earrings and nipple rings were still attached, that, of course, yanked on her nipples, which made them sting and burn. But given the dark heat possessing her that only added to the forbidden and outrageous thrill of his kinky sex.

Crack!

“I'm Danny's sex slave!” she moaned.

Crack!

“I'm Danny's sex slave!” she cried.

Crack!

“I'm Danny's sex slave!” she cried, then sobbed as another orgasm tore through her.

Chapter Four

“I am not your sex slave, you pervert.”

Danny smirked as he drove.

“And that rope almost rubbed me raw in places I don't like being rubbed raw!”

“You could have just not moved.”

“You are so smug. I should become a lesbian and take up with Victoria Bryant.”

“You'd get bored of her before long.”

“Why? She's probably almost as big a pervert as you are.”

He gave her a tolerant look. “Baby, nobody's as big a pervert as I am.”

“If my family had any idea the kinds of things you do to me, they'd castrate you.”

“Better not tell them, then. You'd miss my cock.”

She sniffed, but it was hard to deny it.

He dropped her off at her family's Brooklyn Heights brownstone, and she checked the time, satisfied she was only a little later than she'd have been taking the subway – presuming she stopped to pick something up on the way, as she often did.

Danny's perverted little interlude had taken about ninety minutes, though it had left her feeling as if she'd run a marathon. Her skin, beneath her clothes, was still red in places, including circles around her breasts. That would fade, though, she knew from previous experience.

She was just starting up the stairs when the door next to them opened and her brother Dale came out.

“Just in time for dinner,” he said cheerfully.

She nodded and smiled tiredly.

The brownstone had been one big house at one time. Then it had been broken into five apartments, one per floor – including the basement – and rented out by her mother's father. Her parents had taken one of those apartments when they'd gotten married, and had gradually expanded into the rest of the house, except the basement, which remained a separate apartment.

Because Dale was in it.

Her mother was delaying the day her kids left home by making it very tempting to stay. Jamie had the entire top floor as her 'apartment'. It was much as it had once been when it had actually been an apartment, except for the lack of kitchen. Her brother Colin was on the third floor, in a very large bedroom.

None of them paid rent, and her mother, who was a very good cook, made meals every day from a diverse international recipe book she kept experimenting with. That wasn't always good, since Jamie would have just as soon had burgers or meat loaf, but it did save her time and effort.

“Was that the fed who left?” he asked, putting his arm across her shoulder as they walked up.

“Yeah.”

“He didn't want to come in?” he asked disapprovingly.

“He has a meeting, like, an undercover meeting with some guy he has to make.”

“Why don't you take up with a nice regular cop?”

“Because that nice regular cop would brag to all his buddies, especially

if we break up.”

“You don't think Danny does?”

“I don't know but I don't know his buddies at the ATF so it's not likely to get back to me.”

He opened the front door and Jamie glanced discretely down at her wrists to reassure herself there were no red marks still on them. Of course, Danny had probably been thinking of that when he used the softer bondage rope on her.

“You aren't getting hassled over that picture, are you?” she asked.

He shrugged. “Nothing I can't handle.”

Which was likely true. Dale was a large man, six feet three, with broader shoulders than Danny, and a thicker chest. Not a lot of guys wanted to get into a face-to-face confrontation with someone his size.

Jamie wasn't overly embarrassed about him or Colin seeing the picture. They'd both seen her naked before, and she them, before he got his own apartment and she got her own floor. And she hadn't changed all that much in the intervening years.

On the other hand...

“Nipple rings?” he asked in disapproval.

She flushed. “It was Danny's idea.”

“Duh. Shocker. Your boyfriend's a pervert,” he said as he followed her inside.

“So are you. I remember some of the stuff you used to look at on the internet,” she sniffed.

“Hey, I was young... and a pervert. I admit it. What teenage boy isn't a pervert? But I got over it.”

“Yeah, sure. So if I sneak into your apartment and check the cache on your computer I'm not gonna find some weird porn sites?”

“Not weird ones,” he said with a smirk.

“When are you going to get a girlfriend?”

“I got lots of girlfriends.”

“That's the problem,” her mother said as they entered the kitchen. “You need to find just one.”

Dale shrugged. “You settle on one recipe and I'll settle on one girl.”

“Not the same thing, boyo.”

Her mother kissed them both, then turned back to the stove.

“I like lots of different kinds of girls.”

“Maybe you should, like, invite three or four to live with you for a while,” Jamie said innocently. “See how that goes.”

“No thanks. I'm happy as I am.”

“I wouldn't mind three or four living with me,” her brother Colin said.

He was twenty and in pre-law at Columbia.

“I'll get you some plastic dolls,” Dale said.

“How would they be different from the girls you date?” Colin replied.

“Not at the table, children,” her mother said.

After dinner she headed up to the top floor and got undressed. Jeans were comfortable, but not nearly as comfortable as one of her nightshirts.

Tonight, after showering, she rubbed the irritated skin around her breasts and between her legs ruefully.

The skin around her breasts wasn't too bad, but she was still rubbed raw where she didn't want to be! She pulled on the top of the black silk pajamas she'd gotten a couple of months ago at the mall in south Manhattan. They were least likely to be bother her skin anywhere.

Of course, sore, sensitive skin was still... well, sensitive. Touching herself down between the legs where the rope had ground against her made her wince a bit, but it also produced a rush of sensation, which very quickly set her insides squirming again.

She shook her head as she lay on the bed going over Facebook on her laptop, and caught herself lightly rubbing herself there, jerking her finger away. She was so much more highly... sexual than she'd been before! Her sex drive was way higher than it had been!

She used to very rarely masturbate. Now she did so every night before bed, in the same, routine way she exercised in the morning. For that matter, she often masturbated in the mornings, as well!

Danny has fucked my mind good, she thought, not entirely happily.

On the other hand, her life was way more exciting, more thrilling, than it had ever been before, and there was no way she wanted to do without his kinky games!

Her phone pinged, and she glanced at it, then opened it. It was a text from her mother, who knew it was more effective than yelling up three flights of stairs. She sighed after reading it, rolled her eyes, then rolled out of bed.

Annoyed, she got dressed quickly, pulling on underwear, jeans, and a T-shirt, and trotted down the stairs.

Her mother met her at the bottom of the stairs.

"I'm sorry, dear. You know your aunt. She's always forgetting things

until the last minute.”

Jamie nodded. There was no point in protesting family obligation. Her aunt needed her dry cleaning collected because she wanted to wear a dress tomorrow morning to a wedding, and she'd forgotten to get it earlier.

As for her own kids, one was on the job and working. The other was in Northern Queens. Jamie didn't bother asking why she didn't ask Dale instead of her. Her parents apportioned chores as they saw fit and were usually pretty fair about it.

“Don't put any dents in it,” her father said, tossing her the keys to his car.

Her father owned a two-year-old Cadillac, or rather, he leased one on a three-year lease, and replaced it at the end of that with a new one. It was a luxurious car, with a very soft suspension that coped well with New York potholes.

The speedometer went to 180, though, and Jamie figured the only kind of a person who would own something as soft and luxurious as a Cadillac sedan and still push it up that high would be a schizophrenic or someone with a multiple personality disorder.

It was dusk, which was a dangerous time to drive if you weren't careful. It was light enough to see by, but most cars had their lights on. The problem was that some didn't. Those were the idiots who told themselves they were saving a nickel's worth of energy by not turning on their lights too early because *they* could see fine.

She called them stealth cars. It was very easy to get used to seeing the headlights and assume a break between them meant there was no car there. You had to really examine that break in traffic to be sure there wasn't some asshole driving along with his lights off because “I can see fine”.

Being careful, especially in her dad's expensive Cadillac, she made it to the mall in one piece, but that didn't mean she was safe. She didn't want it in a tight space where someone might open their door and dent it, or where

some jealous jerkoff might key it as he walked by.

She pulled into the parking lot and maneuvered the Caddy, which she privately considered an ungainly boat, down a lane to where she felt safe in parking it, which was not exactly right by the doors. It was closer to the sidewalk, in fact.

But then she'd never minded stretching her long legs.

She made sure she had the ticket number her mother had given her, then got out of the car and headed for the dry cleaner, which was on the outside of the mall.

She noticed the group of young guys as she was walking, and noticed them walking closer, coming in between the cars towards her. There looked to be a half dozen of them, all black, and all in their late teens. She deliberately didn't look at them but narrowed her attention to them anyway even before several hurried out from behind the car two spaces ahead and grinned at her.

Jamie didn't consider herself racist. Hell, she'd slept with Black guys. But that didn't mean she ignored the realities of life. Brooklyn was the city's capital for gang violence. True, it wasn't normally around here or Brooklyn Heights, for that matter. But Brooklyn had both multi-million dollar condos and lots of housing projects.

And there were no walls between the different districts, no way to keep people from Red Hook from taking the subway to Brooklyn Heights or Park Slope. Or, for that matter, Flatbush Avenue, where the mall was located.

“Excuse me,” she said as if they had just accidentally stood in front of her.

She put her arm out to slide between two of them but they moved their shoulders tightly together.

“What's your hurry, baby?” the guy in the middle asked.

He was about her height, maybe nineteen or twenty, with a scraggly goatee, wearing a black t-shirt and low-slung black jeans.

“Yeah, hang around and chat,” the short guy next to him asked with a leer.

“I'm in a hurry,” she said.

“Maybe she don't like black guys,” one of the ones who'd come in behind her said.

She turned her head a little so she was aware of his location, then turned it again to make sure she knew where the others were.

“You look like you got lots of money,” Mr. Goatee said.

“Yeah? So what?”

“So a girl that drives a caddy can afford to make a little donation to the poor.”

There were snickers running around the circle.

She gave him a flat-eyed stare. “Nope,” she said.

“You ain't got no money on you? Well, we'd like to take your word for that but you know, there's so much lies and fake news around. We'll just have to, you know, search you.”

“Yeah, search your tits!” the little guy next to him exclaimed.

“She got nice tits,” the third guy in front of her said.

“Yeah. He's right. Tell you what, baby,” Goatee said. “You show us your tits and we'll let you move on.”

“Nope,” she said tonelessly.

“Maybe we can check out if she's a real blonde while we're searching

her,” the guy behind her in a red sweatshirt said.

“Yeah, you a real blonde?” Goatee asked, leering.

“Nope,” she said.

There was another ripple of laughter.

She let her lips curve up a bit.

“I'm a redhead,” she said.

“Yeah? I don't think I ever fucked a redhead before,” the short guy said.
“Maybe I can do that now.”

She shook her head. “More like you're gonna get fucked up by a redhead tonight,” she said.

“No need to get hostile!” Goatee said. “Why don't you just give us all a blow job and we'll let you go by. Won't take too long.”

“Won't take long for you,” one of the others sneered.

“Fuck you, punk,” Goatee said.

Akido was one of the martial arts which was highly defensive, and a part of its training was in how to handle multiple assailants. Jamie had been taking classes for eleven years now and was a 4th Dan black belt. She opened and closed her hands several times and tried to put herself into the right state of mind, a cool, very focused and unemotional existence.

“This is one fine ass,” the big guy behind and to her left said as she felt his hand on her bottom.

She let her lips curve up a bit again, smiling at Mr Goatee. He was in the center in front of her and had done most of the talking. That made him their likely leader. In this kind of group you only got to be leader one way, and it wasn't your fashion sense.

On the other hand – she let her eyes flick around – he and several of the others were dressed in the same absurd ghetto style with very low pants barely hanging off their asses. That would slow their movements down a lot.

The short guy seemed to take courage from her not reacting to the guy squeezing her ass.

“These tits are a nice handful,” he said, taking a step forward and reaching for her left breast.

Her left hand darted out, twisting his wrist sharply up and to the side and delivering a powerful strike to the bridge of his nose that sent him staggering back. Before anyone had reacted to that her left hand dropped back and grabbed the wrist of the guy who was squeezing her ass and she twisted sharply to her left.

She twisted his wrist inward, which made him cry out and bend forward as she brought the blade of her hand down against the back of his neck. That dropped him in a heap. Mr Goatee was jumping for her, then, but his low pants slowed him.

She grabbed his outstretched wrist, twisting it as she turned further to her left and he yelled as she sent him up across her hip and rolling into the legs of the other two guys behind her.

The third guy in front grabbed her from behind. She slammed her heel down into his foot and her head back into his face. That gave her enough slack to grab the wrist of the hand which was currently around her and twist sharply.

He screamed as she twisted it up and then rapidly to the side, dislocating it, then followed up with a throat punch that sent him stumbling back.

All of that had taken mere seconds. Goatee was picking himself up, along with the other two behind her when her kick found his face and sent him arching up and back, taking one of them with him. The other moved forward, eyes wide, and swung a wild haymaker that probably would have knocked her out if it had connected.

She swayed back out of the way and slammed a fist into his solar plexus. He fell back across the other two, and she didn't think he'd be getting up any time soon. When done correctly, and she knew, in all modesty, that she was very good, that would not only cause a great deal of pain but cause the diaphragm to spasm. He would be fighting to breathe for a while.

Two of them were now laying unmoving, plus the third guy gasping for breath. Goatee was on his hands and knees dripping blood from his face and swaying. The guy she'd throat punched was also finding it hard to breathe, on his knees, holding his neck.

“Are we done, boys?” she asked.

One of them glared at her furiously, a skinny guy who had been behind her. He had a wide jaw, and he pulled a knife from his pocket, eyes filled with rage.

Akido was a Japanese martial art. It had been originally designed to be used against Samurai so it had a number of movements specifically designed to deal with men holding edged weapons.

He lunged at her and she blocked, grabbed his wrist, and swung him violently around, twisting his wrist badly enough to break it. He screamed, dropping the knife, and she twisted him around in the other direction, causing him to scream even louder until she slammed him face first into the side of a light pole.

He was much quieter after that.

“Why'd you have to do that, you stupid shit? Now I have to do paperwork,” she snapped at him.

There were people looking on, standing and staring from a safe distance, gaping. The 'fight' had not lasted more than a few seconds. They rarely did when someone who was fully trained met people who weren't trained or prepared at all.

Martial arts movies were ridiculous in the wild flurry of back and forth

blows. In real life, at her level, the first blow which didn't get blocked pretty much ended a fight.

Goatee stumbled to his feet, looking around, and started to move away. Jamie took his feet out from under him with a leg sweep.

“I think you're sticking around for a while, Goatee,” she said.

She looked around again, and saw a blue and white with flashers coming up the road. She shook her head and thanked God it was nighttime. Nobody would get any good videos of this, even if they were ready and waiting for it to happen.

They pulled to a stop and the two uniforms got out just as Goatee tried to get to his feet again. She brought her foot down between his shoulder blades and shoved him back to the ground.

“Hey,” she said.

“Holy shit!” one of them said, staring around him in amazement.

“I'm a police officer,” she said. “McCloud, Midtown North Anti-Crime.”

“No shit! Hey, McCloud!” one of them said.

She frowned as he came forward and then recognized him. He'd been one of the guys who showed up when she'd been ambushed by a couple of muggers once while she'd been jogging.

“Oh, hi, Jenson,” she said.

“You got rid of the red hair, huh?”

“Yeah, well, it was too visible.”

“Still got the redhead temper though, huh,” he said, looking around with a laugh.

“Sometimes,” she said. “You're probably gonna need medical for a few

of these.”

“With you? No fuckin' surprise,” he said with a grin.

“Changing out of the red works,” the other cop said.

His nametag said Lundy.

She raised her eyebrows. “I didn't recognize you, at first. Plus you cut your bangs.”

“Uh, just kind of, styled my hair different,” she said.

“So what's the story with these assholes?” Jenson asked.

She pursed her lips and looked around. “Attempted robbery for all of them. That one.” she pointed at the guy who'd had a knife, who was unconscious and bleeding. “– armed robbery and ADW.”

She turned and looked at the others. “That one,” she said, pointing at another unconscious guy, “Forcible touching. And the little one would be... I dunno. What do you call attempted forcible touching?”

“Fucking dumb if it's with you,” Jenson said, grinning.

Jamie flushed a little but wasn't displeased. Another blue and white pulled up, then a third, and they began to cuff the teens as they waited for the EMTs. All the cops were male and all of them were in a good mood, laughing, joking around, and flirting lightly with her.

One of them even volunteered to run and get her aunt's dress at the dry cleaner and then run it over to her house, since she had to hang around for supervisors. Jamie thanked him profusely, feeling a little bemused. Guys often were nice to her but not quite like this.

Maybe there was something to this being blonde business.

Chapter Five

She and Danny didn't go on enough dates, she thought. It was the kind of thing couples were supposed to do, after all. Hot gorilla sex was all well and good, and the more the better, but it was also good to do other things in a relationship.

Even if, in your heart, you'd rather be having hot, gorilla sex.

Danny had gone all-out, though. First came dinner at a very high priced steak house, then a stop at a gallery opening, and finally a play on Broadway.

She found herself getting a little anxious the whole time, though, as if waiting for the shoe to drop, waiting for him to introduce something outrageously sexual into the mix. He had brought her to a restaurant once before, for example, where he'd had her virtually strip naked in the booth!

Not this time. This was a plain, ordinary, and quite enjoyable date with no sexual content.

That didn't mean sexual content wouldn't follow, of course. She would have been astonished and disappointed if it hadn't. In fact, as much as she had been pestering him about how they never went anywhere but only had long, intense sex sessions, she found herself getting impatient to get to the real date, the part that was filled with incredible heat and pleasure.

I really am becoming a nympho, she thought unhappily.

It wasn't that the play wasn't good, but she kept checking the time. She was grateful when it was finished, applauding enthusiastically with the rest and starting to get her things together.

“Wait for the crowd to thin,” Danny said.

They were in the balcony on the left side of the theater, with great views of the stage, and it cleared out quickly. She was surprised, and yet not

surprised, when Danny took advantage of them being largely alone and out of view to start making out.

She was wearing a long, tight, gray sheath dress Danny had bought her. It was... presentable, but had more cleavage than she would have liked, with slim spaghetti straps. It was not intended to be worn with a bra, which was one of the things she was uncomfortable about. But her time with Danny had made her much less body conscious.

She didn't at all mind him kissing her. He was a fabulous kisser, and she could take as long at that as he wanted to. His hand dipped into her cleavage and began to fondle her bare breast as their tongues slid together, and Jamie felt her breaths coming faster as her pulse quickened.

Not to be outdone, she opened a couple of buttons in his shirt and slid her hand inside, as usual, loving the tactile pleasure of caressing his warm, muscled chest as they kissed. His own hand, of course, was busy kneading her breast and stroking her always sensitive nipples to the point they throbbed powerfully.

Her hand roamed his torso from where his shirt was tucked into his belt, to his smooth, broad shoulders, and back again as he half pulled her across him. And she was becoming thoroughly turned on as her hungry mind considered a number of alternatives for climbing over and straddling him.

Could they have sex right here in the balcony?

But then he put a stop to it, grinning at her as he pulled her head back by the hair and slid his hand out from inside her dress.

“I think that's long enough.”

She sighed and nodded, and she gathered her purse as they stood up and made their way along the aisle, then down to the stairs.

They found the corridor empty as they walked out, and she gasped as her momentum towards the stairway was abruptly halted by his hand on hers, pulling her in the other direction.

“Where...?”

“I know a better way,” he said.

He opened a door marked employees only. There was a staircase there, a plain, narrow one with linoleum on the steps, but he led her up not down.

“Where are we going?” she asked nervously.

He didn't answer. They climbed up a flight of stairs and emerged in an entirely different kind of corridor. This one wasn't broad, well lit and deeply carpeted. This was lit by bare bulbs and had more linoleum on the floor.

“Danny?” she asked suspiciously.

He led her to a doorway, opened it, and led her inside into a darkened room. She felt him let go of her hand and stood still, wary, as he closed the door, and then flicked on the lights.

The room was about twenty feet by twenty feet and was empty. It had wooden floors which looked like they hadn't been refinished in decades, and the walls were of vertical wooden boards, similarly old. It looked like they had been stained, rather than painted, and hadn't been re-stained since before she was born.

The room was lit by double wall sconces shaped like candles spaced about every five feet apart around the walls. There were no windows, and the ceiling was of bare beams. There was some kind of stand in the far corner, next to a straight-backed wooden chair, but she couldn't see any other furniture.

“What perverted idea did you have in mind for tonight?” she asked suspiciously.

Then she glanced up and saw the chain hanging above her head, with the leather restraints dangling from it.

“Oh,” she breathed.

He wrapped his arms around her from behind, his hands rising up her body to cup her breasts as he kissed his way along the nape of her neck down under her ear. His hands shifted to caress her arms as Jamie felt her chest tightening and her pulse rate picking up again.

His hands were large and strong, and when they slid down to her wrists, they closed around them firmly before lifting them upward, up above her shoulders, above her head. Jamie gulped, looking up as he easily fit her hands into the two restraints, tightened them and locked them with Velcro strips.

He let his hands slide down her arms again and onto her breasts, then drew back. She felt his hand on her hair, tightening on a thick mass, and then jerking sharply to force her head back. In his other hand was a knife, a long, ugly looking thing which glistened in the dim light.

He let it slide along her exposed throat, back and forth, then up along her cheek before sliding it down along her right shoulder. It slit the shoulder strap with ease, then did the same for the other one. The front of her dress collapsed to her waist as he pulled the knife back out of sight.

He gripped the dress at her hips and tugged it down her legs, then pulled sharply. Jamie cried out as, startled, her legs were pulled out from under her. All her weight dangled momentarily from her wrists before her feet found purchase again.

He let his hands move up and down her naked back and over her shoulders, and his lips follow, kissing her gently, sometimes nibbling lightly as he moved down her spine. His hands dropped and undid the straps on her high heels, then he pulled them off, one by one.

The straps and the chain they dangled from had seemed perfectly calculated to her height before, but now, with the high heels gone, she had to stand on the balls of her feet. Danny rose and moved around in front of her, then seized her hair roughly, jerking it back as he kissed her just as roughly.

His other hand was shoved down the front of her panties, his fingers finding her already swollen clitoris and moving with the skill he'd learned long before he'd met her, and the knowledge of her body he had carefully

acquired since.

He jerked her hair more sharply, forcing her head back further, and nibbled and kissed his way down along the front of her neck and then down onto her breasts as her back arched. She shuddered as he mouthed the center of her left breast, his teeth digging into her sensitive flesh with force just shy of painful as he sucked rhythmically.

Meanwhile, his tongue swirled and twirled around her nipple, sweeping back and forth across it in sharp, deft little movements.

He broke off abruptly, releasing her hair, drawing back, then gripping the front of her thong and ripping it off her. He stood for long moments taking in her naked body, while Jamie stood there gulping in air and trying to breathe evenly.

“I guess the only way you can get a woman is to tie her up, huh?” she said, taunting him deliberately.

He snorted, then removed his suit jacket. There were hooks on the wall she'd not noticed, and he hung it there, then undid his shirt and hung it on the same hook, turning to face her.

Jamie licked her lips, her eyes savoring his gorgeous body. He was one of the few men she'd known who looked incredible naked, and he knew it. He also knew she loved looking at him. It was his way of taunting her.

He walked up to her until his chest was pressed lightly against her body, just enough to feel his heat against her nipples.

“You have something to say, slave girl?” he growled.

Jamie struggled not to press her breasts against him. God knew she wanted to! But total submission was not only not in her, but it wasn't what he really wanted. It wasn't what he needed either. How could he justify punishing her, after all, if she wasn't a bad girl?

“Pervert,” she said.

“You like perverts,” he said.

She gasped as his hand was thrust between her thighs, the inside edge sliding up and down along her already sopping wet sex, the thumb gliding across her clitoris. Jamie found her feet shifting apart to give him better access, even though that forced her to rise almost onto her toes!

“Call me master,” he said.

“Masturbator!” she exclaimed.

His left hand rose and he gripped her around the throat, his hand almost completely enveloping her neck. He squeezed slowly, making her eyes feel as if they were bulging, shutting off her air supply. She didn't struggle against it, though, only stared at him, trying to hold herself as still as possible.

“A woman who doesn't talk would be a glorious thing,” he said in an arrogant voice.

Her head was pounding worse and worse and Jamie began to tremble from lack of oxygen. When he released her she gulped in air even as his hand slapped her cheek, throwing her head to one side.

It stung, but it was more startling than painful, especially since robbing her of breath disoriented her to a degree.

“Bastard!” she gasped.

“A girl as helpless as you should be more respectful to her betters,” he said.

“I will be if I ever find one!”

He gripped her nipple rings and pulled, and Jamie gasped at the sudden ache, her chest forced out further and further as he smirked at her.

He released the nipple rings and moved around behind her.

Jamie turned her head to try to follow him, her heart pounding, then

yelped at a sharp slap to her bottom, which sent her stumbling.

“Bastard!”

“You keep saying that. You realize you're just insulting my mom, not me, right?”

He squatted against the wall and she saw, now, that there was a small box there. She couldn't see what he was doing, though. And when he stood up, his back was still to her, and his hand was in front of him. He turned but moved his hand around so she couldn't see it.

He gripped her arm and twisted her around to face the other way, then let his left hand slide down her abdomen until his fingers were forced in between her thighs. He pushed back, forcing her bottom out, and she gasped as she was forced up onto her toes!

At the same time his right hand moved behind her and she felt something rubbing against her sex, something hard and slick. It was narrower at front then rear, and forced the lips of her sex in and back, then stretched them wider and wider as he worked it slowly up inside her.

“W-what's the matter?” she gasped. “Can't get hard?”

She was barely making contact with the floor with his hand keeping her thighs apart and pushed back the way she was. Her toes were wobbling as he worked the thing in deeper and deeper, and could feel it pushing up high through the narrow, elastic channel of her sex, pushing the ache in ahead of it until she groaned at how deep it was.

He let go of her – and it, and she gasped as she was able to drop back onto the balls of her feet, pulling her feet close together. She stared down between her legs and saw the last inch or two of the thing, looking very much like the shaft of a cock, protruding from the swollen, tautly clutching lips of her sex.

“You need to learn manners,” he said. “And learn to be a little less arrogant.”

“Look who's talking!”

He was pulling his belt out of the loops of his trousers as he spoke, and doubling it in his hand. Now he swung it sharply around and Jamie gasped as it cracked against the underside of her buttocks, sending her hips lurching forward.

“I'm who's talking,” he growled. “I don't need YOU to talk unless it's to say what I tell you to say.”

Crack!

Jamie gasped at the second sharp blow, her bottom stinging wildly!

“Do you understand me, slave girl?”

“I'm not your – !” *Crack!* “Agh! Fuck!”

“Mouthy slave girls get sore little butts,” he said.

“Bite me!”

Crack!

“I intend to.

Crack!

“Ah!”

“All over.”

Crack!

“You usually taste delicious.”

Crack!

“A real taste treat.

Every blow snapped the doubled up belt across her buttocks and sent her hips lurching forward as a jagged sting was thrust up into her mind. Her bottom was starting to heat up fiercely as she gulped in air, but she had no intention of backing down!

“You know where you can bite me?” she gasped.

Crack!

“Here?”

Crack!

“Or here?”

“Yes!”

Crack!

“Consider yourself bitten.”

He moved around in front of her and picked up the chair, then carried it back and sat it about ten feet in front of her, but to the side a little. He dropped the belt on it then went back to the corner and carried the high, narrow stand back. When he got it closer he turned it around and she saw it was an old fashioned, full-length mirror. He pulled the back legs out and adjusted it so it was in front of her, at an angle to her left.

Then he sat down on the chair, quite casual, slouching, putting a foot up across his other leg.

“Bored?” she asked cuttingly, rolling her eyes from him to the mirror.

“With you? Never.”

He got up and went over to the wall. She saw that the chain she was dangling from went through a ring overhead, then down to a hook on the wall. She watched him unwind it, and then the muscles in his powerful arms bunched and she gasped as he lifted up just a bit, just enough to pull her toes

off the floor.

Then he locked it in place and returned to his chair.

“Now who do you think I might have invited to come in and join me today, slave girl?” he asked.

“No one,” she gulped.

“Look at that,” he said, pointing at the mirror.

Jamie's eyes looked there, staring at herself hanging, dangling from her wrists, her body stretched out in the dim light. It was a helplessly erotic sight.

“Don't you think a gorgeous sight like that deserves a wider audience than just the two of us?”

“N-No!” she gulped.

“I bet the entire New York Police Department would pay to buy tickets to see this,” he said.

Jamie didn't answer that.

“What's the name of that schmuck at your precinct who keeps staring at you? The new one? Roger or something?”

“Taylor.”

“Yeah. What do you think he'd like to do to you right now?”

“Fuck me,” she said, glaring at him challengingly. “That's what any normal man would want to do to me!”

“Ah, but I've never been merely normal,” he said.

He stood up and stepped up to her, then ran his hand slowly over her breasts, his fingers caressing her soft flesh, sliding down her stomach and abdomen, but then back up along her ribs. He moved behind her and his hand

caressed her back, the other sliding up and down her ribs.

Her buttocks throbbed and burned, but his hands avoided them as they slid around her instead and up to caress her breasts. He leaned in against her, kissing the side of her neck, then drew her hair aside to kiss his way along the back of her neck before moving up under her ear.

“What nasty things should I do to you tonight, sex slave?” he asked in a low voice.

His fingers glided up and down her body, which hung tautly from the wrists. He rolled and plucked at her nipples, then let his fingers almost idly caress her clitoris above where the thick dildo had been pushed deep into her body.

Then he moved back to the box, squatted, did something, and emerged with something else behind his back. Jamie gulped, twisting her head, which twisted her body, but he came behind her and gripped her arm to hold her steady.

She gasped as she felt the head of another dildo shoved in between her buttocks. She squirmed in mid-air, gulping and gasping as he twisted it from side to side, her legs spasming slightly, jerking apart then back together as she felt the thick dildo pushed deeper and deeper.

“Why don't you use your real toy?” she gulped.

“Patience, little sex slave. You need to learn... discipline.”

He returned to the box, and this time he came out with a camera. It wasn't just a cell phone with a camera attachment, and she twisted her head away, seeing the flashlight up the room as it backlit her.

“Now there's one for the internet,” he said.

He moved closer and she gasped as he pushed at the base of the dildo behind her, shoving it deeper into her ass. Then he took another picture, then another. He moved off to the side, and took more pictures as she turned her

head in the other direction.

“Perfect,” he said.

He moved around in front of her and she dropped her head low, shaking it first so that more of her hair hung over her face like a curtain. She heard him chuckling as the camera lit her up repeatedly. He moved away and dragged something over she hadn't even noticed. Then set it up in front of her. It was a tripod, and he put the camera on it, then left it alone.

She glared at him as he returned to his little toy box, then the camera flashed, taking her by surprise.

“What?”

“It's on a timer,” he said in amusement.

“You bastard!”

“You need a new insult,” he said, standing and turning back to her.

This time he didn't try to hide what he held in his hand. It was a flog.

Chapter Six

The flog had a foot long leather-covered handle, and a thick mass of thin leather strips no thicker or heavier than bootlaces. A bootlace, of course, wouldn't hurt much when swept across someone's back. But a dozen or two, all swung together, tended to have more weight.

Jamie gasped as the laces spread out and struck the center of her back. It wasn't much of a blow, and it didn't hurt much. Danny had a fairly good appreciation for her borders. But she knew it would start to hurt the longer he swung the flog.

Just then, though, what really struck her was the dark thrill of the forbidden, of the kinky, of the weird hunger his submission and domination games now brought to her. She gasped again as the flog cut across her back, and again, as it stung a little harder.

He swung the flog lower, and she yelped as the thin strips of leather cut across her bottom, making her legs jerk. The next few blows struck her back as she swayed in place and moaned, her breathing becoming more ragged.

It was not the easiest thing in the world hanging from your wrists, as she had discovered the first time he'd done it. Not only was it hard on the wrists – however heavily padded the restraints were – but you couldn't breathe if you simply hung limp from your wrists.

The pull on the rib cage made it impossible for the diaphragm to expand, so you had to use the muscles in your arms to pull yourself up, at least a tiny bit, every time you inhaled. That started wearing on a person, even a fit person, before very long.

And it was hot in the room to begin with. In fact, a thin sheen of perspiration was already rising on her skin. She hadn't really noticed it before, though she noticed it on Danny's skin whenever he moved around so she could see him.

“Uhh!” she gasped as the thongs of the flog cut across her back again like a score of little stings. Her back was starting to get very warm now, though it was still not as hot as her buttocks.

The camera flashed intermittently, but she had stopped worrying about it.

He detoured down to her bottom and thighs several times, as if to keep them warm, then moved in closer and shifted position. Now the long, thin thongs began to strike at her ribs, and then the sides of her breasts!

“Oh! Fuck! Ow! Don't!” she gasped. “Ow! Oh! Bastard!”

He chuckled, swinging the flog so the strips slapped at her right side and breast, then swung it backhanded at her left side and her left breast. The blows were light enough to sting, but not actually hurt.

He paused and his right hand slid over her hip, down her abdomen, until her could finger her clitoris. She gasped as he jerked back on her hair while he did that, kissing and chewing his way up along the nape of her neck.

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

“No!” she gasped.

He drew back suddenly and swung the flog sharply. Jamie cried out as it cracked across the center of her back, her body jerking at the sharp stinging blows.

“A disciplined sex slave obeys her master,” he said.

He moved around in front of her and to the side, then brought the flog down across her breasts repeatedly, until they turned pink, then red as she squirmed and twisted and moaned and gulped in air. Then he lowered the flogs, so that her stomach began to sting and ache and burn!

He stopped several times to finger her clitoris, and to shove at the base of the two dildos, seeing if they could go up any deeper. Then he produced something she had lately begun to think of as kryptonite to her supergirl.

A vibrator.

It wasn't just any old vibrator, though. What he had in his hand was something new. It was a plastic vibrator, a plug-in kind, which meant it was more powerful. Something was attached to it which she soon realized was a pinwheel! No, it was a double pinwheel. He attached the pinwheel to the vibrator with clips!

He turned it on and then laid the pinwheel against her right breast. The metal toy vibrated in tune to the machine as its sharp little pins rolled across her sensitive, overheated breast, and then across her nipples!

It was a bizarre and confusing swirl of sensations, of the sharp little prickles of the pinwheels with the delicious vibrations that rarely failed to push her over the edge into all out sexual fever.

He rolled the pinwheels around and around her nipples, then back and forth across them as she moaned and trembled with rising heat. Then he let the pinwheels roll slowly down her belly, zig zagging over her abdomen and then up and down her thighs!

His left hand gripped her buttocks, not incidentally pressing against the base of the dildo in her ass, while he carefully maneuvered the pinwheel so that it rolled lightly up and down on either side of her swollen clitoris.

Then directly across it!

“Oh! Fuck! Oh! Danny!” she gasped.

The crackle of stings was accompanied by the powerful vibrations that made the muscles in her lower body spasm and jerk her legs helplessly. The sensations were incredibly intense!

He turned the vibrator off and stepped back. Then he sat down as she hung in place, sweating much more heavily now, gasping for breath, bedraggled, and consumed by a pulsing sexual hunger. She watched him as he put the toy down, then stepped out of his shoes, removed his socks, and

pulled his trousers down and off.

He was wearing nothing now but black boxers, low on his hips, and she licked her lips hungrily as she saw the tent in the front of them.

“Is that something in your shorts or are you happy to see me?” she gulped.

He raised his eyebrows.

“I'm always happy to see you, slave girl.”

He stepped back to her and his fingers rubbed at her sweating, overheated clitoris.

“Especially like this, with most of the self-control gone, and the hot, panting slut showing through.”

“Fuck you!” she gulped.

He picked up the flog and swept it down across her back several times with sharp, stinging blows that made her cry out, twisting and jerking in mid-air. Then he swept the laces in under her arms to snap at her breasts repeatedly.

He picked up the pinwheel again, and played it over her aching nipples, then down over her clitoris, causing her to tremble and moan. When he turned on the vibrator and played the double pinwheel back and forth across her clitoris she lost it and cried out again and again as the orgasm thundered through her body.

He let the pinwheels roll faster and faster, back and forth, and harder, as her body was wracked by convulsions.

Finally, as the orgasm faded, leaving her almost limp, sheeted in sweat and dazed, he chuckled and went to the wall, then lowered the chain.

Jamie groaned as her heels were finally able to touch the floor, but she was still extremely wobbly, and when the chain continued to lower so that

her wrists were down around her chest she almost missed the way it had helped her keep her balance.

Then Danny came over to her and shoved her roughly down onto her knees. Now her body was stretched out again, her wrists held tautly above her as she looked up at him and met his dark, hungry eyes. She gasped as he pressed his crotch into her face, and she felt his erection under the cloth.

“Guess what I have for you, little sex slave,” he said.

“Y-You're tiny little penis?” she gulped.

He jerked his shorts down and she felt a wave of heat as she saw his cock spring up before her.

Danny was a large man, his cock thick and hard and long. He was still the biggest man she'd ever had inside her, and the ache she felt whenever he entered her was now firmly linked, in her mind, with the wild dark thrill of sexual excitement and orgasmic pleasure he had so often given her.

He let his cock slide over her face, then reached out to seize her hair, drawing her face in, grinding her face against his cock and balls. She licked at it dazedly, then with more control, licking up and down the shaft as he held the head pointed up and back along his stomach.

“Suck my balls,” he growled.

She moaned as he pulled her forward, licking and sucking at his testicles, then sucking them into her mouth as he twisted his fingers in her hair. She massaged them inside her mouth, her tongue licking and caressing them as he glowered down at her.

He drew back and slapped her face several times lightly, making her gasp.

“Are you my slut? Are you?” he demanded.

“Y-Yes!”

Now he used his cock to slap her cheek repeatedly.

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm Danny's slut!” she moaned as his cock rubbed along her open mouth.

He let the head drop down so it pointed at her face like a spear, then pushed into her open mouth.

Jamie moaned around it, sucking eagerly, her tongue working fast and hard at the underside of the head as he pumped it slowly in and out. He used only the front half of his thick cock, at first, but she knew that wouldn't last.

He gripped her hair tightly to hold her in place as he began to use longer strokes, and then the slick head of his cock pushed into her throat. He jerked back on her hair at the same time, helping to distract her as his cock slid slowly down her throat right to the base, until her lips were pressed against his groin and her eyes were rolling up at him.

“How many men do you think would love to be looking at what I'm looking at right now?” he asked. “How many of them would love to be feeling what I'm feeling now?”

He held her in place for long seconds, then slowly drew back and out, pulling free, letting her gulp in air as he rubbed his spit-wet cock over her face. Once again he pushed it deep into her throat, but there was no holding still, this time. He started pumping in and out using hard, fast strokes that made her gurgle helplessly.

There was no breathing when he was doing that, and her head began to throb more and more, as her chest began to burn from lack of oxygen. Still he pumped, savagely, his eyes filled with heat as his hips drove his cock into her throat hard and fast.

She started to squirm and try to pull back as her need for air became more and more desperately, but he only jammed himself deep and held her there for more seconds, before finally pulling free.

Jamie drew in deep, ragged breaths of air as he slapped his cock against her cheeks. He let her catch some of her breath, but not even close to all, before driving himself back into her throat and resuming his hard thrusts.

It left her light-headed, of course, which swept away the last vestiges of her inhibitions as he pulled out to leave her gasping for breath once more. He went quickly to the wall, did something that lowered the chain holding her wrists up a little, then came back to her and knelt behind her.

She felt his hands on her hips, jerking them back, spreading her legs. One of his hands began to finger her clitoris as the other worked the big dildo out of her pussy. He then pulled her hips back further and she felt his slick cock pushing up into her body with a sense of overwhelming pleasure and relief.

It felt sooo good inside her! It felt so natural! It stretched her out even more than the dildo, and it throbbed hotly as his big hands gripped her thighs and jerked her buttocks back against him.

She cried out as he jerked back roughly on her hair, and his hand enveloped her throat, squeezing until her eyes bulged.

“Are you my slut?” he growled.

“Y-Yes!” she gasped as his hand loosened.

He tightened it again.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, Master!” she gasped.

“Say it, slut!”

“I'm your slut, Master!” she gasped as he ground his hips against her buttocks.

He shifted his grip to her ankles, then jerked them up and out, using them like the handles of a wheelbarrow to maneuver her back against him.

She was leaning forward, her upper torso held up by the chain locked to her wrists, her head hanging down as he began to thrust his hips into her with hard, fast strokes.

Jamie whimpered and moaned and cried out at the deep, delicious thrusts. She felt a flaming curtain of heat enveloping her, and shuddered and moaned as his strokes smashed his pubic bone into the base of the dildo still protruding from her ass.

Another orgasm swept through her like fire through dry grass, and she cried out again and again, her hips rolling back at him as he thrust harder and faster. A third and then a fourth orgasm followed, as his fingers found her clitoris and rubbed skillfully.

Then he was coming inside her, cursing as he jerked savagely back on her hair, his teeth digging into the soft flesh of her throat as the fingers of his other hand rode her clitoris. She sobbed dazedly as her mind was battered by overpowering sensations that whipsawed through her body. She ached deep inside, but so wonderfully she wished it could go on forever!

Sex with Danny, of course, was never quick. He put considerable time into manipulating her mind, into considering what would push her boundaries, melt her inhibitions, and turn her into the wild sexual animal he had promised to create.

Dazed and panting for breath, she soon found herself forced to kneel in the corner, like a bad girl. Only she remained naked. And just to make her more nervous, he tied a silk blindfold around her head, very tightly across her eyes.

She was not, however, tied up, which was unusual.

When she felt the leather going around her throat, she thought it was a collar. He had put collars on her on a number of occasions, after all. This was thinner than usual, though, and softer, more flexible.

“Crawl, you nasty little sexual animal,” he said, jerking on it.

The first thing she discovered, as she spun around and caught herself before hitting the floor, was that it wasn't a collar. It was merely a leather strap or belt. A collar did not tighten when pulled, after all.

She crawled across the floor, responding to the pull of the strap, her body still bubbling with sexual heat, but now with more apprehension and uncertainty added.

“Let's see your expertise with lap dancing, slave girl,” he said.

The belt pulled her forward and her hands hit the chair and his legs about the same time. She rose up between his legs, feeling for them with her hands, and then felt a wave of anxiety mixed with a rush of wild heat as she realized she couldn't actually be sure it was him!

She remembered when he'd put hidden speakers with the sound of crowds cheering as he had 'sold her at auction', as a slave girl. He'd put a lot of effort into that! So she knew he liked her being uncertain of whether she was putting on a display for someone unseen.

But he also liked to see her with other men – and women!

So that whoever was sitting in the chair was dressed meant nothing. It could be him, or it could be someone else. She would find out – eventually!

A hand gripped her hair and ground her face into his groin – whoever it was, then the belt pulled upward. She slid up between his legs, carefully feeling for where his body was as music started to play. It was a familiar song, and she began to grind her hips to the music, straddling him, then sitting down, running her hands up his chest and over his shoulders.

It could have been him. He had broad shoulders and a powerful chest. And so did whoever she was sitting atop. She rolled her hips, moving her body in and out, undulating to the music as she ground herself against his groin.

She started to feel him hardening. But that wasn't an indication of who it was. She'd been kneeling in the corner for fifteen minutes, and he was usually ready again in that time, the horny bastard!

She turned around, sitting backwards, grinding her buttocks against his erection, feeling his hands sliding over her hips, then coming around her to roughly cup and squeeze her breasts.

It was a man, a big one, that was all she was sure of. It was probably him, of course. But the possibility it wasn't was turning her on, making her pulse race as she turned again and straddled him.

He mouthed the center of her breast, biting her softly, sucking and licking at her nipple.

“Take off my clothes,” he said, his voice just in front of her.

She moaned and found his shirt, unbuttoning it, sliding her hands in over his chest. And here she began to feel real doubt. Of course, he was sitting down, so it wasn't as easy to tell. It was a powerful chest, muscular but... was it smoother than his?

Her hands trembled as they moved down and undid his belt, then her body slid backwards along his legs and off until she was on her knees before him. She tugged his pants and boxers down and off, then gasped at jerk on the belt looped around her neck.

“Lick your way up, slut.”

She licked at his calves, then his knees, then licked her way up his thighs as her hands caressed him. She gasped at a pull on her hair, pulling her up and forward into his belly. She licked at it. She licked at his chest and his shoulders as he forced her up higher, until she was straddling him again, his cock trapped between his belly and hers.

It was a big cock, but was it his?

“Take it and put it inside you, slut.”

The words hit her with a deep jolt of emotion! Because it came from behind her!

She gasped and then moaned, liquid heat gushing into her veins, her chest tightening to the point she forgot to breath, her face flushing hotly.

The belt jerked up and she gurgled as it tightened around her throat.

“Now, slut!”

Panting, she gripped the thick cock before her and rose, which helped ease the tightness of the belt around her throat. She rubbed the head against her sensitive sex, then began to sink slowly down, shuddering and moaning as it pushed slowly up through the hot, moist depths of her aching sex.

Big hands cupped her buttocks, squeezing and kneading, as someone licked and sucked on her nipples and breasts.

But that cock sliding up into her felt so... incredible, she felt her body melting in the reflected heat. She sobbed dazedly, sinking down deeper and deeper, exulting in the ache pushing higher, until she grasped at his shoulders, now bare, and gurgled dazedly, grinding herself against him.

The belt tightened around her throat and then pulled and she gasped, forced upward.

She felt her wrists pulled back behind her and strapped tightly in place.

“Ride that cock, you cock-hungry slut,” he said, still behind her.

Whimpering, gasping, moaning, Jamie tried to do just that. But it wasn't easy. The belt appeared to now be locked in place above her. That meant as she sank down the loop around her throat tightened, making her eyes bulge!

The hunger was too great, the fiery heat too powerful for her to deny it. Dazed and sobbing, she rode the cock desperately, gurgling and gasping and croaking, breathless, riding up and down as the first of a string of intense orgasms tore through her, shattering her mind!

She kept riding, and now he was starting to thrust up, redoubling the wild heat gripping her as she him in desperate, mindless need, gurgling and crying out, whenever she had breath, forcing herself down as far onto his cock as she could get, heedless of how tightly the belt choked her!

She could breathe anyway. All she had to do was ride upward on his cock. But that ride upward was brief and desperate, done only so she could reach that perfect point where the head was nestled just within her. Then came the glory of sinking down, of sliding down its long, slick length, of feeling herself being impaled on him!

And if that finished with the belt so tight around her neck her eyes bulged, so what!

Her head was jerked aside by the hair, sharply enough to make her cry out, then another cock pushed into her mouth and deep into her throat.

Big hands gripped her buttocks, helping lift her up and down as other hand pulled at her hair and drove a big cock in and out of her throat. It was insanity, and her mind was too dazed and breathless to think straight. But she didn't need to think to bathe in the ecstasy of the sexual fever gripping her body.

She came again, screaming silently, very much the sexual animal he called her, heedless of anything but the dark, seething pleasure roaring inside her.

Only afterward, kneeling, drained, exhausted and barely conscious, did he pull the blindfold off so she was left staring up from glassy eyes at the two of them, standing naked before her like a pair of Greek statues – one white, one black.

She felt a sense of relief. Malcolm Terris. She had suspected it was him. At least he hadn't given her body to a complete stranger. Not that that was beyond him.

He was a cop from the First Precinct she'd worked with briefly when she'd been transferred there. Big, powerful, and usually very soft-spoken,

almost intellectual, in a way. They had gotten along very well, which had led to her first threesome. With Danny, of course.

She ached, but she ached with the dreamy satisfaction of an incredible, shattering, all-consuming orgasm.

“You sure you don't want to sell her?” Malcolm asked. “I can get a big cage for her.”

“Maybe some other day,” Danny said. “She's still not fully trained yet.”

Chapter Seven

There was an even bigger dildo waiting in her in-basket when she got to work the next day. This one was black. She looked at it curiously, holding it up in the air as those nearby snickered. Then she turned to Lyle Jefferson.

“So is this what you'd say was the average size of a Black man's penis, Lyle?”

There were more snickers around the room.

“Not his!” Batista said. “His is like a tiny little pencil!”

“Fuck you, wetback,” Jefferson said. “This is actually kind of small for a Black man,” he replied.

“Maybe for a black horse,” Richards said.

“Well, we do tend to be stallions,” Jefferson said with a leer.

Randy Baker walked in and snorted, then took the dildo from her and held it against the front of his crotch.

“Yeah, this is about my size,” he said, to a torrent of jeers.

The abuse died down abruptly as Lieutenant Foster stepped into the room. He looked at Baker, his eyes narrowing, and Baker tossed it back to her.

“Uh, not mine, Lieutenant,” he said.

“It came in the mail,” Jamie said, holding up the envelope as Foster turned his glare on her.

“Come in my office, McCloud,” he said.

“Do you want me to bring this?” she asked brightly, holding up the dildo.

Jefferson coughed violently, and Richards turned away just as quickly.

Foster glared at her but didn't reply, going back to his office.

She shrugged and tossed the dildo into her garbage can, then got up and sauntered after him.

Foster tended to have as little to do with Anti-crime as he could, principally, she thought, because he couldn't stand Mueller, who supervised it. Foster had all the special units in the precinct under his command, including the one he liked the most, Community Policing. He clearly thought expertise in that area was his ticket to higher command. And was known to spend a lot of time drawing up plans and plotting graphs and pie charts to send up the line.

He was also responsible for juvenile crime, hate crime, community affairs, crime prevention, domestic violence, and whatever else didn't fit anywhere else, but he seemed to have seized on community policing as the area he wanted to make his mark.

That wasn't the only reason she was wary when he smiled at her and asked her if she was really happy in Anti-crime.

“Very much,” she said.

“You know, McCloud, the key to policing is community involvement,” he said. “That way, we can stop crime before it happens. We can, if we do our job right, get the community to police itself.”

“Wouldn't that make us unemployed?”

He smiled briefly.

“There will always be those who fall outside the normal bounds of society. But the problems every big city has is the lack of community involvement, in establishing a culture of respect for one another so that

people don't want to steal from their fellow citizens.”

Jamie kept her face expressionless, grateful for her long practice at it.

Foster leaned forward across his desk, his fingers interlocked.

“You could do a lot for us, Officer McCloud. Your accomplishments in your career so far, brief as it has been, are considerable and worthy of a great deal of respect, both from your fellow police officers, and from the public.”

She shrugged minutely.

“And, let's face facts, you're extremely... photogenic, shall we say. I can't think of a media outlet in this city which wouldn't want to feature you talking about Community Policing, or a community or neighborhood council which wouldn't give you time if we volunteered you to give them a little speech on Community Policing.”

“Public speaking is not my forte, Lieutenant,” she said firmly.

“I understand. You're young, and perhaps a little intimidated by crowds,” he said soothingly, “but you have to understand that the publicity around your last shooting was rather extensive. And your ability to blend into the background and not be noticed was, let's face it, not very good even before that.”

“I haven't heard any complaints from Mueller.”

Foster's jaw tightened.

“Well, the point is that you're kind of recognizable now.”

“Actually, sir, since I dyed my hair, people hardly ever recognize me now.”

He made a face. “Yes, well, perhaps, but your face, that hair... not to mention, uhm... your height and... other things, make you a lot more noticeable on the street than we generally prefer of our anti-crime officers.”

“You saying blondes can't be in Anti-crime?”

“Of course not!” he snapped, before catching himself and giving her an apologetic smile.

“But you're not exactly an average looking person, McCloud.”

“So? I don't have to look average. Mueller doesn't look average, either. The point is nobody thinks he's a cop when they see him walking along. And nobody thinks of me as a cop either.”

“No, they think you're a... a model or something,” he said with a scowl.

She shrugged.

“But people stare at models, McCloud, the way they don't stare at someone like Mueller. Men, in particular, get... excited... looking at young women who look like you do. Which is probably why that... thing was sent to you.”

“Let them stare. I'm not trying to do anything secretive.”

“But in terms of... surveillance, say, it's better not to be noticed. And your height and... hair and... er, other things, are fairly noticeable...”

“Most of our surveillance is done in cars, anyway. And what... other things... do you mean, Lieutenant?”

“Pardon?”

“You keep mentioning other things,” she said. “I was wondering what that meant?”

His face darkened and his eyes narrowed.

“Just curious.”

“I think you're well aware of what I mean, McCloud,” he snapped.

“You don't mean these, do you?” she asked innocently, leaning forward a little while pressing a finger into her right breast.

She was wearing a black tank top, a tight one, which even had a little cleavage. She'd done it for Taylor's benefit. Of course, she also had a button-down shirt she planned to wear once they got out on the street, but that was sitting on the back of her chair at her desk.

“I meant that as an extremely attractive young woman you get higher than average attention,” he said, his eyes flicking only briefly to her cleavage before catching himself.

“That's nice of you to say but I'm not that attractive. I remember that woman from the modeling agency pointing that out to me when she said my jaw was too narrow and my forehead too large. She also thought my eyes were too far apart and a weird shade of green. She did think the rest of me was pretty good, though.”

“Nevertheless,” he said doggedly. “You do draw attention, and you draw even more the way you dress.”

She raised her eyebrows and gave him an innocent look.

“I try to dress the way girls my age on the street would be dressing in summertime, Lieutenant,” she said. “I thought that was the idea.”

He looked at her helplessly, his eyes firmly fixed to hers as if he was afraid of where they'd go if he didn't carefully control them.

“As for that dildo, well, that was clearly someone's idea of a joke. Maybe they thought I needed a big dick to be a cop. A lot of cops used to think that,” she said. “You know, that you couldn't be a cop if you didn't have a big dick?”

“That would be extremely sexist and discriminatory,” he said.

“Well, yeah. Maybe you should look into who's sending me dildos then.”

“You can be sure I'll do that,” he growled.

She leaned in even more and his eyes flicked once to her cleavage before he jerked them back up.

“I think it might be that Taylor guy,” she said in a lower voice. “He stares at me a lot, you know.”

“I'll uhm, speak to him,” he said.

“Oh I'm not making any kind of official complaint,” she assured him. “But if you were to look into cops who have sexist thoughts he appears to be one.”

“Just because someone... looks at you, McCloud, particularly given how you dress, that does not mean he's likely to be sending you sex toys,” he said.

“You're right, sir. There's no evidence of that. Just suspicion.”

She stood up and smiled brightly.

“Is that all, sir?”

“You may go,” he said with a scowl.

She turned around and reached for the door, wishing there were a mirror nearby so she could confirm her strong suspicion the lieutenant was staring at her ass.

The police didn't often get a call to the Gershwin theater. She figured that was why Mueller decided to go in on it.

Anti-Crime, of course, didn't get radio calls. But they could go in on anything that interested them, particularly if it was nearby.

“I haven't been to the Gershwin since I saw Wicked when I was in high school,” she said.

“No reason to. Same play has been running for over ten years, as far as I know,” he replied.

“Maybe someone attacked the wicked witch.”

He shrugged. Mueller wasn't much into casual conversation.

They went down W50th and turned into the Gershwin, which was, as far as she knew, the biggest, or close to the biggest theater in Manhattan. It was a weird thought that it had had nothing but the same play for over ten years now.

The district blue and white was already parked, and they pulled up behind it and went into the theater.

Wicked had been playing for so long that the whole theater had gotten a makeover and reflected the color and décor of the play, with pictures, displays and witch souvenirs everywhere.

There were enough people around to guess there was either an afternoon matinee in progress, or soon would be, but while she could hear yelling up ahead, there was no music to go with it as they crossed through the lobby to the open door to the theater itself.

About half the 1900 odd seats were filled, but the show they were watching had little to do with women with green faces or munchkins. Instead there were a dozen people on the stage wearing black suits and black dresses singing what sounded like hymns.

Mueller sighed beside her. “Jesus freaks again,” he muttered.

They walked down the aisle to where a half dozen people, apparently theater workers, were trying to persuade the singers to come down and leave. The two uniforms had apparently just gotten there and were talking with a tall, slim, gray haired man in a green suit who looked very animated and was waving his arms excitably.

Mueller was fishing around in the voluminous pockets of his poorly

fitting suit jacket as they approached, and apparently found what he was looking for because he brought out a whistle, brought it to his mouth, and let out a long, high-pitched whistle that temporarily silenced everyone in the theater.

“All right,” he said. “Which of you... people... is the spokesperson?”

“We are brothers and sisters in God!” an older man replied from the stage.

“Well, brothers and sisters, you're on the wrong stage. You need to go back to your own church to preach and leave these people alone.”

“And God sayeth, search out the wicked and destroy them in their den who will not be redeemed!” the man exclaimed.

“I don't think he meant these particular wicked,” Mueller said dryly.

“They glorify witchcraft and evil!”

“That's not true!” the man in the green suit exclaimed. “This is a story about good opposing and overcoming wickedness! It's about the temptations that lead to wickedness!”

“But your so-called good characters are witches! God sayeth though shalt not suffer a witch to live!”

“The New Testament makes it clear Christians are no longer bound by Mosaic Law!” the man in green shouted. “Read your Acts!”

“This is all real nice, but these people didn't come here to see a debate about biblical laws,” Mueller said. “So you nice people kindly get down off the stage and we'll go out into the lobby to discuss it.”

“We shall not be moved!” one of them shouted.

“Should I get the pepper spray?” one of the uniforms asked.

“Not indoors,” Mueller snorted.

The group was standing on the edge of the stage. Mueller grabbed the ankles of the man standing directly in front of him and yanked his feet out from under him. The man yelped and sat down heavily on the edge of the stage, momentarily stunned. Mueller pulled him off and grabbed him by the collar and handed him off to one of the uniforms.

“Everyone down now or you'll be arrested,” he said sternly.

“We are prepared to sacrifice ourselves for God!” one heavysset woman shouted.

“We only have one big cell at the station,” Jamie said. “And right now it's full of prostitutes since we just did a sweep. Black prostitutes,” she added.

Several of them gaped at her.

“I only say this because they're mostly not wearing much clothes, and I know you good people would be very uncomfortable if you had to spend all day in a cell with them. Well, some of them are actually men, but they're uhm, cross-dressers, you know? Can't discriminate against trans-gendered any more so we house them all together.”

They were all staring at her now.

“Anyway, if you don't leave the theater we're gonna have to cuff you and put you into the cell with them. Sorry.”

Most of them decided to leave soon afterward.

The radio call about an aggravated vehicular assault and robbery on the sidewalk outside the Silver Towers contained a description of the vehicle as a lime green compact car and the assailants as two young black men.

The Silver Towers were a pair of 60 story condos in Hell's Kitchen, just across the border in Midtown South. Since the vehicle was seen headed north and they were already close to 11th, Mueller made a sharp turn down W55th

and then turned south on 11th.

“Sure shouldn't be hard to spot,” she said, watching the traffic ahead, and on the side streets they passed.

Nor was it.

“Stop!” she cried as they passed 51st.

Mueller slammed on the brakes, and she snapped the lights on as he pulled into oncoming traffic, did a U-turn, then crossed southbound traffic again to turn onto 51st. There was a line of cars parked against the curb and one of them was a lime green compact.

The big SUV pulled up just behind it, and they could both see two people inside. Then one twisted her head and peered out at them. It looked like a Black teenage girl to Jamie. A moment later the car pulled away from the curb, tires screeching, and sped off.

“Seriously,” she said as she picked up the microphone and the Tahoe's acceleration pushed her back into the seat. “They think they're gonna get away in a neon green compact?”

“Eighteen Adam Charles One in pursuit of vehicular assault suspects in a lime green Chevrolet Spark, northbound on 12th Avenue from 51st Street,” she said as she keyed it. “Two occupants, one female black with shoulder length dreadlocks wearing a gray hoodie.

She flipped on the siren as the Tahoe accelerated to bring them closer.

“Laurence William William Charles, nine seven seven two.”

Twelve Avenue here was four lanes wide, all northbound, and traffic was fairly light as they followed the Spark north in the left lane. The southern portion of the Westside highway was called 12th Avenue, but she knew it got renamed into Joe Dimaggio highway somewhere around here before once again being renamed to the Henry Hudson Parkway a little distance ahead. She wasn't about to guess which was where.

“Eighteen Adam Charles one now passing 57th street on Westside Highway,” she said into the microphone.

The four lanes narrowed to three and she picked up the microphone again.

“Eighteen Adam Charles One now passing 79th Street exit,” she said. “Speed seventy four...”

The speed limit on this section was 40. The Hudson River was on the left, and there weren't a lot of exits on the right. She called in when they passed 96th Street and kept going.

“Figure they're going to Harlem,” she said.

They passed the 125th Street exist and kept going. Then two blue and whites joined them at the next on-ramp. The traffic picked up ahead, and the Sonic slowed to about twenty miles an hour. It looked like it might be blocked but then forced its way through on the left of a Toyota, scraping by so close they lost a mirror.

The Toyota pulled over towards the right as the three police vehicles screamed at them from behind, almost sideswiping a pickup, but the Tahoe swept past trailing the two blue and whites, and then veered right around an eighteen-wheeler.

“Where are these idiots headed for?” she asked rhetorically.

“They could be going to Jersey, I suppose,” Mueller said as they passed under a sign for the George Washington Bridge.

The Sonic shifted lanes, moving over to the right.

“Nope. It's Harlem. Here we go,” she said, picking up the mike again.

“Eighteen Adam Charles One, suspect vehicle taking 158th Street exit,” she said.

It had taken amazingly little time to move over a hundred blocks north on the highway. She wasn't even sure what precinct they were even in here. The long off-ramp curved under a bridge and then they turned onto a narrow street framed by brick low-rise apartments on either side.

They took another sharp turn to the left, and drove up a narrow, curving street with more low-rises, but nicer ones.

“Where the hell are we?” she demanded.

“Riverside Drive,” Mueller said.

She called in and reported their location as they followed the one-way road in a great curve until reaching a 165th. There, a blue and white tried to block them, but the little car swerved so sharply around it the right wheels left the road.

Jamie thought it was going to roll, but it righted itself and kept going.

“They might still be going to Jersey,” Mueller said as they continued.

They didn't. They kept going straight until finally turning onto Plaza Lafayette, which Jamie thought was a really dumb name for a street. They didn't get far from there as another blue and white screeched into an intersection a couple of blocks up.

The Sonic tried to veer around it but it skidded and the right side hit the front corner bumper of the patrol car and spun wildly. It was still able to turn onto a narrow, one-way street, though the rear right wheel was wobbling desperately

A block up it turned into the fenced courtyard of a fourteen story brick building, rammed through a pile of plastic garbage bags, bowled over a sapling and smashed several bushes before coming to a stop.

A half dozen patrol cars followed them but the two girls in the Sonic jumped out and went to the door of the building right before them, unlocked it and dashed through, letting the door, of course, close behind them.

Jamie hit the door a few seconds later, and yanked on the handle, but it was locked.

“Surround the building!” Mueller shouted to the cops who had jumped out of their cars. “Get around to the other exits and make sure no one leaves!”

More cars began to arrive, and they got the super to let them into the building, then began a floor-by-floor search.

The problem was no one knew what they looked like except Jamie, who had gotten a good look at the passenger. And it was a fourteen-story building.

The details of the crime finally reached them. Someone had deliberately run the car up onto the sidewalk and hit a pair of middle-aged women, then two black teenagers had jumped out of the Sonic, stolen their purses, jumped back in, and driven off. Both women had been injured, one critically.

The car, of course, was stolen.

Given they were in pursuit of a dangerous felon, Mueller, and then Lieutenant Dixon, a patrol supervisor for the 34th precinct, who showed up soon after, decided they didn't need warrants, and got the super to let them into any apartment which failed to answer a knock.

Dixon ordered the uniforms to search every apartment for a young black female between fifteen and twenty-five, who was approximately between one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and forty pounds, and bring them to the lobby, along with anyone who was with them.

Jamie stayed in the lobby, clearing anyone who wanted to leave the building. Fortunately, none even came close to what she was looking for. Most of the women in the building seemed to be seniors, or at least middle aged, or Hispanics, or grossly overweight.

There were at least three dozen cops there by then, so the search went relatively quickly, with three pair of cops assigned to almost every floor. Soon, a parade of cops started coming down with possibles they had found.

Jamie could only shake her head at most of them. They were almost all either too old or too fat or not Black. Until a pair of sullen young women in handcuffs were brought down by several cops from the twelfth floor.

“They didn't answer the door,” one of the cops said. “When we went inside they started cursing and throwing things at us.

Jamie looked at the one another of the cops was holding for a long, satisfying few seconds.

“That's her,” she said.

“You're sure?” Dixon said.

“Yeah, she turned and looked right at us when we pulled up next to them.”

“Fuck you, bitch!” the girl shouted.

“Take them both,” Dixon said. “Seal that apartment. We'll get a warrant to search it.”

She went outside, along with a bunch of the uniforms, as Dixon called off any further search and Mueller and he dealt with who was going to write what. She went back to their car and turned off the flashers. She sat on the passenger seat sideways, facing the open door and started to check her cell phone.

“What's the matter, you weren't getting enough nigger cock as a redhead?” a voice demanded as a figure moved in front of her.

She looked up and recognized Billings, the cop she and Mueller had arrested a couple of weeks earlier for assaulting a motorist. He was just as angry and red faced now, and still had zits on his face from, she guessed, all the steroids he was on.

“You still got a lot of zits I see, Billings,” she said calmly. “You might lay off the steroids a little.”

“I told you not to come to Harlem, you cunt! We don't like rat cops here!”

“Take your tiny dick and slither off, Billings, before I squash you like a roach,” she said.

“You want to see how tiny my dick is, bitch? You want me to show you?” he demanded.

He pushed forward until his leg was actually touching the car, with his crotch thrust forward.

Jamie reached out and grabbed him there – hard – then gave a sharp twist.

He let out a bellow of pain but she intercepted his hand as it came shooting down for her wrist, deflected it into the door, then twisted it as well, forcing him to his knees, at which point she let go of his balls and twisted his entire arm around to bend his upper body down and forward where she could put her foot on the back of his neck to jam his face into the pavement.

“What the hell is going on here!” a white shirt demanded, coming over to the car.

Jamie let go of Billings.

“Officer Billings was asking me about a martial arts move I had told him about once, Sergeant,” she said. “I was just demonstrating it.”

Billings was kneeling, gasping, red faced from pain, this time, rather than anger, and holding his balls.

“You were, huh? Is that the story, Billings?” he demanded.

Billings nodded a little breathlessly.

Mueller came ambling up then.

“What's up?” he asked.

“I don't know, but I doubt it's about anything I want to know. Billings, get your ass back on patrol.”

Mueller came around the car and noticed Billings for the first time, and his eyes narrowed.

“You want to know anything about fighting, Billings, you just come and see me any time,” he said in a menacing voice.

Billings, bent over a bit, glared at him sullenly, then limped away. Jamie saw Mueller go over to talk privately with the 34th Sergeant, then he came back and got into the car.

Chapter Eight

Danny picked her up in a Volkswagen Golf that looked to be at least fifteen years old and growled like it needed a new muffler.

“You are really going downhill in the cars, Lucas,” she said, standing on the sidewalk and looking in. “I don't think a high quality woman like me ought to even be seen in a piece of shit car like that.”

“It works fine,” he said a bit defensively.

“So does a bus. I don't like them either.”

“You want to get in or break my balls?”

“I would never break your balls. I like your balls,” she said with a smirk.

“I'll give you a chance to admire them up close, then.”

“You and every other guy,” she said, opening the passenger door – which creaked – and getting in.

“Why are we in this POS car?”

He pulled away from the curb.

“Well?”

He turned and grabbed her by the scruff of the neck, pulling her in sharply so he could kiss her, and she gasped, grabbing at his shoulder and the center console for balance. He let her go and turned up 8th Avenue.

“The Porsche I had the other night got vandalized at my place.”

“You live in a shitty neighborhood in the Bronx. Why would you even drive a Porsche home?”

He glowered at her. "I had a sort of agreement with a local... person. Unfortunately, he was in jail this week, something which nobody informed me of."

"So your boss is pissed off? And he gave you an old Golf to drive?" she asked in amusement.

"I can't creditably claim to need one for undercover assignments this week since I'm not on an undercover assignment this week."

"Well, that was careless."

The golf bounced over a pothole and she grabbed the door, then pulled her seat belt on.

"I'm not sure this is going to provide me with the style of ride I've become accustomed to," she said.

He made a face, then smiled. "Maybe I'll provide you with a different kind of ride this evening."

"Uh huhhh," she said warily. "By which you mean what?"

"Let it be a surprise, slave girl."

They had dinner at a steak house further south along 2nd Avenue, and took their time over it, Danny clearly not being in any kind of hurry. That made her suspicious, because it struck her he was deliberately delaying things. That suggested in turn that he'd set something up.

"What are you up to?" she demanded.

He gave her an innocent look.

"You're planning something nasty, aren't you?" she demanded, eyes narrow.

"Aren't I always?"

“Your perverted little games are embarrassing!”

“I know, but you love them anyway.”

“I do not!”

“But you love the orgasms they bring you.”

She scowled, jerking her head from side to side to make sure no one was close enough to hear.

They drove a little further south before turning into a garage beneath an anonymous high-rise building. Danny used a key-card to open the door, and they drove through and into a dimly lit garage.

And then began to make out.

There was nothing very unusual about that, and it wasn't the first time Danny and she had made out in an underground garage either. The other times had led to wild and wicked – not to mention kinky sexual experiences, which had shocked her at the time.

But he was right. They had also been darkly thrilling and led to incredible orgasms.

So she had a sense of anxiety and trepidation as they made out, but also a feeling of breathless anticipation of something to come, which would not only challenge her but overwhelm her senses.

With her shirt open and his mouth on her breast, and his hand down the front of her pants, fingers stroking her clitoris, her senses were already in the process of being overwhelmed, of course.

He drew back and then yanked her across the center console, across his lap, where she sprawled on her belly.

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom sharply.

“What a lovely ass you have, slave girl,” he said, tugging her jeans

down further.

His fingers slid lower, stroking along the line of her sex, and over her clitoris, then slowly pushing into her.

“How wet you are, little nympho girl,” he said, his fingers dipping in and out, then pushing deeper.

His fingers were soon replaced by a dildo, pushing deeper and deeper, stretching her out, making her ache in that delicious, familiar way which sent hot bubbling sexual heat through her body.

Then came a second dildo, dipping into her back passage, then twisting and turning, slick with something, pushing deeper as she wriggled and panted and moaned complaints.

And then... and then he pulled her pants and panties up, and pulled her back off his lap, had her sit – gingerly, back in place.

Jamie gasped as the base of the two dildos made contact with the seat beneath her. But apparently they weren't as long as some of the ones he had often used, because as she slowly let more and more weight down, they pushed deeper into her belly until they were apparently completely inside her!

Danny grinned at her.

“Okay, do your clothes up so we can go inside.”

She gulped, feeling frazzled, her face flushed and a pulsing heat gripping her mind and body. But she did as he told her, pulling her bra down and doing up her shirt, then tucking it into her jeans and zipping them up.

“Wait here a minute and I'll be right back,” he said, getting out of the car.

She probably should have been more suspicious of that. She was still trying to steady her breathing, though, and do up her pants, and the only thought that crossed her mind was that he was making sure the way was clear

for... whatever he had in mind.

The ache inside her from the two dildos was steady and filled her with a dark hunger and sexual pressure, for she'd become attuned to the incredible highs she got from Danny's sexual games. She wondered, at times, if he was turning her into a nympho! Certainly he was making her into something of a sexual addict.

It was a lot less than a minute when a man in a suit came up to the side of the car.

“Excuse me, miss. Can I help you with something?” he asked.

She looked at him uncertainly. Was he legit, or a part of Danny's games?

“No... thank you,” she said.

He held out a badge. It said he was a federal agent, an ATF agent, and her suspicion this was part of Danny's game grew considerably stronger.

“Step out of the car please, miss,” he said. “We've had a tip that you're carrying illegal tobacco.”

“Illegal tobacco?” she said with a bark of laughter. “Give me a break!”

“Would you open the trunk please, Miss?” he asked, his face neutral.

“Danny put you up to this, didn't he?”

“I don't know any Danny, Miss. Please open the trunk.”

“I don't have the key.”

“Isn't that it here in the ignition?”

She saw it had indeed been left there, and took it out, handing it to him.

“Step out of the car please, Miss.”

She dutifully got out of the car, looking around for Danny, wondering where he was hiding, as the agent opened the trunk. It was full of cartons of cigarettes.

“I'm afraid I'm going to have to place you under arrest, Miss,” he said.

“Oh please,” she said. “Is this the best Danny can do?”

“Smuggling untaxed cigarettes is a serious matter, Miss,” he said stolidly.

“Not actually.”

He reached for her wrist and took it, pulling it around behind her. Jamie wasn't sure whether she ought to resist or not, but decided to go along with him as he cuffed her hands behind her back. Then he took her arm and walked her across the parking lot to the building's elevator lobby.

“Where's Danny?” she asked, starting to feel her heart thumping faster.

The guy who had 'arrested' her was about Danny's age, maybe a bit younger. He was more slender than Danny, but very fit, and he looked handsome, though more in a pretty sort of way than Danny did, with finer features and longer hair.

He led her into the elevator, but they went down, not up. They emerged in an institutional type hallway with concrete floors, and she felt her pulse rate pick up at the sound of distant voices. Then he opened a door and pushed her inside.

Danny was there, sitting behind a desk.

“I arrested this girl for smuggling tobacco,” the man said.

“Excellent work, Agent Collins,” Danny said. “She looks like the criminal type for sure.”

“You can eat me,” Jamie invited.

“Showing disrespect for federal agent is no way to get on our good side, Miss,” Agent Collins said.

Jamie almost invited him to eat her too, but suddenly felt a breathless certainty that Danny might let him do just that! Her pulse picked up further, adrenaline flooding her system as her nipples tingled. Her breasts felt like they were swelling with heat as Collins led her over to a table, and Danny joined him.

“We'll have to search you, Miss,” Collins said.

Danny gripped her behind the neck and bent her over the table as she felt her legs kicked aside. Then Collins ran his hands up her legs and over her crotch, over her buttocks, then in along her ribs and under to knead her breasts very, very thoroughly.

“I think there might be something down here,” Collins said, his hand going back to her crotch.

“We'd better strip search her,” Danny said.

They undid her jeans and yanked them down, along with her thong, and a flood of embarrassment hit her even as Danny yanked them out from under her ankles, then pulled off her shoes and socks!

“Definitely seems something unusual here,” Collins said, his fingers stroking the line of her sex.

“Probably because you fags have never seen a woman naked in person!” she croaked.

Crack!

Danny's hand slapped sharply down across her buttocks, and she felt her legs yanked apart.

Then Collins fingers spread the lips of her sex apart.

“Definitely something in here, Agent Lucas,” he said.

“I don't think we're allowed to pull that out without a female agent being present,” Danny said.

They stood her up, and removed her handcuffs, then took off her shirt and bra before cuffing her once again. She struggled to avoid both, though not with any serious intent, and during the struggle Danny got his hands between her legs to hold her in place, his fingers pressing up against her sex and his thumb stroking her clitoris as the two men pulled her wrists back to cuff them again.

“You'll have to wait until we have a female agent ready to assist us, prisoner,” Danny said.

Collins took her arm and led her around the desk and then through a heavy door into a rear cell area. These were open cells, literally cages in an otherwise empty room. The one closest to the door was empty. The one next to it, however, had several men in it, as did the one directly across the little aisle from it.

Jamie's face was already flushed, but now it burned as the all the men turned to gape at her. From their expressions they were not in on whatever little game Danny was playing. They looked like actual prisoners!

“Holy fuck!”

“Look at that!”

“Sheeeit!”

“I want some of that!”

“Look at that pussy!”

“Pussy for everyone!”

They were all yelling and laughing and shouting as Collins led her into the empty cell, then drew her back against the bars on the inside of the cell facing into the cell. Danny came over then, and from the outside of the cell, drew her wrists back through the bars, uncuffed one, then cuffed it again

around the bars.

All the men in the cell next to this one were now pressed against the bars, eagerly staring as Danny and Collins turned, closed the cell door, and then left the room.

They continued to yell and laugh and make obscene remarks and gestures to her as Jamie stood there with her head hanging down, refusing to look at them, mortified. Yet despite the level of embarrassment she was also gripped by a terrible sense of dark hunger and arousal!

Her head was spinning with uncertainty, for she had no idea what Danny intended. Was he actually going to give her to these people? There were at least a dozen between the two cells! One of them already had his cock out and was masturbating as he stared at her!

And all of them continued to make the most obscene remarks at her as they gripped the bars and stared hungrily!

“Look at me, slut!” the masturbator yelled.

“Man, look at those tits! I want to get my hands on those!” another one growled.

“Look at how neat and clean that pussy is!” another one said. “I bet she's soft!”

“And tight!” another one growled.

“I want to shove my nigger cock straight down that pretty blonde throat!” another voice growled.

The voice was familiar, and she raised her eyes, hesitantly, recognized the man in the large black man in the orange jumpsuit, and shuddered as she dropped her eyes again.

Malcolm Terris!

Did that mean they were all in on it and she was going to be expected to

take them all on!?

Then Collins came back.

“We'll have to keep you here a little longer, Miss,” he said. “But don't worry. We'll find a female agent to do a cavity search soon.”

“I'll do her cavity search!” Terris yelled. “I'll shove my dick so far up her pussy she won't be able to hide nothing!”

There was laughter and shouts of agreement from the other prisoners at that.

“I'm afraid that would be against policy,” Collins said gravely.

“Man, you can't show a black man a naked blonde bitch like this and then not give him any!” Terris complained. “My dick is all hard and ready for a blonde now!”

“I don't think she wants your dick, prisoner,” Collins said.

“I can make her want my dick!” Terris growled.

“Oh yeah? How you gonna do that?”

“Man, I know what white bitches need. I know how to touch a blonde so she screams in pleasure and begs for my cock.”

“Now that I'd like to see,” Collins said.

He went to the door and called out. “Agent Ross?”

Danny came in and Collins moved to the cell next to hers, then opened the door and let Terris out, then closed and locked it again. He brought him to her cell, opened the door, and pushed him inside, then closed the door behind!

Jamie shuddered, looking down as Terris came over to her, cracking his big knuckles.

“White bitch, I'm gonna make you beg for my nigger cock!” he growled.

All the other prisoners were watching eagerly as Terris gripped her hair and forced her head up and back. His other hand gently caressed her breasts, cupping and kneading them, his thumb stroking across her engorged nipples. Then his fingers traced downward to her sex and began to rub her clitoris.

“Nice soft skin,” he said.

His fingers slid along the line of her sex and started to push into her, then halted.

“Looks like she's got something in here,” he said.

His fingers gripped the base of the dildo and slowly drew it out as all the watching prisoners shouted and howled in excitement.

Jamie's face burned as Terris pulled the dildo all the way out.

“Look how wet this is!” he crowed.

Then he dropped to his knees before her.

“I love the taste of blonde cream!” he said, gripping her thighs to force them apart. His tongue pushed up against her, then, and Jamie shuddered and cried out as he spread his lips wide, almost enveloping her entire sex, his tongue stroking rapidly up and down against her throbbing flesh!

He thrust the dildo back up inside her, to the joy of the watchers, and licked hard at her clitoris as he pumped it in and out. His other hand moved up to fondle her breasts as Jamie felt her mind melting under the scalding heat and the rush of overwhelming sensations of dark sexual pleasure!

The sexual pressure within her grew more powerful as his tongue lapped at her, and the breath sobbed out of her lungs as she jerked against the cuffs and felt the thrumming sexual electricity building to unbearable levels inside her!

He stood up and jerked back on her hair again, kissing her roughly, then

yanking the dildo out of her. Three big fingers thrust up in its place, making her ache, pumping in and out, his thumb riding roughly across her clitoris as he forced her head back and kissed her savagely!

Jamie couldn't keep her body still. It writhed and twisted, her hips rolling and her back arching as she sobbed for breath, his fingers thrusting into her relentlessly, his thumb stroking her, his mouth hot and demanding!

It was all such a wild, shocking, insane scene! She was still gripped by horrible embarrassment, but it didn't seem capable of holding back the flooding waves of hunger and heat! And then the orgasm hit, and she jerked convulsively in place, back arching, breasts thrusting out, her nipples like hard little eraser points as she ground herself against Terris' fingers!

“That slut is coming!” someone yelled.

“Fucking blonde whore!”

“Come on his fingers, slut!”

“I gotta have some of that!”

“Let me in there!”

Jamie couldn't hide her response. The orgasm was too powerful, and she'd gotten into the habit of expressing her passion without inhibition, especially since she was so often gagged. She cried out again and again, arching and twisting and jerking her head back as her hips bucked violently against Terri's fingers.

It was humiliating that all those strange men were watching her! And yet, instead of pouring water onto the fiery heat it felt more like gasoline! This was so wicked, so wanton, so slutty, so wild, so... intense!

“I have to admit, prisoner, that you've made this blonde want your cock,” Collins said.

Jamie slumped against the bars, gasping for breath, dazed by the explosion inside her skull. She felt Collins' hands on her wrists, felt them

doing something, but didn't know what until she staggered forward and Terris steadied her.

Her hands were still cuffed behind her, but she was no longer locked against the bars, and she sank to her knees as Terris gathered up her long blonde hair and then twisted it around his fist.

She moaned as he jerked her head up and back, her jaw open, and then he undid his prisoner jumpsuit, jerked the zipper down, and his big black cock sprang out.

The prisoners were yelling eagerly, demanding he fuck her hard, demanding he shove it down her throat, calling her names, cursing and grabbing their own erections. Terris simply held her in place, his face a mask of glowering black anger, and slowly pushed his cock into her mouth.

He pumped only a little, then pushed deeper, and Jamie gurgled weakly as the head pushed into her throat. Then there were more shouts and cheers from the prisoners as they saw her mouth being drawn down the length of that thick black cock until her lips were wrapped around the base.

Terris held her there as she trembled and shook, her eyes glazed as they rolled up towards where he looked down.

“This is what a black man does to a blonde girl!” he shouted to the other prisoners.

He pulled back then pushed forward, then repeated it, pumping in and out of her throat and mouth to more cheers, curses and eager comments.

Jamie felt strangely calm, relaxed in the afterglow of that all-encompassing orgasm. She stared at his glistening black shaft as her lips moved up and down its length, felt the thickness of that soft skin caressing her tonsils as it slid up and down in her throat, and felt another hot surge of sexual delight.

This was so wild and kinky!

He pulled out and she coughed and gasped for breath, panting heavily as he wiped his cock against her face, then he pulled her up by the hair, shoving her back onto the hard bench against the wall, sitting her on it and then lifting her ankles up and back.

She groaned as he leaned into her, feeling his cock pressing against her overheated sex, and then cried out in dazed pleasure as he sank himself into her to the hilt.

He did his best to make sure the 'other' prisoners could get a good view, forcing her feet back against the wall above her head, raising her butt into the air as he leaned in and began to thrust hard and fast. His hips slapped against her buttocks and Jamie cried out at every stroke, exulting in the deep, wonderful ache as he drove his black spear into her with hard, almost violent thrusts.

And on two sides were the prisoners, howling with delight and shaking the bars, desperate to get at her too! And she didn't even know if Danny planned on allowing it!

On the third side, Danny and Collin watched intently, Danny holding up a damn camera, not that she cared at that moment.

Every thrust of that big cock was sending a shock wave of emotion and heat and dark hunger through her trembling body, and she sobbed dazedly as she cried out again and again, until the heat and passion grew so intense another orgasm flooded her with a sensory overload of pleasure.

She was hardly aware of it when Terris finished, except that the relentless pounding against her upraised buttocks ceased, and the steady thrusting inside her stopped as well. He drew back, and then lifted her up and carried her with him as they left the prisoner cell to howls and pleas from the prisoners.

Then she was on her knees in the outer office, mouthing Danny's cock, then Collin's, as the two stood in front of her, pulling on her hair, twisting and jerking it as they thrust into her mouth and throat.

“Dirty little blonde girl,” Danny growled.

“Very dirty, very blonde,” Collin agreed.

They took turns burying their cocks in her throat, then she was bent over the desk to be taken hard, first by Collin, then, in the ass, by Danny. She came twice more, trembling and shaking and sobbing dazedly, before Danny brought her back to the car.

“Next time be a good girl so you don't get arrested,” he said as she tiredly put her clothes on.

She rolled her eyes over to him as he sat in the driver's seat.

“You are... unique,” she finally finished, after searching for a word.

“That I am.”

“I bet you were thinking about letting those prisoners at me.”

He shook his head with a smile. “Prisoners? Get real. No one is getting at you I don't know is clean, just for one thing. They were just there for an audience, one that had no cameras and that no one would believe when they talked about it.”

“You didn't think that would be just a little humiliating?”

“I thought it would be a lot humiliating. I also think you get off on that.”

She glared at him sulkily. “Only because you made me that way.”

“I do good work,” he said smugly.

Chapter Nine

Jamie's throat was irritated, and her voice slightly gravelly the next day. It always was for a while after one of Danny's nasty little plays, where fucking her throat played a major part. She had very little gag reflex left, but having a big cock pumping in and out as fast and hard as Terris, Scott and Danny all did was a bit much.

And that had been such a wild, intense, breathtaking scene that every time she played some of it back in her mind she felt her nipples hardening, a sense of something like awe gripping her. They had really done that. She had really done that!

God!

Unfortunately, when she got to work she found that Mueller wasn't there. He had a case he had to testify in court on, and that left no one to partner with her except... Taylor. She would have expected Foster to think twice about that given what she'd told him, but apparently he had assigned them together in Mueller's absence.

That put her on guard immediately. First because Taylor was a leech who wanted her body, second because he was a moron, in her opinion, third because he was pissed at her for, he thought, cheating him out of a bust that he'd been too incompetent to catch up to. And then there was the fourth reason, which was wondering what Foster was up to.

He hadn't made any secret of wanting her out of the unit, after all. So what had Taylor been told? Get dirt on her? Find her violating some rule or procedure or policy he could report back to Uncle Foster about?

Mueller was pretty sure that was his role when assigned to him, and if he could get Jamie to transfer out he could put them together as partners and keep a better eye on Mueller, who he cordially detested.

Paired with loserboy today since Mueller is in court, she texted Danny.

Remember, you're my slave girl, he texted back. No matter how hot he is you can't sleep with him unless I give you permission.

She replied with an emoticon of an upright middle finger.

“Stiff nipple weather today,” he said as they stepped outside.

He turned and grinned at her, looking down at her chest. “Of course, with those rings in I bet your nipples get hard a lot.”

“Usually only when I'm with attractive men,” she said. “You'll notice they're not hard now.”

“Ha, ha. Funny girl,” he said.

She had snatched the keys, having no desire to let him drive again, as he had the last time they were together, and ignored his complaints, so she got into the driver's side of the SUV and he got into the other side, glowering at her.

“You know, there are countries where women get beaten if they don't do what they're told,” he said.

“Shit-hole countries,” she replied. “You're welcome to emigrate to one.”

“I don't need to emigrate to keep my women in line,” he said with a smirk.

“Too bad I'm not one of them.”

“Yeah. You could learn a thing or two.”

“I think I'm learning a lot more from my boyfriend. He's a lot more mature than you, a lot more sophisticated.”

“I bet I got a bigger dick,” he said with a leer.

“No, you just ARE a bigger dick.”

She drove west on 54th then turned south on Seventh Avenue, heading for the Times Square District.

“You know, I work out a lot,” he said.

“That's nice. Hardly any cops work out.”

“I know you work out. I can tell from how... toned you look in your pictures.”

She shrugged.

“You look... firm,” he said.

“You're supposed to be keeping your mind on something other than me, remember?”

“I can multitask. I can, like, scan the sidewalk looking for perps, and imagine you naked at the same time. Well, I don't have to work hard at imagining you naked because of those pictures. I guess your boyfriend took that last one, huh?”

She didn't answer, only sighed. He was clearly trying to embarrass her, which was irritating, but on the other hand, she was a little surprised that she didn't feel at all embarrassed. She'd sort of gotten used to the idea those pictures had moved around the precinct, and the department, a lot, and most of the guys she worked with had seen them.

Most had the tact, not to mention good sense, not to talk about them in front of her, of course. But Taylor seemed to feel he was protected by his relationship with Foster.

Him slyly mentioning them didn't really bother her, though. Compared to the stuff she'd been through with Danny this was so minor she could almost laugh at his efforts. Except his efforts made her feel like she was being attacked, and she usually reacted fairly violently to that.

“I bet he's taken lots of videos, too,” Taylor said with a grin. “I mean, a guy with a girlfriend that looks like you who likes to take her picture is gonna want videos, right?”

“Keep it up, Taylor and you're gonna be walking,” she said.

“Ha! I don't think so, baby! You don't want to walk any more than I do!”

“I didn't say I'd be walking, fuckwit.”

A call came across the radio, then, about a harassment and possible attempted murder at the Barclay Continental on 48th Street. She sped up a little and turned at the corner. Taylor flipped on the lights.

“Don't use the siren,” she said.

“Why not?”

“Because it's loud and annoying and there's nothing anyone can do to move out of the way anyway.”

Which was true. Like almost all the streets in mid-town 48th was one way, and had three lanes. But two of those lanes were taken up by parking. There was just no way anyone in front of them could move aside.

The hotel was near Park Avenue, and fortunately, there was space for them to pull over in front of the doorway without blocking traffic. It blocked the doorway, of course, but that wasn't her problem.

They got out and went inside, then up to the desk.

“Fancy place,” Taylor said, looking around.

It was an old-fashioned, traditional hotel, and the décor reflected that. She thought of it as restrained old money that didn't feel the need to show off.

She showed her badge to the desk clerk. She pointed at a graying haired man in a suit who strolled forward.

"I'm the concierge," he said. "My name is Andrew Foster."

"So who's getting killed?" Taylor demanded, looking around.

"Well, no one I hope," Foster said, nonplussed. "But we have a long term guest who is fearful for his safety. He's from China, you see, and he says there are gentlemen here who wish him ill, and have been following him around and harassing him."

He led them around the counter to an office in behind, and a short Chinese man in a suit stood up, looking at them anxiously.

"This is Mister Wang,"

Taylor snorted in amusement.

"Mister Wang?" she asked. "You say some people are harassing you?"

"They are agents of the government!" he exclaimed.

"Our government?"

"No, no! The Chinese government!"

"What do they want with you?" she asked, taking out her notebook.

"They tell me I must return to China. They say I must pay money. They say I stole money!"

"Did you?" Taylor asked.

"No! I am a successful businessman!"

"So these people are following you around?"

"They appear at my niece's house. They appear here. They appear when I go to store. They appear when I go to restaurant! They tell me I must return home!"

“Did you get their names?”

“Mister Li and Mister Hu,” he said, bobbing his head.

“Hu's on first?” Taylor said.

Wang looked at him in confusion.

“So where are these men?”

“They're in the lobby at the moment,” Foster said.

He pointed at the open door, and when she stretched her neck she could see two Chinese men sitting very still on an old-fashioned looking sofa, staring straight ahead at nothing in particular.

She shrugged and walked out of the office, with Taylor following her.

“What these people do among themselves is not really our business, you know,” he said. “I mean, they have their own rules and laws.”

“This isn't Chinatown, and anyway, he called us.”

“Yeah, but good luck getting him to press charges.”

“Well, good day, gentlemen,” she said, stopping in front of them.

The two men looked to be wearing very nearly the same suit, though one of them had a different shade of red in his tie than the other. The first was in his fifties, with a nearly bald head, and beady eyes. The second was in his twenties, taller, beefier, and had a pudgy face. The two men looked up at her, then at Taylor, then looked ahead again as if she wasn't there.

She pulled her badge out and showed it to them.

“What are you doing here?” she demanded.

“I sit,” the older of the two said.

The younger one said nothing.

“Why are you sitting here?” Taylor demanded.

“I wait for man.”

“Do you have identification?” Jamie asked.

The man stood up, and the younger one stood up a moment later.

“We go now,” he said.

Jamie put her hand against his chest. “Identification,” she said.

“Under American law, I am not required to show you identification,” the older man said, looking at her sourly.

“Think again, pal,” Taylor said. “Show us your ID or we're gonna bust you.”

The older man glared at him, then at Jamie, before reaching into his breast pocket and pulling out a red diplomatic passport. Taylor snapped his fingers at the second man to produce something as Jamie took the older man's passport and examined it.

She wasn't exactly expert at these things, but it certainly looked legitimate.

“You work for the consulate or at the United Nations, Mr. Li?” she asked.

“I am third councilor for cultural affairs of the People's Democratic Republic of China,” he replied, looking down his nose at her. “Assigned to the United Nations.”

“What are you doing in this hotel, Mr. Li?” she asked.

“Is there a law which requires I tell my business to American policemen?” he asked.

“A man in this hotel has made a complaint against you, saying you've been following him around and harassing him,” she said. “Showing you had some other legitimate reason to be in this hotel would go a long way to disproving such an allegation.”

“I do not feel the need to repudiate such absurd accusations,” he replied. “And since I am a diplomat you may not detain or question me further.”

He held out his hand for the passport and Jamie pulled it back.

“I'm sure you won't mind if I verify this,” she said blandly.

“I do mind. I have an appointment to keep.”

“You didn't seem to be interested in any appointment when we arrived.”

Jamie left him to Taylor and took out her cell phone. She figured he was probably a diplomat, but given China was the world headquarters for forgery she wasn't sure. She'd heard various relatives talking about the problems with diplomats for years, so had a reasonable idea where to get answers.

She called the city's Commission for the United Nations Consular Corps and Protocol, which kept track of New York's large group of diplomats, most of whom were assigned to the U.N.

“So I bet you guys could recommend the best Chinese restaurants,” Taylor said.

The two men eyed him disapprovingly.

The commission had a special number to validate diplomats, and she read the name and passport number out and waited for the person on the other end to type it into their computer. Then she held her hand out for the other one and Taylor gave it to her.

“They're both assigned to the Chinese consulate,” the person at the other end of the line said. “Neither has diplomatic immunity.”

“They're not diplomats?”

“They're consular staff. Not quite the same thing, and they have much lower levels of immunity which is mainly related only to their consular duties. But if you intend to make an arrest you need to call the state department and let them know.”

“I don't, but thanks,” she said.

She handed the passports back.

“Neither of you has diplomatic immunity,” she said. “And since you lied about being assigned to the United Nations I'll take it as a given that you're lying about harassing this man. Harassment is a felony in this city, a crime, and I'm putting you on notice that if you're found in close proximity to Mr. Wang again without a good reason you risk being arrested.”

They both looked back at her, stone faced.

“You can leave now,” she said.

The two walked off and she shook her head.

“I woulda liked to bust them,” Taylor said. “But busting diplomats always causes a shitstorm.”

They went back to the office and she advised Wang to report it if they showed up near him again, and also to get a restraining order against them. There wasn't a lot more they could do so returned to the car and headed back north.

She often thought about the fact that she only saw part of a story, and sometimes never got the ending. Who had killed that guy walking down the street? That was for detectives to worry about. Why had that guy been arrested the other day, where she had pepper sprayed people? And what was going on with this guy?

She supposed if she were a detective she'd get the whole story on things like this, but on the other hand, there'd be a lot more paperwork, a lot more time in court, and a lot more pressure. Plus she'd have to dress in a business

outfit. Still, it might be, probably was in her future.

Jamie decided she might as well head up to the northeast corner of the precinct and then work her way around it since it didn't get a lot of attention. Not that a lot happened in the northeast anyway. The ports were there, but the Port Authority Police took care of them.

“Tell me, McCloud, do any of your dates damage their teeth on those nipple rings?” Taylor asked.

“Why don't you keep your eyes on the sidewalks and your mind out of the gutter?” she asked casually. “We're on patrol.”

“I'm keeping my eyes on the street. I'm not a damn rookie like you, baby. Doesn't mean I can't think on other things.”

“Think on something other than me.”

“Just making casual conversation. Since you and me are gonna be partners we should get to know each other better.”

“You and I are not going to be partners and I know you more than well enough, thanks.”

“I know you can deep throat. You're a very talented girl.”

“Thanks. Stop sending me dildos.”

“What makes you think that's me?” he asked with a smirk.

“Most other people at work are too mature.”

He glared at her.

She headed up Park Avenue to 57th, then turned East. At Eleventh, she headed south again.

“Hey, turn on 56th,” he said.

“What? Why?”

“I gotta contact there.”

She frowned at him but turned on 56th.

“What kind of contact?”

“A guy I know at Terminal 5. He gives me lots of info.”

“Info on what? How to score tickets for upcoming shows?”

“You know, you're a really smart mouthed blonde. Anyone ever tell you that?”

“No, they said I was a smart mouthed redhead.”

“There are lots of hip-hop concerts there, which means gangs and drugs.”

“Not in the morning, there aren't.”

“Just pull over in front of it.”

“This is a no parking zone.”

“So fucking what? You think someone is gonna give you a ticket?”

She shook her head and pulled to the curb.

“Wait here,” he said, getting out of the car.

He turned and bent over, grinning at her.

“I'm gonna score a pair of tickets for Randy Rogers. Want to go?”

She stared at him and shook her head. “Cowboy music? Not likely.”

“Country music, baby. It's what this country is all about.”

He walked away, slapping his butt at her before going inside.

Jamie contemplated taking off and leaving him, but that would probably cause trouble with Foster. She sighed and got her phone out.

Loserboy stopped at Terminal5 to buy concert tickets, she texted.

Where are you love birds going? he texted back.

Her first sign something was amiss came when several people ran out of the building in a panic.

“Shit,” she said.

She picked up the microphone but then saw the portable radio on the seat. Taylor hadn't brought it with him. She cursed and picked it up instead.

More people ran out of the building and she called in a 10-85, which was a call for backup. She had no idea what was going on, but suspected Taylor was involved in it.

She jumped out of the SUV and hurried to the doors. She hadn't heard any gunfire, and had no idea how serious an event might be going down, but adrenaline was already starting to flood her system as she yanked open the door and ran inside.

There were a dozen people huddled to one side, gaping at a group of young Hispanic men. One of them was enormous, and had just lifted Taylor above his head as she came in. She gaped too. It was quite a sight.

“Fuck me!” she exclaimed as he threw him against a wall.

She remembered the radio in her hand and jerked it to her mouth, changing the 10-85 to a 10-13, then jerked the stun gun out of the holster behind her.

She wasn't supposed to have one, strictly speaking. But Mueller was a

supervisor and had been issued one. He didn't like them so had given it to her instead. And that Hispanic guy was a giant! He was also the center of half a dozen others, who now gathered around a groaning Taylor and started to kick him.

She sympathized with them on that one, and a small part of her wished she'd delayed coming in for a bit, but when the big Hispanic guy turned around and glared at her she shot him anyway. She wasn't about to demand he surrender. A guy who'd just thrown a cop into a wall wasn't likely to comply with that sort of request.

The stun guns didn't always work. That was one of the reasons Mueller didn't trust them. Both prongs had to hit skin or forget about it. In this case, the perp was wearing a t-shirt and had a very broad chest. Both prongs bit into it and he made a gurgling sound and collapsed to his knees, then his face.

The Taser didn't make anywhere near as much noise as a gun going off, but the sound was still very noticeable, and the gang members gathered around Taylor turned to stare at her in surprise. Then she saw that one of the guys had knelt beside him and was pulling at his gun. She threw the stun gun at him as several of the others started forward, and pulled her own gun.

“Police! Freeze!” she shouted.

He succeeded in jerking the gun free just then and she fired. The sound of the gun going off was a thunderous explosion in the lobby. Her bullet hit a newspaper box behind him but the sound startled him so much he yelled, dropped the gun and fell backward onto the floor.

The others threw themselves on their faces on the floor, too, along with the people behind her, some of whom screamed.

The first blue and white screeched to a stop out front, just then, and two cops rushed in, guns drawn. They were quickly joined by a dozen more, then EMTs to take away Taylor and the big Hispanic guy she'd tazed – who had probably broken his nose when he hit the floor.

Sergeant Franco, one of the patrol supervisors, took her gun for testing –

standard procedure whenever it was fired in the line of duty. And then Randy Baker gestured her to come over and led her to the security room where he and Lyle Jefferson were looking at the CC footage of the lobby.

“Get a load of this,” he said with a grin.

The camera showed Taylor at a ticket window arguing with the girl about his seats. A couple of the Hispanics were in line behind him.

“Hey, man, those seats are fine,” one of them said impatiently.

Taylor turned and glared at him.

“If I want to hear anything out of you I'll fart for attention,” he said.

“Yeah? Smells like you already did, bro!” one of them said.

Taylor turned around, making sure his hand brushed his jacket back so they could see his badge and gun.

“I think your little brown ass is in the wrong precinct, punk,” he growled. “You need to get it back to the Bronx before you start greasing up the streets.”

“Hey, man, we got a right to be here,” the guy facing him said sullenly.

Taylor moved forward to make the guy step back.

“Not if I say you don't,” he said.

Then the big guy moved forward.

“Who the fuck you think you are, bro?” he demanded.

“I'm the guy that's gonna stick my boot up your brown ass if you don't get it out of my site, Pedro!” Taylor snarled, moving forward so he was chest to chest with the much larger man.

“So Taylor is just as sweet and lovable on the street as he is in the

office,” she said. “Not a surprise.”

“And just as dumb,” Jefferson said.

Chapter Ten

Going away with Danny seemed like a big step, even if it was just for the weekend. But she was more than eager for it. And Atlantic City could be fun this time of year. Danny got a Cadillac SUV for the trip, which certainly made the two hour drive comfortable.

It also allowed them to talk for once, without any sex getting in the way, or at least, without anything physical getting in the way. And it let her ask something which had been bugging her lately.

“Doesn't it make you even slightly jealous having other guys fucking me?”

“Nope,” he said, shaking his head.

She frowned doubtfully.

“I know I make sounds about owning your body, but that isn't my ambition. I want to own your mind and heart. The body will follow naturally,” he said with a grin.

“Well, yeah, I understand, sort of. But most men get pretty jealous seeing their girlfriend with another man – especially if she's enjoying it.”

“The physical is not the emotional,” he replied. “Besides, I'm pretty confident about the physical side of our relationship. I don't think you're going to find some other guy so good you're going to want to start seeing him on the side.”

“That's kind of arrogant, you know.”

He shrugged, then smiled again. “Let's face facts, slave girl. I'm pretty damn good.”

“Other guys are good,” she said.

“And I'm pretty damn patient and I've put considerable time into figuring you out. I could write an owner's manual.”

“Oh you could, could you?”

“I know what makes you tick. I know what you like. I know what excites you. I know how you like to be touched, and when and what turns you on. No amateur is going to match my ability to make you wet, baby.”

“God, you are incredibly arrogant!”

“I have been accused of that from time to time,” he said, not very bothered.

“There's more to a relationship than the physical,” she said.

“That's true. But it starts with the physical. If you're not attracted to someone then the only relationship is 'friend'. The more attracted to them, the more you're willing to accept. And honey, you're really turned on by me,” he said smugly.

“Oh please! I could have any number of hot looking guys!”

“Yeah, but with my package of skills? Besides, I could have any number of girls, you know.”

“So why don't you?” she asked.

He shrugged. “I played around enough when I was younger. It got old. I like to know a person, feel more comfortable in my reading of them. Especially if they're someone I get along with well to begin with.”

“Our relationship started with me arresting you,” she said dryly.

He grinned. “No, it started when you were my undercover girlfriend in that modeling assignment.”

“So why me?” she asked.

“Why? I said I have a rare combination of looks, skills and personality. The same goes for you. You're incredibly hot, for one thing, but you know that. Of course there are other incredibly hot girls out there. But damn few of them are as tough as you, and I don't mean physically. You're a solid, capable, self-confident, strong-willed, smart, savvy person.”

He let his hand reach out and slide through her hair.

“I don't need a girl who still thinks she's a girl who needs a man to take care of her like he's daddy,” he said. “And I don't need a girl who's going to burst into tears because she breaks a nail or someone at work yells at her. I also don't need a girl who doesn't *really* like sex. Because you might not have noticed, but I'm kind of a pervert.”

“I noticed,” she said with a smile.

He drew his hand back. “Finding a girl like you, who is self-confident but really attracted to sexual submission, is rare enough. Finding one as incredibly beautiful is damn near impossible.”

“I wasn't interested in sexual submission,” she grumbled. “You... addicted me to it.”

“Good for me,” he said happily.

They checked into one of Atlantic City's big casino hotels, did a walk along the boardwalk and bought a few cheap tourist trinkets, then had dinner and did some gambling. It was all so very normal that Jamie began waiting for the other shoe to fall.

Not far away, on the waterfront, was a comparatively small hotel, with small casino. She was suspicious when Danny pulled into the driveway and a valet quickly took the car.

“This doesn't look like a big place,” she said.

“It's the most expensive hotel in Atlantic City.”

“Why?”

He shrugged. “Top class everything, I guess.”

“And why are *we* going here?”

“Aren't we top class?”

He led her through the casino to what she took to be the bar, though music was playing inside kind of loudly.

They had to go through a metal detector to get in, and the enormous bouncer warned that if they tried to take pictures their camera or phone would be confiscated, and any offending pictures or videos deleted.

“Some of our clients are from the middle east,” he said. “They don't want to be seen enjoying certain natural pleasures that they shouldn't be enjoying.”

It was a strip club.

The instant she realized it her chest tightened and she felt a thrumming tension in her belly. She felt heat come to her face and tension fill her as his hand on her waist led her in among the tables. The place was about two thirds full, and a lot of the men seemed to be Arabs.

Danny led her over to the bar, had a word with the bartender, who he seemed to know, and then led her through a door at the side and into a narrow back hall.

“I am not stripping here!” she hissed.

“Sure you are, slave girl,” he said.

“No I'm not!”

“Perfect venue. No cops are gonna be paying the high cover price and high drink prices for this place.”

“I am not interested in stripping in front of strangers!”

He snorted in amusement. “I told you, slave girl. I have the owner's manual. I know damn well what turns you on.”

And the infuriating thing was he wasn't wrong! The idea did turn her on! It was helplessly exciting, and had been for some time. It was also terrifying! Jamie had been seen naked by a number of men over the past months, but not by a whole big crowd of them!

She still refused, but both of them knew she didn't mean it. He'd even had her usual 'outfit' sent over, the schoolgirl outfit he liked so much!

“I am going to get incredibly turned on watching you on that stage,” he growled, kissing her roughly.

Jamie jerked her head away, but her nipples were rock hard and her body was already thrumming with sexual tension. She still tried to talk him out of it, even as he led her into a small room, removed her clothes, and then threatened to pull her out of the room naked to get her to put on the schoolgirl outfit.

She was trying to talk herself out of it as much as she was him, though.

But he'd have none of it, and then she was up behind the stage and then... then she was out on the stage!

For an instant she was literally frozen in the bright light, then, her heart pounding a mile a minute, she began to move to the music – music that she'd stripped for him to any number of times, music she'd practiced with at her pole-dancing classes.

She desperately focused on that, on the pole and her lessons, and began to swing around it, then jumped up and slid down, twining herself around it.

Doing that, of course, pressed her sex against the rounded pole, and she was already throbbing and hot there!

She climbed up the pole and then, clamping her legs around it, bowed

her body back, letting her head and shoulders, and her extended arms, fall back and down until she was clutching the pole below her, effectively upside down.

Of course, that caused her short kilt to fall back to reveal her lacy white thong.

Danny took his place in pervert's row – the row of seats right along the stage, and she focused on him as she slid down the pole, then knelt there with her back to it, reaching up and clasping it in her hands, arching her back as she rolled her hips.

She turned and slid up the pole, then popped open the front of her blouse, throwing her arms back so the blouse and jacket slipped over her shoulders and fell down her arms and off.

That gave her an incredible jolt of dark energy! She was now topless save for her bra, in front of a room full of strangers! There were well over a hundred men there!

Shuddering, she turned and rolled her hips in time to the music, then pranced around the pole, gripping it and bending forward to roll her bottom out at them.

The next big jolt came when she unclipped the skirt, and it fell to her ankles. She leapt out of it and climbed up the pole, then swung around it and slid down. She curled a leg around it, grinding her overheated sex up and down the pole as she stared at Danny, very, very aware of all the other men staring at her too!

And then the bra came off.

She almost came. There was such an incredible rush, her very skin felt overheated, the flush extending down her body. And every time she locked her thighs around the pole and ground herself against it she felt a deep, dull, delicious pressure there.

She rolled her bottom at them, she ground her hips, and she let her

fingers slide up and down her body and through her long, blonde hair, her nipples burning hot and feeling as hard as diamonds.

And then she slipped her fingers into the thong and slid it down and off. She felt as if her pussy was almost throbbing with heat! It felt swollen and when she ground herself against the pole she moaned helplessly, arching back and riding the pole up and down almost to the point of orgasm!

People started to throw wadded up bills onto the stage! The ones closest did their best to hit her with them, and little crumpled up bills bounced off her back or breasts as she turned and twisted. She climbed high on the pole, folded herself back and down, gripped it upside down and then let her legs fall wide open, almost doing the splits!

It was so incredibly crude and graphic and... and naked! And in front of so many strangers! She began to hear shouts of approval and whistles, and her pulse raced as she slid down the pole and then let her feet fall back onto the floor. She dropped to all fours and then crawled along the stage, shaking her head to make her hair fly, and gathering in the bills with her arms.

She barely made it off the stage without having a very public orgasm!

And of course, there was suddenly a long list of men wanting a lap dance. The first on the list was Danny.

Thankfully!

Because grinding herself naked against him in the small, private booth made her come within seconds!

That calmed her down somewhat, but she was still tremendously aroused, and she gave lap dances to more men, complete strangers, alone in the booth! A part of her was horrified! Another part was desperately aroused!

Unlike when she gave lap dances to Danny, or other men Danny arranged to let see her, these ones followed the strict rules about not touching her. That made it more bearable, and more frustrating at the same time!

It was embarrassing, too, especially feeling their erections against her, grinding herself against them, and even making a few of them orgasm!

But it was also darkly, deeply, passionately thrilling!

Her final lap dance was for the club manager. As Danny stood back and watched. And unlike the paying customers his hands roamed eagerly and freely over her body as she trembled and moaned and ground herself against him – with Danny watching intently.

She had surrendered her will as soon as she saw him there and knew that she would do anything she was told. And when she stood up and turned to face the manager, a florid faced Italian guy, and bent forward to slide her hands along his thighs, he unzipped and pulled his cock out.

She shuddered, then bent over further, licking at it, then taking it into her mouth. She felt Danny's hand between her legs and cried out around the cock, even as the man's hand gripped her hair and forced her down all the way to the base.

She bobbed up and down on him as Danny entered her from behind, hands slapping at her buttocks as he drove himself into her hard and fast. The man sitting before her jerked her up and down by the hair, his other hand eagerly and roughly groping her breast!

Jamie simply let her mind float along with whatever was happening, sucking and licking the man as Danny pounded against her.

And when the man jerked her head up by the hair and pulled her forward to straddle him again, Danny pulled back, and she sank her overheated pussy down onto the man's cock with a helpless cry of pleasure and heat!

Danny maneuvered himself in behind her, getting his cock up into her ass, and the two men thrust into her for long minutes, their hands not only on her breasts and clitoris but over her mouth to silence her cries of animal pleasure.

Until one of the bouncers entered the little curtained room, and then she

found her hair jerked to the side and a cock pushed into her open mouth – and down her throat!

Crushed between three men, with three cocks inside her, Jamie's mind was swept away on a churning, scalding flood of dark excitement and sexual pleasure. She came again and again, sobbing and crying out, writhing and bucking and grinding herself against their cocks as her mind was baked by the fiery liquid heat.

Finally, a massive orgasm literally blew her mind away, because she found herself being dazedly shaken back to consciousness after a climax so intense she fainted!

“Baby,” the man panted, “You can work here any day, any night, every night!”

Jamie couldn't speak. She was too exhausted, too drained.

It seemed that Danny's owner's manual was as infallible as ever. She wondered what else was in it.

THE END

The Jamie McCloud series

Out of Uniform

Learning the Ropes

Black and Blue

Law and Order

Bound and Determined

Dancing on the Edge

Disarmed

Notorious

*

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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