

# *The Cuffed Cop*

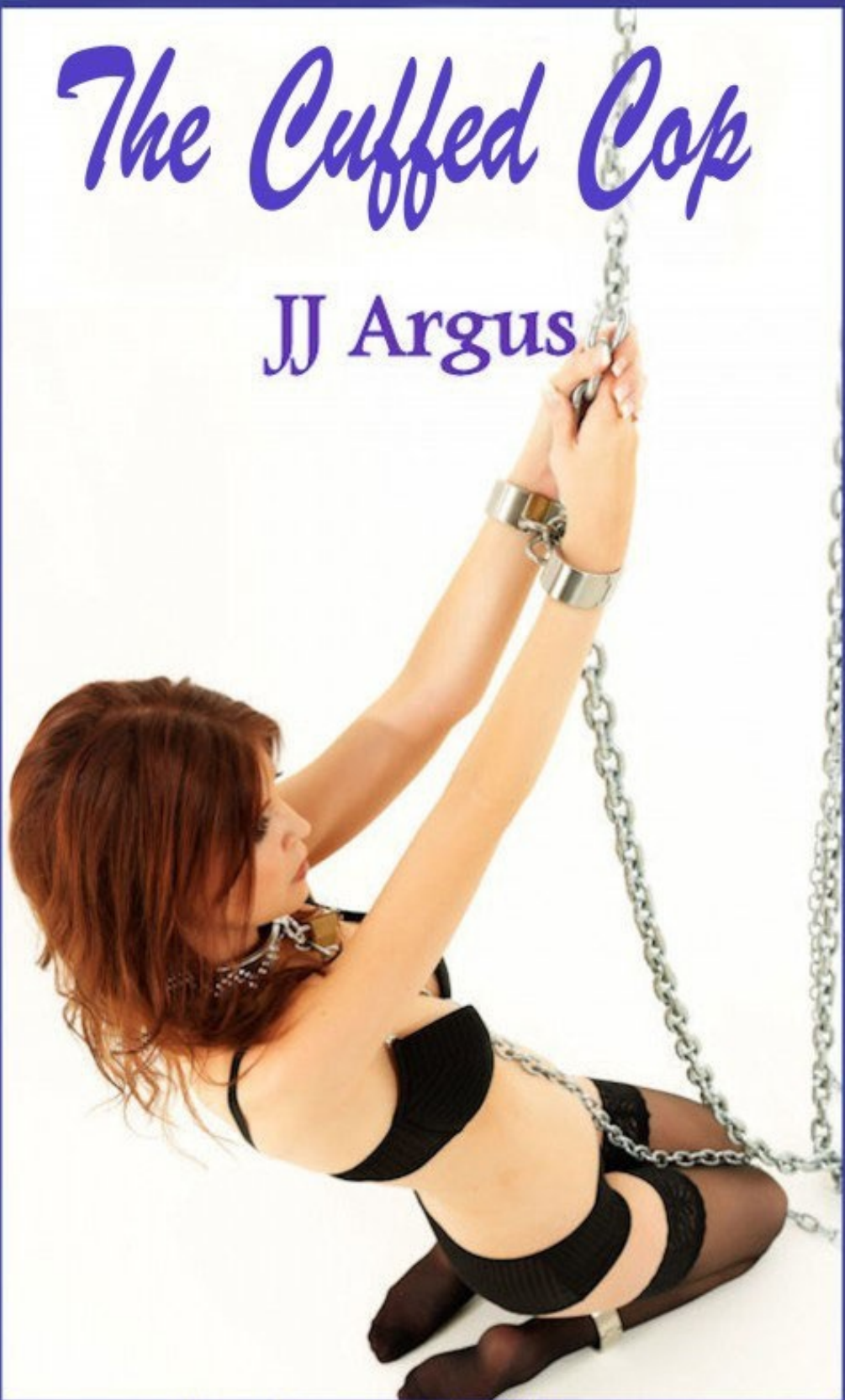
JJ Argus



Modern Erotic Library

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# **The Cuffed Cop**

By JJ Argus

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## **About the author**

JJ Argus started writing for Star Books more than two decades ago, spinning out 3 novelettes a month for minimal compensation. He later wrote short fiction for Penthouse, Oui, Nugget, and other mens magazines before discovering and being discovered by British publishers. He raised the quality of his work and was published repeatedly by Silver Moon, Chimera, Olympia and Nexus. He has published over 250 novels to date

*All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.*

# Chapter One

Kennedy peered out through the thin slit of the black chador, her dark eyes scowling at the room as she glided up the desk where Sergeant Bobbie Downs sat leafing through reports. Downs looked up and raised her eyebrows at the black clad figure before her, and Kennedy fought down a giggle as she thrust the note at her. Downs frowned and looked down at the note, looked up at Kennedy, made a face, then picked up the phone.

Kennedy decided not to push her luck. She turned around and glided over to the wall, then waited. She was nervous, but not overly so. As outrageous as this was, she felt relatively safe. At least from the cops around her. If some nut case decided he wanted to take out his dislike at Islam on the Arab woman they thought was beneath the chador she might be in trouble, though.

Lieutenant Sanders came out of the detectives' room and glanced towards her, then strode across the floor.

“Miss uh - .”

“Salah-al-din,” Kennedy said.

This, of course, was the risky part. She'd practiced altering her voice, deepening it, but fooling Sanders was a true test.

“Yes, uhm, come with me, please.”

He glanced at the note as Downs handed it to him and led Kennedy through the locked detectives' door.

It was a maze behind the door, and he led her through the halls past the more mundane homicide, sex assault, burglary and narcotics sections, through another locked door, and then past the Intelligence section to the new Anti-Terrorism offices.

It being just after midnight, they were, of course, empty. Most of the detectives'

offices were empty, or nearly empty. All the Intelligence guys were home in bed. Narcotics was out on the street. Burglary were on stakeouts. There were a few guys scattered through the offices catching up on paperwork and waiting for the inevitable phone calls, but on a Tuesday night, the Twenty-Ninth Precinct was dead.

That didn't make this safe. It just made it less dangerous.

"Now, according to this note you have urgent information about a plot to blow up an Italian restaurant?" he said doubtfully.

There were limits to what a feigned voice could accomplish with a man she'd known for fourteen months. And Kennedy saw no need to run the risk of slowly dawning awareness. Instead she widened her eyes in mock surprise, let out a squawk of fear, and dashed past him.

"Miss!? Miss!"

She scuffled quickly left in her sandals – the wrong way, of course, for someone trying to run off, hurrying back along the narrow stone corridor and taking a sharp left turn, then going through a door into the small area Intelligence and Anti-Terrorism used for holding cells. There were two cells in the small room, both empty, as they usually were.

"Miss uh, Salah-al-din!" Sanders called, his voice sounding more and more irritated.

He pushed open the door and Kennedy rounded quickly, backing against the bars as he approached.

"What is it you're doing - ."

His voice cut off instantly as Kennedy opened the Chador and revealed the ivory flesh of her nude body beneath.

"Woah," he breathed. "I'd know that killer body anywhere."

Kennedy grinned and pulled off the hood, her eyes full of heat and mischief.

"You are fucking nuts, Kennedy!"

She tossed the chador aside and backed against the bars, her hands going up, stretching out her long, firm body arching her back as she stared back at him.

“Jesus,” he whispered, shaking his head as his eyes feasted on her body.

Everything about Kennedy was firm and hard. She was a fanatic athlete into almost every kind of sport – not watching them, but playing them. She played baseball for the joy of hammering the ball out of the park. She played hockey with relish so she could slam her shoulder into other players and drop them on their ass. She loved soccer so she could run and run, and outrun those trying to catch her. She played golf because for the joy of mastering the ball, of choosing the right club, of sensing the right direction of the wind, of judging the play of the grass.

And she was a cop because she loved solving crimes.

Sanders found his feet walking him forward without conscious thought, his hand sliding up that gorgeous chest and over her firm young breast. The small pink nipple was already rigid, sticking out a half inch as he flicked his thumb across it to draw a familiar response.

“You’re out of your fucking mind,” he growled, leaning in to kiss her.

She reached up, hands sliding behind his neck, her lips crushing his as she yanked him down against her. His hands went to her buttocks, squeezing them, pulling her against him and his hardening prick as their tongues slid back and forth.

“If we get caught we’re both fucked!” he panted, coming up for air.

“Then let’s both fuck!” she growled, yanking on his head, pulling his lips down against her once again.

He used his weight to shove her back against the bars, overheating now as the full length of her nude body squeezed against him. Kennedy’s left leg curled up around him as he growled and ran his hand through her silky black hair. He yanked her head back, kissing and biting lightly at the nape of her neck as she groaned and reached down to cup his groin.

He shuddered, hands sliding down to cup her ass again, marveling, as he always

did, at the incredible tactile pleasure his fingers delivered as they coasted across the perfect soft flesh of her perfect young body.

She had her hands around his neck, and now leapt up on him, her athlete's legs scissoring together around his hips as their lips crushed together. Sex with Kennedy was an exercise in endurance, a battle, a sport, and soft romantics had no place in the game.

He growled and pressed her back against the bars, his mouth ravenous as their mouths ate at each other in passion and heat. Her breasts were hard against his chest, the firmest breasts he'd ever felt in an adult woman without surgery.

"Fuck me, bastard! Or can't you get it up!?" she taunted.

"Fuck you, bitch," he growled back, jamming her back harder against the bars.

Sanders didn't really like her mind games. He knew she liked it rough. He was enough of a modern man to be a little uncomfortable with that, but Kennedy got what she wanted. Kennedy wanted unrestrained passion, and if that left bruises on her or in her that was too fucking bad.

So Sanders swung her around, dropping her butt on a low table, pressing her back against the wall behind it, groping her right breast hard. He caught her nipple between his fingers and twisted it, first right, then left. Then he bent and took the center of her hard breast into his mouth, sucking hard, chewing, his tongue whipping across her nipple as her fingers slid through his hair.

She wrapped her legs around him again, pulling him in hard, trapping him against her as she kissed back, as her strong arms slid behind him and her fingers dug into his hair. She moaned and gasped and ground her pelvis up against him as he sucked and chewed at her breast, back arching.

He pulled his head up, kissing her again, rough, hard, pulling at her hair until she gasped in pain. She unzipped him and took him out, then rubbed him against the silken entrance to her sex. She was completely hairless, as soft as a babe as he pushed into the mouth of her sex.

She tightened her legs around him as he thrust into her, and she gasped in pain, head drawn back as he drove himself up hard into her belly. She was moist and hot inside, but he was still a big man, and she was almost unnaturally tight for a

woman with her experience. She was twenty four, but felt tighter than his first virgin when he was fourteen.

He began thrusting immediately. They could both lose their jobs if someone came looking for him back here. And his passion was roused by the sight and feel of her incredible body. His cock stabbed into her again and again as she gasped and moaned, but she was not, it seemed in a mood for too much speed, for she tightened her legs around him, holding him in place, making it impossible to move.

“Fuck me,” she said, her eyes flashing with fire and mischief.

Her legs were strong and muscled. He couldn't move.

“Bitch,” he growled.

He picked her up, swing her around against the bars, jerking her up and down on his cock. She laughed wildly and rode up and down herself, gasping in pleasure as his cock thrust up into her again and again.

“Is that all you got? Eh? Is that it?” she panted, digging her fingers into his hair, forcing his head back.

He cursed and slapped her hands away, then pinned them against the bars with one hand. With the other, he pulled his handcuffs out from his belt and snapped them around her wrists. A hot grin spread over her lips as she let herself be handcuffed to the bars, then his hands returned to her tight ass and began to jerk her up and down against him.

Kennedy panted in heat, using the bars for leverage, eyes on fire as she rolled her hips and bucked against him. His cock thrust into her hard and deep, painfully deep, but the pain was nothing as the pleasure and heat consumed her. She gasped and panted, her breathing ragged as he used her, his hips pumping hard.

He yanked back, then, slapping her legs away, dropping the floor. She stared back at him, hands cuffs tight and hard around her wrists, pinning her to the cold bars. Her chest heaved as she watched Sanders eyes taking in the incredible perfection of her body.

He ran his hands almost tenderly over her, and Kennedy shuddered with wicked excitement as his hands caressed her firm flesh, gently kneaded her breasts, and rolled her nipples.

He dropped to his knees now, forcing her thighs apart, taking her sex into his mouth, growling and sucking as she moaned and arched her back.

“Fuck meeee,” she groaned.

But she had ceded control. Her wrists were locked in place as the heat washed over her. His tongue whipped across her clit, then plunged into her sex as his fingers kneaded her buttocks. He rubbed his nose against her clit, then began sucking hard and rhythmically as two fingers thrust up into her pussy.

The metal of the cuffs clanged against the bars as her hands jerked and spasmed, her head pulling back, rolling from side to side as the sensations ripped through her nervous system. Her pussy was on fire, and felt as though he were trying to devour her. His mouth sucked and licked and purred against her volcanic sex until she thought she'd go mad. But she was helpless to do anything but moan and curse him to put his cock inside her.

Sanders was very good, and she was going to come if he kept this up, come hard. She didn't want to come against his tongue. She wanted his big cock inside her. She wanted to feel it hammering against her cervix as her pussy spasmed around its length and girth.

“Fuck me!” she moaned. “Fuck me, you bastard!”

He ignored her, teasing and taunting her, rolling her clit with his tongue, making her gasp and roll her hips frantically as he stoked the fires of her heat ever higher.

He jerked upright, gripping her silky black hair, jerking her head back as he used his other hand to finger and stroke her.

“Tell me you want it.”

“I want it!”

“Tell me you want my -.”

“I want your cock!”

He thrust his hand in between her thighs, squeezing her pussy.

“Tell me you’re my bitch.”

“I’m your bitch! I’m your whore! I’m your slut! Fuck me!”

“Beg for it, bitch!”

“Please fuck me!”

He spun her around so her back was to him, jerking her hips back. He slapped her tight ass and then spread her legs apart, even though that forced her onto her toes. Kennedy shuddered as she raised her ass for him, as she spread her legs and waited for his cock. Then she felt it against her, jamming against her opening as he seized her slender hips. He thrust up hard and deep and she barely repressed a cry of pleasure and pain as his cock drove high into her belly.

Kennedy let out a shuddering cry as his hips jammed into her buttocks, trying to keep quiet, to keep from screaming as his cock filled her to overflowing..

“Oh! Oh fuck! Oh yeah! Fuck! Fuck! Ungh!”

His hands pulled back on her hips, grinding himself into her ass, then he began to thrust in and out hard and fast, using her violently. He used his left hand to yank back on her hair so he could bite into the nape of her neck. His right hand mauled her breast and pinched her nipple, then thrust between her legs to roughly finger her clit and rub it down against his cock.

Kennedy felt utterly used, ridden, pounded as he growled and pumped and thrust hard, his hips bruising her bottom, her ankles aching as she held herself up and open for him, her pussy throbbing with hunger and heat as his prick rammed up inside her again and again.

Her mouth opened in a soundless cry of pleasure, then spasmed wider as her eyes slitted, her head jerking back. Pleasure tore through her in a sweeping wall of silent, sensations. Another followed, more powerful, then an orgasm which clawed at her mind and left her dazed and limp, her body still jerking and shuddering to the hard pounding of the man behind her.

With a flurry of thrusts, he came, gasping and moaning, biting into the nape of her neck to silence his own cry of pleasure as he rammed impaled her on his stiff prick and crushed her against the remorseless bars.

## Chapter Two

Kennedy walked through the precinct door with an energetic, almost mannish rolling gait, aiming a casual grin, wave and smile at those who greeted her. Neither her jeans nor her sweater were exactly tight, but they were form-fitting, and Kennedy had a form men noticed wherever it went.

She was carelessly, almost sleepily cheerful as she sauntered across the hall. The inner door was buzzed open as she reached it, and she grinned at Sergeant Rawlins at the desk before disappearing inside. She was aware she had, as Detective Martinez had once remarked, the finest ass in the building, and aware that eyes followed it wherever it went. But she had grown so used to such attention she barely noticed it – unless she was in the mood to.

There was very little fat to be found on the athletic young woman. Most of it was on her chest. Her breasts were not large, but they were so firm, so well shaped, so high on her chest, that they were another feature of her much admired by the male population – and much of the female population – of the precinct. Girls had been admiring her breasts in the shower for ten years, however, and she was used to this, too.

It would be wrong to say that Kennedy ignored the attention she received because of her looks, but she didn't dwell on it. The attention was a long-familiar old coat she wore whenever she went out, comforting and reassuring, in its own way, sometimes enjoyable, occasionally annoying.

And Kennedy, efficiency herself, used her looks, her sexuality, whenever it suited her, without a hint of shame or guilt. The police department was a semi-military organization and it attracted a lot of jocks. Other women endured the sexist banter, taunts, teasing and come-ons of male police officers. Kennedy was a tomboy who simply joked and teased and taunted right back.

But she had a temper which the other cops at the Nineteenth had come to be wary of. For the first notice she gave of being angry would usually be a knee to the groin or a fist to the ribs. She was steel under velvet, the muscles under her downy skin hard and firm. She could outrun most of the men in the precinct, out

climb them, outshoot most of them, and – a ninth dan black belt in Karate and the daughter of a Special Forces Colonel who had taught her every dirty hand-to-hand combat trick he knew – outfight quite a few.

Not that that was necessary, for the same macho, frat- boy atmosphere which allowed the sexual taunts and teasing forbade physical reprisals. As odd as an outsider might consider it, given the crudeness of sexual harassment often handed out by the department's male officers, there was an almost gentlemanly agreement that no real man would strike a female, much less try to beat one up.

Even if she had just delivered a knee into a groin or an elbow into a gut.

She was fast, she was tough, and she was good. So despite her sexual attractiveness and occasional physical reprisals when someone got too close, she was respected and well-liked by most of the cops she worked with.

“Hey, Neil, when are we gonna see you in a dress again?” Allan Landley called as she passed him.

She turned a lazy grin on him as she passed by.

“Next time I want to sell my body,” she taunted as whistles and groans followed her down the hall.

She had, of course, like most young female cops, done a turn playing a prostitute decoy even before coming to the Manhattan Detective Borough command. It had been spectacularly successful.

If ever someone could be said to be driven to succeed it was Kennedy Neil. For her, winning was everything, being the best, beating the competition, in whatever she happened to be doing. She pushed herself, and her incredible body, to the limits and beyond. She forced herself to overcome the odds and be the best. And when she had succeeded, when she was the best, only then would her interest fade. And then she would be at peace, until the next obstacle she set for herself.

She had considered the challenge of luring men to her – something she had never had to actually put much effort into in her life thus far, and decided that a pair of short white shorts and a midriff baring tank top would be the most appropriate bait. She had been well aware that this would draw more than the usual amount

of interest and remarks from the male officers accompanying her, but had taken it with good natured tolerance.

It simply didn't bother Kennedy that men thought she was hot – and showed it. She understood men. In a lot of ways, she had more in common with men than with women.

She had left her face alone. It was oval, slightly narrow, with brown cat-eyes and arched eyebrows. She had a small, lush mouth with perfect teeth, and a narrow snub nose. Her hair was silky black, cutting diagonally across her forehead, and dancing loosely around her shoulders.

It had been the first time the cops watching over hooker bait had been forced to intervene to prevent fistfights between eager, would-be johns competing for her attentions.

She pushed open the door to the womens locker room. Anywhere else there would be a distinct smell. Here, the locker room just smelled the same as the rest of the building – like sweat and unwashed clothes.

“Hey, Kennedy.”

“Hey,” she said with a lazy grin as she pushed past Annie Baxter and Kristy Patterson.

They were both in their late thirties, both lesbians, and both wanted her. She took it in stride. Half the female cops on the force were lesbians, and many she'd come across had made their desires clear. But Kennedy didn't want a rep as a lesbian. And it irritated her how they all seemed to assume that because of her tomboy attitude lazy, dusky voice she was one of them. In truth, she had had more than her share of lesbian affairs in her time, but she would always prefer a good, stiff prick.

She went down two rows of lockers and found hers. She opened her locker and toed off her sneakers, undoing her jeans at the same time. She hung them up and took out a dark blue shirt, slid an arm in and pulled it around herself over her blue t-shirt, then quickly buttoned it up. She took out the pants and stepped into them, wondering how long she'd have to wear the dark blue polyester uniform. Not much over a year on the force and she worked half her time as plainclothes. By year two she expected to be working only plainclothes, and by year three

she'd be a detective.

But she had to pay her dues, and she understood that perfectly well.

It took less than five minutes to dress and close her locker. Baxter and Patterson were still leaning against the lockers by the door. They looked her over as she passed and she gave them a wink as she passed. It meant nothing, though, and they knew it by now.

Half an hour later she was on the passenger side of the blue and white Impala hearing but trying not to listen to her partner for the day, Frank Wildman. Wildman was fifty four, six foot three and two hundred and sixty pounds. He had a belly on him which could have held twins and got winded climbing a flight of stairs.

Despite that he made no secret of his disdain for small, weak female cops who would burst into tears and need rescuing at the first sign of trouble. Most of the female cops wouldn't work with him. Kennedy didn't mind. She knew even he didn't believe it, and was mostly talking to hear himself speak, and maybe to get a reaction and provoke an argument.

Wildman thought arguments were the best way to pass a long shift and not fall asleep. Nothing pleased him like a good argument, especially one which got him red-faced and spitting mad. That was less tiresome than a partner who kept flirting and trying to please her in hopes of getting into her panties. Besides, they both knew it was just words. She had beat him at arm-wrestling. And that had inflicted sufficient damage to his ego that his words were just so much hot air now.

He pulled the car over to the curb and heaved himself out, saying "Wait here a second," before ambling into a Lebanese Shawarma place. Kennedy took off her seat belt and idly ran licences through the computer for a couple of minutes. Then, bored, she slid out of the car herself and leaned back against it to watch pedestrians going by. What the fuck was Wildman doing anyway, she wondered, checking her watch. It was a little early for a snack break, even for him.

She grinned lazily to herself, and pushed off the car. Wildman didn't like her walking around with him. He said it made him feel like he was walking around with his granddaughter, made him feel old. She pulled open the door to the Shawarma place and stepped inside.

He wasn't hard to see. The place wasn't busy, and he was the only one standing, talking to the old Lebanese man behind the counter. There were a number of customers seated about, but they were all men, Arab men. And judging from the looks on their faces when she walked in, none of them were crazed fundamentalists upset at her not being covered by a bedsheet.

On the other hand, they had the typical restraint of Arab men. Several whistled and clapped at her. One called her "baby" and loudly invited her over to his table. Another guy at the same table made kissy faces at her. She ignored them as if she they weren't there, still smiling lazily as she ambled across to Wildman in her usual rolling gate.

"Hey," she said.

He glared angrily around at the store, and the whistles and invitations quieted.

"I thought I told you to wait in the car."

She shrugged, her ever present smile unchanged. "I got bored."

"Jesus H Christ, nobody ever does what I fucking tell them any more," Wildman growled, grabbing her arm and heading for the door.

"I like to get my cock in your girlfriend's mouth," one of the men at the table called.

Wildman turned and glared at him, but the man had spoken in Arabic. Kennedy understood it perfectly, courtesy of the Lebanese nanny she'd had for years, but gave no sign of that as Wildman led her out to the street.

"Can't fuckin' leave you for five minutes," he muttered as they got into the car.

She did up her belt as he pulled out into traffic, and they almost immediately got a call about a break and enter in the East Village. Traffic was too heavy to pick up much speed, but they weren't far off, and five minutes later were pulling up in front of an old four story brownstone.

Wildman went in through the front hall. It was all just routine to him, and nothing to put much effort into. Kennedy walked around to the rear of the building and walked up the alley to the fire escape. The fire ladder was down,

which meant their burglar, if he existed, had either gone up or down or both from there. She poked around in the weeds, then crossed to the garbage and pulled some bags aside. Underneath was an X-box, a DVD player, a laptop, a small plasma TV and an LCD monitor, along with a bookshelf stereo. She smiled gently and put the bags back in place.

She backed up enough to look up and spot Wildman in a window, then climbed the fire escape to the second floor and let herself in through the open window. There was little point worrying about fingerprints. There was no chance the crime scene unit would roll on a burglary.

There was some glass on the floor, and Wildman was already talking to the super in the entryway, notebook in hand.

“It’s cause I live downstairs. I seen this skinny black kid climbing up, see, and I opened my window and looked up just in time to see him going into Mr. Henderson’s apartment.

“You gonna replace the glass?” Wildman asked.

“Yeah, I gots spares in the basement. I was willing to put bars on the window but Henderson says it would spoil his view.”

Wildman handed him a card stapled to a report form. “Have him call the Fifth Precinct house,” he said.

They went down the stairs and when they got in the car she told him about the stolen goods in the garbage. He was not as enthusiastic as he might have been.

“Ahh shit,” he said. “You want to stake out a place for a fuckin’ burglar?”

“Yup.”

He shook his head tiredly but called it in.

It wasn’t at all unusual for burglars to hide most of their pickings near the crime scene and take off. Then, after the cops had come and gone, they could return at their leisure, hopefully with a friend or car to help carry off the goods. No one wanted to be seen stumbling down the streets with an armload of electronics with cops on the way.

They parked in the parking lot of the building next door. Wildman napped, his hat over his face, while Kennedy squatted behind some weeds. Burglars were notoriously fearful of other people stealing their stuff, and she knew they would either be back soon or not at all.

Sure enough, a car pulled into the parking lot across the way, with two skinny black teenagers in the front seat. They used the car to block the sight of the garbage as they lifted aside the bags.

Kennedy picked up a few small pebbles and tossed them through the open window of their squad car at Wildman, who started, lost his cap, and glared at her as she pointed into the next parking lot. He made a face, backed up, and pulled out of the parking lot. Kennedy kept low, and used the burglar's car to hide her as she crab-walked closer. When Wildman pulled into the parking lot the two black kids took off right across Kennedy's path.

She jumped up and forward, grabbed one by the scruff of his dirty t-shirt and twisted hard, letting her momentum and his swing him around into a lighting pole. Hard. He collapsed in a daze while she sprinted after the other one.

It was a cool day, and as she ran onto the sidewalk and saw him crossing the road she grinned and followed. She gained on him steadily, and he looked panicked as his head twisted back over his shoulder again and again. They crossed another street and he ran into an alley. Kennedy followed, long strides eating up the distance.

He was about nineteen, and while he was taller, probably weighed less than she did. It didn't look like he was armed, and she was feeling more amused than anything as he climbed over a chain link fence and dropped down on the other side. She sprinted up to it, leapt high, grasped the top bar, lifted herself up to the hips, swung her hips up and around without pause, and dropped cat-like to the ground as he tripped over a pipe and went sprawling.

She could have jumped on him, but she was enjoying the exercise. She slowed and he scrambled to his feet and took off again. They ran out the other end of the alley, crossed the street, went through another alley, then up one street and down another. Kennedy was barely breathing hard while the kid was veering from one side to another, slowing and staggering. She could hear him breathing like a freight train from twenty yards back, and grinned to herself.

He collapsed in an exhausted heap in the gutter next to a bus stop. Half a dozen people were waiting, and stepped back in distaste as he threw up. He was sweating and trembling as Kennedy trotted up behind him and, without a word, drew his arms back behind him and cuffed his skinny wrists together.

“Can you walk?” she asked pleasantly.

He rolled over, his eyes rolling back white, his chest heaving.

“You’re like, not gonna die or anything, are you? I got to fill out a lot of extra forms when prisoners die,” she said.

## Chapter Three

Pink Floyd was pounding from the hidden speakers, the slow, quirky guitar of Shine on you crazy diamond. Kennedy was moving slowly, fluidly, precisely in time, pausing as the music slowed to simply stretch and arch, then moving again as the drum started and the base filled the club.

Now she reached the bar, and let herself curl around it, a coquettish smile on her face, her bangs spilling across her eyes, her hair pulled out into a pair of loose pigtailed as she swung around the bar and let her right arm swing wide. Her silk top had weights sewn into the lining so that as she twisted and arched it slid off her shoulders and dropped to the floor behind her.

Underneath was a green silk tank top with the sides open. It was tight across the chest, squeezing her breasts in, but they were nearly bare from the sides as she turned gracefully, arms rising, body turning, legs crossing, swinging around, then back.

She curled a leg up and around the bar, her hand sliding past the waist of her skirt.

It dropped to the floor, and she swung away, clad in green thong and the tank.

The lights shifted as the song did, and now the music was growing louder as the singers cut in. She rolled her hips as she moved and slid her hands up through her hair, then back down behind her neck, undoing the string of her chemise. It fell away, baring her breasts, and she saw the men in perverts row lean forward eagerly.

She twisted and turned, slowly, fluidly, sinking to her knees, to all fours. She crawled forward, rolling her thong-clad bottom, then reached for the bar, half pulling herself up, rolling her head from side to side.

She turned, back to the bar now, arching, arching, thrusting her firm young breasts up and out at the audience around her, rolling her hips sensually as she slowly pushed herself up the bar, turned, swung around it, and unsnapped the

thong.

Nude now, she dove forward, literally, but her arms hit the stage, and she used the muscles of her back and belly to bow herself back, so her legs flew up. She hit the stage softly, like it was a feather bed, her arms, then her chest, then her belly, then her legs. She rolled onto her back, arching her back again, letting her legs come apart, knees rising, her hips and head rolling and grinding as her hands caressed her body, stroking across pebbly hard nipples, down a taut, straining belly, and in along her inner thighs.

She rolled again, onto her belly, and her bottom rose, rose, rose higher still as she pushed herself up. Now she was standing, but bent at the waist, fingers still on the floor until she straightened, and swung her leg around to change directions. She wound up back against the bar again, sliding slowly down its length, arms gripping it above her, legs flowing apart to reveal her perfectly smooth, shaven, neat little sex.

She smiled coyly at them, then rose and turned again.

The lights twisted and shifted with the flow of the music, and Kennedy flowed and twisted at the same time, her perfect, athletic body moving with effortless grace until the music was over and she was strolling back behind the curtain with the applause behind her.

She had long known of her exhibitionistic nature. She was also inordinately proud of her looks, even if she rarely let anyone know that. The idea of stripping had always been something she'd toyed with. She'd done a few wet t-shirt contests when younger, and wasn't embarrassed at public nudity. Well, not a lot. But the excitement more than compensated.

As a New York city cop with a year and a half on the job she made not much more than thirty-four thousand before taxes. Even a studio apartment in Manhattan ran from fifteen hundred a month, unless she wanted to live in a slum. She could have done much better in Queens or the Bronx, but she wanted to live downtown.

No one here knew who she was. She had false ID giving her name as Kristie Miller, and this was too stylish and expensive a club to attract cops. She made about a thousand on a decent night for a four hour shift. One shift a month let her pay the rent, two, when she had time, gave her adding spending money.

After the stage came the lap dances. Kennedy had plenty of business. There was something about her which drew the men. She was highly aroused herself. Perhaps they sensed it. She wasn't a man hater, wasn't on drugs, wasn't doing this out of desperation. She looked like the girl next door - and her secret was that she was.

They sensed it, and sensed her hunger as she straddled them, as she ground her lush young body against the growing bulges in their pants, as she let her rigid little nipples delicately brush their cheeks and blew softly against the napes of their necks.

They liked the nipples. She knew they did. It was warm in the club, but her nipples were like tiny pebbles, hard, tingling, almost stinging with excitement, and when she rubbed them across their forehead or cheeks they had no doubt that she was aroused.

She was tempted, very, very tempted, in some cases, to just pull their dicks out and ride them like a wild thing. But there was no privacy, and she'd not only get fired, she'd be risking arrest if it was a cop. There was no way she was going to risk either. But with the sexual heat burning through her system and her pussy moist and hot and throbbing it was all she could do to get out of there in the early hours of the morning without raping someone.

It was just after four in the morning as the club prepared to close down. Kennedy was tired. She'd worked all evening, then taken her four hour shift, on her feet, dancing, grinding, rolling, working her legs muscles particularly hard. It was a sexually arousing job, to her, but it was still a job, and physically demanding. She was sweating, and in a mood to head home, take a shower, and throw herself into her bed.

But when Jenna Carleton beckoned her she turned away from the locker room and went into the shower to find Jenna was nude. "Scrub my back, Kristie?" she asked coyly.

Kennedy hesitated. She was tired, but on the other hand, she still felt the throbbing between her legs, still felt the hunger, the tingling in her nipples that had them feeling sore against her robe.

Then she followed the girl in and let her robe be opened, let herself be pushed back against the wall.

Jenna Carleton was a slick, tall, blonde, well over six feet, and a hard-core lesbian. She was beautiful, however, and had very large, if fake, tits. She had cut her short hair into a cute pageboy to help disguise her gender preferences, and while she wasn't nearly as popular as Kennedy, she made good money.

Kennedy had had sex with her once before, and she knew the blonde was rough and aggressive - just the way she liked it.

She grunted as Jenna pinned her to the wall and pulled her robe down. The woman's hand thrust between her legs, and Kennedy groaned and arched her back as they squeezed her moist sex hard, the fingers then curling up, thrusting up inside her soft, moist opening.

Her mouth was ravenous on Kennedy's, her tongue thrusting past her lips as she ground her own bare breasts against Kennedy. She gripped Kennedy's wrists and pinned them to the wall above her head. Kennedy made no effort to resist.

Their nude bodies ground together as their tongues swirled moistly. Then Jenna gripped her by the hair and yanked her stumbling sideways several steps below a faucet. She turned on the water, and began to soap Kennedy up, her hands moving quickly, roughly, hungrily over Kennedy's slim body, squeezing and kneading her breasts and buttocks, pinching and cruelly twisting her nipples so Kennedy gasped and shuddered.

Then their bodies were grinding together again, thighs scissored, Jenna's fingers digging into her buttocks to help lift her leg up so their pussies could rub more slickly, more easily together.

Breast to breast, mouth to mouth, tongues twisting and writhing together, they ground against each other just below the stream of water, with Kennedy again pinned against the wall by the taller woman, letting herself be used.

"Yeah, get a room," someone said in passing.

But there was nothing unusual about two women having sex in the shower, not here, and no one paid them much heed as Kennedy curled her leg up around the backs of Jenna's thighs and their hips worked with growing desperation as their orgasms approached. Her pussy was throbbing, and hot, her clit swollen out, grinding slickly against Jenna's own hot little mound in a way which was driving Kennedy insane.

Kennedy was first, and clung desperately to the blonde as her body was wracked by convulsions. She shuddered and cried out, the sound muffled by the other woman's mouth, as the fiery heat poured over and through her.

## Chapter Four

The orgasm had subsided, and they were locked together in soft, panting embrace, when the police burst in, the Jersey City Police, two of them, in uniform, grinning and whistling and applauding as the two girls stumbled apart.

“Okay, girls, out front with everyone else,” one said. “This is a raid.”

“What the fuck are you talking about, raid?!” Jenna demanded, gaping.

“We’re searching for drugs.”

“At four O’clock in the fucking morning!?”

“Shut up and get your ass out here.”

One of the cops took her arm and yanked her forward.

“Lemmie get the fucking’ soap off me first, Jesus Christ!”

Kennedy had leaned forward so the water was already pouring over her, and let it rinse off her back before turning and quickly running her hands over her front.

A blue uniformed arm reached in and turned off the water, and a cop, big and broad-shouldered, maybe forty, grinned at her.

Kennedy considered her options, heart thumping worriedly. She could not let herself be fingerprinted or ID’d. If she did, her career as a cop was over.

“Are you going to... restraint me, officer?” she asked with mock innocence.

She turned and crossed her wrists behind her back.

“That uh, won’t be necessary,” he said, eyes flicking up and down.

“But I’m very dangerous,” she said, turning to face him, cocking her head back and rolling her tongue along her lower lip. “And I might have... drugs... on my

person. Maybe you should.... search me.”

“Maybe I should,” he said, grinning and pulling out his cuffs.

She turned and crossed her wrists behind her, and felt the cool steel of the handcuffs going around them. A part of her felt a surge of heat. Even though she’d already come she was still aroused, for she really wanted a stiff cock, not the grinding session Jenna had given her.

She turned, looking forlorn and helpless. “You wouldn’t do anything to me while I was... helpless, would you, officer?”

Then she let herself sink to her knees, watching as the cop’s face became flushed, as his groin began to bulge out. This was, in fact, one of her fantasies, so it was helping to stoke the fires inside her even as she did her best to give the cop every reason in the world to not even think about arresting her.

She rubbed her face against his bulging uniform pants and he cursed and fumbled at his zipper. It jerked down and she moaned and licked at it, then rolled her eyes helplessly up at him.

“Do I have to... officer?” she asked with lower lip protruding.

“Come on, baby. Do me!” he gasped, gripping her wet hair and pulling her in against him.

She took him into her mouth, sucking and licking, bobbing her lips up and down, going further and further until he entered her throat. He let out a gasp of shock as he plunged into her throat, and cursed violently as he grasped her head.

“Oh shit! Oh fuck! God!” he gasped.

She held him nestled within her throat for long seconds, then began to bob up and down again, sucking rhythmically as she licked at the underside of his prick.

She pulled repeatedly at the handcuffs, her pussy getting hotter and hotter with every passing second. The wet tiles under her knees and feet, the sounds of voices in outside in the hall, the cop’s uniform, the metal around her wrists, the water trickling down her body, all of it was creating a surreal and thrilling sexual fantasy scene that was a close recreation of many of her favorite masturbatory

fantasies.

And then it got worse.

“Jesus Christ!”

Another cop came in, a black man, gaping at the sight of them. “Are you out of your fucking mind, Johnson!”

“B-but I-I-I...”

He crossed the floor, glaring as the first one fumbled to put his still-hard dick back in his trousers.

“You aren’t going to turn me in, are you, officer?” Kennedy asked, doe-eyed. “The dean would wind up kicking me out of school!”

“The dean, eh?” The Black guy demanded, glaring.

And why not. She was about that age, looking younger than her twenty four years, freshly scrubbed, literally, without scars or tattoos. She did look like a college girl.

Cops took strippers for granted, she knew. But cops had a thing for college girls, especially the cops who’d never gone to college.

Kennedy looked down at his groin, then up at him, appearing slightly timid. “I’ve never had a black guy before,” she said.

Only slightly timid.

“Listen girl I ain’t...”

“The Dean is a butch dyke,” Kennedy said anxiously. “She makes us... do things when she catches us breaking rules.”

“Uh... do things?”

“Sick things,” she said anxiously.

“Jesus,” the first cock breathed.

“Uh, look girl I - .”

“You ought to see what she can do with that little mouth of hers,” the white cop said.

“You guys wouldn’t... force me, would you?” she breathed in mock fear. “You wouldn’t... take me from behind while I’m sucking his cock would you... officer...?”

She turned as they stared at her, bent slowly over at the waist, and lifted her cuffed wrists up behind her.

“Holy shit,” the Black cop said. “Fuck it!”

The white guy unzipped again and took out his cock, and Kennedy felt the Black cop gripping her wrists, lifting her wrists up higher. Then his foot kicked her ankles wider and she gasped, raising her bottom eagerly for penetration. She took the white cop’s cock into her mouth and felt the Black cock penetrate her from behind with a sense of gleeful satisfaction.

Not only was it exciting, but there was no way in hell they would want anything about her going down on a report.

“Ungh!” she gasped, as the black guy drove himself deep into her hot, wet pussy.

Then the White guy forced her mouth down onto his cock and began wildly pumping. One of them, she couldn’t tell who, gripped her cuffed wrists and lifted them upwards, forcing her to bend more. That made her shoulders ache, but just made things more nasty and exciting. As the White guy’s prick slid into her throat and her body was rocked by the excited thrusting of both big men.

This... was hot! She could hardly believe she was standing right outside where a bunch of people were gathering, arguing, protesting, where cops were searching for drugs, that she was there naked and handcuffed fucking two cops.

But it was a thrill ride, because there was still plenty of danger. If someone senior walked in on them both cops were going to be handed their heads, and they’d want her for a witness, for evidence, for a report, which meant she would be screwed in more ways than one.

So she needed to get this done quickly. She had no trouble working with the cop in front of her. He was on a high just from feeling her tonsils wrapped around his cock. For the Black guy, well, she was riding her bottom back up to meet his frenzied thrusts, and squeezing down with her pussy muscles every time he pulled back. Her own juices were bubbling and boiling, of course, and satisfying her rapidly rising heat was another major objective here.

She wanted them to come fast - but not too fast.

Someone grabbed her hair and yanked it back, and she immediately felt another hot, steaming flood of excitement within her. Her wrists were being held up, her hair held back, her bottom was lifted, her legs apart, and she was being royally pounded by the Black dude behind her. The cop in front was reaching below to grope at her breasts as he drove his cock up and down in her throat, and he was so uneven and rough she was gasping and gagging as he did it.

Wild. More than wild: it was insane! The White cop was bruising her naked, dangling breasts with his excited, frantic groping, and the black guy was bruising her bottom as he pounded into her, his cock slicing through her soft pink flesh like a black spear.

Then she felt his hands on her hips. That released her hair, but only for a moment, as the White cop grabbed it, using it like a handle to fuck her mouth faster and harder. The Black cop was yanking her back to meet every thrust, back and up, lifting her onto her toes, and it was all just so frantic and raw and hot that she was losing her mind in the heat and savagery of it.

She gurgled and gagged and grunted and moaned and panted as it seemed to on forever. In reality, it was probably no more than a minute or two. Then She came, her whole body flooded with a crackling sexual electricity that fried her nervous system and caused muscle convulsions all through her body. Were it not for the two cops clinging so tightly to her slender body she'd have collapsed onto the floor to shake like an epileptic in a fit.

As it was she was hardly aware of the world around her as her orgasm came to an end. She wanted to just sink down and collapsed. Fortunately, the white cop came about then, spraying his semen into the back of her throat. And seconds later the Black cock let out a long, drawn-out curse and came, as well.

They half carried her into the ladies room and left her on a stall, then went out

again to do whatever it was they were supposed to do. Kelly slumped on the seat, groaning, her bottom sore, her breasts sore, and, damn it, her pussy sore.

But it was a good sore.

She got up after a few minute, still breathing hard, and snuck out into the locker room. She had no idea what was going on out front. Drugs? She doubted it. There was occasional use of drugs as there was in any bar or club, but she hadn't witnessed anything heavy, or any sales.

She snatched the nearest clothes she could find, a pair of denim short-shorts and a tank top, not worried about undies just then. She found a pair of sandals, slipped them on, and snuck out the back door with her purse. She scuttled across the parking lot in the dark, waiting and watching, but there was no sign of anyone there, so she hopped the fence, darted through an alley, and then hurried up the street and away.

She felt a smug delight at adding another wild sexual experience to what she considered her limited collection, and a sense of relief at having gotten away with it. On the other hand, short-shorts and a tank top sans bra was not the best wardrobe for a pretty young girl to be wearing at four in the morning in Jersey City.

She was able to flag down a cab, though, and he took her to the PATH station where she waited for a train to get back across the river. The station was fairly empty, but the few men there looked at her appreciatively, while the even fewer women frowned a lot - especially since they were all with men.

Kennedy didn't mind that overmuch, except that at four in the morning dressed as she was she suspected a lot of them thought she was a hooker. She didn't like to be thought of as cheap. And wasn't THAT a disconcerting thought given she was returning home from her job as a stripper, having just had sex with two men and a woman.

Okay, so she could be a bit of a slut, but she wasn't cheap!

She hopped on the train and sat in the corner, ignoring the mens eyes which sought her out, thinking about the fat bulge of money in her purse.

Which, on the other hand, wasn't going for anything more exciting than rent.

But it was the price she paid to live in Manhattan, where her slightly cute studio apartment, hardly more than a closet, went for sixteen hundred a month. She could have lived in Queens or Brooklyn, and suffered the longer commute, but Manhattan was where she wanted to be.

And if grinding her ass for a bunch of Japanese and Arab businessmen for a few hours once a month was what she had to do for that, then so be it!

But that had been close. She imagined the humiliation of being arrested, of them finding out she was a cop. If the papers got onto it she'd have her face on the cover. Even if she got lucky and the media didn't find out they'd still fire her.

But she'd gotten through it, thank God. What the hell were those cops doing there anyway? Idiots. Didn't they have anything better to do?

She sighed and crossed her legs, tugging idly at her shorts.

She looked down. The tank top was smaller than she'd hoped. All she wanted at the time was to cover her tits. It did that, but the thing was awfully tight across them. She crossed her arms across her chest and looked out the window. They were pulling onto the bridge now. Another fifteen minutes and she'd get off, transfer to the subway, and be home by - she checked her watch and made a face - Five.

Five O'clock in the fucking morning, she thought in irritation. Then again, there were no other jobs she could think of which would pay so much for so little - with no risk of arrest.

She transferred to the subway at Thirteenth. It was a little more crowded, and there were sleazier men there, but most paid her no more heed than to lick their lips and make kissy face noises. The train was still half-empty when she sat down, though, and some black guy just had to come and sit down next to her, a sleazy smile on his face.

"Hey, baby," he said.

She rolled her eyes up at him in an obviously unfriendly way but he didn't seem to take the hint.

"Mah name's Chauncy," he said.

“And I care why?” she demanded.

He looked hurt. “Baby! Is that any way to talk?”

She rolled her eyes and looked out the window.

“I just wanted to come over and tell you what a fine looking woman you are.”

“Yeah, thanks. I knew that,” she said shortly.

He grinned hugely.

“You know, if you all are looking for a place to spend the daylight hours... I got me a lovely place up on Sixteenth.”

She ignored him.

He leaned in and lowered his voice as he ran his hand lightly along her thigh.

“I got me ten inches of fresh black meat too,” he breathed.

She pulled her Glock out and stuck it up into his nose and his arms windmilled as he tilted violently sideways and fell off the end of the bench yelling “Woah! Woah! Woah, baby!”

She put the Glock back in her purse as he scuttled backwards across the car, then got to his feet and took a seat well away from her. No one else paid a lot of attention. White girls with guns didn’t have much of a fear factor for most New Yorkers.

## Chapter Five

She lived in a seven story fifties-era brownstone, slightly run-down but still stylish, and the middle-aged Hispanic doorman let her in with a smile and barely a leer as she passed him. He knew she was a cop anyway, and probably, she hoped, thought she'd been out on some kind of odd undercover work - little knowing just how uncovered she had been.

The lobby was all rich woodgrained walls and deep pile carpeting with heavy leather sofas and oak tables. It was dead at five thirty, though, except for the occasional early morning jogger coming and going. She rode up to the sixth floor to the gentle accompaniment of Diana Ross, idly wondering what Ross thought of her tunes being considered elevator music.

Her apartment was all of nine feet across, with a barred window at the far end overlooking the fire escape and the alley. But the floor was hardwood. The entrance came in underneath the sleeping loft, with a bathroom on her left and the kitchenette in front of her. The place had been slickly remodeled recently, when the high sleeping loft had been added. The ceiling was twelve feet high, so that the loft, even though it was eight feet off the floor, still gave plenty of headroom as long as she didn't try to stand up.

She threw the triple bolts on the door, stripped just inside, put a tv dinner into the microwave and then had a quick shower. The bathroom was too small for a tub, but she wasn't exactly a bath person anyway. She let the water wash over her and splash against the glass door, still thinking of what had happened and what could have happened.

Afterwards, she wrapped a light, Japanese style robe of red with black trim around herself, pulled the belt tight, and turned on the microwave again to quick fry her TV dinner. She turned on the TV and DVD player, crossed to the barred window, and looked out.

The view wasn't spectacular, but there were worse in the city. It looked onto the alley behind her building, true, but the buildings behind hers were only four stories high, so it also looked out onto their roofs, and past them to the glistening

lights of the city beyond. The day was already starting to lighten, though, so she drew the heavy light dampening curtains and crossed back to the TV.

She ate while sitting back on her leather love seat, feet propped on the coffee table, and watching an episode from season two of NYPD Blue on the DVD player.

It was a modest apartment, but she had spared little expense in the electronics. The fifty inch DLP flat screen TV was attached to her Xbox, DVD and laptop computer, and sitting in front of it was about her only reason to be here when she wasn't sleeping.

She wasn't really watching, though. She was thinking about the events of the night, particularly the danger of getting caught, of how screwed up that would have made her life. It wasn't that she was particularly ashamed of stripping, but the thought of being "outed" to the entire NYPD - and her inevitable firing - made her stomach flutter.

At the same time, she was on an emotional high for having escaped the threat, and for having had one of the more exciting and nasty sexual experiences of her life - two really, if she counted having practically public sex with Jenna in the showers.

Lesbian sex was something she'd always found faintly forbidden, and thus exciting, probably because of her upbringing. The odd thing was that she didn't have a lot of female friends - at least, not ones she wasn't sleeping with. She was just not into makeup, fashion, hair styles or reality TV, nor could she bear the endless whining and complaints about boyfriends and men in general. But at the same time she was uncomfortable with lesbians as friends, not for fear they might lust after her, but for fear of leading them on.

Twice in her young life lesbians had fallen in love with her, and the resulting scenes hadn't been pleasant. She could have sex with girls easily, but she simply didn't feel any romantic feelings for them. She liked men, related more to men, and no matter how much she warned them ahead of times lesbians seemed to be able to convince themselves they could change her.

She thought back to Susan. Sue had been a butch lesbian, with short hair and a muscular physique. But she'd also been pretty. She had really been into bondage, and had tried to make Kennedy her love slave. For a few days that had been

exciting, but Kennedy was too independent-minded to want that for long. She liked to be submission during sex, but not during life.

Sue hadn't accepted that easily. She'd stalked Kennedy after she'd broken things off, and Kennedy had finally moved to Manhattan and then applied for the NYPD.

Rough sex, wild sex, nasty sex. The sex with the cops had been - good. That wild combination of fear and excitement, of being overpowered and helpless, of being out of control, had really turned her on.

Kennedy had always had a strange sense of herself. She was a tomboy at heart, but at the same time took a delight in how attractive people found her, and in her own sexuality and sensuality. She was assertive and self-confident, but in bed she liked to be controlled, to be pushed, to be taken roughly and wildly. She didn't want soft, tender sex, she wanted raw animal rutting. And if that meant she was treated like a cheap whore - which she would never tolerate at other times - great.

She sighed as she rose from the leather sofa, carried the remnants of the TV dinner into the little kitchenette and dumped them into the trash.

She climbed up the ladder to the sleeping loft. It had a flat rail along the edge, and was enclosed by a foot wide, foot high border tailored for a double bed. That meant when you climbed off the ladder you were basically on the bed, facing the foot. She had a small, flat screen TV on the other side. The wall at the foot of the bed was covered by shelves which held her clothes and lingerie.

She skimmed out of the shorty robe she'd been wearing, hanging it on a hook, then lay back and reached above her to the little drawer which held her sex toys. Drawing her knees up and spreading them, she turned on the vibrator and began to stroke it gently across her clit. At the same time she positioned the dildo at the mouth of her sex and used gentle but repeated pressure to slowly force it up inside herself.

Her slow start did not last, of course. Once the dildo was deep inside she began pumping faster, changing the angles, twisting it from side to side as her breathing became harsher.

She drew her knees back, raising her bottom, groaning softly as she thrust the

dildo deep, making the head grind against her cervix, pressing hard on the base so that deep, throbbing ache would ripple through her belly.

Images slid through her mind, mostly of the cops who had fucked her, playing out different scenarios, more cops, harsher, nastier cops, women cops, interspersed with her dancing that night, on stage, grinding herself against men... it was all a hot, raw play of erotic images that had her gasping and moaning as she plunged the dildo up into her pussy again and again.

She stopped, gasping, chest heaving, on the edge of orgasm, fighting it back. When she was sure she had hold if herself she sat up, the dildo still inside her, grunting with the effort as she crawled to the foot of the bed and reached up to one of the shelves for a pair of handcuffs.

Nothing wrong with a cop having handcuffs, was there?

But there wasn't a cop who hadn't used them in sex play, and Kennedy had long held a dark fondness for the feel of cold steel around her wrists.

She took down something else, something hidden under a pile of t-shirts. It was a dildo, but a very large and thick one. It was too large, too thick. It was almost painful to use - was painful, unless she was in the right mood, unless her body had been properly prepared. And even then it ached, stretching her out and making her sore for days.

The dildo was as thick as a pop can, and had a suction base which locked it to the base of the bed. She turned her back to it and rose, reaching above her to one of the brackets for the shelves. She locked the cuff to one wrist, put the other over the bracket, and then locked the other cuff in place above her head.

Heart pounding, facing the bed, she sank down, feeling the fat head of the dildo pressing against her sopping pussy. She closed her thighs to guide it tightly and began to bounce lightly atop it, grunting and gasping as the fat dildo slowly stretched her pussy mouth wider and wider. The ache grew as the opening to her sex stretched, but then it was wide enough, and the head sank into her.

Kennedy's eyes were slits now as she spread her legs a little wider, then wider still, lowering herself, letting the fat dildo push slowly up through the tight, constricted sleeve of her sex. She shuddered as she felt it spreading her open inside, sliding up into her abdomen, filling her to overflowing. She was halfway

down and already she felt impaled on the thing.

Her wrists were locked in place above her head, now, rising higher as she sank lower. She was using thigh muscles to grind down on the dildo, shifting her angle, rising and then falling again in short little movements that forced the big prick deeper her into her aching belly.

She had about ten inches up inside her now, and it was hurting, but hurting so good. Her arms were almost straight up and back, forcing her back to arch a bit. Her legs were spread wide as she rolled her hips a bit and ground herself against the dildo.

And then the final few inches, the hardest to take. There was a soft, but firmly placed tongue sprouting up from the base, here, pressing against the main shaft. When she rode down to it, when the fat shaft slid up inside her, the tongue pushed back, riding up across the top of her sex.

Across her hard, throbbing clit.

Kennedy's head rolled back as she gasped for breath. She sank down, letting out a little cry of pain as the head gave her cramps deep within her belly. She eased back, then sank again, and found it was easier.

It was so big, she thought dazedly, so big.

She jerked up and down on it in short, quick motions, no more than an inch of stroke, but that was more than enough, with the tongue rubbing against her clit, to set her off. The orgasm washed over her, and she threw her head back and gurgled insanely, her hips jerking and rutting, the strokes growing wilder and deeper as the sexual explosion leant her energy.

“Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!” she gasped, overheated body riding the dildo through the first climax.

Because she was that hot, unusually hot, unusually excited, to the point of a rabid sexual need she only rarely felt.

But when she felt it, it was irresistible.

And she knew what it meant, even as the orgasm faded away.

She held herself up, rolling her hips against the firmly planted dildo, feeling the harsh pressure of the steel biting into her wrists now. She forced herself to rise, strong thigh and leg muscles pushing her up, inch after inch, knees sliding together to raise her further, and then, at the apex of the long, thick, latex cock, now glistening with her juices, she let herself slide down.

It was not a completely uncontrolled slide, but her knees slid fluidly aside and her body plunged steadily down the length of the dildo as it pushed up into her belly. Cramps and pain rippled through her and she reveled in them as the tongue slipped across her clit and then - she kept going. She cried out in pain as she let herself fall fully, as her buttocks flattened against the wooden base and the handcuffs bit cruelly and painfully into her wrists.

She had the full length of the thing inside her, every last fucking inch!

It hurt! Jesus it hurt! She gulped in short, ragged breaths, impaled on a monstrous, fourteen inch cock, her guts cramping high inside her. She forced herself onto her feet now, knees bent at a ninety degree angle, sitting on the thick cock. It felt like it was throbbing up inside her, but she knew it was her own pounding pulse.

She began to ride up and down, using her leg muscles, pulling against the handcuffs to help. She moved slowly, in two inch arcs, but that grew as the sexual heat spread within her body and mind and leant her energy, leant a frantic need. She cried out dazedly as the next orgasm swept through her, but never stopped, increasing her speed, rising higher, dropping more freely, so that the dildo seemed to punch her deep in the belly each time she slid down.

Another orgasm spiralled up, and it was a monster. Convulsions wracked her body and her head jerked and shook and bounced against her arms in a rubbery, uncontrolled fashion as she cried out in short, animal sobs of pleasure.

Her pussy muscles had been conquered now, and were numb to the thickness of the big cock pumping inside her. Now she could riding freely on the fat shaft, using almost its full length, gasping and sobbing with the effort, panting and moaning and crying out in pain each time it rammed up into the bottom of her sex. Her gasps and moans filled the small apartment as the loft floor creaked and the soft, wet sound of the dildo punching up into her sex accompanied her.

And then another orgasm came, and it struck her like a blow, stunning in its

force, dazing her. Her body continued to work instinctively, frantically riding the big cock inside her, but the force of the orgasm flung her violently against the wall and shelves behind her and made her muscle spasm uncontrollably. She cried out, her voice rising in a wild, ululation of animal pleasure and ecstasy as the orgasm went on and on, tearing her apart.

And then, finally, it subsided, and she sank, barely conscious, down onto the dildo to stay, panting weakly, chest heaving, moaning, eyes closed, arms fully extended, almost hanging by her wrists, legs sprawled out to either side.

She sat, sprawled there for a long minute, gasping, moaning, her eyes fluttering weakly. The afterglow was so deep, so rich and comforting, she didn't want to move. She wanted to go to sleep like that, and for a minute it almost seemed like she could.

But if the dull numb, aching in her belly could have allowed it, the hard, sharp pain in her wrists would not, and that pain dragged her slowly back to reality. With a groan, she forced her legs back under her and pushed herself back up enough to take the weight off her wrists. Her thigh and calf muscles ached, but she had to force them to continue, rising, half turning, lifting her cuffed wrists up over the angled bracket.

When she did, she pulled herself higher, feeling the dildo finally slide out of her body. She groaned and let herself collapse forward onto the bed, a hand cupping her sore, aching sex as she sprawled out weakly, wrists still cuffed.

She was sore inside, and her wrists ached, but the afterglow was still strong enough that almost as soon as she pulled the sheets over herself she fell asleep.

## Chapter Six

She was confused when she woke up to find her wrists cuffed together, but the events of the morning fell quickly into place. Oddly, despite the fact her wrists were sore, the feel of the cuffs was exciting and comforting at the same time. She rolled onto her back, throwing back the covers, then drew her wrists up and back above her and arched her back, groaning, yawning, stretching.

She brought her hands back down her body and stroked the fingers of her right hand along the top of her sex, wincing as she did so. She was sore, inside and out. Her clit was still a bit swollen and felt raw. But that was fine, better than fine, in a way. It meant she could rouse herself easily, that she was more sensitive to the touch than usual.

She spread her legs wide, drawing her knees up, and stroked herself to a quick orgasm that had her hips bucking and grinding as she moaned and shuddered in pleasure.

Sighing, she sat up, uncuffed herself, and crawled to the foot of the bed. She tossed a pair of jeans and a top over the side of the loft, then added a black thong and matching bra before crawling over to the ladder and climbing down.

She picked up her things and dumped them on the love seat, then had a quick shower and washed her hair. Her jet black silken hair was naturally full and rich, and needed very little attention as it hung down around her oval face.

She pulled on the thong and bra, then had a quick energy drink as she prepared to leave. She brushed her hair out a final time, drew on jeans, top and sneakers, grabbed her keys, and left.

It was quarter to three, still too early for rush hour. She sometimes jogged to work, but her legs were feeling the strain of her masturbation session so she walked two blocks to the subway and a quick ride north. Then it was another two block walk to the precinct house, where she was finally beginning to feel at home.

She didn't have a lot of close friends there, among either men or women, but she was well-liked. Many suspected she was a closet lesbian, especially the lesbians, but she had slept with several male cops, and though they were not the types to brag, most knew her sexual preferences. Still, she was hard to buttonhole, hard to put into the proper category or box.

Most of the women there were very conscious of their image, and did their best to appear asexual. Most any references to their bodies irritated the hell out of them, and often brought a nasty retort.

Kennedy usually didn't care, and would smile, laugh or nod agreement. She could also be creatively and obscenely insulting or, on occasion, without warning, would simply punch someone in the stomach hard enough to lose their lunch, laugh and casually saunter away.

That took some getting used to.

Taunting and teasing her was like patting a cat with sharp claws which might rake your hand any time the mood caught it. Yet many of the younger men took it as something of a challenge, both to see how far they could go without getting a violent response, and to see if they could predict and defend themselves from that response. Taunting her from too far away, and behind a table, wasn't considered sporting. Doing it from right in front of her was the biggest danger, and earned either respect "He's got big brass ones, that guy", or scorn "I can't believe the dumb bastard didn't see that coming after what he said".

That wasn't to say they disliked her and spent an inordinate amount of time thinking about how to insult her. There was an easy camaraderie between them, and by their nature, cops insulted each other constantly. Sexual harassment rules made that difficult with female cops, but no one thought Kennedy the type to ever take such a complaint to any official. Cops appreciated that, and any one of them would rather risk a knee in the groin than an official reprimand.

There was even general agreement that whoever got that knee deserved it for mouthing off too much.

And besides, she was awfully easy on the eyes, with her perfect skin, wide eyes, gorgeous hair and perfect body that the tight fitting dark blue uniform did little to disguise.

Kennedy walked into morning role call, still feeling a bit smug and happy about what had happened the previous “night”, and greeted the nearest group of cops by shouldering aside Ben Macdonald, her shoulder hitting his with enough energy to send him stumbling aside a step. It was a typical Kennedy greeting, and he and the other three male cops who had been standing together chatting nodded hello.

“Tired of this fucking evening shift,” Ross Miller said, sipping his oversized coffee.

“The wife hates it,” Adam Forbes said, “She hardly gets to see me.” He grinned. “That’s why I like it.”

“I like evenings,” Kennedy said. “Stuff is always happening, people are in the street, and I get to party afterwards.”

“I can hardly drag my ass home and to bed afterwards,” Forbes complained.

“That’s because you’re an old man,” Kennedy said with a casual smile for a guy just into his forties.

“And you’re a punk kid who should get her cute little ass spanked and put to bed early,” he replied.

“Don’t you mean put to bed early and then get her cute little ass spanked?” Ben said innocently.

“I can think of better things to do that cute little ass of hers than spank it,” said Miller.

Kennedy just grinned.

“I heard you’re gonna get another chance to dress up,” Forbes said with a taunting grin.

“What do you mean?” she asked, frowning.

“People are complaining about johns propositioning the college girls. You’ll probably get to wear your micro mini.”

“A micro mini?” she said absently. “There’s no such thing. You’re so fucking seventies, Adam.”

“He asked the captain if he could have his uniform pants in bell bottoms,” said Ben as the others chuckled.

She shrugged. It was necessary to put on a show that she didn’t like hooker patrol, simply because everyone else did, particularly the female cops who had to dress up as hookers. But she didn’t mind, and in some ways liked it. She got to dress slutty, she got to sexually taunt and tease men in a provocative way, and ask for money for various sex acts, all without anyone else thinking anything bad about her.

“Okay, everyone siddown,” the sergeant said.

They took their seats, with Kennedy sitting next to Wildman, and he went over the events of the last shift, handed out printouts with names and faces to look out for, and made several announcements about holidays, vacations, and career opportunities, including the upcoming sergeants exam.

Then it was out to the car, to listen to Wildman complaining about the world while she ran plates on the computer and eyed the people they passed on the sidewalk.

They got a call about loud noise, then a break-in at a liquor store, a very loud, pushing and shoving fight between two motorists after a fender bender, and wrote a couple of traffic tickets. Just after lunch - about eight, the drunk calls started. Their first was a guy in a bar who refused to leave. He argued with Wildman about how drunk he was, then threw up and they dragged him out to the street and put him in a cab.

The next one was more belligerent, and brought them on an “assist officer” call. A very large and muscular Latino who had stripped off his shirt was daring two young cops to take him down. There was a lot of testosterone in the air when they pulled up, with the two cops holding their batons, and one holding a stun gun.

Wildman would be the senior cop at the scene, and Kennedy already knew that would mean a fight. He wasn’t much into discussions with guys who refused police orders. It was hot, though, and she didn’t feel like rolling around on the

street for the entertainment of what was already a growing crowd of Latinos, many of them young and probably drunk, a few already starting to shout anti-police insults.

“You stay back,” Wildman grunted as he moved to pull his bulk out of the car.

But Kennedy was already out of the car, hurrying forward, undoing the top couple of buttons on her top as she pushed between the two cops, a wide smile on her face.

“Hi!” she said loudly. “My name’s Kennedy! What’s yours!?”

The Latino swayed a little and looked at her more closely.

“Ho, senorita!” he said, his mouth curving into an appreciative grin as he looked down her shirt.

She walked right up to him, and he stumbled a step back doubtfully.

“You’re a strong looking man!” she said admiringly. “What’s your name, hombre?”

He grinned proudly and made a muscle, as several of the watchers jeered.

“Juan,” he said. “You want to feel my muscle, senorita?”

“She can feel my muscle any time,” one of the cops said soto voice behind her.

She grinned up at the man, who was well over six feet. “You wouldn’t hit me, would you, Juan?”

He frowned “No! No!” he said, more expressively. “Juan don’t hit no women!”

He wasn’t a bad looking guy, Kennedy thought, placing her hand against his bare chest. “You’re a strong man, Juan. But you don’t want to be wasting this fine night rolling around on the ground with the police. You should be back at your house with your woman.”

“You want to maybe come with me?” he asked with a drunken leer.

The thought of this goliath above her was more than a little exciting, but

Kennedy only smiled and took his hand. "I don't think your woman would like that," she said.

She was taking a gamble that he actually had a woman, of course, but a guy his size who looked like him usually did.

"No, she won't like eet," he said with a little giggle.

He lived nearby, which was also the usual story, and she gave him to one of his buddies who had been standing in the sidelines to see home. The two cops on the scene looked pleased, but Wildman was predictably irritated. If he didn't get to punch anyone the day was hardly worth living.

"Didn't I tell you to stay back?" he said as they got back into the blue and white.

"No, I don't think so. Maybe I didn't hear you on account of the crowd noise."

"One of these days you're gonna stick your tits into some guy's face who doesn't care you got em and he's gonna plough you one."

"Yeah, well, I got a knee too," she said, doing up the buttons again.

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El cabalo rapido was gaining favor among the trendy, which was sad, as it had been one of Kennedy's favorite clubs. But too high a percentage of its clientele were now lawyers, doctors, techies and Wall-street types. It was getting downright respectable, and there were too few down and dirty types.

Like her.

A part of her resented the couples, who looked very much like they were slumming. She was well aware of her own lack of formal education, though she had twenty two college course credits now, taken by correspondence from NYCU. She knew everyone thought that was second rate at best, though. These were the ones who'd gone to Columbia and Harvard, to Princeton and the other Ivy league schools. They were all bright and rich, and self confident, and she felt like they were intruders on her turf. The men were too feminine and the women too obsessed with themselves.

She was wearing a little red dress. It was tight around her thighs, loose around her arms, with wide sleeves, and cut down the front almost to her belly button. A silver black clip held the front together between her breasts, but there was a little of open skin there which gave tantalizing flashes of skin and breast as she moved.

Kennedy wasn't entirely sure why she'd come tonight. Was she looking for a big Hispanic guy like the one she'd seen earlier that evening?

A part of her was looking for something more meaningful than the hot, fast sex from the two cops whose names she didn't even know. Another part of her was looking for more of the same. And all of her was looking for fun and dancing.

She danced with several of the rich boys, and with a number of the Hispanics. Some of them pawed her, but she didn't mind as long as they weren't too brazen. All of them wanted her to go back somewhere or other with them, but nothing about them really caught her imagination, and all she wanted to do was dance away the early morning hours in the dark, steamy, noisy club.

A hairy Columbian guy got her into a corner and slipped his arm through the opening in the front of her dress. He sufficiently mean and forceful, shoving her back against the wall when she sought to pull away, that she found him mildly exciting as his hand roughly kneaded her breast beneath the dress. But he also smelled bad and had bad breath. She twisted his wrist free in a move that sent him stumbling back, blew him a kiss, and moved off deeper into the club in search of men.

Real men, tall, powerful men who could dominate her, could use her, could treat her like a whore - when she wanted it.

“Get her to go with you, Aban, and we'll all fuck the little whore.”

The words were said in Arabic, and she turned to see three Arabic men talking with a slender blonde. The blonde was playing the coquet with one of them, but the other two were leaning against the bar looking over his shoulder, sipping their drinks.

They had the typical swagger of Arab men in discos and bars, the typical in-your-face arrogance which said they were Allah's gift to women, and that western women were whores for the plucking. Their skinny bodies and hairy

chests - shirts open to the waist, gold chains dangling, did not interest her and never really had.

Nor did their attitudes. It was one thing to want a man who would dominate in bed and quite another to deal with men who had contempt for women. The one with the girl distracted her and another leaned in and dropped something into her drink as it sat on the bar.

Kennedy didn't care, really. The girl ought to know what Arab men were like but she wandered over anyway, feeling bitchy. She took the glass out of the surprised blonde's hand, then in a quick movement gripped the wrist of the man she was with, twisted his arm and forced it up, ramming his face against the bar.

The others looked at her in shock and Kennedy smiled, holding the glass before the man's mouth.

"Drink it," she said.

"What the fuck you think you're doing, bitch!?" one of the other men demanded, starting forward.

"I'm a cop," Kennedy said, eyes glittering. "You have two choices. Either he drinks this, or I'm going to arrest all three of you and have it taken to a lab and analyzed."

"But that's my drink," the blonde said stupidly.

"Drink it, asshole," she ordered the Arab.

"We go now," one of the others said nervously.

"Intu sharammeet," she replied, widening his eyes.

She had called them a pack of male prostitutes, which was common, if deadly insult.

She twisted the man's arm further and he cried out. There was a tattoo on his upper bicep, in flowing Arabic script.

"Drink or go to jail. I have no more patience for vermin," she said coldly.

He whimpered in pain, then drank as the others - and two beefy bouncers who had wandered over looked on.

Kennedy looked at one of the bouncers. They knew who she was, and appeared amused.

“Find out what’s in his pockets,” she said, nodding at the one who had tampered with the girl’s drink.

The big bouncer grinned. He simply ripped open the pockets on the Arab’s tight black trousers. Money, keys, a condom, and a small bottle of pills spilled out. The other bouncer, apparently inspired, did the same to the other man.

The first bouncer handed Kennedy the pills and she glanced at them a moment before tossing them to the big-busted bartender, who had also wandered over.

“Get rid of them,” Kennedy said tiredly, letting the Arab man loose.

She wandered away as the blonde stared around her. The bartender said something in Spanish, and there were yells from the Arabs. Kennedy turned briefly to see the bouncers finish tearing off the tight black trousers on all three men. Two wore tiny bikini underwear, the third a thong. The crowd which had gathered around jeered and shouted insults as the men were literally kicked across the floor and out the door, scrambling and yelling and trying to protect their groins from the crowd.

## Chapter Seven

Kennedy looked around, turned, and literally ran into a guy, who reached out and took her shoulders. He was big: six and a half feet, with broad shoulders. He had curly blonde hair and a fringe of beard over a square jaw. He also had terrific eyes, she thought as his big hands held her biceps and pulled her up towards him.

He kissed her without asking, and she let him. She always played submissive, at first. That fooled most men into thinking she'd let them do whatever they wanted. They didn't realize they were auditioning, and how far she let them go depended on what impression they made.

He was making a good one.

He knew how to kiss, knew it very, very well. His hands pulled her up against him and then his hands slid around her and down onto her ass. He didn't squeeze too hard, but kneaded her buttocks possessively, arrogantly, as if he had every right to have his hands there. He squeezed her up against him as he kissed, his tongue circling the inside of her mouth, darting in to work against her own as her hands slid up his chest and over his shoulders.

"You're a mean little bitch, aren't you," he said.

"So?" she replied challengingly.

His name was Matthew Singer, and five minutes later he was pulling her into the mens room.

She gasped at the speed of it all, at the energy in him, the steely determination as he yanked her into the room. There were two men at the urinals, and one turned around, startled, his mouth open to protest. But by then Singer had pulled her into an open stall and closed it behind her.

"But - ."

His hands yanked her dress up and off in a single, fluid movement that left her staggering back naked, and jammed it on the hook behind her. Then she was gasping as her bottom was shoved back hard against the cold side of the stall, his heavy body crushing her there, his lips on hers, his hands digging into her buttocks as he dry humped her.

She curled a leg up around him, gasping into his mouth, moaning as the bulge in his tight leather pants rubbed against her open sex. His big fingers were digging into her buttocks and upper thighs as he jerked her leg higher. She gasped, dancing on one foot, crushed back against the corner of the stall now as he ground against her open sex.

He stepped back and she staggered as a hand behind the head jerked her forward so she almost fell into the toilet. She grasped the tank behind it as he spread her legs. And then he was in her, driving deep, grasping her hips as he began to do her right there, his cock sliding through the soft moist heat of her belly as he yanked her thighs wider.

She cursed dazedly as his hips beat a tattoo off her backside, her head bobbing and shaking above the toilet as he rode her hard and fast.

Okay. Now THIS was nasty!

The men around them certainly knew what was going on, but no one said anything as his hips slapped against her buttocks and his prick thrust deep into her with every stroke. She was struggling to keep her voice still, to make no more noise, to draw no more attention to herself even as people moved about outside the little stall.

She gasped and let out a cry anyway as he yanked back on her hair and then grabbed her right breast in a tight grip, squeezing roughly and repeatedly.

He yanked back harder, his hands grasping her arms, and slid past her, sitting down on the toilet and pulling her forward to straddle him and sit in his lap. His mouth was on hers again, his hands pulling her body in against him, racing up and down over her back, then down onto her buttocks again.

She was straddling him, gasping for breath, hearing the sound of water taps running, toilets flushing, and the murmur of male voices as his lips crushed hers and his hands moved through her thick dark hair.

Okay. Now this was even nastier!

She slid her hands over his shoulder, behind his head, grinding herself against his lap in a way she had long perfected as his hands caressed her smooth, pale back and then slid down onto her ass to squeeze her tightly against him.

Her hands caressed his chest, yanked his t-shirt up to bare it, and moved against his hot skin as their lips and tongues continued to dance together. Then her fingers were nimbly undoing his belt and popping open his leather pants, jerking down the zipper, and wrapping around his stiffening prick as she drew it out into the air.

She gasped as he yanked back on her hair, arching her back as he drew her chest forward and mouthed her left breast. He sucked at her nipple, his tongue swirling and lapping at it as his teeth bit into the flesh surrounding it.

Kennedy was still grinding herself against him, and her hands drew his cock up against her narrow, sweating slit and jammed it against her opening. She shook off his hand, leaned in, and sank down on his prick as his hands slid down her back and he again mouthed her breast, this time the other one.

She kicked off her high heels, wanting to feel the bare cold tiles against her toes as she began to rise up and down. Her pussy was still sore from last night, so she winced a little in pain, but pain had never been a big problem to her during sex, and the increased sensitivity only made her more excited.

His hands got under her ass, then, and he began to lift her up and down, increasing the speed of her movements as she rode him. His cock felt good inside her, hot and hard and slick as she rode up and down its length. She squeezed down on her pubic muscles each time she rose, trying to twist her hips and grind herself to change the angle a little.

And all the while their mouths were ravishing each other, tongues swirling, teeth nibbling, lips sliding and caressing, so they appeared to be feeding at each other mouth. Now she was the one trying to slow things down but he was bouncing her up and down until the world seemed to bounce and shake around her.

And then it did.

There was a great roaring sound and the whole world seemed to collapse into a

strange numbed sense of upside down darkness.

Her head hurt.

She groaned weakly, crushed by something heavy. There were no lights, and she blinked against dust and dirt in the air. She could hear a cry of pain not very far off, then more cries a little further.

“What the fuck... “

She felt movement beside her, and then whatever was on top of her was lifted up a little. She heard Singer grunt, and then she pushed up herself against... against - what felt like the wall of the stall. It had collapsed. The whole group of stalls had collapsed, in fact, like dominoes falling sideways under a weight. The weight seemed to be the roof of the club, and now she could hear more cries and shouts in the near darkness.

Singer grunted again and more of the weight pushed off. It was high enough for Kennedy to get to her knees and help push. She put her shoulders against something large, flat and black and heaved, and Singer rose behind her as they climbed through a mass of rubble and emerged at the side of the club next to the parking lot.

“Holy shit,” she gasped.

“What the fuck happened?” he demanded.

“The roof fucking fell in,” she said, staring around at the heaps of rubble around them, then up at the open side of the building. “Well, part of it,” she amended.

“It would have to be the part on top of us,” he said in disgust.

“I have no fucking clothes,” she said, seeing the movement of people against the street lights.

“I don’t see that as a problem, myself.”

She punched him and he grunted in pain.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here anyway. There’s my car,” he said.

“I don’t even have any fucking shoes,” she complained.

He grunted again and lifted her up, then heaved her across his shoulder.

“Hey!”

“Just be a minute,” he said, as he climbed out of the rubble, an arm around her thighs to keep her in place.

But when they reached the parking lot and he started across he kept her where she was and she started kicking. “Put me down!” she hissed.

“There’s shit all over the parking lot and you got no shoes,” he said.

Which made perfect sense, even if being carried around with her ass in the air was undignified. And then they were at the side of his car, and since he had retained his pants he unlocked it and eased her inside.

“You could give me your shirt,” she complained.

“Yeah, I could.”

He didn’t, though, as he closed the door and moved around to the driver’s side.

It occurred to Kennedy that as a cop she ought to be doing something back there, but she wasn’t going to attempt it without clothes.

“Where are we going?”

“My place.”

“I need some clothes.”

“I’m sure I can find something for you to wear,” he said, turning his head and grinning. “But I ain’t in no hurry.”

“Hey, the fucking roof fell on us and you’re still horny!?”

“Well, it hardly hurt at all.”

“People were maybe killed back there!”

“People die every day in this city. As long as I ain’t one of them I’m okay with it.”

She rubbed her head.

“Head hurt?”

She glowered at him and took her hand down. “Just a little bump,” she said, looking around. “When I saw you in the club you didn’t look rich.”

They were in his apartment, a huge, fourth floor loft on the waterfront they’d reached by an old fashioned hand operated elevator - a private elevator. It was one big room, with areas cordoned off mainly by furniture, or in the case of the kitchen by an island and counter. The kitchen alone was easily twice the size of her apartment. The gleaming lights of the Manhattan Bridge were visible out of a window which probably measured about ten feet by ten. And it was one of three windows of the same size facing the river.

This was a multi-million dollar apartment, and Kennedy was impressed as she walked slowly around, examining it.

“I think we could both use a drink,” he said, going into the kitchen.

There was a large fireplace on the wall with a gathering of sofas, tables and chairs around it. The king sized bed was on an elevated pedestal surrounded by armoires and dressers, with another fireplace against the wall. There was a large office area to one side, a wall of bookshelves fifteen feet high, and, when she walked around a row of lower bookshelves, she found the entrance to the bathroom, with an enormous sunken roman tub, a shower which could have held a dozen people, and a long, marble counter with a double sink.

“I believe you were drinking rum at the club,” he said.

She turned and idly took the glass from him as she looked up.

“I still don’t have any clothes.”

“I noticed,” he said with a faint smile, sipping at his drink.

She snorted and sipped at hers. It was very good rum.

“So, you inherited big or what?”

“Or what,” he said, taking her arm and guiding her to what she thought of as the “living room area”.

It felt weird walking across the room naked, but kind of titillating, as well. And Kennedy was, as always, quite comfortable in her skin.

“You’re not a drug dealer, are you?”

“Perish the thought. Filthy things, drugs. Never touch `em.”

He reached over and cupped her breast. Kennedy allowed it, but raised an eyebrow. “The roof just fell on us. Probably a lot of people were hurt.”

He squeezed her breast gently. “People get hurt all the time. Sad, but that’s life. No doubt someone just got hit by a car in Brooklyn and someone else just perished in a house fire in Queens.”

His hand slid down between her legs, cupping and rubbing against her bare sex.

“People are starving in Bangladesh, being beaten in China, tortured in North Korea, and beheaded in Iraq.”

He let his index finger push slowly through the soft folds of her sex and rub gently against her clit.

“Sad, but that’s life. I’m all right, though. And so are you.”

“You’re not the world’s most sensitive man, are you,” she said dryly.

He smiled broadly and curled his index finger inward to slide it through the mouth of her sex. Kennedy felt the first two knuckles slipping inside her as he continued to stroke her clit.

The man was strange. There was something dark about him, something capable of cruelty, something sociopathic. But he was handsome, very, very well built, rich, and – amusing. And exciting.

And he was right. Cops saw violence and death every other day. Even after a

year and a half she'd learned to distance herself from it and simply be glad it was happening to someone other than her. And that had made her more than a little cold by normal standards, as well.

She supposed she should make some kind of report, but what could she say? She had no idea what had happened or how, and didn't think the NYPD would want to know she was fucking a stranger in the mens room when it happened, and left because she was naked and couldn't find any clothes.

She let out a small gasp as he forced a second finger through her sex lips. He had a big hand, and pushed it deeper beneath her. The arm leading to that hand was large and muscular, and she felt a quivering within her lower belly. There was strength of character, a determination in the big man that turned her on, that pushed her back on her mental heels as she subconsciously willed him to take over, to take her, to use her as she felt a true man should use her.

He didn't disappoint her.

She pushed his hand back testingly, crossing her legs. His smile turned into a frown, and he gripped her left leg above the knee, his big hand encircling it – and yanked her leg up and open, turning towards her as he gripped her other leg, pulling sharply so she slid downward on the sofa.

And that quickly he was atop her, between her legs, her head and shoulders jammed against the corner of the sofa as she looked up at into his eyes. Then his lips were crushing hers as his hands raced over her body. She tried resisting him, not because she wanted to, but to provoke him, and he slapped her hands back, gripping her hair and yanking her head back to draw a gasp of pain from her open mouth.

His right hand gripped her left leg behind the knee, forcing it up and back against the back of the sofa. He pinned it there with his shoulder as he quickly tugged down his zipper and pulled out his cock. It was hard and thick, dark with hunger as he pushed it against the mouth of her open sex and then sank himself into her.

He didn't ram into her, but nor was he slow and gentle. He gripped her leg again, forcing it back harder, sank himself deep, and then began pumping in short, sharp strokes that had her gasping and the blood pounding in her ears.

He tore her head back further and bit into the nape of her neck, growling as his teeth sank into her soft flesh. Kennedy shuddered and bucked against him, legs jerking and spasming as she sank her fingers into his own hair and waves of heat rolled over her.

His thrusts grew faster and harder, and now he was ramming himself into her, his big cock like a velvet spike as he forced it up through the soft, moist folds of her sex in violent thrusts that hurt, but sent her body into sexual spasms.

Then, gasping, he tore his lips from hers, thrusting still harder, griping her body in steel claws as he lost all restraint and pounded into her. Kennedy was half on her side now, her right leg pinned beneath him as he knelt atop her, left leg forced up against the sofa back so that her thigh jammed against her ear. He hammer himself into her, both of them gasping and grunting as their sexual heat rose.

His left hand pawed roughly at her breasts, then as she reached for him, slapped her hands away, going around her throat, forcing her down and back, squeezing tightly enough to make it difficult to breath.

A sexual maelstrom was sweeping through Kennedy, her eyes glassy and slitted, her body spasming and jerking, her insides a whirling sexual cauldron that spun off mini-orgasms to better at her mind and get her muscles spasming. Then the first big climax hit her and she shuddered and jerked as convulsions wracked her crushed body. Her head thrashed and rolled as the roar of pleasure overwhelmed her mind.

And still he pounded against her, crushing her, ramming into her, battering her slender young body with his powerful frame. He pulled back with a gasp, spinning her, rolling her onto her belly. Kennedy's left leg fell off the edge of the sofa, her knee on the floor, her other leg forced wide. Now he was behind her, one foot on the floor, leg straight, the other bent, knee jammed into the cushions as he purposefully send his thick spear of flesh ramming up into her with harsh, deliberate thrusts that had her crying out in pleasure and pain.

He gripped her hair, forcing her head back, his hips battering at her buttocks, his cock thrusting savagely into her body. Another orgasm ripped through her as she drooled onto the armrest of the sofa, eyes glazed, body trembling. And still he thrust.

He half collapsed atop her, biting at the side of her throat, his hips still grinding, still thrusting, still battering against her buttocks as his cock spewed inside her.

## Chapter Eight

The patrol car pulled into traffic and Wildman bitched about Chinamen taking over the world Kennedy popped gum and idly ran license plates through the computer.

It had been a couple of days, but she was still feeling a little bruised and sore, surprisingly sore, in many places. It wasn't just from rough sex, either. The walls of the toilet cubicle slamming against them as the roof collapsed had left their mark, too.

The roof had collapsed because of a bomb. The bomb placed against the wall of the nightclub in the parking lot. No one had any idea why. There was some talk of the owner being intimidated by street gangs or the mafia, but the mafia were rarely as brazen as to blow up an entire building full of people.

Not that the whole building had collapsed. The wall had been blown in and the roof on that side had collapsed from lack of support. Fortunately, that side of the building had mostly storerooms and the toilets. And the bomb was an odd one, though no one was really saying why. It had wasted most of its power on the open air and no one had been seriously hurt.

They drove through traffic and eyed the computer, for it was a slow day, at least in the Twenty Ninth Precinct. Then an assault call came through for them. When they pulled over they found themselves at a grocery store. Paramedics were already treating a barely conscious middle aged man with blood all over his face laid out in the vegetable section.

Apparently he had run into someone with his cart, and not particularly hard either, according to the witnesses; two elderly women who stared up at Kennedy as if she were the most fascinating creature they'd seen in years.

The attack wasn't recorded on video, but there was a camera watching everyone enter and leave, and the women watched the video with them and identified their suspect.

“Shopping aisle rage,” Kennedy said in amusement as they headed outside.

“Just another idiot who can’t control himself,” Wildman growled.

She grabbed his arm as he started to head around the car, and pulled him back.

“You mean like someone on steroids,” she asked, nodding her head towards the gym across the street just up the block.

“Maybe.”

“Wasn’t there a PowerHouse Fitness T-shirt on that guy?”

“Was there?”

“There was,” she said.

He shrugged, but when they pulled away from the curb it was to do a U-turn and pull up in front of PowerHouse Fitness.

“You’d think someone would be smarter than to pound a guy a half block from where he works wearing the company T-shirt,” she mused as they pushed through the doors.

“People is stupid. You should know that by now.”

She waved off the girl at the desk as they wandered into the gym and had a look around.

“They sure is,” she said, pointing.

Wildman shook his head, and they walked across the room to where a large, muscular young man was flexing his muscles and showing off to a cute blonde on a weight machine. He scowled when he saw them approach.

“I was just saying to my partner how stupid it would be to assault someone half a block from where I worked while wearing my company logo on my chest,” she said to him. “He was saying that there’s no account for how stupid people can be. What do you think of that?”

“What’s yer name, tough guy?” Wildman demanded.

The guy was maybe Kennedy's age, and put up a brave front for about ten seconds, then sagged like a popped balloon and turned to whining. By the time they were leading him across the room in handcuffs she was afraid he was going to burst into tears

They drove him back to the precinct, then headed out again. Wildman soon pulled the car to the curb where he thought too many hookers were congregating, and gave them a nasty look through the windshield. The girls split up and moved off, and after a minute he pulled back into traffic.

"Cock-Sucker!" he snarled as the car braked and lurched suddenly to the right.

Kennedy raised her eyes to see a brown Mazda in front of them.

"Cocksucker! There's more cocksucking foreigners in this cocksucking town than you can shake a cocksucking stick at!" Wildman snarled as he reached forward and turned on the lights.

"What's wrong with being a cock sucker?" she asked, her face a mask of innocence.

He turned and gaped at her, mouth open, and paused, at a loss for words. Then he scowled. "Don't be a fuckin' smart ass, Neil!"

"Just asking," she said.

"Run the fucking plate," he ordered as the car ahead of them pulled over to the curb.

"Yes, sir," she said with mock respect.

The Impala pulled in behind the Toyota as her fingers punched in the numbers, and Wildman, muttering about fucking foreigners and smart-assed little girls, snatched his hat and clipboard and shoved open the door. The computer came back as nothing special, and Kennedy opened her door and got out, too, making a bit of a face as she looked at the tinted rear window of the Mazda.

She didn't like tinted windows, and though she'd been on the job long enough by now not to get excited every time they pulled someone over, she put her hand on the butt of her Glock anyway, and let her finger slip the safety off. It was only

because her hand was actually on the butt of the gun when the shotgun went off and sent Wildman flying backwards that she was able to yank it out of its holster so fast. In fact, she didn't even remember pulling it. Her fingers snapped closed and her hand jerked up in a shocked reaction that had no thought behind it.

And when the right side rear window hissed down and some guy started to push a long barreled weapon out she fired with just as little thought.

The Mazda's tires squealed as it started to pull away, its ass end swinging wide as it pulled away from the curb. The rear window had disintegrated as Kennedy fired the seventeen round clip as fast as her finger could pull the trigger, and she could see shadowy figures inside.

The car shot forward and sideways, sideswiped a pair of parked cars on the other side of the road and swerved back into the middle of the road. Kennedy's right hand had followed it as though locked in place, finger spasming on the trigger, and her mind was still on autopilot as the car swerved the other way again and hit a wall a hundred feet from where Wildman lay

And stopped.

With a practiced movement she ejected the spent magazine and shoved another in place even as she ran forward along the sidewalk. There were parked cars on both sides of the otherwise empty street. She kept the ones on her side between her and the car, bent over the hood of a Buick, and emptied the second magazine into the car as steam drifted lazily up from the hood.

She put nine shots into the front door, and six more into the rear before dropping her second magazine and popping in a third.

Thirty seconds had passed. Her mind was starting to function at something less than hyper speed. Keeping the Glock aimed at the dead car, ready to fire at the first sign of movement, she used her left hand to click the talk button on the microphone attached to her shoulder three times fast, then tilted it towards her mouth.

"10-13, 10-13," she said, amazed, even as she spoke, at how calm she sounded. "Officer down, shots fired. Three hundred block of F Street."

She didn't hear what they said in return. She had tuned out most of the world,

her attention focused on the Mazda jammed against the brick wall across from her. A part of her could hear sirens – very quickly a lot of sirens, but she had both hands steadying the Glock and waiting for a head to pop up over the top of one of the doors. She was resisting the strong urge to go forward and peer in herself, knowing what an easy target she'd be if anyone was still up to firing off a round or two. She was also resisting firing off her third magazine. It was her last, and besides, someone was bound to be watching now.

Nothing showed. All the windows of the Mazda were gone, and the doors were full of holes. The sirens were wailing all around her, the sounds echoing off the concrete buildings, but the street was still empty and eerily quiet.

Her heart was starting to beat slower now, and the world was coming into better focus. She had no desire to go over and peer into the windows of the Mazda as smoke drifted lazily up from under its hood. She was quite comfortable where she was.

The first blue and white squealed to a halt, lights spinning. The second was five seconds behind. Suddenly the whole street was lit up with strobing red and white lights and cops with shotguns extended were moving slowly up on the Mazda. The first one who peered over seemed to relax, and then the doors were being pried open and four skinny Hispanic bodies were being dragged out and thrown ungently onto the pavement.

It was only at that point Kennedy could relax, straighten, and put her gun numbly back into its holster. Wildman was surrounded by cops, and the paramedics were already pulling up. She wandered over to find him, surprisingly, still alive, and already starting to bitch and complain.

The front of his uniform was torn to pieces by the shotgun, but the vest underneath had protected him. It hadn't kept the sheer force of the blast away, though, and he was gasping for breath, no doubt with at least a few cracked and broken ribs now.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seemed to bother them that it didn't bother her. She had killed four people in the Mazda, something of a record, even for the NYPD. But she didn't feel a hint of remorse. She felt – energized, excited, like she'd just won a big game. She

tried to tone down that attitude, however, when she realized they were looking at her strangely. She acted more subdued, answered the questions, ran through everything she did again and again, promised to see the psychologist about the “trauma” they were sure she was going to have, and then was ordered to take the week off.

That was the most annoying. True, it was a week off with pay which didn’t apply against her regular leave. It was a holiday, in a sense. But they were giving it to her because they assumed she was all broken up about things. And she just wasn’t. That cold, analytical mind of hers said the world was better off with the scumbags dead, and she felt no remorse whatever.

Predictably, the investigation into her shooting green-lighted her actions, and the captain told her he had put her in for a commendation.

It had been explained to her, somewhat diplomatically, that it would not be considered good publicity for the force if she were to be pictured out partying at a local nightclub – something she was well-known for. So there was nothing much to do but hang around her apartment and wait to go back to work. And, as always, she felt claustrophobic after too long inside. That had nothing to do with the size of her apartment, and everything to do with her hyperactive nature.

She went jogging, but only the six blocks needed to get to a track, where she could run. Jogging was simply too sedate, and she sprinted around the track, feeling her muscles loosening as she stretched out and let herself fly. She’d been on the track team at school and had been encouraged by teachers to try out for a scholarship, but hadn’t been willing to put the hours of practice in.

She used the jog back to cool down, then, once inside her apartment, she stripped off the shorts and top and, wearing just a tiny black thong and sports bra she was raising herself again and again on her chin-up bar, in a slow, steady, deliberate manner which had her arm muscles burning and her heart pumping.

The bar was one of those perfect adaptations for a tiny apartment. It was fastened to the wall under the loft, just at the entranceway which divided the “main room” from the kitchenette and doorway under the loft. It folded up and back when not in use, hardly noticeable, and then pulled down and out to lay horizontal.

She shifted her grip on the bar and lifted herself up again, then forced herself

higher, letting the bar slide past her shoulders, grunting as she forced herself up. The bar slid down her breasts, squeezing them back against her ribs, then under, along her belly, until she was holding herself up, arms straight down, head almost touching the roof above.

She slid back down again, letting her toes touch the floor, then pulled herself up once more, all the way. With a sudden move, she pulled her legs up, bent her knees, thrust her legs up over the bar, curled them down, and then fell straight upside down, her legs curled across the bar.

Her hands dropped below her for a moment, then they rose and she clasped her fingers behind her neck as she began to do upside down sit-ups, working her abdominal muscles. She was sweating heavily now, gasping for breath as she grunted with effort, the blood running to her head.

When she was finished, she peeled off her thong and bra and tossed them into the corner as she went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. She kept it cool, at first. She was overheated, panting. It was a small shower, no tub. She stood under it as the water poured over her, her chest still heaving, letting the heat dissipate. As it did, she turned the heat up and soaped up, then rinsed and reached for the shampoo.

She caught the shadow on the glass out of the corner of her eye as the door was yanked back so hard the metal frame slammed against the wall. She whirled as the man came through, tall, heavy, and muscular, he slammed her against the wall hard, and the air whoofed out of her lungs.

He was as naked as she was, and his arms pulled her against him hard. Cheryl gasped as he seized her hair and yanked her head back. Her cry of pain was muffled by his mouth as it crushed hers, his tongue shooting into her mouth as she squirmed nakedly against him and tried to pull her mouth free.

She tried to bring her knee up into his groin but he twisted his lower body aside, his hands shooting down, gripping her tight ass, lifting her physically off the floor and spreading her legs in so doing. Then he slammed her back against the wall as she gasped in shock and pain, and let her drop back to the floor. His hands raced over her body as she gasped dazedly, and his mouth was eating at her throat, at her lips, a low growl escaping him.

A heel to his instep made him cry out in pain and stumble back, and Kennedy

staggered past and out of the open shower. But he was on her in a second, his weight sending her into the counter, which hit her hips hard. He gripped her hair from behind, jammed her face into the wall behind the counter and slapped her bottom, the wet skin making a loud crack of noise as he forced her legs aside with his knees.

His cock was big, hard, and ready, and Kennedy gasped as it split her sex open and rammed up inside her. She was wet, slick, but tight, and he was thick and long. He gripped her thighs in large, strong hands, forced them wider, and began to pound into her in savage thrusts that had her entire body shaking violently.

She tried to straighten and he grabbed her hair again, forcing her head back, but her upper torso down against the counter. He leaned in atop her, biting at the nape of her neck, a hand thrusting under her chest to roughly grope and squeeze her breast.

Kennedy gasped and grunted with every hard, penetrating thrust, feeling his big cock stab deep into her belly.

He pulled her hair harder still, easing the pressure on her back, letting her rise up so he could grip both her breasts. An elbow slammed into his belly and he gasped, his hold on her loosening enough for her to twist around to face him. But his heavy body bore her back onto the counter as he found her opening and thrust into her again.

It was a narrow counter, and Kennedy's back was jammed against the wall as he thrust his hips forward. He yanked at her legs, lifting them up and apart, sliding her downwards, giving him a better angle. Her hands thrust up and out and grabbed his ears, then pulled his lips down hard against her as she thrust her tongue into his mouth.

She slid further down the wall, her legs curling up around his waist, her ankles crossing behind him as he continued to pound his hips into her. She shuddered and groaned and gasped as his cock drove into her again and again, and used her powerful thigh muscles to ride upwards against him.

It was a mad, frenzied coupling that hurt, but hurt in a wild, electric, shocking way that had her blood racing through her body and passion burning in her soul.

His hands cupped her ass tightly, jerking her up with greater force, faster, harder,

both of them gasping and grunting as he leaned in harder and crushed her against the wall.

The orgasm spiraled up out of nowhere, tearing through her vitals and making her cry out as it welled up within her chest and tore through her mind and body. Kennedy's muscles spasmed and went rubbery, her head arching back as she shuddered and bucked in convulsive pleasure. Her cunt burned and squeezed on his hard prick, the nose punching into her cervix again and again, adding sharp thumping pains to the wildfire pleasure tearing through her.

The orgasm faded, leaving her gasping, drained, panting for breath, her muscles weak, her mind dazed, her jaw slack, but he kept pounding – pounding – pounding, as she moaned weakly. Then the second orgasm arrived, and she shuddered and bucked, her head rolling and thrashing against the wall as the power ripped up and down her spine.

She went limp after that, chest heaving. Her legs fell down and he backed up, quick, fast, gripping her tightly, flipping her over. She let out a dazed cry as her feet fell to the floor, and then he was spreading her apart and thrusting up into her again, into her hot, sore, swollen sex. He gripped her hair, forcing her head back, and pounded into her again, slowing, but changing angle, changing direction.

He drew his cock out until only the tip was inside then threw himself against her. She grunted in pain. He drew back again, held, and thrust himself into her again, hard, deep, grinding his pelvis against her taut buttocks. Again and again he drew slowly back, held still, then stabbed himself into her, using his cock almost like a weapon, piercing her deeply, drawing another gasp or grunt or cry from the dazed young woman.

He loved the idea of conquering her. He felt like he had. He knew he hadn't. But he could pretend, ramming his cock into her again and again and again until he could no longer stand the pace and began to pound her once more.

Kennedy came a final time, her features drawn back into a rictus of pain and pleasure as she felt him coming as well, as she heard the short, ragged gasps she was familiar with and felt his nails tighten around her thighs. Then he collapsed atop her, gasping as strongly as she was, barely able to stand.

He staggered back and fell onto the toilet with a groan.

Kennedy stood, slumped, bent over the counter, panting, then slowly pushed herself upright and turned, half sitting on the edge of the counter as she stared at him.

“Bastard,” she panted.

“Slut,” he replied.

“I didn’t know you were even in town.”

“I just flew in an hour ago.”

“And thought you’d stretch your legs.”

“Or something.”

“M-Maybe you should warn a girl next time.”

“What fun would that be?” he said, still panting.

She stepped back into the shower and let the water soak her and rinse her off, then stepped out as he grinned lazily at her and watched her towel dry.

“Want a drink?” she asked.

He nodded and stepped past her into the shower. When he came out the little Japanese robe was folded around her and a rum and coke was sitting on the table. He put on a large, terrycloth robe and joined her.

David Ross was six foot three and built like a linebacker. Kennedy really only got turned on by men who were large and muscular, who could be physically overpowering. They’d met at a class at NYCU he was taking when he was attached to the New York office of the FBI. Now he was in Washington working with Counter Terrorism. He’d had a neatly trimmed beard then, but had dropped it. His face looked younger now, though he still had the strong jaw and startling blue eyes.

“So what brings you to New York? I thought you liked it in Washington.”

“That bomb that went off in the club the other day.”

She blinked in surprise and felt an instant wariness.

“I thought that was a small time gang thing.”

“Small time gangs don’t use Chinese detonators to blow things up. How much do you know about the bombing?”

“Not much,” she said carefully.

“We think it was unplanned, a spontaneous reaction to some Arab men being kicked out of the club a little earlier.”

“You think they already had this stuff in their car?”

“And the explosive used was Chinese, as well, very powerful, but an odd size.”

“Huh?”

“It was a version of tetrytol used mainly for large demolition work, and the NYPD has decided from the power that about a pound was used. The thing is, they don’t come in pound sized chunks. The Chinese make them in fifty foot strips for large scale demolition work. What we think happened is someone cut off a chunk. So the obvious question is - .”

“Where’s the rest?”

“Yeah.”

“You think these Arab guys had a fifty foot strip and got made after being kicked out and - .”

“Decided to teach the club a lesson. But they obviously didn’t know their explosive very well, or placed it against the only wall available without knowing there were mainly store rooms there. Unfortunately, the explosion also wiped out the room where the club’s surveillance tapes and VCRs were kept so we have no video of these guys, just an assortment of descriptions which mostly add up to shit.”

Kennedy stared at him. Did he know? Did he not know? Was he testing her? Did the NYPD know? She’d scanned the tabloids and thought they were honest, that

it was a minor dustup with nothing to do with her. But if it was something which involved the Arabs she'd manhandled, and it was going to be investigated this intensively, there was no real way for her to keep herself hidden. The bouncers knew she was a cop, and it wouldn't take long looking through pictures of young, female, Caucasian cops before they'd have her identified.

Her mind raced as she considered the best way to come forward with the least punishment. They were going to be pissed, no matter what, but if they found out what she'd been doing during the explosion it would be far worse.

So how to explain herself.

Had they found her dress? Probably. And had the bouncers described the way the woman who had confronted the Arabs were dressed? Certainly.

Shit.

"Tell me about the argument that got them kicked out?" she said in a neutral voice.

He smiled and she looked back. He continued to smile, and she knew he knew.

She looked at him for a minute. "I was a little drunk that night."

"I figured."

"How much do the cops know?"

"They've got those two bouncers looking through mug shots. But the NYPD doesn't segregate its police photos by race or gender."

"Really?"

"No, or age. So it's going to take a while. There's about forty thousand of them."

"But you figured it was me."

"From the description, if not the attitude, it almost had to be. If the cops on the investigation knew you they'd have been here already. They can't be far behind. I saw your picture in the paper today."

She stared at him.

“In the Post. So it won’t be too long before the bouncers see it. You shooting those gang members was a big story. If they weren’t so busy with the aftermath of the bombing and investigation one of them would have seen it and recognized you already.”

“What do you think I should do?”

He gave her a look.

“Okay, so what should I say when I go and see them?”

“You were drinking. So what. You were off-duty and your judgement was screwy. They’ll understand you not arresting those guys. They’ll be pissed anyway, though. If you had, and if their car or apartment or whatever had been searched - for more drugs, say, and we’d found the explosives, well, it would have saved a lot of trouble.”

If I hadn’t intervened they wouldn’t have a clue these people were even in town.

“There’s that,” he conceded.

She looked away for a minute. “How much do you think they know about this - girl?”

“They know she was a drop-dead gorgeous fox with dark hair, great tits and a nice ass.”

She smiled. “Great tits but only a nice ass?”

“They haven’t seen it like I have,” he said with a grin.

“What else?”

“I haven’t had time to read all the reports. Obviously they’ll be questioning everyone about the girl in the red dress, and you’re fairly noticeable, cupcake. The men, at least, will have seen you.”

She sighed and slumped lower. “I met a guy and went home with him. I’d kind

of like to keep him out of it.”

Dennis showed now sign of jealousy. Neither of them were under any illusions about their relationship. They were fuck-buddies, and little more. Neither was a romantic, and neither was the others idea of marriage material.

“They’ll want to know about him and interview him.”

“I don’t see how that can possibly add anything of value.”

“Me either. But they’ll want to anyway. You know that.”

She sighed.

“I’ll have to talk to him first and get our stories straight.”

He raised and eyebrow.

“I don’t want them to know... too much.”

“You mean like how you left your red dress behind in the mens room?”

She scowled at him and a slow smile spread across his face. “Slut.”

“Fuck you.”

“I’m guessing you two were caught in the act, and you scampered after the explosion. Is that basically it?”

She shrugged and nodded moodily.

“Well, hey, you’re young, healthy, single... no big deal.”

She gave him a scornful look.

“So a little embarrassing. And maybe some of them will think you’re a cheap slut. So?”

“I’d rather not have it on my record that I’m a cheap slut.”

“Could get you promoted faster.”

She sighed unhappily and upended her glass.

“You never care what people think of you anyway.”

“I know.”

“Slut.”

She made a face.

“Whore.”

Kennedy frowned at him and he grinned.

## Chapter Nine

“Nasty little tramp. Maybe you should be spanked or something, huh?”

“You think you’re man enough, Ross?”

“Yup,” he said with supreme confidence.

He finished his drink and leaned forward, grinning. But his eyes had a glint in them.

“Maybe if you’d had your ass tanned earlier in life you wouldn’t have turned out to be such an arrogant little punk,” he said. “Not to mention a cheap little whore who likes to suck mens dicks in mens rooms.”

Kennedy flushed angrily, but above the anger was a strange sense of dark arousal. She knew he didn’t mean it - exactly. But there was a truth in his words, as well. More, there was a dominance in his words, and it was stroking her hunger to be dominated, to be used violently and wildly by a powerful man.

“Fucking slut,” he said.

“Fuck you,” she replied, but without heat.

“Maybe I should question you more... deeply on what you were doing with those terrorists,” he said, standing.

Kennedy didn’t move, though her heart beat faster as she cocked her head back. He didn’t have to step far to be right in front of her, and with a quick movement his hand shot forward and caught her behind the head, gripping her hair. He pulled her forward, forcing her off the sofa and onto her knees on the floor.

Kennedy resisted only minimally as he pulled her to her feet and forced her head back. His other hand undid the belt of her robe and spread it apart to bare her body, then glided across her breasts, flicking her hard nipples. He tugged the robe back over her shoulders, twisted her around, and forced her right arm up behind her back.

She felt the steel of his handcuff close around her wrist, and drew her other hand back where he could grab it and snap the cuffs together. Then he forced her roughly to her knees, still holding her by the hair.

“Slut,” he said.

“Bastard,” she replied.

He unzipped and reached in for this cock. It came out hard and getting harder as he slapped it against her face.

“You want to suck my cock, bitch?” he demanded.

“No.”

He jerked her head back a little more sharply and she gasped in pain.

“You sure about that, slut?” he said, rubbing his cockhead across her mouth.

She didn't answer but didn't resist as he pushed his cock into her mouth. He shifted his grip on her hair, taking it in both hands, pulling her forward along his shaft.

“Suck cock, you cheap whore,” he growled.

The words were like fire on the bubbling sexual oil pouring through Kennedy's veins. She moaned around his thick prick as she began to lick at it. He pushed it deep, but not all the way, drawing back, pumping it firmly, in control.

Kennedy let her wrists pull against the cuffs, feeling a surging excitement at her helplessness as she rolled her tongue around his cock and coated it with slippery saliva.

She knew what was coming, and only a little anxiety gripped her as he pulled most of his cock out, then thrust it firmly - and fully - into her mouth. The head punched into her throat and she gagged briefly before it slid right down her throat, the shaft filling her, making her ache a little as she gurgled weakly.

Then her nose was jammed against his pants, jammed into his groin as he pulled hard, both hands on the back of her head, forcing every last inch down her

throat.

“Swallow that, slut. Swallow my cock, you dirty little whore,” he said, his voice growing a bit breathless.

He pumped his cock in and out, gripping her head, forcing her head to move in and out along his shaft as she gurgled weakly, letting him rape her throat and mouth, feeling a sizzling sex heat at his control of her.

He pulled out completely and Kennedy coughed and gasped for breath, then cried out as he forced her head back further and ran his hand over her breasts.

“Nasty little fuck toy,” he said. “Tell me what happened at the bar, fuck toy. Come on. Speak.”

“F-fuck you,” she panted.

He dragged her forward as he backed up, dragged her forward by the hair, forcing her to shuffle along on her knees. He sat down on a low chair and dragged Kennedy up across his lap, face down, bottom high, then cracked his hand down against her upraised bottom.

“Oww!”

“You’re going to tell me everything you know, slut,” he said.

“That stung!”

He slapped his hand down a second time, and again she yelped. Then his hand slid between her thighs, rubbing and squeezing her sex.

“Talk, slut.”

She didn’t, and he slapped her bottom again, once, twice, three times sharp and fast. Kennedy squealed, her legs kicking feebly, hands pulling against the cuffs.

He pulled her head up and back by the hair.

“Let me hear you admit you’re a fucking slut,” he said.

“I-I’m a fucking slut,” Kennedy gasped.

“You love to suck cock.”

“I love to suck cock!” she moaned.

His hand cracked down on her throbbing bottom again and she yelped in pain.

“Say it again.”

“I love to suck cock,” she gasped. “I’m a cock sucker!”

“You’re a cock sucking whore,” he said, slapping her bottom again.

“I’m a cock-sucking whore!’ she cried.

The words were doing strange things in Kennedy’s head, especially as her bottom throbbed and burned and he slapped his hand down on her three more times, fast and hard.

“Whose cock were you sucking at the club?” he demanded.

Kennedy didn’t answer, and his hand cracked down on her bottom three more times, then four as she squirmed and yelped and moaned in pain.

“Talk, slut.”

His big hand slid under her to grope her breast, squeezing roughly so she gasped, then seeking out her nipple to pinch, pluck and twist.

“Oww!”

“Gonna talk, slut? Gonna confess?”

He slapped her bottom again, three times, four, six, eight, ten so that the throbbing sting made her gasp and moan and sent heat shimmering through her entire lower body. The sharp sting of each blow was now echoing through her abdomen and making her pussy tremble and vibrate.

He shoved her off then, letting her tumble on the floor. He stood up over her and opened his belt, then slid it from the loops of his pants. He grinned evilly and bent, sliding the loop of the belt around her throat, pulling it closed and yanking her up to her knees.

Then he kicked off his shoes and socks, peeled off his shirt, and stripped out of his pants. Naked, he gripped the belt wrapped around her neck, pulling her up and forward, using it to yank her like a dog on a leash. He slapped his cock against her face again and called her a whore.

Then he hooked his thumbs inside her mouth, pulling her lips wide as he thrust his cock into her mouth. With his thumbs hooked against the insides of her cheeks, he held her in place as he fucked her face, then pulled her forward along his shaft as he slid down her throat.

With a groan, he pulled back, gripped her hair tightly, and came in her face. It was the first time anyone had done that to her, and Kennedy was a little shocked at first, a little angry at first, and then overwhelmed with a dark, sluttish hunger at the crudeness of how he was treating her and dominating her.

He flung her backwards then and she fell in a heap on the floor, chest heaving, gasping as he looked down at her, his cock flaccid.

She wanted more, though, and knew exactly how to get it. She grinned up at him as impudently as she could with his come spattering her face. “Didn’t tell you a thing, asshole,” she said.

He grinned back.

He licked his lips, and she licked hers, except there was come on her lips.

His eyes flicked around the room, then up towards the sleeping loft. Then he smiled and walked past the ladder and into the little kitchenette. Kennedy couldn’t see him for a minute, but she heard the sound of her small refrigerator opening and closing.

Then he was there in front of her, eyes filled with mischief, holding - a cucumber.

Kennedy’s stomach flipped a little.

The cucumber was big and thick and he had smeared something - butter, it looked like, all over the top half.

“Wh-what do you think you’re going to do with that?” she demanded.

He walked over to her and reached down. Kennedy tried to twist away, but he gripped her arm and yanked her up, forcing her to her knees, then held the cucumber onto the floor in front of her so the glistening buttery end was pointed up.

“Talk, slut. I know your hot little cunt loves having big hard things in it, but this might be a bit much even for you.”

“Fu-fuck you,’ she gasped.

He snickered, and gripped her hair, forcing her head back, her back to arch. Then, kneeling in front of her, he put his own knee forward, forcing her legs apart, forcing her body down. She gasped as she felt the fat nose of the cucumber jammed against her opening.

“Oh!’

It was cold and slippery, and her body jerked back, but he guided her back onto it, holding her knees wide so she was forced to sink. The cucumber was so wide, though, that it helped support her, at first. She tried to roll her hips away but he followed, keeping the cucumber pressed tight against her. And when her bottom sank a little the base of the cucumber held against the floor.

She gasped as she felt her sex opening spreading wide, stretching, aching.

Sexual heat flooded her mind as she felt herself penetrated, as he forced her down onto the cucumber and her opening was stretched wide. The cucumber pushed slowly up inside her as she sank lower, and inch after inch pushed up cold and hard, into her belly.

“B-bastard!”

“Take it all, slut,” he sneered.

It felt like she was! The thing was so cold and so hard! And it was going so deep! He could let go of the bottom now, for it was so deeply lodged inside her that it would not come out. He used his free hand to help spread her legs wider still, forcing her to sink lower on the cucumber.

She was full, utterly full! And now she began to ache deep within, at the bottom

of her tunnel, as the head of the cucumber jammed against her there. But it was a deep, throbbing ache which was only arousing her more.

“Jesus!” she gasped.

He stood up, but held her down, hands firm on her head and in her hair. He rubbed his prick over her face, smearing his semen against her skin. She gasped as he twisted her head back.

His words were cold now, cruel. “Suck my balls, slut!”

She obeyed, gasping, moaning, whimpering a little at the pain in her gut as she took his balls into her mouth, sucking and licking at them, massaging them against the insides of her cheeks as he twisted her head from side to side. He pushed his cock and both balls into her mouth and she sucked and licked and slurped. She could feel his cock pulse and throb as it began to harden again, and moaned as he drew back and rubbed his cock against her face again.

“What’s his name, slut?”

“M-Mark!” she gasped.

“Mark what?”

He pulled her mouth onto his cock, which was almost fully hard again, then, gripping her behind the head and around the throat, he jerked her in and out as he pumped his cock in her mouth.

He pulled back, rubbing his spit-wet cock over her face.

“The last name, slut.”

“S-singer,” she moaned, dazed by the heat and hunger engulfing her.

“And does he make you sing, Kennedy?”

He pushed her down and she let out a shudder as she felt something inside her belly give. Somehow the cucumber pushed in several more inches before coming up against something unyielding. She cried out when he pushed again, then as he threw her back on the floor.

He dropped to his knees and lifted her legs up, gripping them under the knees, then forcing them back against her torso. He grinned, pinning her ankles together, pushing them back over her head as he pushed his cock against her anal opening. He jammed against her hard, and his cockhead slid through. Then, as he began to work it deeper, he rubbed at her clit and pushed at the cucumber.

Please and pain rolled over her in waves, and Kennedy lay back on her arms, gasping, moaning, eyes glazed as he forced her legs back harder and jammed his cock deeper.

Then he was spreading her legs, gripping one in each thick fist, forcing them over her shoulders and down next to her ears. With her bottom raised up, her spine creaked, and he thrust his cock fully into her aching ass.

Kennedy was crushed beneath him, gasping hoarsely as he began to thrust in and out. The cucumber was still filling her pussy to overflowing, and every time he thrust in hard his pubic bone jammed against the part that stuck out, jabbing the inner part against something deep inside her in a dark, painful way.

She couldn't think or move or talk, but only experience as she stared up dazedly at him overhead, gasping and grunting at each deep thrust.

The orgasm swept over her and her cries grew in volume and passion to the point he put his hand over her mouth, his hips still cracking down hard against her upraised bottom as he rammed his cock into her with unrestrained hunger.

And then was finished, and Kennedy lay panting, dazed, eyes closed, body unfolded, back aching, the dildo throbbing deep inside her as he moved away. She hardly even noticed him coming back, and grunted weakly as he rolled her onto her belly. He spread her legs and she felt something against her anal opening.

He'd already sodomized her so hard and deep that he'd battered down her sphincter muscles. They were only just starting to come to life again when he forced the other cucumber up her ass.

It still wasn't easy. The cucumber was thicker and colder than him, and she began to squirm and twist as she felt it going in.

“Oh! No! Dennis! Don't! Oww! Ross! You bastard!”

He chuckled, easily holding her in place as he twisted the slipper cucumber back and forth and then thrust, jamming it ever deeper into her tight little ass.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kennedy was no stranger to bondage, and they both knew it. She didn't have a lot of "toys" but she did have some soft rope. Ross tied loops around the base of her breasts, pulling them in tight enough to force her breasts out into hard cones. Then he tied her knees wide apart as she knelt on the floor, so wide the base of the cucumbers was pressing against the floor.

Then he sat down facing her and had another drink as he grinned at her discomfort.

"Now tell me what happened," he said.

Panting, groaning, still breathing heavily, Kennedy told him about the incident, about the Arab men. She described him, her breath coming back to her despite the harsh, dull ache in her gut from the pressure of the two cucumbers.

"What was that name?" he demanded.

"Abar," she panted.

"Unusual name, even for an Arab. It's not the kind of name he'd be given if his parents were educated, if he was born in the city."

"He wasn't," she said, twisting slowly, gasping.

He'd recuffed her wrists so they were raised up between her shoulder blades, then bound her arms tightly at the elbows to keep them there. It ached, but like the ache in her belly, it was a dark, sensuous ache. Her clit was swollen and hot, feeling so raw and sensitive that a breeze could make her shudder.

"How do you know?"

"His... accent," she said. "And he had a tattoo."

"Ahhh, interesting. Peasants get tattoos. Bedouin get tattoos. Educated city people rarely do."

It was very hard to keep herself up with her knees held so far apart. The pressure of the cucumbers pressing against Kennedy's insides grew inexorably stronger, and she gasped and moaned and arched in sensual pain. Her breasts throbbed within their confinement, her nipples rock hard, tingling.

He leaned in and flicked on her vibrator and rolled the head across her swollen clit.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried, hips bucking at the overpowering sensations. "No!"

She flung herself backward, gasping, landing on her back, legs still spread wide as Ross chuckled down at her.

He pulled her back to her knees, then bound her hair in a cord and pulled it up towards the edge of the sleeping loft, binding her in place.

Then he started again. Her hips bucked, then spasmed violently as she arched and twisted her shoulders.

"No! Oh! Ungh! Oh!"

Her sex lips were spread painfully wide around the cucumber, and her hard little clit was jammed back against it as he rolled the vibrator across it. The sensation was overpowering, too much for her to bear.

He drew back a little.

"Say, I'm a cheap fucking whore," he said.

"I-I'm a ch-cheap, fucking wh-whore," she gasped.

"Again."

"I'm a cheap fucking whore," Kennedy panted.

"Again."

"Again!"

"Again!"

He rolled the vibrator across her clit. Her overstimulated little organ screamed, and made her scream. The sensations overwhelming, like an electric shock, causing her hips to buck frantically at the excruciating level of pleasure.

“Please!” she gasped breathlessly. “Please!”

Her hair was pulled harder as she sank lower, more of the cucumbers somehow sliding up into her belly. She could hardly believe how deep they were already.

He sat back and smiled, sipping his drink.

“I’m a cocksucking slut!” she gasped at his prodding. “I’m a two-bit whore who fucks for money! I love being fucked in the ass! I love being gang banged! Please fuck my face! Please fuck my ass! Please let me suck your cock!”

“Master!”

He added the word as an afterthought, but it almost pushed her over the edge, for some reason, not when he said it, but when she did. Even as the word left her lips she felt a surge of excitement and heat.

“Please rape me, master!” she panted dazedly. “Please fuck my filthy mouth with your beautiful cock!”

She sank lower and shuddered in pain, her insides threatening to tear open from the pressure of the two huge cucumbers, her guts aching as though she were impaled, her hair pulling harder as her breasts throbbed.

Ross played the vibrator across her nipples.

“Please,” she half sobbed. “Please!”

“Please what, slut?”

“Please let me come!”

But he was enjoying himself far too much. They had played at bondage before, but never to this extent, and he’d never gotten quite this response from her, never this level of submissiveness, this level of kinky heat and hunger.

He was fascinated by the sweating, panting, red faced beauty kneeling before him, and the obvious passion and hunger enveloping her. She was writhing and arching, gasping and moaning, shifting constantly to try to ease the pain inside her, the pull on her hair. He was not a man who liked to cause women pain, but he was intensely aroused by the sight in front of him.

Something sparked behind his eyes, and he stood up, walking back to the doorway. He knelt at the small closet and took out a pair of lace-up boots, then pulled the laces out of both. They were twenty inches long. Folded, they were ten, folded twice, they were five inches as he sat down in front of the gasping, panting beauty.

He swung his arm experimentally and the laces slashed across one of her straining breasts. They were very light-weight of course, but Kennedy hissed, arching back, shuddering. He swung again, harder, then continuous, slashing the laces across her breasts, across her rock-hard nipples as she began to gurgle and moan and shudder in pain and pleasure.

She was coming, and as she did she began to jerk up and down, plunging down upon the thick cucumbers, riding them hard, jamming them into the depths of her aching belly as her upper body twisted and writhed and thrashed and she cried out in dazed orgasmic release.

## Chapter Ten

“What!?”

Kennedy gave him a helpless look as Lieutenant Baxter stared at her across the desk.

“You’re telling me you were at the El cabalo rapido and never told anyone about it!?”

“I was kind of drunk at the time,” she said defensively.

“And the next morning!?”

“Well, I uh, didn’t wake up until late, and I had a splitting headache, and then, like, they were closed, you know, day shift and all...”

“The bombing was three days ago.”

“I was kind of distracted, remember?!” she said with a scowl.

“Yeah, true. Okay.”

He shook his head. “I’ll call Daley at Special Investigations.”

“They’re not in charge of it at the 17th?”

He shook his head. “SI took over yesterday, probably because the suspects are Arab so they’re thinking terrorists. It’s been given to the Joint Terrorist Task Force. Wait out in the hall while I get through to them.”

She nodded and got up, went out into the hall and leaned against the wall. She was dressed in as businesslike a fashion as she could, which was to say, she wore her black suit. It had a mannish jacket, and the blue silk shirt beneath was so dark it might as well have been black itself. Her face seemed unnaturally pale under her mop of black hair.

It was as far from the little red dress as she could get. The only point of brightness was the badge hanging from her breast pocket.

Which was irritating her nipple, but never mind that.

She'd never really gotten into bondage to the degree Ross had taken her the other night. She'd always found it kinky and exciting, but never plunged to the level where some guy had whipped her tits! Of course, it was just a shoelace, though it had stung a lot given how taut her breasts had been, and how hard her nipples. Her nipples were still kind of sore, and it took very little to make them hard.

Which meant they were still very sensitive, of course, but never mind that, too.

Under the suit she wore a black silk thong and black silk bra. But never mind that, too.

She was going to keep her cool and show them all that she was a totally under control, businesslike cop. And if that didn't work, well, she would use whatever she could.

\* \* \* \* \*

It surprised Kennedy not at all to find herself in an interview room at Major Case, sitting across from two earnest suited men from Counter Terrorism with open notebooks, case files, and a tape recorder sitting on the table between them.

Detective Sergeant Juarez was Puerto Rican, in his mid-forties, chunky and balding. Detective Weaver was mid-thirties, athletic, perfect hair, long face and intense attitude. He looked her up and down appreciatively as soon as he entered the room. Juarez was all business, however.

"Tell us everything that happened from the minute you walked into the club," he said.

She drew in a deep breath, then let it out slowly and began to speak. She skimmed over most everything until she got to the Arabs, then slowed and described each of them as closely as she could, including the tattoo and name.

"No one else heard what you heard," Juarez said.

“They were speaking in Arabic,” she replied.

“You speak Arabic?”

She nodded and he scowled, leafing through a file, a file she realized was hers.

“It doesn’t say you speak Arabic here.”

She hesitated. “I’ve been learning it,” she said, which was technically true in that one never stops learning a language, and she’d been learning it since she was three.”

“So how would you describe your fluency with the language?”

“Uhm, I’m better at understanding it than speaking it, and better at that than reading and writing it. I mean, Arab characters are a little complicated.”

“But you could read the tattoo.”

“I’m pretty sure,” she said hesitantly.

She was entirely sure, but was trying to pretend otherwise. If you volunteered knowledge of a rare language, that is, anything other than Spanish, you wound up being called as a translator far too often, and to domestic disputes which involved people who spoke that language. She’d covered up her knowledge of Arabic so she wouldn’t wind up spending every day at loud drunken fights involving Arab men and their wives.

They spent quite a bit of time talking about the three Arabs, but then insisted on continuing, though as far as Kennedy was concerned nothing else had any bearing on the case. She exaggerated her level of drunkenness and glossed over her making out with Mark. Then she exaggerated the affect of the blast to the point where she was so dazed she was hardly aware of being led out, or carried out, who could remember, by Singer.

She was sure they were going to get into the red dress, and why she hadn’t been wearing it, but they never asked.

Then Ross came into the room. Juarez introduced him as though they’d never met, and she nodded to him. They asked her more questions about the Arabs,

and whether anyone else might have been with her, then Juarez left.

Ross was propped on the edge of a side table in the corner, a file in his hands.

“So ah, officer Kennedy,” he said, “Can you - .”

“It’s officer Neil,” she said, eyeing him distrustfully.

“Excuse me, officer Neil. I wondered, you see, about your dress.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“See, everyone saw you in a red dress, and as it happens, we found a red dress at the scene, left behind.”

“So?”

“So we were kind of wondering... why?”

She shrugged. “I was drunk. I was making out with a guy. What do you think?”

“It was found under debris in the mens room.”

“So?”

“Well, I guess we were just kind of wondering what you were doing when the bomb went off.”

Weaver looked slightly embarrassed.

Kennedy smiled thinly and leaned forward. “I’d say, on the basis of the evidence, that I was fucking him,” she said levelly.

Weaver licked his lips nervously. Ross only smiled.

“Do you remember what position you were in at the time?”

“I don’t think we need to know that, Agent Ross,” Weaver said with a frown.

“That’s all right,” Kennedy said sweetly. “I’d guess, since we were in the toilet, that were in a stall, so he was likely sitting down while I was riding him.”

“Uh, really, officer, we don’t need to know,” Weaver said, face red now.

“I’d like to know,” Ross said mischievously.

“I don’t care what you’d like to know,” Weaver snapped.

“I think Agent Ross is trying to bait me, Detective Weaver.”

“You’re so smart,” Ross said with patently false admiration. “Have you ever considered becoming a detective?”

“I’m sure I will,” she replied.

The door opened and Juarez returned and sat down. “Officer Neil, how would you feel about a temporary assignment to the Counter Terrorism Task Force?”

“Sounds good to me,” she replied.

Ross smiled.

“The fact you’ve actually seen these men, and your knowledge of Arabic, could be extremely helpful. As you know, or should know, we’re always very short of Arabic speakers.”

“Particularly reliable ones,” Ross said.

“Yes,” Juarez agreed. “And since you’re currently unassigned, and the department is hesitant to put you back on the street in your old precinct just yet, it would seem like a perfect opportunity.”

“Anything I can do to help,” she said as earnestly as she could.

“Good. Excuse us for a moment.”

He and Weaver left and Ross smiled.

“Prick,” she said.

He slid of the end table and sat down across from her. “Tell me, Officer Neil, when you were riding up and down on this Singer guy fucking him. Were you facing him or facing away?”

“I was facing him so he could suck on my nipples,” she said, and rub my clit.”

“Did you manage to come before the roof fell in?”

“Just barely.”

“How lucky for you.”

“You were embarrassing Weaver. I thought he was going to charge you with harassment.”

He grinned and stood up, then went to the door and looked out. He closed it and turned, and she saw his zipper was now down, his cock sticking out. She blinked in surprise.

“You found that interview that exciting?” she asked.

He strode the two steps to her, gripped her hair and drove his cock into her open mouth without warning. Kennedy gurgled and gagged, her hands going up in self defense, pushing at his hips, but he forced himself deeper so the head of his cock plunged into her throat.

“Suck my cock, you fucking whore!” he gasped, forcing himself into her to the balls.

Kennedy gurgled around his cock, groaning as he reached down and squeezed her breast through the shirt.

He pumped in and out fast, and she sucked and licked at it, her arms at her sides, letting him use her. The crotch of her tight trousers was digging into her pussy, where her clit had already swollen, and she could feel her aching nipples hardening within the cups of her bra.

He was so excited it took only seconds, and then he was gasping and bucking as he sprayed the back of her throat with his seed and abruptly deflated.

He fell back against the wall, panting, pushing himself back into his pants as Kennedy combed her fingers through her hair and tucked in her shirt.

“Jesus!” he gasped.

“You asshole,” she said, coughing.

“I couldn’t resist.”

“And now I’m all horny.”

“You could take off your pants and spread em,” he said with a grin, “But I don’t think we have that much time.”

He pushed away from the wall with a sigh, and then his eyes bulged and he collapsed, grabbing his crotch.

Kennedy drew her fist back and glowered down at him.

“Don’t make assumptions, Dennis, about what you can do to me outside of bed.”

Weaver pushed the door open and stopped, startled. “What happened?” he demanded.

“I... fell,” Ross gasped.

“He’s very clumsy,” Kennedy said earnestly.

Weaver raised an eyebrow and then grinned. Cops never liked the FBI anyway.

“Well, if you’d come this way, officer, we’d like you to meet a few people and then look at some mug shots.”

“Sure,” she said, springing to her feet.

She followed him out into the hall, where she met two civilian translators the department had hired. Typically, they were immigrants, one from Iraq, one from Lebanon, and she was pleased to be able to differentiate between their accents as she proved to them her knowledge of Arabic was - adequate.

Then she sat at a computer and looked through the mug shots they had on hand, to no avail. She spent the rest of the day reading the case file, and learning about the task force’s mission, numbers, and a little about ongoing investigations. Weaver also hinted she might wind up being transferred permanently, largely because of her language skills.

Ross was hinting about coming over that evening again, and about punishing her for punching him in the balls, but she decided to give him a little more time to forget the pain, and go and visit Singer instead.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Nice outfit,” he said as he stood in his doorway.

She pushed him physically back and walked in, and he closed the door behind her.

“So anyone call you yet about an interview?”

He shook his head as she looked around, then wandered to the bar.

“Make yourself at home,” he said, following her.

“I wish I could. It’s a pretty nice home. How much is it worth?”

“Lots,” he said.

“How do you afford it?”

“I’m an international arms dealer who runs guns across the Spanish border.”

She nodded wordlessly. “To France?”

He grinned widely. “Yeah, it used to sound more romantic didn’t it? I suppose running guns across the Nigerian border doesn’t sound nearly as thrilling.”

“Nope. Nothing about Africa is sexy.”

He shrugged.

“So what do you really do for a living?”

“Would you believe investment banker?” he asked

She looked him up and down doubtfully, then shook her head. “No.”

She poured herself a drink and caught him grinning and staring at her . “What?”

“Nothing,” he said. “I just never saw you with so many clothes on.”

She made a face.

“I kinda liked your outfit the other day better.”

“I left it behind in the bathroom, remember.”

“I didn’t mean the dress. I meant the skin.”

She smirked as he came around the bar and cornered her. She liked that she had to cock her head back to look up at him as his hand came up and cupped her breast.

“Should I tell them what an incredible sex machine you are?”

“I’m sure they know,” she replied as his fingers began to undo the buttons down the front of her blouse.

She set her drink on the bar as he pulled her shirt open and tugged her bra down, then gasped as he leaned in to mouth the center of her breast, pushing her back across the bar.

He stopped, then, and eased back, his thumb stroking across her engorged nipple.

He pinched her nipple, then, saying. “What have we here?”

He gripped Kennedy’s hair, pulling back, forcing her to arch her back strongly as he inspected her breasts.

“And what have we been doing of late?” he demanded.

He eased his grip on her hair and Kennedy gasped as it rolled up and forward. She looked down at her breasts, not understanding what he meant, at first. Then she realized there were small, thin marks on her breasts. She hadn’t noticed them that morning in her hurry to dress, and flushed now as she tried to think of an innocent explanation.

“Well?” he demanded, pinching her nipple again.

The truth was the shoelaces Ross had used to whip her breasts had had small plastic tips which had stung her breasts deliciously. But they had also left tiny marks. The marks were hardly noticeable unless one looked closely, and would no-doubt have faded away entirely in another day.

“Uhm,” she said.

He raised an eyebrow and she licked her lips, embarrassed.

“A uhm, enthusiastic lover,” she said casually.

“I thought I was an enthusiastic lover,” he said, stroking her breast.

“Then show me,” she said with a coy smile.

He smiled, then yanked her shirt open all the way, popping the last few buttons. He roughly shoved it back over her shoulders, spun her about, and undid her bra, pulling that off, too. He was being rough, but Kennedy didn't know if that meant he was feeling miffed she'd had another lover. Why should he? It wasn't like they had any kind of agreement.

Predictably, when she was naked, he took her wrist and led her back to the sofa, then sat her astride him as he caressed her soft skin.

“So tell me what made the marks,” he said.

She sighed, wondering if he were going to be difficult. If he was already the jealous type after one meeting she would have to forget about him.

“Shoelaces,” she said casually.

He blinked in surprise. “Pardon me?”

“He hit me with shoelaces,” she said. “The tips must have left a mark.”

“How uhm, interesting. And did you appreciate this novel sexual technique?”

“It had its moments,” she said defiantly.

“So,” he said, rolling her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, “He whipped your breasts, did he?”

“With shoelaces,” she said, rolling her shoulders and smirking, trying to convey to him that it had simply been a silly little game and not something more sinister.

“And did you enjoy it?” he asked.

She flushed a bit and shrugged her bare shoulders self-consciously.

He gripped her hair and slowly forced her head back, forcing her to arch her back again, looking down into her eyes.

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Kind of,” she said, a little embarrassed.

“It must have stung,” he said softly. “Strange thing to enjoy.”

He ran his hand over her slender body and down between her legs, fingering her narrow slit.

“So have you been involved in bondage a lot?”

“No,” she said, blushing. “I mean, a little.”

“And did he tie you up, this man who whipped your breasts?”

“Yes,” she said.

“And what else did he do? Did he spank your pretty little bottom?”

“Yes,” she said, more embarrassed, but becoming aroused now, as well.

“And did you like that?”

“No! I mean – .”

She pursed her lips, finding it very hard to admit that she had enjoyed being treated like a submissive little girl. After all, she spent much of her time showing men just how tough she was.

“So why didn’t you stop him?”

She shrugged and looked away but he jerked her head back by the hair again and she gasped as he looked down at her. “Why didn’t you stop him?”

“I-I don’t know,” she gulped.

“Because you were tied up at the time?”

She nodded fractionally, embarrassed again.

“And did you ask him to stop?”

She stared at him, heart thumping as he ran his free hand over her body.

“So maybe I should tie you up, too,” he said. “Then I could do anything I wanted to you, right?”

“No,” she breathed.

“No, I shouldn’t tie you up?”

“No, you can’t do anything you want to me.” And this time she gave him a fierce look which drew a smile from the big man.

“Well, let’s see, shall we.”

He lifted her up and set her on the floor, then, taking her wrist, led her around the sofa and into the larger open area on the other side of the loft. There was a large, heavy wooden chest placed against the wall there, and he opened it and drew out a thick leather band. It was so thick, in fact, she wondered what it was as he held it up to her. Then he pulled her wrist out and slid the thing around it.

It was studded leather on the outside, but thickly padded on the inside, and about four inches long, and fit around her wrist tightly with velcro fasteners, and had a strong metal ring set into two sides.

Kennedy’s heart beat faster as she stood demurely and let him fasten it around her wrist, then watched as he took out a second and fastened it around her other wrist. She felt a growing sense of nervousness, as well. For having this sort of gear implied a lot about Singer that she hadn’t really thought much about.

He bent and opened a lower cabinet drawer and took out what appeared to be a 3 foot long metal bar with rings on either end and in the middle. She watched as he clipped the restraints to either end of the bar and then lifted it up easily, forcing her arms up above her head.

She felt a fluttering in her belly and her pulse raced as she looked up at him. He lifted higher, forcing her onto the balls of her feet. They locked eyes, and then he shifted her sideways, still holding her arms aloft. He reached up to a heavy planter and took it off its hook, then took a chain from the cabinet and fastened it to the center ring of the metal bar. He measured the chain out and then fit one of the links across the hook above her, releasing his hold on the bar.

Kennedy felt her groin throb, felt her hunger building as she stood before him, her arms locked above her head.

“How do you feel?”

She shrugged, tossing her head to pull her bangs out of her eyes. “I dunno. I feel kind of goofy, I guess.”

He smiled and turned back to the cabinet, returning with two more leather restraints, which he wrapped around her ankles. Then he took another metal bar, this one extendable, and clipped her ankle restraints to it, spreading it wide enough that she was forced to rise onto her toes to keep from hanging by her wrists.

He stepped back in front of her and looked at her. Kennedy fought to keep her breathing even, to look back at him casually, to show no reaction.

“Feeling threatened?”

She tossed her head again. “I never met anyone with this kind of – stuff before,” she said. “I guess you’ve done this a lot.”

“Some,” he said, circling her, his hand gliding along her belly, over her hip, then kneading her buttocks

“So I guess you’re a pretty kinky perve,” she said breathlessly. “Ungh!”

He pulled her head back by the hair and smiled down at her, then released her

hair and moved back to the cabinet. She turned her head, staring, watching anxiously and excitedly to see what else he would extract from the old cabinet. It turned out to be a shiny metal – thing.

It was about four inches long, narrow on top, widening with every inch into a fat base, and it sat atop a thin sliver of shining metal attaching it to a round base the size of a silver dollar. She watched as Singer drew a jar of lubricant from the cabinet, then spread it over the stainless steel thing until it glistened.

He moved behind her, and she bit her lip a little as she felt it pressed against her anal opening, felt it twisting easily, smoothly from side to side as he began to apply pressure. The feel of it sliding against her anal opening was deliciously exciting as it slipped across her skin.

The pressure mounted, then eased, mounted, then eased, as he slowly worked it up through her sphincter, forcing it slowly deeper, spreading her anus open as it got deeper inside her.

She groaned softly as the fattest part passed into her body.

“Fuck,” she panted. “That’s a lot bigger than you’ll ever need.”

He slapped her bottom sharply, still prodding, pushing, twisting as the fattest part pushed up into her. Then her anal opening slipped closed behind it, closed around the narrow metal sliver which connected it to the base.

She gasped as he slapped his hand against the base, then moved back to the cabinet.

“N-nice little toy box,” she taunted.

He returned with two small, stainless steel, bullet-shaped objects on the end of tiny chains. The chains were attached to alligator clips, and Kennedy watched as he framed both nipples between the jaws of the clips and then let them closed

“Ow! Fuck! Shit!” she cried, jerking against the straps, head twisting, torso arching, then shaking.

But the movements made the little weighted things bounce and tug at her burning nipples, so she forced herself to be still, though her nipples stung

fiercely. She again tried to control her breathing as he smiled at her, glaring back defiantly.

“The more you move the more they’ll sting,” he said.

She sniffed disdainfully. “They hardly hurt at all now anyway,” she said.

He bent over in front of her, loosening a screw in the center of the lower bar, and Kennedy gasped as he spread the bar open wider, forcing her ankles just that much farther apart. This took her right off the floor, though her toes wiggled desperately for purchase. He tightened the screw then stood up.

“Don’t worry. We won’t leave you hanging like that for long,” he said. “It’s very tiring, I know. After a very little time it will become very tiring. It’s hard work hanging like that, because you can’t breath with all your weight pressing your rib cage against your diaphragm. You have to raise yourself up a little every time you breath. After a short time that becomes more and more exhausting.”

He pulled back on her hair as he spoke and as Kennedy’s mouth opened to cry out he stuffed something into her mouth. The pressure of it against her teeth forced her to open her mouth wider, and he stuffed something spongy but thick and rubbery into her mouth. It filled her oral cavity, while still holding her jaws wide. It was like a spongy ball attached to a thick leather strap, and now Singer drew the strap back around her skull and fastened it together behind her with velcro.

He stepped back and smile at her. “Your signal that you surrender and want to be released, is to close either hand into a fist, but extend your little finger straight.”

Kennedy glowered breathlessly back at him, then extended a finger - not her little one.

He smiled and moved past her to the cabinet again, returning with a long, thin dildo of sorts, attached by a narrow hose to a squeeze bulb. He lubed up the dildo, then slowly worked it up into Kennedy’s pussy, twisting and angling it to force it as deep as possible. Then he began to squeeze repeatedly on the squeeze bulb, which turned out to be a sort of pump. The dildo inside her began to thicken and harden, spreading out within her belly, making her gasp and grunt as it slowly stretched the lips of her sex wider and wider apart.

Kennedy groaned into the gag as he kept pumping, meeting his eyes as he grinned at her. When he stopped the dildo was as wide as a cola can, and her pussy ached and burned from the stretching it was getting.

He pulled over a chair and sat before her, his eyes at a level with her sex as his hands caressed her thighs.

The dildo was so thick she ached, her sex lips straining obscenely apart around it. Her clit was uncovered, throbbing and swollen, and Singer leaned in and began to trace his tongue along either side of it. He took his time, his fingers kneading her buttocks, then her breasts, then her buttocks again, and finally began to lick directly across her clit.

The heat rolled over her now, sharp, lush sensations of sexual pleasure coursing through her body with every lick of his tongue. She moaned, her hips grinding helplessly as he licked at her aching clit, as his moist tongue pushed it backwards against the hard dildo jammed up inside her.

Then, when she was certain a massive climax was going to sweep through her, he stood up and walked away.

## Chapter Eleven

Kennedy shook, twisting, moaning. She yelled at him, but her words were deeply muffled by the gag. He turned on the stereo, then went into the kitchen and began to make something to eat.

She felt a deep frustration which was almost, but not quite anger. She glared across at him sullenly, watching him ignore her. She looked up at her arms straining above her, then down at her torso stretched taut below. Her nipples were almost numb, though they continued to sting. Her arms and shoulders, her chest itself, were all aching. But she refused to show it.

She was stretched out, every limb held taut. Her back ached, and his talk about breathing made her a little paranoid as she was forced to breath through her nose. It was difficult. He was right. And she was already a little breathless.

But she was strong for a woman - strong for a man, in fact. Her muscles allowed her to cope far better than most women would have.

Singer returned, caressed and kneaded her breasts, then went to the cabinet, returning with a vibrator he plugged into a nearby outlet. He began to slide it back and forth over her clit as he stood behind her, chewing and kissing lightly on the nape of her neck.

Kennedy tried weakly to ignore him, but her determination faded rapidly, and she felt her hips lurching and jerking as she ground herself against the vibrator. Fire raced through her veins and she jerked and twisted as a deep, sensual pleasure swirled around her mind and body.

He drew back and put the vibrator down, and when she next saw him he was holding a whip in his hand. Panting, Kennedy stared, moaning into the gag. It looked – painful, and she tried to shake her head.

He smiled.

“You’re thinking this must hurt a lot,” he said. “But you’re wrong. It’s basically

a toy not much different than the shoelaces your friend used on you the other day. See how thin these are?”

The whip consisted of a handle to which a dozen or so thin leather laces had been attached. He was right. They were as thin as shoelaces – well, boot laces. But they were made entirely of leather.

“Depending on how hard I hit you, these will sting,” he said, “But it’s a toy. I couldn’t cut your skin with these if I tried. It’s just too lightweight, the laces too soft.”

He let them spread out and slapped them very lightly against her breasts, then moved behind her.

“Can you move your fingers?” he asked.

She moaned.

“Let me see you move them.”

Kennedy obediently moved her fingers.

“I want you to hold up three fingers on your right hand.”

Her wrist was squeezed tightly by the padded leather restraint, but she was able to half close her hand without a lot of difficulty.

“Hold up two fingers.”

Kennedy did as he ordered.

“So, here’s what we’re going to do. You hold up as many fingers as it hurts. If it stings only a little hold up one finger. If it hurts too much for you to take, hold up all five.”

This sounded menacing to Kennedy, who didn’t want to feel any pain at all. On the other hand, her entire body ached, and she was gripped by a dark, seductive fascination with what he was going to do to her.

He was going to whip her! How fucking hot and nasty was that!?

She had instinctively expected the whip to fall across her bottom, but it struck her back instead. Singer let it fall so lightly, however, that she didn't even hold up one finger. The thin laces struck her back with no force or weight whatever.

His next blow was harder, and she flinched at the light sting across her back. But she set her teeth into the gag and refused to hold up any fingers. She flinched again as the flog spread out and lashed her upper back, grunting slightly. The sting was only light, however, and she had taken far worse pain than that with resolute strength.

She heard him chuckle lightly, then gasped as the flog struck lower – and harder, the stinging force causing her to arch her back and bite into the gag. Still, she gave no sign, and the flog landed again, and again – and again, with a slow, steady, predictable stroke that made her, despite her determination, gasp, jerk and flinch.

Her back was soon stinging from neck to hips, feeling increasingly raw and sensitive. The flog cut into the cheeks of her buttocks and her gasp was higher pitched, her response sharper.

“I guess you've been whipped a lot,” he said casually. “I guess I have to whip you harder.”

But he didn't. The whip lashed her back again, her skin sensitive, sore, and she bit into the gag, gasping in pain, twisting weakly, gasping for breath. She was getting hotter, sweating now from exertion.

But she was wildly aroused at the same time. This was as dark and kinky a thing as she'd ever done, she thought dazedly. And to surrender herself so utterly was a wild thrill for a woman who spent much of her time showing she was as tough and strong-willed as the macho men she worked with.

A kind of haze was starting to form around her, a glittering haze of bright, shining lights which twinkled in a bright blur as the whip continued to fall and a strange dark hunger began to spill through her mind. Kennedy had always found sexual submissiveness arousing, but she'd never taken that to this level before. She'd never bought bondage gear, nor dated a man who had. She'd never set herself up to be this helpless, to be – punished.

Bondage during sex had always given her a thrill, and the odd spanking was

kinky fun. But being hung by her wrists and whipped was taking things to a new level, beyond what she had ever considered possible. She'd always thought of herself as a fairly plain, ordinary girl, perhaps something of a tomboy, perhaps a girl who was more daring than most, and who just happened to like hot, wild sex.

But this, this was something else. This was in the kind of thing she would have smirked at, thinking how weird and strange were the people who took part in such behavior. Who would want pain, after all? And she didn't, in fact. But the pain was a blast of sensation, and accompanying each blow was the shocking sense of helplessness to protect herself or stop him, a complete surrender to someone who was actually beating her, whipping her.

Her entire back throbbed as she saw him move around in front of her. He was not smiling. He had removed his top, and she felt a throbbing in her loins at his powerful chest and rippled belly. God, he was hot.

He let the laces dangle, then swung his arm down and across, and Kennedy cried out as the laces cut across her taut breasts. The blow stung in a dozen places across the rounded skin of her breasts and chest. She was feeling almost dizzy with the strength of the hunger and sexual excitement bubbling within her as she stared dazedly back at him.

Another blow made her cry out, her body jerking violently. Another and another, and the weighted metal bullets attached to her nipples jumped and tugged and pulled, as they had been doing all along, she realized weakly.

She moaned, light-headed, her breathing ragged and strained, sweat trickling slowly down her body as Singer slashed the whip across her belly, then her abdomen, then her breasts again.

It merely – stung. Each little lace merely – stung. But each sting added up, and each blow, added onto a previous one, began to make her skin feel raw and tender and sensitive. Her body was enveloped in a hot, throbbing cloud that began to dim the sharpness of each blow, yet her insides continued to flare with energy and excitement as the thin thongs cut into her skin.

Then he aimed lower, and the thongs began to slice into the soft skin of her inner thighs and groin. Kennedy cried out, head thrashing as they snapped at her swollen sex lips and throbbing clit. She tried to raise her fingers but couldn't

think of how many. Then another blow struck her pussy, throwing her mind into turmoil, and again she tried to push her trembling fingers upwards. Another blow, and she felt a crackling sexual wall sweep over her. Another blow and she whimpered and cried out, her mind melting under the heat. Another blow across her breasts, then another which lashed her pussy brought her to the edge.

Singer stepped forward, bent, and picked up the vibrator. It was a thick wand with a round vibrating head, and he jammed the head against her clit and turned it on full power. The sensations were so intense against her aching clit that she screamed and twisted in discomfort, trying to pull herself away from it. But Singer began to rapidly grind it up and down against her clit even as he reached behind her and pulled the anal plug slowly out.

The sensation of her back door spreading wide combined with the wild vibrations against her clit drove Kennedy over the edge. And the resulting orgasm was more intense than she could ever remember. Singer continued roughly grinding the vibrator wand against her clit as he pushed the anal plug back inside her, then pulled it free, fucking her with it while her entire body thrashed and shook. Convulsions wracked her body as her muscles spasmed uncontrollably and her mind tumbled and spun under the wild floods of sensory overload.

She heard screaming and knew it was her, and knew somehow, that the gag filling her mouth allowed her to scream. She felt an almost unconscious sense of freedom, and gave herself to it, crying out in wild sensual heat, her mind battered by the seemingly unstoppable power of sexual climax as it howled within her. Her head ached, her chest burned, and she hardly knew who she was as she writhed under the power of the massive climax, whimpering and moaning and gurgling in ecstasy as she rode the power of the orgasm to its final exhausting end.

Singer pulled the vibrator away, and moved back.

Kennedy hung limp, gasping, chest heaving, face flushed, eyes slitted, sweat still trickling down her body. After long moments she wearily raised her head and peered through her bedraggled hair to see him in the kitchen again.

She panted weakly, hanging limp from her arms, moaning dazedly as she hung there, her body gripped by a languorous sense of release and pleasure. Then, as

her mind awakened, the aches and pains came back to her in full force, and she flexed her arm muscles, groaning at the pull against her shoulders and arms and ribs.

She looked across the room at him, wondering what he was doing. The men she had chosen, the men who would give her the hot, raw, uncontrolled sex she craved, were generally not the most patient. They were as hungry as she, as quick to hammer into her, finish, and leave. Singer was strangely composed and restrained. And she wasn't entirely sure she liked that.

Kennedy was a cocky young woman, and one of the things which gave her the arrogance she had long accepted as part of herself was the fact that so many men went into mental meltdown around her, even without her being naked and tied up and helpless before them.

She looked down the length of her body, feeling the weight of her lower torso dragging on her, feeling the strangeness of being unable to close her legs. She cocked her head back, looking up at the bar, up at her bound wrists, then tossed her head, panting, unable to get the hair away from her cheek and forehead now because her sweat had matted it against her skin.

Her skin. It was pinkish, from the scouring he had given it. Her breasts were darker pink, and they felt hot and sore, as did her belly and back and buttocks.

But there was a raw edge to her mind, as well, a sense of frayed nerves and barely checked excitement. Her pussy throbbed softly, patiently, knowing things were far from ended, and she grunted weakly as she felt how wet she was.

He returned, then, still wearing just his jeans, his torso as hot and exquisitely muscled as before. He ran his hand freely over her body, in a possessive way which roused a sense of indignation in Kennedy. He smiled as if he could sense it, and his hand slipped down along her abdomen, his fingers lightly sliding along her soft, tight slit.

"You're so wet I'm surprised it's not trickling down your legs," he said. He pushed two fingers against her moist labia, then, and spread the lips of her sex open there.

"Ahh," he said. "Now it is."

Kennedy felt a sense of embarrassment and resentment, but when his thumb began to stroke across her clit the thrumming pleasure which rolled through her belly pushed it back. Until he chuckled, and she took it as smugly superior. Her old sense of competition, of pride, her refusal to be bested roused and she glowered at him, trying to freeze her reactions.

He only smiled and drew away. He went to the cabinet and brought out another vibrator, this one in the shape of a large black cock, but with a fat, buzzing little branch which angled up from the base. He thrust the black cock deep inside her moist, wet center, and that jammed the lower branch up against her clit. He pushed – hard, grinding the lower branch from side to side over her swollen clit.

Kennedy bit into the gag and looked away, still trying to ignore him. He pulled the black vibrator down, then thrust it up again, sharply, grinding the lower part against her clit once more. At the same time he reached behind her and fingered the base of the butt-plug, then pulled it slowly out almost all the way before sinking it back into her.

He suddenly plucked the clips off her aching nipples. Kennedy gasped at the sudden instant pain, gnashing her teeth once more, cursing mentally. But as the pain faded Singer brought the vibrator out of her pussy and began to roll it across her throbbing, tingling nipples. The sensation was incredibly powerful, and she shuddered and felt her hips bucking, her pussy feeling vacant, needing to be filled.

Singer brought the vibrator back down and thrust it into her pussy, pumping it in and out hard enough to hurt as the lower branch jammed up against the top of her pussy repeatedly. At the same time, he bent in and took one of her breasts in his free hand while taking the center of the other into his mouth, sucking and licking and biting into the soft flesh surrounding it.

Kennedy's orgasm was weak compared to the first one, but still massive and shattering; the more so for her being light-headed from lack of oxygen. It had become increasingly difficult to breath as she grew more exhausted, and her short, shallow, ragged gasps had left her head throbbing. Now the orgasm tore through her and she shuddered and bucked and danced on the end of the chain as its power howled through her mind and body.

She hung limply afterwards, as Singer unlocked the lower bar from her ankle

restraints, allowing her to stand once again. He removed the gag from her mouth, and she gulped in air as he reached up and unlocked her wrist restraints from the bar above.

She sank to her knees, her hands squeezing her groin as she groaned dazedly. She hardly noticed or cared what Singer was doing as he slipped something thick around her throat from behind and drew it in tight.

But as she regained her breath and senses she reached up to feel it, recognizing it almost immediately as some sort of studded leather collar. And then she looked up as he attached a leash to a ring set in the front.

“Down,” he said, pushing on her shoulders.

Kennedy, still panting, found herself on her hands and knees - a not unfamiliar position to her, but one which took on new meaning now.

“Dinner’s ready,” he said, tugging on the leash.

That he wanted her to crawl after him was manifestly obvious. But whether she was going to was uncertain. She was tired and aching, and wanted to rest. But there was enough residual sexual energy within her to prod her to continue, and so she crawled after him across the floor, feeling increasingly slutty, degraded, and excited with every few feet she crawled.

This is fucking bizarre and stupid, she told herself tiredly. Yet it was also strangely exciting for some reason.

She let Singer lead her by the leash across the floor to the dining room, where one plate had been set. And it was not for her.

Singer led her to the edge of the table, and had her sit back on her heels. Then he locked her wrist and ankle restraints together behind her back as he sat down at the table in front of her. Kennedy looked on uncertainly at first, watching as he ate, wondering what the game was, what she was expected to do.

It was good to rest, though, good to have her legs bent as they were, to have her weight off her aching arms. In fact, having them hanging limply behind her was just fine at that moment.

Singer was eating steak, she decided, from the smell. And as she got her breath back and began to feel more like herself, her stomach began to complain about its empty state, especially with her nose telling it how delicious the steak smelled.

“Am I supposed to sit here and watch you eat?” she demanded.

He turned and smiled down at her, his mouth full of food.

Then he cut off a piece, and held it out to her on the fork. She glowered up at him a moment indecisively, then took it off the fork and ate. It was as good as it smelled, even if she was kneeling, sitting on her heels – naked.

Feeling weird about it.

And weirdly excited.

He pushed the fork out to her again and again she leaned in and took it into her mouth. She was still uncertain about what game he was playing, but it was certainly an unusual way to eat, and she continued to feel a sense of hunger which had nothing to do with food.

He cut another piece and then took it into his fingers and held it out beneath her mouth in the palm of his hand. What he wanted was clear. Kennedy stared at it, feeling a sense of breathlessness, then licked it out of his hand, looking up at him from under her long leashes as she chewed.

“How old are you?” she asked.

He was eating a piece of steak himself, and eyed her thoughtfully for a moment as he finished chewing.

“Thirty two,” he said.

She nodded.

“Does that matter somehow?”

“Someone once told me men get kinkier as they get older, especially after they hit thirty.”

He smiled and held out the next piece to her. She licked it out of the palm of his hand and they looked at each other as each of them ate.

“And how old are you?”

“Twenty four,” she said.

He smiled again. “The perfect age for a sex kitten.”

“You think I’m a sex kitten?”

He nodded and handed over another piece of steak. She licked it slowly out of his hand, making sure her tongue caressed his palm lingeringly.

“Twenty four is old enough to not be a shy little girl any more, but young enough to do ridiculous things, to experiment with strange sexual games, to live life to its fullest,” he said.

She shrugged, and ate another piece of steak.

“Twenty four is old enough to start thinking maybe you ought to be finding a special man and settling down, and at the same time to rebel against the very idea, against the notion you’re supposed to be a grown-up and not a wild, irresponsible girl.”

He held the next piece of steak between his fingertips, and as she went to lick at it he pushed them into her mouth, sliding them through her lips, letting her lick and suck on them before withdrawing.

He held out a glass of wine, but when she moved to sip he pulled back with a smile. He sipped from it himself instead, as she frowned, then abruptly, he reached for her, gripping her hair, pulling her up and forward, cocking her head back as he kissed her powerfully. Wine gushed into her mouth, and Kennedy almost choked before swallowing it.

He released his grip at once, smiling again.

Kennedy settled back on her heels, a little frazzled and unbalanced.

With her wrist restraints locked to the ones around her ankles she could not

unfurl her body, and when he pulled her up and forward she had to rock forward on her knees alone, her feet lifting awkwardly up off the floor.

“My knees are getting sore,” she said.

“That’s because they don’t get enough of a workout,” he replied.

“I don’t spend a lot of time on my knees,” she said defiantly. “Except in bed.”

He grinned. “You will.”

She made a disrespectful sound.

He pushed his chair out a little from the table, turning it half towards her as he unzipped his pants. He reached in and drew his cock out. Kennedy was amazed that it wasn’t rock hard, and began to doubt, for the first time, her affect on a man. Any other man she’d have known would be rock hard, even after having come once or twice.

Singer reached casually out for her, sliding his big hand behind her head and pulling her forward. He pulled her mouth against his cock and she licked instinctively, sucking the end into her mouth. It hardened quickly, but he pulled her off it, guiding her mouth to his balls, ordering her to lick and suck them as his cock grew stiffer and thicker against her chin.

Then he guided his prick into her mouth and pushed down on her head so she took it slowly but smoothly up into her mouth and down her throat to the balls. She gurgled around it as it lay within her, thick and throbbing, her nose jammed against his pubic bone and he kneaded her breast.

He pulled her back and she panted for breath, licking and sucking on his shaft as she rolled her eyes up at him. He watched but said nothing, letting her bob up and down, letting her lick at him, letting her work on his balls.

Kennedy was very, very good at oral sex. She prided herself on it. His lack of reaction was starting to tick her off. She had never known a man not to respond to her deep throating him, but Singer seemed to take it for granted. She wanted him to groan and moan and curse and praise her, and he merely sat there unresponsively as she ran the entire length of his shaft back and forth across her lips.

And then, abruptly, he thrust her backwards. With her wrists and ankles bound together Kennedy rocked back onto her back, gasping, knees spread wide, feet under her buttocks. Singer was suddenly atop her, moving very fast for a man so large, and his cock was plunging into her moist sex with a speed and force that hurt, despite how moist and ready she was.

Helpless, crushed under his weight, arms beneath her, she could only stare up at him, gasping and panting as he rammed himself into her body. His cock thrust violently into her, his hips pounding against her thighs as he rutted against her.

Kennedy felt the hunger and heat spiraling up within her, twisting her mind and tearing at her body until she lost control and responded to his own animal heat with her own. And then the orgasm overwhelmed her and she howled under its animal power.

## Chapter Twelve

“You can sit here, but don’t get used to it,” Juarez said, pointing at a clean L-shaped desk in the corner with an LCD monitor on top. “You’re just here to help on this case.”

“I understand,” she said.

The first thing they had her do was go over taped interviews which had been made with a variety of people. She could almost immediately see the problem they had. The cops involved were experts at interviewing. But many of those they were speaking to could understand no English. That meant they had to ask their questions through translators who, typically, rephrased them to make the questions easier, and thus lost much of the subtler points and nuances of the questions - and the answers. That wasn’t their fault. They weren’t cops, and English was their second language - or in some cases third or fourth.

The cops knew this very well and were, she quickly discovered, quite frustrated by it. Few of them had the time or inclination to learn Arabic, however. It wasn’t merely a new language but a new alphabet, and it contained sounds notoriously difficult for English speakers to pronounce. She had been told at college that most people could learn three European languages in the time it took to learn Arabic. Forty year old men found it easy to learn a second language, and without fluency they would miss the nuances and subtleties anyway.

But Kennedy had learned much of her Arabic as a child – only formalizing the grammar later at school. And while she wasn’t anywhere near as experienced as the rest of the hand-picked crew of the ATTF, she was still well above the civilian translators in understanding evasions and incomplete answers.

So if she didn’t screw things up she had an excellent chance of staying where she was, and making detective well ahead of her most ambitious plans. And detectives, especially with overtime, earned two or even three times her patrol officer’s salary. That would let her keep her apartment without stripping - something which had become very dangerous since her pictures had been in the papers.

It didn't take her very long to realize where she could make another big difference. The interviews with females were threadbare, and consisted of little more than yes or no answers. Observant Muslim women would not talk happily with strange men, and would not be likely to confess anything suspicious about friends or families without a lot more prodding than men wary of being accused of insensitivity had given them.

But being female, Kennedy was somewhat immune from those fears, and the women would be much more likely to open up to her.

"You want to re-interview them alone?" Juarez scowled.

"You know as well as I do, sergeant, that women interviewees respond far better to female interviewers. You must guess that situation is even more pronounced with observant Muslim women."

"Probably so, but I don't like the idea of anyone out there alone, especially a barely off her training wheels cop dealing with terrorists."

"These women aren't terrorists, Sergeant. At best they might have suspicions of people who might be peripherally involved in some sort of terrorism support, or might point to some people they suspect would be sympathetic to terrorists."

"I realize that," he said with a frown.

"I can call in at any address before I go inside."

"I still don't like it."

But they were short handed and the suggestion there was an active terrorist cell in the city with explosives had the entire unit working overtime to frantically try and find them before the bombs went off. So Kennedy got permission to re-interview some of the people the ATTF people had spoken to over the previous days.

She was wearing a black suit in a mannish cut, with a dark blue silk blouse and black leather tennis shoes. Underneath, her body ached a little from the previous night's activities. Her nipples were still sore, her shoulders hurt, and her wrists felt rope burned. He felt energized by what had happened, though. It still made her want to giggle a bit in girlish shock at herself for going as far as she had, for

letting him lead her into such kinky realms of what she considered perversion.

It was bizarre to think she'd let him string her up by the wrists and whip her!

What would the other cops around her think if they suspected what she'd been doing the previous night? Would they all get erections? Would they want to tie her up and do her right there in some kind of wild gang rape?

She took a car from the garage and headed into Queens, where many of those who had been interviewed lived. This was her first time alone in a police car, even an unmarked one, and she felt a childish desire to turn on the lights and sirens.

Then she was across the bridge and pulling up in front of the home of Muusa and Ayda al-Jabbaar. They had come to the attention of the ATTF because they went to a mosque with suspicious ties overseas (all mosques had ties overseas) and because Muusa's cousin Hussayn, in Egypt, was considered to be at the very least a sympathizer and more likely an associate of the Muslim Brotherhood, a notorious terrorist group. That didn't mean there was actually any evidence against him. If there was the least evidence the Egyptian police would not have let him out of jail. Even as it was he'd probably been worked over pretty good during his five or six "interviews" there.

Kennedy arrived during the day for a very good reason: Muusa would in all likelihood be at work driving his cab. She wanted to talk to Ayda alone.

She rang the bell and waited. According to her notes Ayda had come from Egypt two years ago after Muusa had gone home searching for a bride. That meant it was an arranged marriage. Muusa was thirty five, while Ayda was twenty. The picture they had of her was taken in Cairo, where she'd once lived. Her family had not been particularly religious, and Ayda had been a beautiful young woman wearing anything but the traditional Islamic dress.

Kennedy saw movement, then the lace curtain eased aside slightly before dropping back into place.

Kennedy took out her badge and pressed it against the glass, then rang the bell again. After a long moment the door opened and Ayda looked out anxiously at her, clutching a black chador around her head and body.

“Ayda al-Jabbaar?” she asked.

There was no sign of the confident engineering student she’d been in Cairo. Now she looked like a frightened mouse in a black bedsheet.

“My husband not home,” she said in fractured English.

“That’s fine. I don’t need to talk to him. I came to see you,” Kennedy replied in fluent Arabic.

The girl’s eyes widened. “I have done nothing!”

“You’re not suspected of doing anything wrong,” Kennedy said. “Can I come in and talk?”

The girl bit her lip. “My husband does not like me having any visitors while he is away.”

“Even female visitors?”

“Well – .”

“It’ll only take a few moments, and if I stand out here the neighbors will begin to talk.”

The girl blinked and pulled back. Kennedy followed her into the house. It was traditionally, if garishly furnished with red and gold Middle-East style couches and chairs, and an enormously gaudy curtain across the living room window. It was so heavy they’d had to reinforce the cheap drywall to get the thick curtain rode to stay up. There was a brass chandelier over the dining room table that looked like it had come from the Arabian Nights.

Muusa had come to America when he was ten, but according to the notes he had something of a sentimental nostalgia for the old world, to say the least. That included the typical chauvinism of Muslim men in thinking that America was decadent, godless, and composed of men who were heathens and women who were whores.

“May I sit down?” she asked.

“Of course. I will get you some tea,” the girl blurted, hurrying off into the kitchen.

When she returned she had doffed the black robe and was wearing jeans and a T-shirt. She was surprisingly busty underneath, and her silky black hair hung halfway down her back.

“We have done nothing wrong,” she said anxiously as she poured tea.

“I’m just looking for information, Ayda,” she said. “You aren’t personally suspected of anything.”

“But what kind of information? I don’t know anything at all!”

“You were an engineering student in Cairo, were you not?”

Ayda dropped her eyes. “My husband does not believe such things are proper for women,” she said in a low voice.

Kennedy made a rude noise.

Ayda looked up at her with startlingly deep brown eyes.

“I know you don’t believe that,” Kennedy said.

“I believe as my husband believes,” Ayda said.

The words were rote, however, and it was clear she didn’t have a lot of enthusiasm for them.

There was more to her look than that, however, and at first Kennedy thought she must be mistaken, but as she asked about Ayda’s life in Cairo and the girl grew more expressive and alive she began to wonder about just how unhappy a life she had here with Muusa.

She had bet that a girl who took engineering and dressed in western style in Cairo had not come to America thinking this would be her life. She had probably hoped to break free of the stifling life of a Muslim woman in Egypt, for even though Cairo was among the more westernized cities her family still kept her firmly under her thumb.

Instead she'd wound up with a man fifteen years older than her who was a staunch traditionalist. No doubt that was one of the things which pleased her family. Egyptian families seldom liked lively, rebellious minded girl children.

Kennedy had suspected she could turn the girl into an informer. How bored she must be, and how resentful towards the traditionalists! But there was more still, she thought, something else she could exploit, if she thought the girl was worth it.

"Tell me about Muusa," she said, guiding the girl back into the present.

The girl's face fell a little. "He is a good man," she said, again by rote.

"I'm sure. A traditionalist."

"Yes," she said reluctantly.

"He hasn't allowed you to complete your education?"

"Women are not meant for such things," she said, dropping her eyes.

"If Allah created women to do nothing more than have babies He would not have given them minds," Kennedy said. "Does your husband speak to his cousin Hussayn very much?"

"Muusa has no interest in politics," she said, dropping her eyes again.

"But Hussayn does."

"Hussayn is not Muusa," she said a bit obstinately.

"No, but my understanding is that it was Hussayn, during a visit several years ago, who – inspired Muusa to rediscover his Islamic roots."

"There is nothing wrong with that," Ayda said.

"He urged him to find a traditional wife in the old country, because women in America were polluted, isn't that right?"

Ayda shrugged a little nervously, her eyes darting about.

“Women in America, even Muslim women, were considered too decadent, perhaps even lesbians or something,” Kennedy said with a smile.

Yes, definitely a startled fear there. The suspicion in Kennedy’s mind began to firm up. Was the girl looking at her that way out of jealousy or – something else?

People who had a secret reacted more guiltily than those who didn’t.

“Probably be rebellious and disobedient, want to be treated properly, want to go to shows and watch movies and dress in all manner of sluttish ways in public,” Kennedy said.

“Western women are very decadent,” Ayda said.

“Yes, Mussa must know all about that. He often has drinks at a strip club on Broadview with his friends,” Kennedy said.

Ayda’s mouth dropped open. “That’s not true!” she said in outrage. “Muusa would never go to such a place!”

“I’ve seen pictures,” Kennedy said. “Not because anyone is following Muusa but because one of those at the club is under suspicion. Anyway, decadence is all right for men, right?”

Ayda scowled at her.

“We’re more interested in whether any of the men around Muusa are political,” Kennedy said, “Whether they talk a lot about Iraq and about doing anything to punish America for its disrespect for Islam. You’re a smart girl, Ayda. You know the sort of thing we’re interested in.”

“Some men talk,” the girl said. “But it’s just talk. They are all such big men when they use their mouths, but they would not do anything.”

“Have you heard any talk of newcomers?” Kennedy asked. “Men who have arrived recently. Probably not a sophisticated bunch, perhaps peasants, bedouin without any experience in the west...”

Ayda stared at her a long moment, as if surprised, then dropped her eyes.

“Someone invited, or perhaps, has given shelter, jobs, a place to stay, help getting settled?” Kennedy prodded.

“I – do not think so,” the girl said softly.

Kennedy knew she was lying.

The girl was twenty but, by western standards, going on sixteen, and not a very sophisticated sixteen. Kennedy reached over and slid her hand under the girl’s chin. The girl was startled, jerking her eyes up, but there was more to it than that, as for a long moment, until the girl realized that perhaps she was supposed to pull back, she let her chin rest in Kennedy’s hand, let her fingers caress her cheek. Then she drew back very quickly and stood up in alarm. “Y-You must go! My husband will return soon! He will be very angry if he knew I let someone in!”

Kennedy stood up, easily ahead above the Arab girl. “If someone was here I’d like to know about it. No one needs to know where I got it from, and if they’re innocent of wrongdoing they wouldn’t be harmed.”

The girl rushed over to the door and opened it, though she stood back from it as if hiding from any casual outside view. Kennedy smiled and walked past her. There would be another time.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I’m not so sure about this,” Kennedy said, looking down doubtfully.

“Too bad,” Singer replied.

The rope he’d produced felt soft enough when she’d run her fingers along it. Now that it was cutting into her flesh it felt considerably less so.

He’d started by tying her wrists together. That was certainly no big deal. The only difference was he’d tied them with her wrists up behind her back rather than down. Then he’d fed the rope across her right shoulder, down around the outside of her right breast, then underneath it, crossing her chest, cutting up beneath her left breast, squeezing it in as it ran along the outside, then went back over her left shoulder.

And then he'd lifted her wrists higher and higher.

"Ow!"

"You just need to stretch a little."

"You're going to break my arms," she complained.

"Would I do that to you? You'd arrest me or something."

"Or something!"

"Quit being a baby."

He massaged her shoulders and arms, lowering them, then raising them again, higher than before, gradually stretching her tendons and working her wrists higher and higher between her shoulder blades. He'd then ran the rope over her shoulder a second time, looping under her breasts and back, then around the side of her chest and across the tops of her breasts twice, pressing them downwards as it circled back behind her and bound her forearms tightly in place.

Her breasts were squeezed together from all sides, and she couldn't remember her wrists and arms ever being more firmly bound in place.

He ran the rope lower, circling her arms just above the elbows, slowly working them backwards together as well, and binding the soft rope tighter and tighter. He ran the rope lower still, circled her hips twice, then took a double loop and tied a knot in it as he fed it down her abdomen and down between her thighs.

Then he carefully pulled it up between her buttocks - tighter and tighter, until she gasped and was jerked to her toes by the force of the rope digging up into her slit. It split her sex lips apart, the knot jammed expertly against her clit as he ran it up around the rope circling her hips.

"It doesn't have to be that tight!" she complained, looking down at the ropes cutting into her hips as they were pulled downward in front.

"Sure it does."

Now he took a separate rope and ran it beneath the ropes which circled her

breasts, working it up and around them, pulling the ropes tighter between her breasts so that her breasts were now squeezed harder, and from the insides, forcing them out into two hard balls of round flesh.

He then ran a thin cord around the edges of each loop, winding it into the rope before pulling it straight across her breast. He looped it around her stiff, engorged nipple, squeezing in tightly as he fed the cord to the other side of her breast and wound it through the rope there. Then he worked it up along the rope to the top of her breast and did it again, feeding it straight down, looping it around her already pinched nipple, and pulling down tautly to tie into the rope at the bottom of her breast. And then, of course, he did the same to her other breast. The affect was to squeeze her nipples outrageously and cause them to crackle and sting.

Then he brought over a short, but much thicker rope. It was of soft fabric, as well, and shaped like a noose.

“Uhm,” she said. “I don’t think I like the looks of that.”

He grinned sadistically. “Don’t trust me?”

“No!”

He placed the noose over her head and pulled the knot tight around her throat, then tied the end of the rope onto a hook over her head, forcing her up to the balls of her feet to keep the pressure from squeezing in tightly.

“I don’t know about this!” she said nervously.

“Trust me.”

He tied her ankles together, winding the rope up along her legs, criss-crossing her legs and binding them tightly all the way up to the hip. Then he moved behind her and Kennedy felt something tied into the ropes going over her shoulders, then into the rope around her elbows, and finally, she gasped as the pressure on the rope passing between her pussy lips grew much more powerful.

“Oww!”

The pull of the rope literally lifted her off her toes, if just a bit, and for a few

moments all her weight was on that bit of rope.

Then she felt pressure on her elbows, felt her arms take up some of the weight, and then the ropes around her breasts squeezed more tightly as the ropes going over her shoulders took up some of her weight.

He lifted her bound ankles up behind her, binding them in some way to the ropes circling her hips.

And finally, he tightened the rope around her throat so that she had to gasp for breath.

“This takes a certain amount of art and care,” he said softly, as he adjusted various ropes to ease or increase the pressure. “You may find it surprising, but a person can actually be hung by the neck for some time without dying, oh, half an hour or more in some cases. You see, we’re used to thinking anyone hanging from their neck dies quickly, but they don’t usually. When we use hanging as an execution tool the criminal drops for some feet, and their neck snaps. People who try to hang themselves don’t seem to take that into consideration. It can take a long time to suffocate like this if your neck doesn’t break.”

He smiled and stepped back, and Kennedy tried to say something, but failed. She was both aroused and anxious. Her breasts throbbed painfully. The rope digging into her groin cut at her flesh. Her arms were forced up painfully high. But it was the rope around her throat which scared her, despite his words. She had to fight hard to breathe past the choking squeeze of the rope around her throat.

He left her there for a minute, gasping weakly, then returned with a digital camera, which he used to take a number of pictures of the open-mouthed, gasping girl. He fetched the long, electrical vibrator then with the microphone shaped top, and slipped the shaft through the ropes circling her thighs so the rounded head of the vibrator was pressed up hard against her groin, right against the knot pressing into her clit.

“You could last quite some time like that,” he said, snapping more pictures.

She tried to say something, to gasp out a response. It was difficult, but she finally managed to gasp out a word.

“Psycho!”

He grinned and patted her cheek, then left her like that and went to watch television.

She stared at the back of his head across the room, gasping for breath, so many parts of her body sending wild signals of complaint to her overloaded brain.

Her head throbbed with the constricting pressure of the noose around her throat. That noose was her principal source of anxiety. It felt as though most of her weight was hanging by her neck! Still, the weight squeezing the ropes into her pussy was not inconsiderable, and the ropes squeezing in around her breasts were making them throb uncomfortably, too.

Kennedy had already had enough introduction to bondage, however, to be wildly excited by it. She was no shy, frightened girl to hang there quivering in fear. She had started to get aroused as soon as Singer had ordered her to strip and produced the rope, and the rope digging into her pussy was now wet with her juices.

She was still trying to come to terms with this kinky, bizarre bondage, still reacting to the sensations pouring into her mind from her throbbing breasts, stinging nipples, and crushed clitoris, from the helplessness of her bondage, the exotic way he had hung her. A sense of awed excitement had her heart pounding and the blood racing through her frame as she quivered and trembled in mid-air.

And the vibrator pressing up between her thighs didn't hurt either.

Oh no, far from it. The vibrations had, by now, made their way through her entire body, so that she seemed to vibrate in tune with the powerful little wand.

Kennedy did not really understand her reaction, did not know why the pain of having her arms forced up painfully high behind her back was exciting her, arousing her, why the sullen ache in her shoulders as her wrists were pulled up and her elbows jammed in would somehow twist and meld with the other sensations of pain and pleasure twisting through her body to form something new and dark and hungry.

But they did.

And the noose around her throat, digging into the soft flesh of her neck, making her gasp for breath, causing her head to throb, her chest to rasp, that was simply

so nasty and wickedly exciting that it overshadowed everything else.

She hung there for half an hour before Singer returned to play with her again. He untied her ankles and let her legs fall, then freed them from each other, spread them apart, and bound rope just behind her knees as he lifted and spread them apart. Then he undid the ropes digging into her pussy, baring her sex and her swollen, blazing hot clit. He knelt before her and took her entire sex into his mouth, then began to suck and lick, his tongue whipping softly but firmly across her engorged clit driving her to her first orgasm in mere seconds, her second less than a minute later.

Both were mind shattering, as Kennedy cried out again and again, her voice low and strangled, gurgling and rasping around the rope still bound tightly around her throat. Her entire body convulsed in muscle spasms as the orgasms crackled through her body like an electrical shock.

He forced a large, fat vibrator up her pussy, then, before rebinding the ropes over her sex. The dildo was short enough to be forced entirely inside her, so that the rope still dug into the soft mouth of her sex between her pussy lips, and the knot still jammed down against her clit. Only now it was pressing the clit down into the flesh which was wrapped around a vibrator.

He untied the ropes which held her legs up and apart, letting her feet drop to just above the floor, then he spread them straight out to either side, and bound her ankles open.

“F-fucking p-pervert!” she gasped around the rope.

“You know it,” he said, plucking at her swollen, bound nipples.

“So tell me about this terrorist thing the cops are going to ask me about.”

Kennedy’s eyes fluttered dizzily. “Wh-what?”

“The cops called me today and want to come and see me tomorrow at work.”

He traced the line of the ropes squeezing her breasts together.

“Do you think I should tell him you were riding up and down on me when the roof came in?”

“I-I – no, “ she gasped weakly, trying to get her mind working, to understand what he was saying.

“Should I tell them how you deep throated me?”

“Fu-fuck you,” she panted.

He smiled and reached above her head to the rope around her throat, then pulled it sharply. Kennedy gasped as the noose tightened around her throat, trying to breath.

“You haven’t really told me much about it. All you’ve said is they found out you were there, and they’ll want to talk to me about whether I saw some Arabs. I suppose they mean those Arabs you had the confrontation with. Do you know how hot that made me?”

He released the rope and the noose loosened. Kennedy gasped explosively, drawing in great, shaking breaths of air, beads of sweat standing out on her forehead now as she breathed.

“But you haven’t told me anything else. Why would some Arabs blow up a Latino night club? And why’d they do such a poor job of it?”

“C-Can’t tell you,” she gasped.

“Of course you can,” he said mildly. “I can keep a secret, like what interesting sounds you made as you rode my prick that night, how hot you looked as your back arched and you climaxed. I can keep lots of secrets. Secrets are kind of a specialty of mine. Another is information.”

He smiled and reached behind him, producing a razor sharp knife.

Kennedy stared at it, rolling her eyes down as he pressed it lightly against her left nipple. Then he slid it under the cords wrapped tightly around her nipple and sliced through them. There was an instant’s sense of freedom, then the sharp pain of returning sensation which made her hiss.

Singer rolled the hard little nipple between his thumb and forefinger, pinching and rubbing it lightly, before bending and taking the center of her breast into his mouth. He began to suck rhythmically, his teeth digging into the soft flesh of her

tautly squeezed breast as his tongue lapped wildly back and forth against her nipple.

The sensations were intense, and Kennedy shuddered and moaned as her nipples exploded with life and a crackling, throbbing sexual electricity.

“Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!” she gurgled around the rope, ankles jerking spastically against the ropes binding them apart.

“You like that, little police girl?” he breathed.

He gripped her hair, yanking her head back. “Tell me about the terrorists. I like to know that sort of thing. Keeps me from being blown up here and there.”

“I – I don’t – .”

It was very hard to focus her mind. The crackling sexual electricity made her nipple ache and her pussy throb.

Then he pulled on the rope, tightening the noose, and her eyes bulged as her breath was cut off. He kissed her gently on the open mouth, then on the cheek, then on the edge of her jaw as she trembled and shook for lack of air.

He kissed his way along the edge of her neck, just below where the noose dug into her throat, then eased up on his grip and loosened the noose.

She gasped weakly, gulping in air.

“Why were terrorists trying to blow up a nightclub?” he demanded, his eyes fixed, demanding.

“I-I don’t – don’t know!” she gasped dazedly.

He slapped her cheeks, first her right, then her left, enough to sting, enough to clear her head a little.

“Tell me more,” he said.

“I– it was probably a mistake,” she groaned.

“A mistake? How do you make a mistake like that?”

“It was – they think it might be they did it because of me, because they were angry.”

“This inspires terrorism?” he asked with raised eyebrows.

She moaned and shook her head weakly, slowly.

“Well?”

“Fuck me,” she moaned.

“Later. Tell me about these terrorists.”

“They probably – they’re probably targeting something else,” she groaned.

“They happened to be there partying. Maybe they had some explosives on them. They’re stupid. They got upset.”

“Very stupid indeed,” he said, tweaking her nipple.

He cut the cords from her other nipple and mouthed that next, sucking, licking and chewing until she was on the verge of another powerful orgasm. Kennedy had always liked having her nipples played with, pinched, sucked and licked, but she had never felt sensations as intense as what Singer was producing in them, had never felt the soaring, sharp-edged heat and pleasure crackling through her throbbing breasts.

“So what do you guys think they’re here to hit?” he asked.

Kennedy’s mind was swimming in a deep, hot pool of bubbling sexual hunger. She ignored his question and he slapped her cheeks lightly, then less lightly, stinging her, dragging her back away from the abyss.

“I don’t know!” she moaned. “We don’t know! Bastard!”

He snorted, then produced a pair of nipple clips attached to a chain, and snapped them tightly around both her nipples. The instant pain made her cry out in strangled pain, and yet the pain twisted and turned almost instantly into something more, something much deeper, more gut wrenchingly intense as he pulled the two chains up and out and tugged rhythmically on them.

He fed the two chains up, and together, attaching them to a third clip to form a narrow triangle, then pulled her head down - not easy with the rope around her neck, and thrust the third clip up into her mouth to snap tightly around her tongue.

The pressure as the teeth bit into her tongue made her howl with pain, and the pain was so sudden and sharp that it pulled her back from the brink of what she was certain had been a massive orgasm. Her tongue hurt! Jesus, it hurt! The pain was deep and sharp, and she quickly realized that one way to ease it, at least a little, was to push her tongue out as far as she could over her lower lip.

That, not coincidentally, also eased the sharp pull of the clips yanking her nipples upward.

While she was becoming acclimated to the new source of pain Singer was behind her, doing something with the ropes she paid no attention to.

And then, she began to realize that her tongue's movements tugged directly on those still throbbing, sizzling, crackling nipples. And so what if that hurt her tongue!

Gurgling, moaning weakly, she began to move her tongue experimentally, tugging, pulling on her nipples so that hot, crackling pleasure and pain sizzled from the end of her pointy pink buttons.

She felt herself racing towards the edge of another orgasm.

And then the rope around her throat cinched a little tighter just as weight slowly came off her arms. They were still lifted up high behind her and bound in place, but they seemed to no longer be holding her weight. Kennedy found it even harder to breath now.

Then the weight pulling on the ropes over her shoulders slowly eased, and the rope pulled even tighter around her throat. Now she had to fight hard to draw in long, rasping breaths.

Singer moved in front of her and undid the rope digging into her pussy. As it loosened, as it slid away and bared her sex, more weight came down on the noose.

Singer stood back and watched for a moment as she hung there, gurgling and gasping, finding it almost impossible to draw breath. He picked up the digital camera and snapped pictures, then put it down.

“You’re hanging by your neck now, by the way,” he said, casually. “You’re fully hanging by the noose.”

Kennedy’s eyes felt they were bulging, her head pounding, her chest hot as she struggled to draw breath. She was hanging by her neck! Only her ankles, held up and apart, still held even a fraction of her weight.

Singer picked up a short handled whip. It had very thin leather strips no more than six inches long. He began to whip it up against her throbbing sex as Kennedy struggled to cope with the avalanche of sensations, heat and shock rolling through her. She was strangling, but slowly, and as she did her body quivered and shook, her tongue pulling and jerking against her nipples. The vibrator was still jammed deep inside her, and the thin leather laces were lashing her clit and the mouth of her sex with a continuous whipping motion so fast they were a blur.

The orgasm rolled over her like a tidal wave, swamping her mind with fiery liquid ecstasy that almost blew the top of her head off. She trembled and shook with violent convulsions as the pleasure rose to unbearable levels, her eyes rolling back in her head as she spasmed and shook, danced and quivered on the end of the rope.

The orgasm was the most intense of her life, and went on and on to the point she thought it must surely kill her – and didn’t care.

Her tongue was almost unconsciously jerking against the chains to pull continuously on her nipples, and Singer was still whipping the little whip across her clit, the handle spinning continuously.

And her orgasm shook her like a terrier with a rat, shook her and shook her until her mind was barely there, until she was little more than a shaking, gurgling spasming, mindless shell of a woman without thoughts or identity.

The orgasm finally eased, leaving her barely conscious, and barely breathing, if at all.

Singer quickly moved to untie her ankles, then eased the hook down a bit so her feet reached the floor. She was so weak and shaken, however, that she could not support herself even if she had thought to do so. She was stunned, overwhelmed, shell-shocked.

Singer was pressed tightly against her, his hands holding her up, but at the same time moving over her body. He fondled her taut breasts, and pushed a hand between her thighs to spread them and raise her bottom.

Kennedy was too dazed to even feel his hard cock sliding up into her ass, much less care. But as the pounding in her skull eased and she was able to draw long, shaky breaths, she came to herself to some extent, at least enough to stand on her own.

The noose was still tight around her throat, but she could breath, if not easily.

Singer was behind her, thrusting up in short, sharp jabs which had most of his hard cock buried in her belly. His left hand was on her right breast, circling it, cupping it, squeezing it. His right hand was between her legs, palming her sex, helping hold her up.

While he fucked her in the ass, she thought weakly.

His cock was thick and hard and deep, making her insides cramp as he thrust up into her again and again. He was using more force now, and spreading her legs wider apart so he could get more of his shaft inside her. He dropped his left hand, and then gripped her inner thighs in both hands, lifting her legs up and apart, holding her in his hands as his hips pumped and his cock rammed up into her ass.

The rope tightened around her throat again, and as she gurgled dazedly her tongue pulled and tugged at her nipples. The vibrator pushed out a little bit, opening her swollen sex lips, but the sides of Singer's hands trapped it, jamming the base up against her clit as his cock thrust into her again and again.

She came again, almost as powerfully as she had the first time, but without the energy she'd had to sustain her through that mind blowing experience. Her mouth opened in a helpless gurgle as she came with shattering intensity.

## Chapter Thirteen

She was sufficiently irked at Singer to not want to stay over at his house. It wasn't that she wasn't grateful for the mind-blowing orgasms, of course, nor that this wasn't coloring her judgement to some degree. But the way he'd questioned her, the way he'd virtually strangled her without ever giving her a chance to agree or not, well, that was giving over a bit more control of her body than she had ever done before.

She had been hung by her neck! What a bizarre, shocking thing! She rubbed her throat and coughed weakly as she closed and locked the door to her little apartment behind her. She went to the toilet and looked at herself in the mirror. The rope had been sufficiently thick and soft that there was no visible damage other than a red line around her neck. And while the skin was discolored it didn't look damaged. The red was already much lighter than it had been when she'd examined herself at his place. By morning it should be mostly gone.

Of all the weird things. She'd thought she'd heard it all. And, in fact, she had, now that she considered it. She'd heard of autoerotic strangulation before, where people tried to get themselves off while masturbating with a rope around their neck. They strangled while doing it because the orgasm was so much more intense. Of course, if they didn't remove the rope in time they lost consciousness, and wound up making a very embarrassing corpse of themselves.

Playing with ropes like that was inherently dangerous. And no matter that Singer claimed to be expert in their use she did not want to engage in that sort of thing without being asked about it up front. Nor would she have agreed, she thought indignantly.

Of course, that would have meant she would not have had those incredible, amazing, mind-blowing orgasms.

She coughed experimentally, then turned on the TV and flopped down in front of it. Singer was a strange man. She was going to have to find out more about him before she let him tie her up. What if he was some kind of nut? What if he was a mass strangler who buried girls in his back yard? Not that he had a back yard,

but still – .

She stripped and had a quick shower, then climbed up to bed. Her head ached a little from the repeated oxygen deprivations, and she took a couple of Aspirin, then tried not to think about those incredible orgasms, or how intense the sex rush was as she hung there helpless, the ropes digging into her flesh everywhere

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The next day she continued her interviews. Her throat was still very faintly red, and she wore a scarf around it as she visited several Muslim women. Then she went to see a local mosque. The ATTF and probably the FBI had already visited all the mosques with descriptions of the men she'd tossed out of the bar the other day, but almost all of the Imams were foreign-born, and none of them had very good English.

She wore the same black suit that day, as it was suitably modest for this sort of thing. She'd sat with an FBI artist and the drawings would provide an excuse to revisit some of the mosques.

The first one she visited was in a strip mall. There was a rack of pamphlets just inside the doors, with a plaque in Arabic script over the inside door proclaiming Allah's glory. Inside was the prayer room, which was a mostly empty, red carpeted room with qu'ranic verses pasted up along the roof lines. A niche in the far wall showed the direction of Mecca. There was a picture of Mecca at night inside the niche, and a stack of prayer mats.

The Imam was surprisingly young, not much over thirty, with a dark black beard and an amiable manner which did not hide a breathtaking sense of arrogance.

"We do not support violence," he said tolerantly. "Allah has no need of our violence. Allah will gather this nation into His arms when He so chooses."

"You think," she said.

"We are growing in numbers every year," he said proudly. "When you are old most of the European countries will be majority Muslim. "The Europeans are too decadent, their women too self indulgent to bear children. Muslim families have five children. Christian families have none or perhaps one. We are patient. The

world will inevitably be united under Allah after you die.”

“Uh huh, so you haven’t seen any of these men?”

He shook his head. “The men you describe sound like poorly educated bedouin. They are easily misled by evil men. It is a pity, but what can you do? They think they do Allah’s work but they cannot read the Koran, nor understand its depths. They do as they are told is Allah’s will for they know nothing else.”

He shook his head again as he handed the picture back, then sort of smirked at her.

“Muslim men do not need to blow things up to rule the world. We will do so with our cocks,” he said, gripping himself loosely.

Her visit to the next mosque was not any more helpful. This was a traditional mosque with a bearded elder imam of the Wahabi sect, a Saudi who glared disgustedly at her from the moment she entered. This was a bigger mosque, and better appointed, with a richly stylized Persian rug.

She dutifully removed her shoes before stepping on it and walking past several men on prayer mats to see the imam.

“What are you wanting here?” he demanded in fractured English.

She showed him her badge, and his glare intensified.

“Have you been questioned about some men who might be new to this area?” she asked.

“I do not wish to speak to a woman,” he said, scowling in contempt. “You pollute the purity of my holiness by even looking up on me!”

“Yeah, okay, sorry about that,” she said, taking out the drawings. “Now about these men...”

“You are interrupting prayers!”

“Well tell you what, you talk with me quick so I’ll leave,” she said with a smile.

He glanced down at the pictures with a scowl, and then slapped at them, nearly knocking them out of her hand. “I would not tell you even if I had seen them!”

There were eight or nine men scattered around on prayer mats, all looking on with interest, some frowning. Kennedy knew the NYPD would not welcome an “incident” involving Muslims so refrained from punching out the old man.

She looked up at him emotionlessly, then raised her voice. “Does the Koran not instruct `be courteous when you argue with the People of the Book, except with those among them who do evil. Say: We believe in that which is revealed to us and which was revealed to you. Our God and your God is one.’. Does the Koran not say that?”

He looked at her, startled, then his face reddened and his mouth opened and closed several times. He gazed around him and then said “To those against whom war is made, permission is given to fight because they are wronged, and verily, God is most powerful for their aid!”

“That’s very nice,” she said. “But it also states in Chapter 2, Verse 190: `Fight in the cause of Allah those who fight you, but do not transgress limits; for Allah loves not transgressors.’ Now since I’m not fighting you suppose you answer the question honestly, before God, in God’s house, as to whether or not you have seen strangers here of late who might resemble these men, bedouin, most likely, unlearned men new to this country. Or would you like before God?”

“You blaspheme in using God’s words!” he growled indignantly.

“How can God’s words be blaspheme?” she asked innocently.

She turned and gazed at the men looking up from their mats. “These men have explosives. They are so young and angry and foolish they placed some in a night club last week simply because they were thrown out for insulting women. We know they have much more, however, and are probably going to try to blow up something big, to harm a lot of people. If you know anyone new, rough, uneducated, suspicious, please call the New York Police Department.”

She was going to slug the old man if she stayed so turned on her heel, collected her shoes, and left. She drove back to the office and while writing her report, ran a make on Singer to see what, if anything, the NYPD knew about the man.

Nothing, it turned out. He had a drivers licence with lots of parking tickets, all duly paid, a few speeding tickets, also paid, but nothing more. She could always collect his fingerprints, she thought, and run them through NCIC.

She got the car again and headed out to see if Ayda would recognize the pictures. Even if not she might have something else to say if Kennedy played her right.

Ayda answered the door in her chador, frowning. Kennedy had called ahead, and gotten the girl to reluctantly agree to at least look at the pictures. Ayda showed her in, and closed the door behind her. Then she casually slipped off the chador and tossed it onto the nearby chair. She was wearing loose fitting, low-riding cotton trousers and a tank top which hugged her big breasts underneath

Kennedy smiled inwardly. She sat in such a way that her jacket came open. She wore a tight-fitting green blouse underneath, and had taken the time to remove her bra before going to the car. Her nipples pressed firmly against the thin fabric as she leaned in and placed the pictures on the table for Ayda to look at.

“Do you recognize any of these men?” she asked.

The girl shook her head, but there was something about her attitude – not that she was lying, exactly, but not telling the full truth. Kennedy shifted from the seat on Ayda’s right to sit next to her on the sofa, smiling gently. “Your sure there isn’t something you want to talk to me about? Anything at all?”

She reached up and put a hand on Ayda’s shoulder, and the girl stiffened momentarily.

“That’s a very nice top,” Kennedy said. “It really accentuates your figure.”

Ayda blushed as Kennedy traced the line of fabric along her shoulder. Kennedy looked into the girl’s eyes, and let her fingers slide further along the shoulder, to the edge of the collar, where she could caress the nape of Ayda’s neck with her finger.

“Tell me about Muusa’s cousin,” she asked softly.

“I-I can’t – !” Ayda gulped, eyes wide.

Kennedy let her fingers trace lightly along the nape of the Arab girl’s neck, then

slide slowly and gently behind her neck, rubbing lightly.

“You know, if Muusa was not involved then nothing bad would happen to him,” she said. “Even if he was, well, that wouldn’t be a problem for you.”

“I-I... without my husband I – I would have to go home... I would have to... to.... I would be in disgrace...”

Without her husband she could not support herself, and even if her immigration papers weren’t rescinded she’d be forced to stay with Muusa’s family as a virtual servant until he got out of prison, however long that took. It would be a prison sentence for her too.

“We could do things about that,” Kennedy said softly. “You could go back to school here with a government loan, with government permission...”

She let her voice trail off. Her hand was much more firm on the back of Ayda’s neck now. The girl was breathing heavily, wild-eyed, heart pounding as Kennedy turned her head to face her and then kissed her delicately on the lips.

Ayda jerked violently, then stiffened and tried to pull away. Kennedy tightened her grip, leaning into the kiss, and after a moment the girl melted against her, then began to kiss back with a desperate passion that bruised Kennedy’s lips. Kennedy leaned into her, bending the girl back along the back of the sofa, her free hand gently caressing the side of her ribs, her hips, her belly as her tongue began to explore the girl’s mouth.

When her hand moved over one of Ayda’s breasts the girl jerked and tried to pull free, but Kennedy leaned into her and held her in place as her fingers gently kneaded the full, firm breast beneath the tank top. The girl eased back, moaning, and Kennedy’s hand slid lower, rubbing her belly, then undid the front of Ayda’s trousers and slipped inside.

Again the girl tried to resist, gripping her wrist – too late, and trying to twist away. Kennedy persisted, and slipped her fingers down over her pussy, rubbing lightly through her panties until Ayda settled down, then slipping her fingers inside to find her wet and hot.

Ayda moaned as Kennedy’s fingers found her slit and sank into her, rubbing and caressing, searching out her clit, and beginning to stroke across it.

She sank her fingers slowly into the girl's pussy as her thumb stroked with growing speed across the hard little clit, and Ayda began to writhe and twist and buck beneath her, gasping and moaning into her mouth as her heat mounted. Her writhing caused her to slump lower on the sofa and Kennedy got a better angle for her fingers, thrusting them up to the knuckles inside the wriggling girl as she muffled her cries with her mouth.

Ayda came with a gurgling cry of pleasure, her hips bucking up against Kennedy's fingers as her eyes rolled back and her body twisted and thrashed in wanton pleasure. Kennedy pumped her through it, then as she began to sag limply, pulled up and undid Ayda's trousers, tugging them down and off. She pulled off the moaning girl's panties, then knelt, lifting her legs up and apart and beginning to lap at her glistening sex.

Ayda moaned and shuddered, her hips writhing and twisting, her hands pushing feebly against Kennedy's head as her tongue plunged into the girl's tight sex and lapped at her cream. Then she turned her attentions upwards, teasing and tickling her clit before licking more strongly.

Ayda reacted like someone who had never been given oral sex before, which surprised Kennedy not at all, and was soon humping and twisting and crying out in passion as Kennedy's tongue drove her into another orgasm, then another.

Her tongue was tired after that. She tore off Ayda's top, and feasted on her big breasts for a few minutes, then gripped the dazed girl by the arm and led her up from the sofa, up the stairs, into the main bedroom and onto the big four-poster bed. Ayda was soon spread out underneath her as Kennedy, naked as well, ground her body down against the whimpering, shuddering Arab girl.

She got their thighs scissored and maneuvered her pussy in against Ayda's, and the girl gripped her buttocks to pull her in harder as they both ground together in hungry passion and heat. Their orgasms rushed over them at the same time, which was why neither heard the shouts from downstairs as Ayda's husband returned home, or the footsteps on the stairs as he came up in search of his wife.

Kennedy, however, was less dazed than the little Arab woman, and did hear him as he reached the top of the stairs and called out again. She rolled off the bed, snatching her clothes and rolled underneath again just as he came in on the opposite side of the room.

“What are you doing here like this!?” he demanded angrily. “Why have you not begun dinner?”

Ayda sprang from the bed, and to Kennedy’s surprise, knelt in front of the angry man. “I am sorry, my husband. I was resting,” she said meekly, head down.

He reached down and gripped her by the hair, dragging her to her feet.

“You stink of sex!” he snapped. “Have you been abusing yourself?”

He slapped her violently, sending her spinning back onto the bed.

“I’m sorry, my husband!” she cried. “I was only thinking of you!”

“You were, were you? Well I am here now, slut!”

He stepped to the bed, shoving her back onto her back, then gripped her legs and flipped her onto her belly.

Kenned was right beneath, but she could see the big dressing room mirror on the wall across from the bed as he lifted her legs up and spread them wide so the girl’s legs were spread almost straight out to the sides. With no preliminaries he thrust into her and began to pump hard and fast, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her thighs as he pounded himself into her with unrestrained fury.

He finished quickly, of course, and pulled himself limply from her pussy, doing up his zipper and turning away. “Get dinner ready,” he said curtly. “Hussayn will be here at four.”

He turned and left the room, and a moment later Kennedy heard his heavy footsteps on the stairs going down. She rolled out from beneath the bed and confronted Ayda as she stared to rise.

“Tell me about Hussayn,” she demanded in a low hiss.

“You must leave! If Mussa catches you – !

“Then you’d better talk. How long has he been in the country?”

The girl looked at her helplessly, then at the door.

“Talk to me or I’ll see how open-minded Mussa is about lesbian sex,” she growled.

“His cousin arrived last week! He is simply visiting!”

“Alone?”

“I-I do not know!”

“Maybe I should hang around, then, and listen in on the conversation.”

“No! You must go!”

“You’ll tell me what was said?”

“Yes! I will!”

Kennedy glowered at the woman, then searched around the bedroom. It didn’t take long to find the Koran. She snatched it up and held it out to Ayda, forcing her hand down on its cover.

“Swear by Allah that you will tell me everything that happens.”

“I-I swear!”

Kennedy let her go and snatched up her clothes, dressing quickly.

“Distract him,” she said.

“I will keep him in the kitchen while you go out the door.”

Kennedy nodded and followed at a distance. Ayda went downstairs and after a few moments Kennedy heard a loud crash as of something falling in the kitchen.

She could see the hall below, and saw a pair of man’s legs passing by going into the kitchen. She snuck down quickly as she heard Mussa demanding to know what had happened. She glanced around the corner, then darted to the front door, letting herself out and closing it softly behind her.

## Chapter Fourteen

She was playing a dangerous game, of course. If it ever got out that she'd had sex with Ayda the department would not take it well. On the other hand, it was very unlikely Ayda would volunteer it under almost any circumstances.

She called Juarez on her cell phone. The news that Hussayn Ayda al-Jabbaar was in New York would certainly come as news to him. Though since he was on the FBI's watch list he shouldn't have been able to get in at all.

"Sergeant? It's Neil. I'm at the home of Muusa Ayda al-Jabbaar. I was re-interviewing his wife and came across some information. It appears his cousin Hussayn is in town. He's on the watch list as a member of the Islamic Brotherhood in Egypt.."

His voice was tinny over the small cell phone, but sounded surprised. "She told you that?"

"He's coming for dinner. He's supposed to be there at four. Do you want me to keep watch over the house?"

There was a long pause. "No, get back here and do a report. I'll contact Intelligence and get someone over there to stake out the area."

Kennedy was not surprised. Surveillance was something of a specialty, and one she had little experience with. She started the car and headed back to Manhattan.

She returned to the station, filled out the report, and answered Juarez' questions as well as she was able to, then headed out to continue redoing interviews.

It was still daylight. It was nice working days, she thought as she headed up the street. And if she continued to do well with the ATTF she could look forward to more of it, and more money. And not wearing a uniform.

At the next mosque she visited, the downstairs was empty of people. Hearing voices from up the stairs, she went up and discovered an open area which

overlooked the main prayer room. This was for women, who were always segregated in mosques, if they were allowed in at all. There was a class of some sort taking place. A dozen or so teenage girls, all in chadors were sitting cross-legged on the floor around an older woman who was reading from the Koran. They all looked up as Kennedy entered.

“Salam aleikum,” Kennedy said with a smile.

She walked across and knelt beside them, taking out her badge. “I’m sorry to interrupt,” she said. “My name is Kennedy Neil.”

The girls stared at her with some interest, and Kennedy described what had happened and what she was looking for. They seemed more receptive than any of the men she’d met so far, but timid, as well. The older woman scowled at her, but turned and hurried down the stairs.

“Just because there’s some Arab men who are bad doesn’t mean we know anything about it,” one of the girls said indignantly.

“No, of course not. But the more people I talk to the more likely I find someone who knows something,” Kennedy said.

“But the police think all Muslims are criminals just because of a few.”

“If that were the case I wouldn’t be asking for your help,” Kennedy said.

“Unfortunately, you are suffering from guilt by association. The thing to do about that is to disassociate yourself from these people, remove them from the community entirely.”

“Do you have a gun?” another girl asked.

Kennedy smiled and nodded.

“Is it hard to become a policewoman?”

“Harder than becoming a secretary,” Kennedy replied, “but not impossible. The NYPD is always looking for more women.”

“Do you get to arrest men?” another asked.

“Usually it’s men who break the law,” she said.

“You are disturbing the class!” an old man snapped, climbing up the stairs, huffing and puffing. “You would not so disrupt a class of rich Jews!”

“Sure I would,” she said, turning to eye him doubtfully. “I don’t care who I disturb.”

A class of rich Jews would probably not be the place to look for terrorists these days, though, she thought.

He practically spat in indignation. “Look at these poor girls,” he said, sweeping his arm in their direction, “They must study in this poor place while the Jew children are in great palaces of glass looking down at the poor.”

“Been in a lot of Jewish schools have you?’ she asked cynically.

His eyes narrowed. “I see this on the television!” he snapped. “Only last week I see a Jew school in a great tower. Why do you not go there and interrupt their classes!?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Later on, when Juarez was demanding an explanation, when the mosque was threatening to go to the media with complaints about how the police were harassing Muslims, she realized that, to a certain extent, seeing all those young women there affected how she responded when the middle aged Imam came storming up the stairs to demand she leave.

It wasn’t his sneering condescension towards women in general, and her in particular, his utter lack of interest in the pictures she tried to show him, or his latent hostility towards the police coming into his mosque, so much as all of it being displayed in front of the watching girls.

“So is the quote more or less accurate?” Juarez asked, as she sat by his desk later that afternoon, fidgeting crossly.

“More or less,” she said.

“More or less?” he demanded. “What does that mean?”

“I did say I was smarter and better educated than him, that I could climb, run and jump faster and farther, and that I could beat him up with one arm tied behind my back.”

“And your reference to his dick?”

“I didn’t say a thing about his dick,” she said with a casual shrug. “I might have said that just because he had a pair of tiny balls in the wrinkled old scrotum dangling between his legs that didn’t make him better than me.”

He sighed. “You called him a pimp for his mother?”

She shrugged again and made a face. “You had to be there.”

“Yeah, maybe I should have been! We don’t need this in the papers, Neil! The department is very sensitive to charges of racial profiling! It’s great that you speak Arabic but you need to learn a little cultural sensitivity as well.”

She rolled her eyes. “I think I probably know more about Arab culture than just about anyone here, Sergeant,” she said. “If anything I was acting too much like an Arab, well, a liberated female Arab maybe.”

“Yeah, well you ain’t one, so in future watch your mouth. I think I’ll send someone with you from now on.”

“I can do better on my own,” she protested. “I’m sure I was getting to those girls. If any of them sees something I’m fairly sure they’ll more likely to report it than they would have been. If I’d had a few more minutes...”

“Just go home, Neil. Your shift is over anyway. You can save the world from Arab sexists tomorrow.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Stupid old Arab man, she thought in irritation as she took the subway home. She needed to find a way to talk to girls without old men around interfering. Maybe if she approached some of the schools...

She walked up the two blocks to her apartment, thinking both about what to eat and whether she should go and see Singer again. She stepped back as a figure

pushed itself away from the wall and grinned at her.

“Ross,” she said with a frown.

“Hey, baby.”

“What are you doing here?”

“I came to see you. You owe me, baby, and I came to collect.”

“I don’t owe you anything. You got what you deserved.”

She pushed past him and he followed her into the building.

“I’m not talking about that, although that was a cheap shot you took at my balls.”

“Your balls deserved it.”

“Hey, I was doing you a favor there by acting like a jerk. I said the kinds of things your cop friends were thinking. But I was so obnoxious they didn’t dare even get into it. They even defended you. Weaver called me an asshole out in the hall.”

“You are an asshole. And why are you following me? You’re not getting into my apartment.”

“I think you’ll change your mind,” he said with grin.

“Yeah, why?”

She thumbed the button for the elevator, then stepped in as the doors opened, with Ross following.

“Because I am in the process of saving your pretty little ass again, sweet cheeks,” he said, squeezing her butt as the doors closed.

She slapped his hand away. “There’s a camera in here you know.”

He grinned broadly. “Ain’t that a coincidence. There was a camera in Muusa Ayda al-Jabbaar’s house too.”

She stared at him in shock, the blood draining from her face.

“Sadly, it was only in the living room. I would have paid good money to have had one upstairs where you took the girl. Shit, me and Al were cursing when you took her off camera.”

She stepped out of the elevator and he followed.

“I have to say, that is one excellent interrogation technique,” he said amiably. “I’m not sure how the ACLU would react, of course, but it certainly had the desired affect.”

She unlocked her door and he followed her inside.

“What do you want, Ross?” she asked.

“You mean to ask, how do you get out of this without the NYPD getting a look at that tape, right?”

He sprawled on the sofa and grinned arrogantly up at her. “Strip.”

“Big surprise,” she said, taking off her clothes.

“You never suspected we’d have that place bugged?”

“Why should you? Muusa isn’t suspected of anything.”

“His cousin is, and his cousin came in through Dulles last week.”

“So why didn’t you arrest him?”

“We wanted to see what he did and who he met with. So far he’s done nothing but visit his family. That’s how we got the warrant for the camera and mike in Muusa’s living room. We don’t have anything upstairs, though. Boy, do I wish we had one in the bedroom. That is where you went, right?”

She stood in front of him naked and folded her arms beneath her breasts.

“What do you want, Ross?”

“Get me a scotch, baby.”

She went into the kitchen and got him a drink.

“I’m sure Hussayn’s is mixed up with our friends somehow. Either he’s onto us and knows we were following him, or he’s just biding his time. He might be working through a family member, maybe Muusa. I want to know anything that Arab girl tells you as soon as she tells you.”

She handed him the drink and he smiled lazily up at her.

“Now blow me,” he ordered.

She scowled at him, but sank to her knees in front of him and undid his trousers.

“Fortunately for you, Al was the only guy who saw the tape, and he immediately brought it to me.”

She pulled his cock out and began to lick at it, kissing her way down the shaft, then kissing and sucking his balls into her mouth.

“I convinced him there was no good to be served in his making a report on what happened, that it would just ruin your career for nothing.”

He combed his fingers through her hair as his cock began to thicken in her mouth.

“And, I promised him that if he gave me the tape and forgot about it, he could do anything he wanted to you.”

She rolled her eyes up at him and he smirked, pressing down on her head to keep her from taking her mouth off his cock.

“Suck,” he ordered smugly.

She sucked.

“Don’t worry. Al is a young guy. That’s who we put in charge of routine crap like checking surveillance tapes and mikes. Not bad looking either. I’m sure you won’t mind him fucking you.”

He ran his hand up and down her back, squeezing her buttocks, then sliding it

beneath her to fondle her breast. His cock was hard now and she was bobbing slowly up and down, taking it deep into her throat on every third or fourth stroke as her fingers massaged his balls.

“I really liked our last little game, baby,” he said. “And I could tell you got off on it too,” he said, his breath coming faster now as his excitement grew. “You and me, we’re gonna have a fun evening!”

He tightened his fingers in her hair, then pulled her head up and back.

Kennedy winced, but made no effort to resist.

“Aren’t we?”

“Yes,” she panted.

“Yes, master,” he said.

“Yes, master,” she said, feeling a crackle of excitement roll up through the center of her belly.

“Suck my cock,” he growled, shoving her mouth back down onto his stiff prick.

Kennedy groaned, letting him force her down all the way, feeling her mouth and throat impaled, his thick cock pushing all the way down her throat as he jammed her nose and face against his groin.

There was something wickedly hot about the situation. She had experienced a lot of game playing lately, a lot of submissive bondage and even punishment. But at the back of her head she had known full well that she had complete control, that she could stop or refuse at any time for any reason. Now she had lost that assurance. She was required to do whatever Ross wanted or face the possibility that tape would get out.

Would Ross do that? Probably not, but he was giving every appearance of being willing, and even if it was part of a game it was a more realistic game than they’d played the last time. She also believed him that she’d have to fuck the other agent, this stranger who had seen her masturbating and performing oral sex on Ayda. The thought was humiliating, in a sense, and made her angry, but at the same time the sense of helplessness, of having no choice, of being their sexual

toy, was making her pussy throb and burn.

Ross pulled her up by the hair, panting himself now.

“Turn around, bitch,” he growled.

She obeyed, and when he produced his handcuffs she lifted her wrists up behind her back and felt another surge of heat as he cuffed them together. Then he jerked her around roughly and forced her back down onto his cock. He raped her mouth and throat as she sucked, gasped and gagged weakly, pulling her up and down by the hair, slapping the side of her head, the side of her breast, using her cruelly.

“That’s it, slut. Suck that cock,” he growled. “Fucking little whore. Harder then eating out pussy ain’t it!”

He pulled her hair up a final time and then pumped his cock, spewing his semen into her face, then flung her back onto the floor on her back.

“Man, that was fun,” he sighed.

He stripped as she lay back on the floor, then climbed between her legs and began to lick at her thighs, then her pussy. Kennedy was soon moaning softly and rolling her hips up to meet his talented tongue, but when he had roused her sufficiently he stopped and sat back on his heels, looking down at her with a cruel expression.

“Of course, I can’t let you get away with what you did today without punishment,” he said. “You young kids, you think you can do anything you want, huh? But there are rules, you know. You fuck up, you gotta be punished.”

He had a length of rope, and stood up, grinning at her, then stepped over her and climbed a few rungs on the ladder to her loft. There was a wooden rail running along most of the length of the loft to keep people from falling over. He slipped the rope through one of the brackets and dropped it down, then climbed back down again and knelt before her as she lay back watching.

He tied a loop in the rope and then grabbed her ankle. She drew it back with a frown.

“What are you planning to do?”

He grinned and snatched at her ankle, trapping it.

“Whatever the fuck I want,” he said.

He slipped the loop over her foot and tightened it around her ankle, then looped the rope a dozen times more around her ankle before tying it off.

He leaned back and began to pull on the other end of the rope.

Kennedy felt her ankle lifted up, then she was pulled along the floor until she was directly under the overhanging loft. Ross pulled again and her ankle lifted higher, raising her hips off the floor, then as Ross continued to pull, she was lifted slowly upwards until she was dangling by an ankle. She tried to keep her other leg more or less up with the first, but gravity worked against her and it had soon fallen open, her thighs straining as Ross tied off the rope and left her dangling.

He uncuffed one of her wrists, letting her arms drop down, then cuffed them together again in front of her.

Kennedy dangled freely, panting for breath, her head throbbing because of her upside down position, her sex feeling open and vulnerable as he looked down at her. With her hands hanging freely her fingers brushed the floor lightly, and her body felt stretched out and helpless.

Her left leg was pulled down by gravity, spreading her wide, and Ross took advantage of that, running his hands over her freely, groping and fondling her, squeezing her ass, fingering and rubbing at her pussy, roughly kneading her breasts.

He climbed up into the loft and returned with her dildo and vibrator. He worked the dildo down into her ass, and the vibrator down into her pussy, then sat back to watch her. When Kennedy lifted her arms and rubbed at her clit he slapped her hands down, then tied her cuffs down to the leg of the sofa.

“Tell me what a whore you are,” he said, smirking, sipping from his Scotch.

“I’m a nasty, dirty little whore!” she gasped breathlessly.

“Louder. Keep talking.”

“I’m a dirty slut. I love to suck cocks. I’m a— a cocksucking whore slut and I fuck everyone who wants me!” she groaned, her pussy throbbing around the vibrator.

“Yeah, yeah, I like that!” he said.

“I love to fuck myself with my dildo and vibrator,” she gasped. “I love to lick pussy and suck on girls’ tits. I love to lick nipples and clits!”

“Dirty little dyke whore!”

He stood up, and she saw him slide the leather belt out of the loops of his trousers.

“Wh-what are you gonna do?” she gasped.

“Whatever I want, remember?”

He swung the belt sideways and it cracked across her ass, the sting throwing her hips forward as she cried out “Ow!”

“You know you have to be punished, little slut,” he said.

Kennedy felt a shudder roll through her. “Punish me, master,” she moaned.

The belt lashed across her bottom again, and again the stinging pain made her cry out, her hips jerking forward.

He chuckled, then swung again. The belt lashed out, but this time struck the small of her back, surprising her as she cried out.

“Ow! Fuck!”

The next blow struck higher along her back. And again she cried out in pain, writhing, twisting helplessly, gasping. The belt lashed her again, harder and she cried out once more. “Ow! Fuck, Ross!”

“You know you love it, baby,” he said.

The belt cracked across her buttocks, then her lower back. Ross stopped and stripped completely, hard again, she saw. He swung the belt across her back in a slow, measured pace that had her back throbbing and burning with heat, but at the same time had her pussy burning hotter. Her back was soon almost numb to the sharp, stinging ache of each new blow, and she took it, absorbed the force of it with a hot shudder of excitement.

She wondered if she was becoming a masochist, or if she'd always been one.

The belt lashed out and this time up before slicing down against her groin. She squealed and her free leg jerked vigorously as she thrashed in response.

“Slut,” he said. “Cock sucking little whore!”

He brought the belt down on her pussy again and she cried out and jerked in response. The belt was not heavy, but it stung as it struck her moist, sensitive sex. Her pussy lips were straining wide around the base of the vibrator, her clit exposed, and each time the belt hit that the pain made her thrash wildly.

But the heat inside her only grew. She gave herself to the pain, not even pulling her hands against the cuffs, against the rope.

The belt cut across her belly, as she knew it would inevitably, and a burning hunger filled her as she waited with baited breath. The belt lashed her belly again, then her abdomen. It cut down onto her pussy, and then finally sliced around her and whipped against her breasts.

She came with a strangled cry of pleasure and pain, her body jerking and thrashing as Ross continued to swing the belt down across her breasts and pussy.

He stopped as her orgasm faded, and grabbed her hair as roughly as he ever had, yanking her head up and back and shoving his hard cock through her open mouth and down her throat. She gurgled and gagged and choked on it as he fucked her mouth and face in a wild, savage motion before pulling back and staggering away, panting wildly.

Kennedy moaned, saliva dribbling from her open mouth down to the floor.

Ross turned away from her, visibly bracing himself, fighting to keep from coming. Then he turned back, grabbing the belt and resuming his beating. The

belt slashed down across her back and buttocks, against her pussy and breasts as she danced and twisted and moaned and cried out in pain.

He threw the belt down, finally, and moved against her. He straddled her dangling leg, pulled the vibrator out of her pussy, and rammed himself into her, grasping her bound leg as he hammered his cock into her belly with feverish need and hunger.

Kennedy came, and came again as he pounded against her. Then he groaned and half collapsed against her, grasping her bound leg to support himself as he buried himself inside her and pumped out his second load of the evening.

## Chapter Fifteen

“You don’t know what it’s like, being a woman who is under the control of men.”

Kennedy looked at the girl sourly as Ayda wrung her hands together in her lap.

“Uh huh,” she said.

“Muusa could divorce me, and where would I be then? I would be sent home, discarded, with nothing. It would be a humiliation to my family.”

Kennedy still had marks on her bottom and back and breasts from Ross’s belt, and worse than that, somehow, was the memory of what she’d been required to do to gain the silence of the other FBI agent. He hadn’t been a sadist like Ross, but he’d had his own kinky ideas.

Kennedy had had to stand on a street corner like a hooker, wearing a tartan skirt barely low enough to cover her ass, and a schoolgirl blazer and blouse, acting like a hooker. The man had picked her up, and treated her like a hooker. She’d sucked him off in the car, and then he’d driven into a quiet parking lot, where they’d gotten out. She’d then bent over the car as he fucked her hard and deep, inserted a twenty dollar bill in her pussy, and driven off, leaving her like that.

“I think we can arrange to keep your immigration status open if you cooperate,” she said. “You could stay here, get a job, go to college, have sex with other girls...”

Ayda gasped and looked around the park wildly, then stared at her in outrage. “Do not speak so!”

“You don’t want to be married to that pig anyway,” Kennedy said. “If we arrest him you can be free of him.”

She had led the girl out here, not wanting whatever the girl told her to be recorded by the FBI. This was her source, not theirs!

“What did Hussayn say?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing?”

She glowered at the girl, who looked away. “Don’t play games with me, Ayda.”

“Hussayn is very careful. Muusa says he is afraid of eavesdropping devices.”

“And why would he be afraid of that?”

Ayda was wearing her chador, and the wind made it blow out around her as she looked out at the pond.

“We’ll probably find out soon anyway,” Kennedy said.

“Because you are following him now? Because you are following my husband?”

Kennedy shrugged.

“But Muusa knows nothing. I do not believe he would allow Hussayn in the house if he knew he was doing something which could get him arrested.”

“So you’re saying you don’t know anything? Why did you call me, then?”

The girl looked up at her. “I want to feel your mouth against me again.”

Now it was Kennedy who felt uneasy, and looked around.

“And why should I?” she tossed back.

“I know a woman whose husband has taken in one of these men you seek,” she said. “At least I think so. It sounds like him, though I have not seen him.”

“Who?”

“You will not find her house by following Hussayn or Mussa. Only I can tell you,” she said insistently.

“So tell me.”

“I want to feel your mouth on me again.”

“You little - .”

“Let us go back to my house. Afterwards, I will tell you.”

“I – no.”

“Why not?”

Kennedy looked at her a moment and the girl’s mouth suddenly opened and she scowled indignantly. “They have put listening devices in my house!”

“Probably,” Kennedy said warily.

“Then where!?”

Kennedy sighed. This was not how she thought the NYPD wanted her to get information. Still, if Ayda knew something, it was worth it.

She led Ayda back to her car, and then drove around until she found a quiet, unattended parking lot. She pushed Ayda’s seat back and the girl eagerly pulled up her chador and skirt. She was naked beneath, and Kennedy knelt in front of her and gave the girl what she wanted.

Kennedy was not the greatest fan of giving oral sex to women. She thought it was boring, and much preferred having a stiff cock in her mouth. But Ayda did give the job its own rewards by her excitement and responsiveness. Kennedy began to enjoy herself despite her impatience to find out what the woman wanted, and Ayda’s cries of pleasure almost made her ears ache as she sucked on the girl’s hard little clit.

“More later,” she said, pulling her head back up above the dashboard and looking around.

Ayda lay back groaning, eyes closed.

“Who is this woman and where can I find her?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Kamilah Bassar was a short, tubby, scowling woman whose face was completely hidden under a mesh face mask. Kennedy had to assume she was a woman, for there could have been anything under the voluminous blue robes. Nevertheless, Ayda had called her and the woman seemed more than cooperative. She did not like the man who was staying at her house. He was a pig, she said, and crude, and if Kennedy wanted to take him away to Cuba that was fine with her. She had no fears her husband would be similarly taken. He was, she said, entirely too stupid to be involved in any kind of criminal endeavor because no one would ever trust him not to screw it up.

She never stopped talking and calling him nine kinds of fool as she led Kennedy to the room where the stranger, Omar Ali Abbas, was staying. His possessions were few and ragged. And there was really nothing to indicate what he was doing or where he came from.

However, Kamilah said that he was staying with them because the imam at the mosque had pressured her stupid husband into providing him temporary lodging, and that there were several other men also staying with weak-minded, weak-willed men around the area. The imam had said they were Syrians, but Kamilah said Omar didn't talk like any Syrian she'd ever met, and she thought he was more likely a Yemeni.

She also said they appeared to be working at a garage on the eastern edge of Queens. She even had the address. Her weakling husband, she complained, had been forced to drive him to work one day. It had taken them well over half an hour out of their way on their journey to visit her mother, and she was still highly indignant about it.

Thus Kennedy found herself on the edge of a highway peering through binoculars at a run-down garage. It was a garage without a sign, without any indication it was open, much less open to the public. There were no gas pumps no price list, no nothing. Just a gray stone building with twin garage doors. It was tall enough to have more than cars inside, tall enough for trucks, in fact, which immediately raised Kennedy's sense of danger.

Nutty Muslims had originally tried to bring down the World Trade Center with a truck bomb, after all. And so far as she could see, they hadn't gotten a lot smarter in the years since, just more willing to die to get their virgins in paradise.

She used her cell phone to call it in, and was told to stay put while surveillance was set up, but she had never been the patient sort. She parked next to a cement factory and walked closer, edging around a pile of old tires and into a weed-filled field overloaded with car parts and other assorted junk, paralleling a chain link fence around the garage.

There was nothing much on the other side of the fence but more garbage, more rusting car parts, and more tires, but at the rear of the garage were two more large doors, and one was open. She knelt beside a large garbage bin which looked like it had been rusted in place for years, and brought the binoculars to her eyes.

She made out the front of a large commercial truck of some kind. There were men moving around in the shadows behind it, but unfortunately, the truck was facing the opening. She couldn't see what was happening behind it. Then she looked to the side, and saw a pile of sacks. At first she thought they were cement. She couldn't make out most of the words, but the brand name was clear: Horwick Manufacturing.

She called Weaver.

"You near a computer with internet?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Can you google Horwick Manufacturing for me?"

"I'm not your research assistant, Kennedy," he said, irritated.

"It'll only take a second."

He sighed and muttered something to himself, but she heard keys tapping, and then a pause.

"It's an agricultural chemicals company? Why?" he asked, his voice filled with sudden interest.

Kennedy paused a moment. "Agricultural chemicals? Would that include, like, fertilizer?"

“Yes. Which is often used in homemade bombs. So suppose you tell me why you’re asking.”

“But our guys have their own explosives, right?”

“We think they’ve got just under fifty pounds of tetrytol, but they could use a few pounds of that to ignite a larger, homemade explosive and make multiple bombs that way. Why?” he demanded.

“Because I’m looking at a garage in Queens where some of our mystery men might be located with a big truck in it and a big pile of sacks which say Horwick Manufacturing on the sides.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The ATTF usually didn’t have to worry much about getting warrants. There were so many federal statutes now which overrode the need in terrorism cases that the only delay was the time needed to get the bomb squad and Emergency Services Units into place.

Kennedy got to sit back and watch from a safe distance as the people she tended to think of as jocks with helmets rushed the garage. She could hear what she thought were a few shouts over the traffic, and then nothing. She looked to the ESU captain and his radio, and he seemed to be relaxed enough.

Then the call went out for the Bomb Squad guys as Juarez and Weaver arrived. They were chatting idly, waiting to hear more when Ross showed up, with a half dozen other feds in tow. Finally, the Bomb Squad gave the all clear, but they were limiting how many people could get inside, and much to her irritation Juarez told her to go home.

It wasn’t that she didn’t agree, intellectually. Forensics would be all over the place for hours, and only a very few top detectives would be trusted to step around them and not screw up the evidence. But she would have liked to go in and see what was there.

\* \* \* \* \*

“How do you feel?”

“Kind of goofy, to tell you the truth,” Kennedy said.

“You don’t look goofy. You look sensational. You look sensual.”

He moved around her snapping pictures. For once, Kennedy wasn’t terribly concerned about what would happen to them. For her face wouldn’t be in them.

She was wearing a leather or latex hood. It covered her face completely except for an opening over her mouth. Even the eyes were covered with a thin dark plastic so that while she could see, the room looked dim, as though she had sunglasses on. She wore a leather collar, and a leather halter made of straps and chains.

The straps criss-crossed her chest and belly, squeezing in around her waist, and particularly, around her breasts, forcing them out into firm, fat balls of flesh. She wore nothing below it except the boots he’d bought her. The boots kind of excited her. They were very hot looking, in a slutty sort of way. They were thigh high leather stilettos, and even as a stripper she’d never worn a heel this high. They matched the shoulder length leather gloves, though, which covered her arms and hands.

Of course, they weren’t really visible, as he’d strapped them together behind her, the thick straps squeezing around her wrists, first, then around her forearms just below her elbows, and then another strap above her elbows. That had hurt, and her shoulders still throbbed in pain, but she was getting used to his complicated bondage games, and more than slightly intrigued by them.

“You know what you need? You need to get your nipples pierced,” he said.

“I’ve thought about it.”

“Then let’s do it.”

“What, today? You want to go out now? I’m not exactly dressed for it.”

He grinned slyly. “You’d be surprised what you’re dressed for.”

He led her a little to one side, then lifted her bound wrists, pulling them higher and higher until she gasped and bent at the waist to a ninety degree angle. She felt him doing something with the wrist restraints above and behind her, but

couldn't see. Then he moved back and her wrists remained locked up behind her.

He forced her ankles further apart, which lowered her, and thus raised her arms higher, then attached them to a spreader bar. A strap or something – she couldn't tell – was attached to the top of the leather hood, pulling her head up and back, and fixed in place, then he stuffed a fat penis gag into her mouth. The gag was attached to the underside of a flat leather strap he pressed over her mouth and strapped together behind her head.

A fat butt-plug and a vibrator filled her nether holes, and he stepped back to take more pictures.

Then he attached the nipple clips, and Kennedy cursed and twisted helplessly as her nipples stung and burned fiercely. There was nothing she could do, however, but wait it out, and after a minute or so the stinging and heat began to fade.

By then, Singer had pulled the chain attached to the nipple clips down and attached it to the center of the spreader bar, pulling sharply on her nipples to stretch them out. He then left her like that for a few minutes, and Kennedy moaned uncomfortably as she contemplated her many sins.

Like being stupid enough to let this guy keep tying her up. For that matter, to let other people tie her up. What was with that lately?!

Of course, it was an incredible rush, intensely exciting, and hot, and kinky and wild and she loved the wild, raw monkey sex. But a part of her remained indignant that she was letting herself be treated like some kind of sex toy. That part of her, of course, wasn't the part in charge, and was already fading into the background as her position and the vibrator began to influence her mind.

Singer returned and pushed over a little tray, then sat down beside her. Kennedy couldn't really turn her head much, and couldn't lower it at all. But she could shift it a bit to the side, and saw him lining up a number of odd things, like bowls, jars, and to her surprise, a pair of heavy golden rings. Then she saw the needles as he ripped open their paper and plastic containers, and her eyes went wide behind the mask.

He was going to pierce her fucking nipples! Now! She tried to yell at him, and struggled against the straps to no avail. But she wasn't even sure she didn't want him to. She didn't want needles going into her nipples, of course! And while he

seemed to be more than a little capable with all this bondage shit she didn't know if he really knew what he was doing when it came to piercing parts of her body she had quite a bit of fondness for.

If he didn't, though, he was putting on quite a show of knowing, carefully lining everything up before him in preparation.

"I'm going to pierce them side to side," he said. "That's the most common way, and it's the way I like. Rings look better hanging that way, and you've got great round, firm breasts that will look simply marvelous with pierced nipples."

He pushed the tray back and smiled at her. "But first..."

He moved behind her, where Kennedy could not, of course look. She felt his hands caressing her buttocks, stroking her thighs. Then the butt-plug was pulled slowly out of her ass and replaced by – she wasn't sure, at first. She thought it was his cock when it pushed into her, but quickly realized it must be a dildo, though a big one. He pushed it deep and twisted it, and Kennedy groaned as it jammed against the deepest part of her anus.

He pumped it in and out a few times as he moved the vibrator around in her pussy. Then he pulled the dildo free and replaced it with another. This one was even fatter, she thought at first. But it turned out to be of variable length. She couldn't see it, but it had fat round balls like ping-pong balls, held together on a narrow tube so that her anal opening was continually being forced wide, then closing, forced wide, then closing around the balls as they passed through.

He began to pump and twist the vibrator, and then his tongue started to lap at her clit.

All of which, was doing a lot to distract Kennedy from any worries about getting her throbbing, aching nipples pierced. She was writhing and twisting and gasping and moaning around the penis gag, her lower body inflamed as Singer worked steadily at her, her bottom thrust up and out, grinding back against his teasing tongue as the vibrator made her very bones tremble.

It was about then the bell went.

Singer had a very loud doorbell. It had the multiple tones of one of those bell towers winding up to sound the time. And he thrust vibrator and dildo achingly

deep inside her as he rose to answer it.

“That must be the man coming to do your nipples,” he said.

At least, that was what Kennedy thought she had heard through the pounding in her skull, through the hammering of her pulse and her racing heart. But her mind was more than a little befuddled, so she wasn't sure she had interpreted his words properly. He didn't mean – surely he couldn't mean – there wasn't going to be – someone else coming in to see her – like this – .

Of course, Kennedy wasn't just any woman. As an occasional stripper proud of her body she wasn't mortified when Singer led a stranger into the room. Nevertheless, she wasn't exactly at her best, and did feel a shock hit her as the man – a black man at that – walked up beside her and looked her over.

She was grateful for the anonymity of the hood covering her face and eyes as he gave her a long, slow, frank and approving look.

“Very hot,” he said, moving slowly around her, inspecting how she was bound and displayed.

“Thank you,” Singer replied.

The Black man looked at Singer for permission, then reached below and fondled Kennedy's breasts.

She winced as the movement tugged at the chains clipped to her nipples, but she felt a rousing heat, as well, for this reminded her of her almost-rape at the hands of the two cops at the strip club in Jersey.

“I'll distract her for you,” Kennedy said.

The Black man chuckled and moved to sit down next to her while Singer moved behind her and started pumping the ball-dildo and vibrator. The Black man drew on a pair of surgical gloves, then leaned in to inspect Kennedy's left nipple.

He picked up a cotton ball and dipped it in alcohol, then rubbed it against her nipple. The alcohol was cold and she shivered. She was not – exactly – distracted by what Singer was doing, but it was certainly putting her mind in a receptive mood as the Black man picked up a six inch long needle and leaned in

beneath her.

Her nipple was already taut, pulled down hard by the clip attached to it. And Singer had placed that clip precisely, so that all the Black man had to do was thrust the needle through her nipple right at the tip of the clip.

It stung, but with the weird shit that had happened to her over the last few weeks, Kennedy absorbed the pain easily. Then he moved the chair and tray around to her other side, repeating his careful work even as Kennedy fought to push back an impending orgasm. She failed, however, and just as he finished attaching a heavy ring to her newly pierced nipple she began to shake and twist and buck as the orgasm rippled through her mind and body.

He noticed, of course, and she saw him grinning as he let his fingers knead her breast.

Her nipples still stung, but when he released the clips, the pain grew more intense, then faded.

“Have her put some ice on them if they bleed,” he said.

“Ice on the nipples. Sounds like an interesting plan,” Singer said with a smile. “Now suppose we let her pay you for your trouble.”

“Yeah, I don’t normally make house calls, after all.”

“That’s all right. She very much appreciates your efforts. She’s wanted to get them done for ages.”

He undid the strap behind Kennedy’s head which held the penis gag in her mouth, then worked it free as the Black man moved in front of her and began to unzip. The audaciousness of what they had apparently agreed to – without ever even consulting Kennedy – helped strike her dumb as the black man drew his semi-flaccid cock out and rubbed it over her masked face.

She didn’t even know the guy’s name! And then he was in her mouth, and she really didn’t have a lot of choice unless she wanted to bite him.

Then she felt Singer behind her, pumping the vibrator in and out, angling it downwards as he thrust it firmly into her pussy, stroking it across that sweet spot

inside her that made her shudder every time it was touched. At the same time his tongue lapped at her clit, and she could not keep her hips from bucking back frantically.

The black man's cock filled her mouth, holding her jaw wide. He pushed it deliberately into the inside of her cheeks, jabbing away lightly, giving her time to suck and lick at him, to moisten his cock with her slippery saliva. Then he straightened and pushed firmly forward into the back of her throat. She choked a little, but swallowed, and with the way her head was pulled up and back his thick shaft plunged straight down her throat with ease.

She gurgled weakly, her throat spasming around his thick cock as her nose was jammed into his pubic bone. He gripped her head, holding her in place, grinding his pelvis into her face, twisting his cock around a little inside her throat.

The vibrator pulled free of her, and now Singer thrust into her. Just as he had with the vibrator, he was aiming down, to grind his cock across the tingling spot inside her, his hands alternately squeezing her hips and reaching under her to knead her breasts.

The Black man pulled back, and her throat convulsed around the thick, slippery tube of flesh as it stroked along her sensitive muscles. She gagged as the last of it pulled free, and gulped in air as her body rocked in time to Singer's thrusts. He let her draw in deep, shaky breaths before filling her mouth once more, and she sucked weakly, groaning and gasping as Singer pounded into her with growing force and speed.

Someone plucked at her new nipple rings, and her nipples burned and stung, but she had reached that stage where pain was pleasure, and then the Black man's cock plunged down her throat once more, and she forgot to care about anything else.

Fingers stroked roughly across her clit, and then she was screaming into the Black man's cock as the orgasm rushed over her, her body shaking and bucking, Singer's hips slamming into her buttocks in a rapid fire tattoo as the Black man dug his fingers into her skull more tightly and pumped his cock into her spasming throat.

## Chapter Sixteen

She knew the Black man's name was James because she heard Singer use his name. They were not introduced, however. The two men talked to each other, not to her, and Kennedy felt a bizarre sense of dark excitement at being treated like a sex toy, like she wasn't even human. They unstrapped her and then re strapped her, talking about her, not to her. Singer spoke of how tight her cunt was, while James spoke approvingly of her oral skills.

Her wrists were forced up between her shoulder blades and strapped in place there, and she was blindfolded. A ring gag was shoved into her mouth, a hard open ring which held her teeth wide, and then a detachable dildo was pushed into it to gag her and almost choke her. Then the vibrator was shoved up her pussy again.

She was led somewhere and knelt. From the sound of the television she knew she was over by the sofas near the TV. After a few minutes she was dragged up onto the sofa, across someone's lap - James, she realized, from the nearness of his voice. His hands roamed her body, exploring and fondling, pumping and twisting the dildo and vibrator a little, tweaking her aching nipples, groping her breasts and squeezing her buttocks.

Kennedy felt herself rolled onto her back, then lifted into a sitting position across his lap, head back as he sucked lightly on her nipples and fingered her clit. He brought the vibrator up against it and ground it lightly back and forth, and Kennedy's body began to buck and grind as the torpid heat spread through her mind and body.

She was already high on the dark, sensuous excitement of what was happening, and the vibrator pushed her over the edge into another orgasm. The rush of heat and blood to her brain had her back arching and her body spasming until she collapsed with a muffled moan. That was when she heard a third male voice speaking with Singer, praising the show.

She blushed a little under the hood, but was still gripped by a deep, intoxicating sense of sexual hunger. Her overheated body was rolled and pulled onto

someone else's lap - the newcomer, apparently, and his fingers taunted and teased, pinched and fondled and stroked her to the edge of another come.

And still, the men spoke to each other about her, but never to her. Hands moved freely over her body, taunting and teasing and provoking her, lifting and turning and rearranging her.

They positioned her so she was straddling someone, and the vibrator was pulled free of her so she could sink down on his cock. He began to suck and bite at her breasts as she rode him, his hands alternately kneading her breasts or her buttocks as he thrust his cock up into her overheated pussy.

Her own hands remained locked together between her shoulder blades, and she had to use her thigh muscles to ride his stiff prick as she impaled herself again and again.

It felt so.... good. Every time she sank down on his thick cock she groaned in delicious pleasure, the feel of it pushing up into her belly so exquisite a mini orgasm rippled through her nervous system on every deep plunge.

Her wild heat was tempered, at first, when the crack of the switch, or whatever they used, followed the stinging impact against her buttocks. No, it was soft, a strap or whip of some kind, she thought dazedly as she continued to ride up and down on the cock beneath her. She didn't know how many voices she heard now; four, five, six perhaps.

She was passed around, given to each in turn, and as she settled, face down or up across their laps, their hands fondled and stroked and caressed her, and with the aid of the dildo and vibrator they brought her to orgasm, then passed her on again.

Hands were all over her as she was turned and posed, her legs spread, her body teased and stroked to the heights of fiery orgasm again and again.

She was on her knees, taking someone's cock into her throat as someone else sodomized her from behind. No, she was on her back, bent back across a table, perhaps the coffee table, as someone fucked her throat. Her legs were spread and pinned against the table as someone else fucked her pussy. Now she was sitting back across someone's lap as the vibrator brought her to screaming orgasm. Then she was on her knees and shoulders face pressed against the floor as

someone fucked her from behind.

A part of her dazedly wondered how it had happened, but most of her only reveled in the fact it was. Her legs were forced apart and back again and again as cocks were stuffed into her burning body.

And then, slowly, the cotton batting which filled her mind began to dissipate, and her mind took on a strange edge of clarity. She realized she was hanging upside down by the ankles, her legs spread wide open. Her shoulders and arms were filled with relief, for her arms had finally been untwisted, allowed to hang straight down, then drawn out to either side and strapped in place.

They had hung her like this and now left her alone for some minutes. She could catch only bits and pieces of conversation, some about her, some about other, irrelevant things, sports, work, politics. Kennedy could see them, even blindfolded, sitting around, chatting, drinking, laughing, while she hung upside down and naked before them, her legs spread obscenely wide.

The clarity was filled with excitement, despite a sense of indignation in the back of her mind, and it didn't last very long, as hands began to paw and fondle her once more, and the vibrator was stuffed into her pussy, the dildo down achingly deep into her ass.

Then there was silence but her moans, the men watching. She cried out, her body jerking as something bit into her belly with stinging touch. A sense of dismay filled her, and helplessness. She was utterly helpless to even voice her disapproval as the flog cut across her belly again, then sliced into the soft flesh of her breasts. She could feel the individual light strips, perhaps a meter long, as they lashed her pale skin, and her body twisted and writhed as she cried out again and again.

The lash snapped down across her back and sideways across her buttocks as she twisted frantically and sobbed into the gag. Then it landed straight down between her legs, cutting into her inner thighs and pussy until her flesh felt raw and red.

And then her head was being pulled up and back, the dildo gag pulled free, a cock thrust into her mouth through the open ring-gag. As she was whipped, it pumped in and out of her mouth and throat, strong hands forcing her head back so far she feared her neck would snap.

Then cocks plunged into her body once more, into her pussy and ass, pumping wildly, violently as hands pawed and groped and fondled her. Heat exploded once more, and the feverish sexual hunger filled her as her body was crudely and violently used by however many men surrounded her.

And then, finally, more clarity amidst the dark peace and quiet which settled over her. She was sitting on the floor, though could not remember when that had happened. The long boots were off her legs, the gloves off her arms, and as the hood was finally pulled free of her head and her damp, tangled hair spilled out around her sweating face she blinked her eyes against the dim light in the room and moaned weakly.

The ring gag came next, and then she was all but free. But her wrists were in thick restraints before her, locked together, and Singer's fingers in her hair and hand on her arms forced her to her knees. He lifted her arms above her, locking them in place to something as Kennedy's head hung exhaustedly down.

Her body ached all over, every muscles overused, every part of her bruised and raw. Her throat was sore, her breasts bruised, her nipples afire. She groaned resentfully as her arms were pulled higher, then higher still, raising her off her knees, lifting her to her feet, then her toes. Then – just a bit higher, until she was hanging free, her toes just barely able to brush the floor below.

Singer was beside her, his fingers delicately caressing her sweat soaked body.

“You looked beautiful tonight, irresistible,” he whispered, chewing lightly on the nape of her neck.

Kennedy tried to speak, couldn't, and coughed to clear her throat. “H-how many – .”

“How many men had you?” He smiled and kissed her cheek. “An even dozen. I thought it an appropriate number.”

“Holy – shit,” she whispered dazedly.

“Of course, they all had you more than once, some of them three times or more.”

His fingers traced her still swollen clit, which was sore between her aching thighs and raw sex lips, and Kennedy shuddered, her hips twisting and bucking

weakly.

“I – hurt,” she groaned.

“But it was worth it,” he murmured, mouthing her nipple, sucking lightly on it, rolling and twisting the ring around with his tongue so her nipple ached and throbbed and burned more heavily.

“Bas-tard,” she groaned.

He sank down, his tongue swirling and twisting around her belly, then slithering lower, across her abdomen, between her legs as she spread them, his mouth enveloping her pussy as he sucked and licked. Kennedy’s legs jerked and spasmed feebly as she gasped and moaned in helpless sexual fever.

“I think you’re ready to be whipped,” he said finally, rising and running his hands over her lithe body.

“Fuck me,” she moaned dazedly.

“There are many sensations which can bring you over the edge,” he said softly.

He moved away from her, then returned, his hand stroking along her back, tracing the line of her spine. She had been flogged earlier, and her skin felt sore. He moved back, and she hung weakly, gasping, her body wrapped in heat and passion, trembling, toes twitching.

The whip was something she’d never felt. It was not a belt, not a switch, not a flog with a number of shoelace thin strips. It was a full whip, a real whip, a single-tailed braided leather whip which, however lightweight it was, marked a distinct escalation from everything which had preceded it.

When it cut across her back the force of the blow, the pain which bit into her body, shocked Kennedy’s eyes wide and froze her thinking processes. She screamed, her lower body kicking out wildly so that she swung and twisted on the end of the chain. Then the whip struck again, curling around her waist to set her skin afire. Again she howled and kicked and twisted, her mind too shocked to vocalize the pain and sudden desperate need to stop it which was tumbling about in her mind.

The whip lashed her back again, and again she cried out, and then called out his name in desperation. But the whip struck a fourth time as she twisted and turned, cutting across her breasts so that a shockwave of pain threw her head back and sent her body flying back.

‘Sing– ahhh!’ she cried as the whip lashed her lower back.

She wanted to demand he stop, to curse him, outraged, furious, filled with pain, but the whip was blowing her mind into sawdust with every blow, knocking the air out of her, stunning her. It struck again, and she sobbed brokenly as it cut up under her armpit, curled around her ribs and lashed at one of her breasts.

And then something inside her twisted, shifted, like a new channel opening, and a flood of dark masochistic hunger she’d never known swept over and through her and froze her as easily as the pain had.

Helpless, whipped, dancing and twisting in mid-air, it was surely the depths of depravity, and as the whip lashed down across her again she shuddered and jerked, the pain now wrapping her tightly, sheltering her in its embrace, cloaking and softening the sharp biting sting of the whip. She groaned and went limp, gasping breathlessly.

The whip sliced across her bottom and her hips flew up and forward and apart as a broken sob of pain escaped her. Another blow, and another, and another sent her spinning and twisting, eyes glassy, gulping in air, sobbing weakly as dark welts glowed across the surface of her body.

Across her breasts, her lower chest, her belly, lashing the body of the dazed girl until she hung limp, gasping, moaning.

“Spread your legs, Kennedy.”

“No,” she moaned.

“Spread your legs, Kennedy.”

She groaned in denial.

“Spread your legs,” he growled.

Dazed, Kennedy pulled her legs apart, moaning, the world swimming around her. The whip flew up behind her, curled across her hip and down, whipping into the soft flesh of her sex. She screamed, hips thrown up and back by the explosion of sensation, of pain, of heat.

“Spread your legs, Kennedy.”

Sobbing, she didn't know she had obeyed until the whip sliced across her hip a second time, striking within an inch of its first blow. Now she didn't scream, the shockwave a strange rippling – something - she did not understand.

“Spread your legs, Kennedy.”

The whip curled across her other hip, and down, and when it struck the center of her burning pussy, when the tip drove through her tight, swollen lips to snap at the mouth of her sex itself, she felt the shockwave again, felt it blast through her and tear her senses to fragments.

“Open your legs,” she heard. “Open your legs.”

The next blow tore her mind away completely and convulsions ripped through her body. She neither knew nor cared what was happening as her body was gripped by sexual electricity which crackled and tore along her nervous system like a firestorm. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she danced and twisted, bucked and rolled as her mind was rolled again and again and again by the powerful climax Singer had roused in her overheated body.

She bucked and twisted, turned and flopped in an out-of-control dance of ecstasy until, exhausted and overcome, she lost consciousness entirely, and lay gurgling on the end of the chain like a fish on the end of a hook.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was, of course, seen as a great success. The front pages of all the papers were filled with the story of the terrorists apprehended in the act of turning a rented truck into a bomb, of the fertilizer and explosives and weapons seized. All four men had been arrested, and the public was assured that their vigilant public servants had saved them yet again.

Kennedy's name didn't show up in any of the press releases, but Juarez assured

her, somewhat embarrassed, that her contribution had been noted.

Her contribution, she thought sourly. She had solved the whole thing practically single-handed.

“It’s the gang thing,” he said apologetically. “They don’t want anyone to recognize your name and recall that. They want this kept in isolation, the big story with no sidebars.”

“I didn’t really want my face in the papers again anyway,” she said truthfully.

She was sitting forward as she spoke. One of the welts Singer had left on her body was high across her buttocks, and if she sat forward it didn’t come into contact with the seat below.

“I am authorized to tell you that you’ll be rewarded for your good work,” he said.

He smiled and drew something out of his pocket.

“The papers won’t come through for another week, but – .”

He handed her a badge folder. Inside was a detectives badge, third grade.

“Not many people earn a detective badge with less than two years on the force,” he said. “Congratulations, Neil.”

She beamed up at him. “Thanks!”

He shook her hand, and then Weaver and the others congratulated her as well. There was a lot of paperwork and reports to fill out to wrap up the investigation, and then they broke early for a celebration at the local watering hole.

That took a couple of hours, and she was feeling no pain as she stumbled out into the night air to get some fresh air and flag down a cab. Once out of the noisy bar, however, the chirping of the message signal on her cell phone drew her attention. She looked blearily down at it, then idly silenced it as she stumbled to the street to signal a cab.

She went straight home and fell, feeling very good about herself, took a quick

shower, and fell into bed. It had been a long and interesting day.

Next morning she woke with only a mild headache. It wasn't even as irritating, in truth, as the welts she still had on her breasts and between her legs. Those had faded considerably, but were still sore to the touch. She was going to have to speak to Singer about his bondage games. The tying up she could take, even the flogging, but he was not going to whip her between the legs again no matter how out of it she was or how many orgasms it gave her.

She dressed, had breakfast, and trotted down the stairs to the street, headed for the subway. Along the way she reached down and turned on her cell phone, only then remembering the messages from last night. She muttered a soft curse and called up her message box.

There were five messages, and she made a face. Reporters, perhaps, getting hold of her cell number. Then she recognized the number and sighed. It was Ayda. Had her husband been arrested, picked up along with everyone else until they could be sorted out? It seemed likely. That was the way the feds worked.

“Kennedy, you must call me at once! It is most important!”

Kennedy sighed and deleted the message.

“Kennedy! I must speak with you about Mussa. He is a greater fool than even I thought!”

Kennedy deleted that too.

“Kennedy! I believe Muusa is going to blow himself up!”

That certainly got her attention, and she walked a little faster. Muusa was a religious nut, but not, she had thought, the kind likely to blow himself up.

“Kennedy, Muusa and Hussayn have gone. Hussayn picked him up in a large truck. Hussayn does not even have a drivers licence! They are both fools!”

The last message said that if Kennedy didn't care then there was no reason for Ayda too, and perhaps she would call back after Muusa blew up some Jews. By then Kennedy was in a cab whose turbaned driver was not so much impressed by her badge as gleeful at the opportunity to drive the way he wanted, which

involved high speed and no stopping.

She finally reached Ayda on the cell phone, and after overriding the woman's indignant complaints tried to get information from her about where she thought Muusa might be headed with this truck of his, and when he had left. By now he could be in Washington!

"He left last night, but I think they were going somewhere else first, somewhere to fix the truck."

"Where?!"

"He is going to blow up a big building full of Jews," she said.

"This is New York, Ayda! That doesn't tell me anything! What kind of truck is it?"

"How should I know about trucks? It is a truck. It is big and square and ugly."

"What color?"

"It is dark. I cannot see colors in the dark."

Kennedy muttered a curse under her breath. "Did he leave any kind of papers, anything about Jews, any stories, newspaper stories, magazine stories, any pictures, anything?"

"Well, Hussayn said that this building was just built, and now they will pull it down so the Jews can not look down on Muslims."

Something in Kennedy's mind clicked, and she remembered one of the old imam's she'd met bitching about a glass palace where Jews looked down on people, but that was a high school. Kennedy hadn't put much thought into it at the time, but now her mind flitted back over the past week's news. There was something – something – a school – a school in a building. Where the fuck – ?

She broke the connection with Ayda and called the ATTF offices.

"ATTF, Macmillan," a bored voice said.

“This is Kennedy Neil,” she said, “This is important. Check the threat board for the last month. Was there a new Jewish school opened somewhere in New York?”

“Yeah,” he said. “I don’t have to check. It’s a nine story high school built into a new mixed use commercial building in midtown.”

“Was the building glass?”

“Wait a second, let me check,” his voice said distractedly. “Ah, here it is, white glass, thirty nine stories on Park Avenue.”

“Someone’s about to blow it up.”

“What?!”

“Two loose strings attached to the group picked up yesterday. They’re in a truck and their plan was to blow up that building. They were last seen yesterday night, but I don’t know where they’ve been since then.”

She thumped the drive on his turban and he turned angrily as the cab sped over a pothole and bounced violently.

“Park Avenue!” she shouted.

“Hokay!”

The cab tires squealed as it rounded a corner and headed for Park Avenue. Meanwhile MacMillan put her on hold.

It was the cloud of exhaust smoke which caught her attention. It was so big the car behind was hanging back, and her eyes skimmed forward across it to the rental truck - and to a man in the drivers seat she recognized as Muusa. Her jaw dropped and she stared as the truck belched more smoke and accelerated.

She thumped the cabbie on the turban ahead and pointed.

“Get close to that truck!”

He scowled at her doubtfully, then shrugged and crossed into the next lane,

accelerating.

“Neil!?” Juarez’ voice squeaked tinnily from the phone. “What the hell is this about a bombing?!”

“I’m at Third Avenue headed north at Twentieth. Muusa is in a Hertz rental truck in front of me. Ayda says they’re going to blow up a building full of Jews and I think it’s the new high school on Park Avenue.”

The truck was making a hell of a racket, the engine clanking and coughing as it rolled on. It looked ready to pull over and die, but it was still headed north, and they were only a block or two over from Park Avenue. Of course, Park Avenue was a long street, but she had no idea where the school was. Then a red light brought traffic to a halt. They were in the next lane, one car back, and the cabby was waving his hand over his face in disgust as the exhaust cloud enveloped them.

She hardly thought, just acted, throwing open the door and sprinting forward. She took the cab’s step in a leap, yanking open the door. Muusa squawked and tumbled out onto the street. A man sitting in the passenger side whose face was covered in a beard had the eyes of Hussayn, and stared at her in shock for a moment, then his eyes darted to a rough looking box installed in front of the gear shift. His hand followed, but Kennedy’s hand was already coming out of her jacket and without thinking she fired.

Hussayn was thrown back against the other door, gasping and wheezing, and when she turned around she saw Mussa trying and failing to push himself off the pavement, which he’d evidently hit face first. She looked at the box, then at Hussayn, or at least, the man she assumed was Hussayn, as he stopped moving - and breathing.

“I sure hope there’s a bomb in this fucking truck,” she muttered.

## Chapter Seventeen

She was too nervous to leave Hussayn in the truck, even if she assumed he was dead. She leaned over him, pushed open the other door, and sent him tumbling down onto the pavement, much to the shock of a motorist who had just come over to protest the truck's lack of movement.

The cabby had taken off with her cell phone, which left her standing in the middle of a street which was rapidly becoming more and more backed up by traffic. The truck was blocking one lane and Muusa the other. The first car down honked angrily as the man knelt on all fours trying to lift himself up, and she kicked Muusa in the belly to drop him flat again then turned, gun in hand, and glowered at the car.

It stopped honking.

She reached for her badge, and found the one Juarez had given her first, pinning it to her breast pocket as she waited for the first traffic cop to show up. By the time the bomb squad arrived northbound traffic was backed up for twenty or thirty blocks, and the traffic cops were diverting southbound traffic several blocks up.

Kennedy waited with her fingers crossed until she finally heard the bomb squad guy come out and say to the newly arrived captain from the local precinct "It looks like one big mother of a bomb."

She sighed with relief, then wondered what excuse she could use to get the hell out of there.

Fortunately, they began to move everyone back several blocks, and she wound up at the local precinct house, then back at the ATTF offices to file her report. Her picture got into the paper again, which, she thought sadly, meant she didn't dare go back to stripping any time soon. Fortunately, she'd get a pay jump as a detective.

It turned out the truck bomb had broken down late the other night, and Muusa

and Hussayn hadn't been able to call the company for a mechanic or replacement for obvious reasons. They'd worked on it themselves until it was too late to bomb the building - there being no one there, and had decided to do it this morning when the building, or at least, the school, would presumably be full of Jews.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kennedy found she liked the peace of being suspended by her wrists - alone. And the punishment was slower, but no less sure than whipping. Slowly, she grew more and more exhausted, beads of sweat appearing on her body as her breath came in harsher and shorter breaths.

The leather restraints hurt less, but she liked the rope. There was something sensual about being tied, and so Singer expertly bound loops around her wrists and hung her above the floor in a small, empty room with nothing to accompany her but candles and a full-length mirror.

And a vibrator and butt-plug, of course.

After a while her body began to pulse with that strange, dark, sensual pleasure which came on her when she sank into a sexual torpor. The vibrations coming up from her groin began set her body to throbbing and quivering, and she moaned weakly as she ground her thighs together.

The vibrator was a thick one, and unlikely to slip out, but Singer had bound it in place with a couple of ropes which wound around her waist and were jammed painfully hard into her sex. They weren't the soft cotton bondage rope around her wrists, either, but tough hemp which irritated her skin.

A couple of weights hung from her nipple rings, bouncing and pulling whenever she moved.

Small orgasms began to set her body to shaking and jerking, one after the other, coming minutes apart, and weakening her even further as sweat trickled slowly down her pale body.

The room was hot, stifling, dozens of candles sitting around on the floor around her, and she groaned weakly, reveling in her own bondage and helplessness.

Another little orgasm shattered her momentarily, leaving her twitching and trembling, then she gulped in air and moaned.

She was barely conscious when Singer finally appeared. And even hanging by her wrists, her toes above the floor, he was still taller than her, though not by much. He spread her legs apart, tied her ankles open, and removed the ropes, then worked the butt-plug in and out of her ass while pumping and twisting the vibrator in her pussy.

The first orgasm was tremendous, and she cried out as her body shook, her head thrashed, and her hips bucked violently. The second was even more powerful, as he began to lick at her clit while pumping the two sex toys, and that made her scream and arch her back, her body convulsed by the power of the climax tearing through her nervous system.

He knelt before her and licked and sucked on her clit, forcing her into three more powerful comes, then, with her head drawn back and his mouth on hers, he fucked her into another one, ramming his cock up into her so hard she bounced and shook on the end of the rope she hung on.

Finally, he let her down, but her arms were too weak to crawl, and so he bound her wrists behind her and she was forced to crawl on her belly out of the room and across the main room to the sofa. There he stroked and fondled her, working her into another orgasm, then dropped her onto the floor at his feet and guided her mouth onto his flaccid cock.

Drained as she was, she still took him into her mouth, sucking on his balls, massaging them against the insides of her cheeks, licking and nibbling lightly on the head of his cock, and then, once it stiffened, bobbing expertly up and down its length as he held her head tightly in his hands and thrust down her throat.

He pulled out, threw her onto her back, lifted her legs up and back, and rammed into her, pounding down against her, inside her, until she shuddered through another orgasm and he spent himself in her belly.

Most evenings were like this now. Kennedy spent very little time at her own apartment, and almost all the time she spent at Singers's loft was spent naked in bondage. It meant for a strange sense of dislocation at work, sometimes, but it was rarely boring.

She spent an hour or so peacefully with Singer sprawled across his lap watching TV, then he led her, crawling now, across the room to a low polished wooden frame he'd installed nearby. It looked very much like a large barrel set on its side, but this barrel had special attachments, and he soon had her bound in place against it.

There were two thick wooden dildos at its base, pointed up, and straps on either side through which her legs were pushed. Her arms were pulled up behind her back and tied in place, then a thick noose went over her head, the rope pulling up and across the top of the barrel.

And then time was not on her side.

The noose was loose enough around her throat to breath, but her legs were pulled almost straight out to either side, and supported virtually all her weight. The thick dildos were inside her, but only a few inches deep. As the muscles and tendons in her legs and thighs eased, her legs pulled farther and farther apart, and she was lowered further onto the dildos. This, of course, tightened the noose around her throat at the same time.

By the time she was fully impaled on the fat wooden dildos, the bottom of her pussy and ass aching with the pressure as they were jammed against the hard wood, the noose was as tight around her throat as if she were hanging from it, and her face was pale as she gasped desperately for oxygen.

She was more than doing the splits now, her feet actually higher than her hips, and the fat wooden cocks impaling her forced her sex lips to strain around them.

Singer watched her, his eyes flicking back and forth between the TV, and the gasping, moaning girl across the room. Then, finally, he got up and wandered across. Her clit was so swollen by then, so sensitive, that a touch would have set her off.

He turned the vibrator to high, and jammed it against her.

Kennedy tried to scream, the raw intensity of the sensation too much to bear, then her body began a frantic shaking and thrashing as a monumental orgasm howled through her. The fact she could barely breath, that her skull was pounding, only made the orgasm more shattering, and she was barely conscious when it was through.

Singer loosened the noose, let her recover somewhat, then moved on to his next game.

By the time she sank exhaustedly to bed at his side, her hands and ankles cuffed, her collar chained to his headboard, she was ready to fall easily into a dark hole.

One of these days, she thought wearily, as she closed her eyes, someone was going to burst in unexpectedly, and then the “heroine of Manhattan” was going to become even more of a household name.

Videos of her naked, but wearing the hood were all over the internet now. Singer had thought it amusing, and, in truth, she had found it incredibly arousing to look at them, to know that tens of thousands, maybe hundreds of thousands of men and women were downloading them and masturbating to scenes of her being bound and fucked and sodomized and forced to orgasm.

It wasn't the same as seeing their faces in the strip club as she showed them what they could never have, but in other ways it was even more exciting.

She had been on the cover of every paper in the city for days. How would people react if they knew she was also the woman in those videos? The one with the pierced nipples who screamed as she thrashed and shook through powerful orgasms?

No one, other than Singer - and Ross, who had gone back to Washington - would ever associate her with a submissive bondage slut, however, so until and unless something went wrong, she was safe.

Until then, she would continue to lead her strange double life, and see just how and where this wild ride would take her.

END

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