

Double Cross: Chapter 2

Double Cross! Formerly 'Undercover Story' has finally gotten a finished Chapter 2. I've added about 2k+ words from the insider edition (so much for a short story.....). I really like a lot of the suggestions I got and included them in here and for those of you wanting something else to happen, don't fret its cumming. Trust my outline!

In other news, the short story poll for insiders is about to wrap up. I'll share the results here soon for you all to see.

Anyways, lets get to the good stuff. Here's the chapter. And look for the next TA in the coming days. It's a doozy (and the next one will be too!)

"It's going down," Officer Lindstrom said quietly to the room as he peered through the camera's viewfinder.

"Let me take a look," Luke said. He put down the Chinese takeout container and moved across the dark room to the window. A couple of other officers were set up, ready to capture any footage of the exchange. It was just past 4 a.m., right on schedule.

The abandoned warehouse gave them a bird's eye view of the entire port. Ever since Riley had provided them with the intel, they'd been camped out waiting for the ship to arrive. Luke's heart stung thinking about his wife. That she was in there, in the lions' den, and he couldn't protect her. He missed her and wanted nothing more than to hold her tight. But he knew why she'd taken the undercover op. He just hoped she could put her rage at the injustice of her sister's death aside and stay focused.

Undercover work wasn't easy, and she needed to keep her head on straight. These guys were sharks, and one slip-up and she'd be the chum.

"You guys getting this?" Luke said into the mic on his lapel.

"Yep," Berkowitz said over the channel. He was down on the street behind a chain-link fence. Most people would mistake him for a homeless guy, drunk and passed out. But Berkowitz was set up in the perfect spot to catch the action from another angle. Hell, if being a cop didn't work out, he should move out to Hollywood and start taking auditions.

"We got the Hammer," someone else said over the channel. Luke 'The Hammer' Donovan was one of Elias Monroe's top lieutenants and muscle. Luke snapped several pictures of the man and his crew as they got out of their vehicles and walked up the ship's plank. A group of Colombians were there waiting for them.

"Any IDs on these guys?" Luke whispered into his mic. The Hammer's crew and the Colombians shook hands and talked in low voices. They were too far out for any of Luke's teams' mics to pick up the audio.

"Known members of the Colombian gang in the city," another voice came, "It's weird they're doing business together."

"Let's just watch," Luke said as he snapped more pictures. The Colombians opened a shipping crate on the deck of the ship. The Hammer and a few others went inside.

"Anyone got eyes on?" Luke asked.

"Negative," a voice said on the radio. Several more negatives followed shortly after.

“Shit,” Luke said. The team waited. Eventually, The Hammer came back out and motioned for the rest of his team. The Colombians and The Hammer’s guys all came out of the shipping container carrying large wooden boxes. There was no hint as to what was inside; the only marking on them was a red circle stamped on the side.

“Drugs?” Someone said over the radio.

“Maybe,” Luke said, “Those boxes are big enough for semi-autos too.”

“Do we move in?” Someone asked.

Luke sighed and watched. They could move in now, seize whatever was in these boxes, and try to squeeze these guys. But they were all career criminals and probably wouldn’t snitch. If the boxes contained drugs or guns, he could put them away for a long time and probably save a lot of lives in the process. But Riley had taken this assignment to take down her sister’s murderer, Elias Monroe. Taking action now wouldn’t help her get him. And raiding this clandestine meeting could have blowback on her, which he didn’t want to risk.

“No. We tail them. Keep recording everything. We’ll find out what’s in those boxes and nail them later,” Luke said.

“You sure?” a voice came over the radio.

Luke gritted his teeth. Every instinct in his body told him to nail these guys dead to rights here and now. But he held his team back, “This is part of a larger operation. We don’t want to show our hand yet.”

Luke and his team watched the Colombians and The Hammer’s crew load the wooden crates into waiting package vans.

“Any sign of Rico?” Luke said over the channel. A round of negatives echoed in his earpiece.

“Okay, ground team. Get ready to follow. Keep your distance and get ready to hand off to the others at your designated checkpoints,” Luke said as he watched the vans leave the port, “Bravo team, keep an eye on the Colombians.”

Something big was happening in the city. In the still night air, Luke could feel the change in his gut. Monroe and the Colombians working together? As the city slept, a new status quo was emerging, and Luke needed to find out what it was.

He needed to figure out how deep this went and if anyone else was involved. He wouldn’t be able to do it alone. He’d need more resources. The mayor had run on a tough-on-crime platform and wasn’t shy to open up the purse strings for real results. Luke was sure the captain and the rest of the brass would be motivated to throw their weight behind this. Which, unfortunately, meant that his wife wasn’t going to get pulled out of her op anytime soon.

Riley gritted her teeth as she felt the man’s sweaty hand on the back of her bare thigh. She hated how much of her skin was exposed in the black little booty shorts the club made the girls wear. Riley finished putting the drinks on the table and stood back up straight.

The hand didn’t leave her skin. She looked down at the bald man with the gold tooth. Her skin crawled as he gave her a knowing smile. He didn’t recognize her, but she recognized him. Luis Morales, a small-time street-level pusher who she’d hauled in a few times back when she’d been

a beat cop. The fact that this slimy lowlife had his paws on her and was looking at her the way he was went against every moral fiber in her body.

She'd had the pleasure of throwing him to the concrete and over the hood of her cruiser before. Both of those memories made her instincts scream to do the same thing now. But she smiled back at him with gritted teeth as he drew little circles on the back of her thigh with his fingertips.

Riley strategically moved away from the table, ensuring that the little man wouldn't squeeze her ass. She hated working at the club, but she knew that her real reason for being there was important. Her handler had told her what Luke and his team had seen at the port with the Colombians. Everyone believed something big was happening, and it was her intel that had blown this case wide open. The mayor had taken a special interest in the case, and more resources had flowed into the department, giving them more teams to run surveillance and potentially even get other officers involved undercover.

The handler had told her about the wooden crates that were marked with the red circles. She'd be on the lookout for them to see if she could discover their contents. It was unlikely she'd ever come across them at the club, but she'd keep her eyes out.

As Riley got closer to the bar, the bartender waved to her and then pointed back in the direction of the table she'd just left. Riley looked over her shoulder to see Luis Morales gesturing for more drinks. She gave him a quick wave of acknowledgement, but turned around before the scowl appeared on her face.

The bartender had seen and was already filling a tray with more drinks. Riley took the tray and headed back to the piece of shit's table. Everyone at the table was the same kind of low-life criminal, the type that thought they were big-time drug kingpins like Escobar because they could finally move out of their mother's basements and wear diamond jewelry around their neck. They were the type of people that Elias Monroe's enterprise chewed up and spat out, always another low man on the rung, ready to take their place.

Riley sauntered up to the table, plastering on her best fake smile and shoving down her disgust at being around these men in this setting. She cursed the low tables around the sequestered booth. As she set the first drink down, she had to bend over at the waist. One of these little cretins at the back of the booth licked his lips as he stared down at the tops of her breasts. Another craned his neck out of the booth to look at her ass, saying something in Spanish that made the other guys at the table laugh.

As she turned to leave, someone grabbed her wrist. Riley's training told her to grab his hand with her free hand and twist, getting more leverage to pin the guy to the ground. But she pushed her instincts down and kept that fake smile on her face as she looked back at the table.

It was Luis Morales' grimy hand on her. She pushed down the bile rising in her throat.

"Do you need anything else?" Riley asked with a smile.

Luis didn't answer right away, his eyes running up her legs, to her booty shorts, then hovering on her breasts before finally looking up at her face. He bit his bottom lip, exposing the silver grills on his teeth, "Mhm-hmmm yeah, there's a lot I need mami."

Then he tugged Riley's wrist, pulling her off balance.

“Have a drink with us,” Luis said, pulling Riley down onto his lap. Riley’s bubble butt landed in this creep’s lap, her legs dangling off the side of the booth. He snaked his hand around her back and held her hip in place. With his other hand, he grabbed a shot of tequila off the table and held it up to her, “Here, take it.”

“I can’t,” Riley said, struggling to get up out of his grasp, “We’re not allowed to drink on our shifts.”

All her squirming was ineffectual. Riley hated that she just couldn’t punch this guy in his windpipe, but she had to play the waitress role. She abruptly stopped her squirming as she realized her mistake. In her attempts to squirm her way free, her perfect bubble butt had rubbed itself over Luis’ crotch, and she felt his now hard cock pushing up into her.

He gave her a knowing grin and chuckled, holding the drink up to her lips, “The customer is always right, no?”

Fuck it. Riley thought. She knew the drink was clean; the bartender had just served it. And Toad wasn’t going to fire her. Hell, the other girls drank with customers all the time. And she needed something to get the edge off with this creep touching her.

Riley grabbed the shot glass, threw it back, and slammed it down on the table.

A couple of the men chuckled.

“Chica knows how to drink,” Luis said to his friends at the table. He ran a finger down her cheek and in a lower voice said, “I’d love to see what else you know how to do.”

Fuck you. Riley thought as she grabbed another shot glass and downed its contents. *I’m going to rack up your bar tab, asshole.*

“I know how to do a lot of things,” Riley said as she subtly shifted her weight on his lap. Her eyes went wide as she realized what she’d done without thinking. Luis’ grin grew wider, and his hand dropped high on her exposed thigh, his thumb far too close to the bottom of her booty shorts. He shifted himself on the bench, and she locked eyes with him as he pushed his cock into her ass.

He held her in place, grinning at her with that ugly silver and diamond grill on his teeth as he pushed his cock back and forth against, nearly between her pretty little ass cheeks. He held up another shot glass to Riley. She couldn’t hide her contempt any longer and gave him a dirty stare before throwing it back.

Luis chuckled, “Damn, I like a girl with some fire in her.”

His grip tightened on her thigh, thumb pressing dangerously close to where she didn’t want it to go. His eyes stayed fixed on her chest like he owned the view.

“You think I’ve got fire in me?” Riley scoffed, rolling her eyes.

Luis smirked, dragging a fingertip across his lip before letting her go. “Fire? Mami, you’re a furnace. I can smell the smoke. You just need the right man to stoke that fire and make you melt.”

The other men at the table were watching with amused looks on their faces. The lowlife’s cock was still pressing hard into her backside, and she shamefully felt the heat coming from between her legs. Her body was reacting to this man in ways she didn’t want it to. She needed to diffuse the situation and get out of there.

Riley looked at Luis hard in the eyes, and with her sexiest smile said, “Keep dreaming, pene de bolsillo. You couldn’t light a candle, let alone a fire, with that thing.”

With that, Riley grabbed the edge of the table and pulled herself free from Luis’s grasp. The other men at the table began laughing while Luis’ face went red. She’d picked up just a bit of Spanish during her time on the force and just used slang, saying Luis had a pocket dick.

Riley didn’t look back at the table as she walked briskly away. She hated that her body had begun responding so easily to the man. She swayed slightly and got lightheaded – probably from standing up so fast after having a couple of drinks. She’d never so much as sniffed a drink while on the job. As she walked further away, she tried not to think about what kind of heat Luis Morales was packing.

Riley made her way back to the bar where Toad was seated, having a drink. When the bartender moved away to help a customer, Riley said in a low voice, “Switch my tables. Those guys are pigs.”

“No can do,” Toad said, sipping his drink without looking at her, “You were specifically requested. You’re getting quite popular.”

“Switch me,” Riley said angrily without showing it on her face. She wiped the counter with a bar towel and flashed a glance at Toad. The shine of his bald spot made its way through the thinning strands of what remained of his greasy hair. He wore a bemused smile, and his eyes flicked up at hers a beat late, letting her know he’d been eyeing her body. “I’m not letting these little creeps keep touching me.”

“It’s part of the job, toots,” Toad chuckled, and his jowls jiggled. Riley felt her disgust for the man in front of her deep in her bones. It took everything she had not to scowl at the short, ugly man in front of her.

In a low voice, she whispered, “Part of my job is putting shitstains like you away for a long time. Don’t forget what we have on you. If I say the word, Officer Walker will pull you in, and this is all over.”

A shit-eating grin spread over Toad’s face, “Walker, huh? I just heard from him.”

Riley’s heart skipped a beat at the mention of her husband. She felt a pang of envy towards the human garbage before her, that he’d been in contact with Luke when she hadn’t. She kept her poker face but felt like it was threatening to falter.

“What did he say?” Riley asked as she looked back at a leering Luis Morales. This time, her poker face did drop, and a look of disgust curled onto her face.

Toad gave her a side eye as he downed the last of his drink, “This ain’t a good place to chat.”

He turned away from her, seemingly ending the conversation to look out over the crowd of people in the club. Riley’s heart skipped a beat. She wanted to know what her husband had said; her handler hadn’t mentioned anything to her about him contacting Toad.

An idea struck her, and she felt her stomach twist. She could press Toad and get him to bring her back to the office. The office where she had fallen to her knees before Rico and taken him in her mouth. Goosebumps spread onto her bare arms at the thought of what she’d done. She hadn’t expected that to happen. She hadn’t wanted it to happen. She was ashamed of what she had done and how her body had reacted to it. It was the one thought she kept burying deep and promising herself not to think about.

But Rico wasn't in the club tonight. And she could handle a lowlife like Toad. She'd been in the box with plenty of men scarier and more intimidating than a low-level goon like him. She'd sweated confessions out of serial killers and dozens of other hardened degenerate criminals.

Riley pushed off the bar and walked around Toad, into his line of sight, "Let's talk in your office."

Toad eyed her suspiciously. She'd wanted to get back there for a long time. To see what else she could find. Maybe even look in another adjoining room, but she hadn't had the chance. Now she could.

"It wasn't a request," Riley said in a low, sweet voice. Anyone watching would mistake it for her trying to sweet-talk her boss.

A scowl formed on Toad's face. "Fine."

The heavy-set man hefted himself up from his seat at the bar. Without another glance at Riley, he led the way to the door at the back of the club and pushed it open. The bouncer at the door gave them a nod and went back to scanning the club.

The door swung back and almost hit Riley in the face before she caught it.

"Such a gentleman," Riley mumbled and followed Toad through the dimly lit hallways until they reached his small, cramped office in the back. Riley felt the hair on the back of her neck stiffen when she saw the couch where she'd knelt before Rico as he sat. She tore her eyes from the couch and scanned the rest of the room. It was exactly as it had been before, a large desk took up most of the room, piled with papers and other documents.

"You should really clean this place up," Riley said as she closed the door behind her and ran her finger along a shelf. It came back covered in black dust.

Toad grunted and plopped himself down in the big chair behind the desk, "Whatever."

Riley stepped further into the room, deliberately putting her back to the couch. She crossed her arms and stared down at the man seated at the desk. It was comical how quickly people like Toad sought out the comfort of a seat. This is how she preferred to conduct her interrogations anyway, with the suspect seated and her standing over them.

It was a not-so-subtle technique she had picked up early on in her career, and it still worked. She liked making men like Toad and other criminals sweat.

"So," Riley said, tamping down her waitress persona and adopting her police mentality, "What did Officer Walker want?"

Toad shrugged and swiveled in his chair, "He signalled me for a meet. Wants an update on what's going on here at the club. Very hush-hush about it."

"Hush-hush?" Riley narrowed her eyes, "Explain."

"Well, usually I'm the one to reach out," Toad said, putting his hands behind his greasy head, his hefty gut pressing against the desk. Riley didn't bother to hide the disgust on her face any longer and gave him a full scowl. Toad seemed to find that amusing and chuckled, "This time he sent me a text from a burner."

"A burner? How do you know it's really him? It could be someone on the crew trying to trap you," Riley's heart started beating. If someone in Elias Monroe's crew was trying to trap Toad, she could be in serious danger.

Toad waved her off, "It was him, alright? I'm sure."

"How? How can you be sure?" Riley asked as she eyed the closed door suspiciously. She was wondering whether she needed to be ready for some thugs to come crashing through it.

"Don't get your panties in a twist," Toad chuckled, "He gave me the signal."

"What's the signal?" Riley asked. She knew that her husband would sometimes use codewords or similar methods with his confidential informants. It was helpful if he found he couldn't make a meet-up or had to send someone else to pick one of the CIs up. The officer could say the word, and the informant would know they were trustworthy and that Luke had sent them.

"Fine," Riley rolled her eyes and eyed the door again. So her husband wanted to meet with Toad. Big deal. There wasn't anything useful for her here. Maybe she could look through his desk or go peek into one of the other backrooms. Maybe find one of those wooden crates with the red circle.

"Yep," The Toad said, "He wants an update on the club and our newest waitress."

Riley shifted uncomfortably as Toad eyed her. The ugly, greasy man continued, "I honestly think he's sweet on ya. Sounds like he wants to make sure you're okay." Toad looked at the gaudy gold watch on his hairy wrist, "I'm supposed to meet him in two hours. Give him a full 'debriefing' on you."

Toad used air quotes when he mockingly said 'debriefing.' "He's gonna be real surprised when I tell him everything."

"There isn't much to tell," Riley felt herself falter. She tried to keep up her impassive face but felt it slipping.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Toad chuckled, "You're a hell of a waitress. You always get the big tips."

Riley didn't say anything but stared daggers at Toad. She felt the pendulum of the conversation swinging back towards Toad.

"I'm sure he'll be interested in hearing about how you let guys like Luis Morales grope you every night. And how impressed we here at The Sidecar have been with you. I'll be sure to tell him how blown away Rico was with you," Toad sneered.

Fuck.

Riley's heart started beating loudly in her chest. This small, two-bit weasel of a man had seen her on her knees with Rico's cock out in this very room. Why had she pushed to come back here with him? She should have just let sleeping dogs lie.

But how would Luke react if this pig told him about her and Rico? Things could happen while undercover, but not like this. She shouldn't have done what she had. And she shouldn't have enjoyed it as much as she did.

She couldn't let her husband find out about it from the mouth of his fuckwad. She wanted to tell him herself. To have a long conversation about it. To explain it. She needed him to understand the context of what had occurred, not just be callously told by The Toad.

How would Luke react when he heard? He might spiral out and inadvertently mess up his operation. Or fight to have her pulled out, derailing his career and possibly hers. And despite everything - all the risks, Riley didn't want to be pulled out. She was closer than she'd ever been to taking down her sister's killer, Elias Monroe. She couldn't leave. Not now.

Riley just pictured herself walking into the station after the Captain pulled some strings and had her reassigned from Undercover. To the leers and jeers from the other officers. The ones who already undressed her with their eyes and said lewd things behind her back. The way they would look at her and talk about her if they knew what she'd done undercover. What she'd done with a lowlife like Rico.

Riley steeled her nerves, "He doesn't need to know about all of it."

"Sure he does," Toad laughed quietly, "I have to tell him everything."

"No," Riley said sternly, "You don't."

"Ummmm, yeah, I kind of do," Toad said, "It's part of my whole deal with Detective Walker, ya know? I'm a bad guy, he's a good guy. I tell him what he wants to know, so I stay out of jail. That's how it works."

"I'm just...." Riley tried to find the right words. She hadn't expected this principled reply from Toad. To be entrapped by him like this. She desperately tried to think of a way out, but nothing was coming to her: "Just don't tell him about what happened in here last time."

"You want me to lie!? To the police?" Toad said, putting his hand over his heart and looking at her with mock shock, "That could put me in a very difficult situation. Like you pointed out before, there's plenty of evidence to put a shitstain like me away for a long time. If I don't cooperate with the cops, they'll throw me in prison."

"I'm the lead officer here," Riley said as her voice faltered, "You'll do what I say. Luke isn't on the inside. I make the tactical decisions on what details get shared."

"Luke, huh?" Toad grinned and too casually looked at his nails, "That's swell and all, but I've been under *Luke's* thumb for years. I think it's best that I cooperate in full. After all, no one else is looking out for me."

Riley gritted her teeth, and her skin crawled. She looked at the door, now almost hoping for a group of thugs to kick it in. She knew what was happening here, what the inevitable conclusion of this conversation was unless someone came in and saved her from this inevitable fate.

"Unless...." Toad sneered as his eyes blatantly looked her body up and down, "We come to some kind of understanding."

"What happened to being a good little snitch?" Riley fired back.

Toad cocked his head and shrugged, "I'm also a businessman. I like making deals. I look out for you, you look out for me."

"What kind of deal?" Riley spat.

“The kind that ends with little officer McSexy here,” Toad said, pointing at her with a hungry grin, “Swallowing my load tonight.” His finger moved and was now pointing at his crotch.

“You’re a pig,” Riley said, briefly meeting the man’s roving, beady eyes before looking away.

She could feel the grin on his face without looking at it. She hadn’t said no. They both understood what that meant.

“Take off your top. It’s far too tight anyway,” Toad said, eyeing her. Riley looked down at the tight black tank top she wore. The way her push-up bra put her soft, white breasts on prominent display like the other Sidecar waitresses.

Riley hesitated as her mind raced for options. For some way out of this, or some way to make this piece of shit back down. The Toad made a show of opening his phone and pulling up a contact’s details.

“Ah, here is Detective Walker, Luke’s burner phone. How abouts I give it a little ring?” Toad grinned, his finger hovering over the call button.

Riley rolled her eyes and felt the buzz from the earlier shots of tequila grow in strength. She steadied herself, not wanting to sway in front of Toad. She gave the little man in front of her a hard, steady look.

Satisfied that the little creep would back down, she turned on her heel and walked away towards the door, “I’m going back out onto the floor.”

With any luck, Toad would stay in the office, and she could maybe get a look in one of the backrooms.

A ringing sound made her stop in her tracks. With her hand on the doorknob, she looked over her shoulder and saw Toad sitting there with a shit-eating grin on his face, holding the phone in front of him on the desk as it rang.

Riley lunged, grasping at the phone, but had to pull back at the last minute.

“Hello? Toad, everything okay?” her husband’s voice came through the speaker.

“Is that any way to talk to your friend Luke?” Toad chuckled, eyeing Riley. He saw the desperate look in her eyes and knew he held all the cards, “Come on, we’re on better terms than that.”

“It’s Walker to you,” Luke’s face said.

“Fine. Fine. Always so formal,” Toad looked at Riley and ran his tongue over the inside of his cheek, miming a blowjob.

“Fuck You,” Riley mouthed silently, staring daggers at the little man. He suppressed a chuckle.

“Toad, give me an update. Things are a little busy here. Is everything okay at the club?” Riley could hear the edge of concern creep into her husband’s voice.

“Here? Yeah, everything’s fine. You wondering how that sexy little undercover number is doing?” Toad chuckled. Riley moved around the desk until she was next to him.

“I’ll fucking kill you,” Riley said silently, grabbing Toad by the collar of his shirt. His putrid breath filled her nostrils, making her wince.

"Watch it," Luke said, "Have some respect. How's she doing?"

"She's doing great. Very popular. Getting a lot of tips," Toad said into the phone before covering the microphone, "Suck my fat cock or I'll tell him everything."

"You little piece of shi—" Riley had to cut herself off when Toad removed his hand from the mic. He pushed her hand off his collar and swiveled in his seat, while his eyes ran up and down her body.

"What do you mean, Toad? Spit it out," Luke said. She could hear the concern growing in his voice. Toad gave her a flat, challenging look, waiting to see what she would do.

"Oh, you know. A woman like that. With a body like that, all tucked into those tight uniforms we have," Toad stared as he stared at Riley's breasts fighting against the material of her tank top. "A lot of tables are requesting her, and I can't blame them."

Toad gave her a Cheshire smirk and said, "And there's this one guy I think you should know about."

Riley let out a long sigh and reluctantly grabbed the bottom of her tank top and pulled it up over her head, revealing the sexy, lacy black bra she had on underneath. She crossed her arms over her chest. The move accentuated her cleavage and made what could be seen more alluring.

"What guy? What about him?" Luke said, "Is she safe?"

Toad gave Riley his version of 'fuck me' eyes that sent a shiver down her body. He leaned over to the phone on the desk, "Oh yeah, she's fine. Super safe. I just think the guy has a crush on her or something. Always tipping thirty percent or more. She might get herself a stalker, but she's safe here in the club."

"Okay," Luke said, clearly impatient, "So that's it? Nothing else I need to know?"

"Just wanted to give you a heads up. I've heard that a shipment is coming in soon from Colombia. Don't know much more than that, but it sounded important. Thought you'd wanna know."

"Alright. Thanks. I'll look into it," Luke said, "Anything else?"

"Nope! Hey, I gotta go, Luke....Walker...I've got.... hands-on business waiting for me. Someone's been dying to give me their full attention," Toad flashed Riley a yellow grin that stretched from ear to ear.

"Alright. Call me if something comes up with our mutual friend or if you hear anything else. I'll be in touch," Luke said before the line went dead.

"You are a fucking asshole," Riley said as Toad's eyes ran over the exposed skin of her breasts. He looked like he was about to drool.

"Those are what dreams are made outta," Toad breathed excitedly and swiveled to the side in his chair, "Why don't you come over here and get more comfortable?"

Riley felt her breasts rise and fall with each tentative step she took towards the criminal in front of her. This office suddenly seemed too small and cramped. He smiled up in triumph at her, his fat gut sticking out.

"Look at me," the greasy man said.

Riley locked eyes with the small, round man. Burning defiance radiated from her.

“Heh. I like that fight in your eyes. It’s gonna make what’s next so much better,” Toad smirked, his leering gaze running over her exposed chest. “Now, now. Move those arms. Let me see the proud girls.”

Riley felt her blood boiling, but dropped her arms to her side. Toad sucked in a breath and let out a whistle.

“I can see why you get all the tips,” The Toad said as he awkwardly scooped his chair forward until his face was at eye level with her heavy breasts.

“Lose the bra. Let those melons loose,” Toad commanded. His crude words made her involuntarily shiver. She wanted nothing more than to punch this small man in his ugly, smug face. Maybe she could knock him out and then search til she discovered the silver bullet to take down Monroe’s criminal empire. Who was she kidding? The only way for her to do that and to get justice for Karen’s death was to endure this and see it through.

Riley tentatively reached behind her and unclasped her bra, letting it fall off her shoulders and onto the floor.

“Jesus Christ,” Toad muttered as she stared up at Riley’s exposed breasts in full amazement. He just stared at her bare chest in the low light for several moments before he regained his composure and smirked at her, “These are the first pair of cop tits I’ve ever seen. They’re magnificent.”

Riley didn’t respond. Her anger swirled inside of her like an uncontrollable storm. But deep down, she felt something else that horrified her. It was the same feeling she’d felt in this room with Rico and the faint feeling she sometimes felt when she worked the club floor. She tried to ignore it, but it was rising inside of her, threatening to quell the storm of mounting anger.

Standing here, half-naked and exposed to this lowlife criminal. Someone who she would always hold in utter contempt. A man that her husband had worked as his CI for years. She felt a thrill course through her body. His hungry eyes were on her. His criminal eyes on her body.

Her body’s trained physique was an instrument devoted to upholding the law. Being perverted and exposed to a seedy man like this. It shouldn’t happen. It should never happen to her. And yet, here she was, on display for him. Her breathing was growing quicker as she felt her body inexplicably heating up. She tried to ignore the dampness she suddenly realized had been growing between her legs. This was way too much for her to handle.

“Mhmmm, I wonder how they taste,” Toad mumbled. Riley’s eyes widened as she saw the criminal’s fat tongue fall out of his mouth. His head pushed forward towards her naked breasts. Arousal and revulsion churned in her gut, but she couldn’t look away. His wet, slick tongue touched the naked skin of her breast, making her shudder. It licked up the side of her left breast, leaving a trail of goosebumps in its slimy wake.

Riley bit her lip to suppress a weak moan from escaping her mouth. She couldn’t moan for this lowly man. She wouldn’t give him the satisfaction. Riley’s skin crawled as this lowlife, a pervert her husband held in utter contempt, lapped at her married, naked breasts. She couldn’t believe she was here, in this dingy office again, letting a bottom feeder like Tommy ‘The Toad’ taste her skin and savor her tits.

The fat man scooted forward as his leathery tongue, crisscrossed with deep fissures and small, bumpy nodules, ran over her exposed flesh. Riley balled her hands into fists as her fight or flight

instinct battled inside of her. She wanted to run, leave this office, leave this club, and never come back. But her fight instinct wanted her to allow this disgusting man to continue to taste her. To devour her whole.

His gut pressed against her thighs, and the unshaved stubble on his face tickled and taunted the sensitive skin between her breasts. Riley fought the urge to thrust her chest forward into his waiting mouth. She closed her eyes tight, hoping that he would stop, while another, deeper part of her desperately pleaded that he wouldn't.

The fat man's thick tongue dragged down her breast until it flicked over her swollen, exposed nipple.

"Mhmm," a moan finally escaped her throat, and she felt mortified. Toad lightly chuckled, his hands coming up to her thighs, still covered by her black booty shorts. He grabbed her tightly, and his tongue flicked over her engorged nipple again. Riley's body shuddered.

He swirled his tongue around the raised nub while his agile finger tips grazed the exposed bottom of her ass cheeks. Riley's mind was in turmoil. Everything about this was wrong. Her training told her so. But her body was responding to him. Maybe it was some kind of fucked up Stockholm Syndrome thing, but she knew she couldn't walk out of this room, even if she'd wanted to.

The Toad's fat tongue brushed over to her right breast and flicked that distended nipple.

"Uhh," Riley grunted as her chest involuntarily lunged into the ugly man's waiting mouth. He swirled his tongue around her right nipple and then closed his mouth on it. Riley gasped as the lowlife started to suck her nipple while his tongue continued its twisting dance over it.

His hairy paw came up and groped her other breast, roughly massaging it. Pawing so hard that it left reddened marks. His thumb pushed into her nipple, rubbing and toying with the nub. Riley couldn't breathe. His manipulations were making her gasp for breath. His other hand found her perfect bubble butt and was kneading her cheeks through her black booty shorts.

Riley bit her lips, trying to stifle any more sounds from bursting out of her. Her hands were still balled into fists at her sides, even as she pressed her breasts forward toward The Toad and he groped her ass hard. He was grabbing her ass so firmly that he'd begun to pull her pussy forward against his rounded torso.

She could feel the material of the shorts and her panties rubbing up against his sagging chest. All of these actions together gently teased her swollen clit, making her eyes roll back in her head.

This was all happening too fast. She shouldn't be here, yet she couldn't leave. For the second time in less than a week, she found her knees weak and her body becoming putty in the hands of a lowlife gangster.

The Toad might've been a degenerate, two-bit criminal, but he knew his way around a woman's body. His flicking tongue and groping hands were making her go crazy. Riley felt her balled up fists weaken, and her hands rose up and out, stiff from the intense stimulation. Toad sucked her nipple hard, and Riley pushed her chest forward to meet his mouth. His strong hand kept her ass in place, and she lost her balance for a split second. A split second long enough for her to reach out and steady herself on the closest thing to her.

Both her hands grasped the back of Toad's head, her fingers running through his thinning hair. She couldn't hold back anymore; she pulled the man's greasy head into her breasts, desperate for him

to keep sucking on her nipple. To roughly fondle and paw her breasts. To give her what she needed. God, she was so fucking horny. She wished she were back home with Luke, but instead she was here with this fucking creep. And she was loving every second of it so far.

Toad's disgusting, fat lumpen tongue lapped at her breasts, alternating between slobbering on them and sucking on her firm nipples. His fat face switched between her trembling breasts as he used his free hand to grope them, pushing them against his fat face. His stubble was driving Riley crazy as he feasted on her ample bust. Her hands ran through his hair, pulling his face into her chest. She threw her head back, getting completely lost in the moment.

Her hips pushed forward against his body, grinding her panty and shorts-covered clit against him. Just as she felt herself ready to lose control, Tommy pulled his gaping maw back and licked his lips, a crazed, desperate look in his eyes.

He stared up at her hungrily, his jowls quivering. His dirty hands went up her breasts until they grabbed both shoulders and pulled her down. Riley wasn't ready for that. Her instincts told her to hold his wrists and twist them to the side to get him off of her, but her knees buckled instead.

Part of her brain screamed not to let him control the situation. You never let the perp gain control of the interview, but she knew what he wanted just from the hungry look in his eyes. She bent, and her knees sagged into the dirty, unwashed office carpet.

How did I get here?

The small man loomed large over Riley. She felt so exposed in front of this degenerate, so small, yet her panties were soaked, but not uncomfortable. From her angle, his jowls pushed in, making it look like he had three bulging chins. Hunger blazed in his eyes as he looked down at her.

"Take it out, Officer Riley," The Toad croaked, "It's time to put in some extra work like you did last week."

Riley's mind raced as she tried to calm herself down and get control of herself. But the way he just demanded that of her, like there wasn't any room for negotiation, struck something deep inside of her. Every interrogation she had been on, she had been the one in control, but now it felt like the script had flipped. She found her hands working diligently to unbuckle Toad's pants and her eyes watching in half horror, half fascination as he struggled out of his pants and boxers.

The fattest, ugliest cock she had ever seen sprang out in front of her, surrounded by a jungle of dense, coarse pubic hair. Riley felt her mouth instantly begin to water as her eyes locked on the immense head and broad shaft of the impressive cock. Her head swam as she breathed in his musty, sweaty scent. She knew she needed to get out of here. She realized that this wasn't right and could push back on the CI who was putting an officer in a very compromising position.

But she couldn't let Luke know. Couldn't let him know that she'd sucked a criminal's cock and was about to suck another one.

"Don't be shy," Toad chuckled, making his jowls shake, "It's time to start the interrogation."

With that, Tommy 'The Toad' reached forward and ran a hand through her hair before gripping the back of her head and pulling her forward. She could choose to resist. She could stop this. She could slip free of his hold if she wanted to. She didn't do any of those things. Instead, she rose on her knees as the fat, ugly cock grew closer. She shut her eyes and opened her mouth just as the large dripping tip of his cock met her lips.

“Mhmmff.” Riley moaned as the ugly cock head spread her lips and disappeared into her mouth. She winced as its girth stretched her lips wide and the dirty cock pressed against her tongue. He tasted bitter; that fact registered in her brain, but her body didn’t seem to care. As Toad shoved more and more of his fat, veiny cock into her mouth, Riley’s body grew hotter and hotter. Her naked, heaving breasts rose and fell faster, and she struggled to breathe around his driving shaft.

Toad’s left hand joined his right one at the back of her head, and he bunched her hair up in a tight ponytail. Without warning, he pulled her head back until just the tip of his cock was in her mouth and then pulled her head forward until the tip hit the back of her throat.

Riley gagged, her hands going up to the fat man’s stomach and thighs, trying to steady herself. Tommy ‘The Toad’ did it again. Then again, he forced his cock into her mouth. Fucking her face like she was one of the cheap whores who’d attached themselves to the criminal enterprise.

It wasn’t lost on Riley how completely soaked her panties were at this point. Something was seriously wrong with her for her entire body to respond this way.

“Mhmmhmm,gggmhmmhmm,” Riley moaned and partially gagged on Toad’s enormous cock. He was treating her more roughly than she’d ever experienced sexually before. Luke was never brutish like this. He was always so considerate in their lovemaking. Toad didn’t seem to give a shit and looked at her as some fucked up conquest to play with. Riley moaned around his cock again at the thought.

Toad slumped back in his chair and let go of her hair. He was panting from exerting himself. Riley took a second to breathe. She pulled her face off his cock and wiped the spittle off her mouth. At some point, her other hand had found its way to his shaft and was holding it possessively.

Riley just stared at his cock and then up at the ugly man’s face framed by rolls of fat flesh. She couldn’t fathom how she had found herself down here, kneeling before him. Her hand squeezed and stroked up and down his monster shaft, causing the fat man to suck in a sharp breath in surprise.

“I knew it,” The Toad croaked happily.

Riley looked up at him suspiciously as she kept stroking his swollen cock, “Knew what?”

“That lady cops suck the best dick,” The Toad chuckled, “I knew you all got off on throwing us honest businessmen around. I always wondered what it’d be like to get one of ya alone.”

“Fuck,” Riley broke eye contact. The way he was talking to her was so demeaning. And he was right. She took pleasure in taking down a male criminal and locking him up. It wasn’t a sexual thing, she thought of it more as just validation of her abilities. That she could hang with the guys. But somehow she was still here, with a male criminal’s cock in her hand, “Just shut up. Don’t make this harder than it needs to be.”

“Oh, you’ve made it plenty harder already,” Toad chuckled as she felt him firmly flex his cock. A pearly drop of his white precum leaked out of the slit in his huge cockhead.

Riley leaned forward and licked the cum from the head of his cock. She thoroughly licked it clean before leaning back, realizing what she’d done. She looked up at Toad, who now had a shit-eating grin on his face.

“I wonder what ole officer Walker would think of this,” Toad smiled, putting his hands behind his head, “Seeing his undercover asset sucking off his CI. Pretty fucked up, don’t ya think?”

Really fucked up. Riley felt her cheeks blush at the man's crude words. Not only would it be mortifying for a colleague to see her like this, but the colleague in this case was her own husband. She wasn't sure how Luke would react if he saw what she was doing. He'd probably fly off the handle and kill Toad. She knew that her husband's relationship with the man would be forever changed if he found out. She'd have to tell him. She would tell him, just once they put Elias Monroe behind bars, the op was over.

Her trainers had warned her that sometimes things got messy undercover. That lines might be crossed, and the world could become more gray than black and white.

"What about the other boys in blue? I wonder what they'd think of you blowing a criminal," The Toad mumbled, "They'd probably get real jealous and run a train on ya in the changing room."

Riley couldn't hide the disgust on her face. The idea of her colleagues doing that made her stomach turn. Just the idea of older men like Captain Hunt or conceited assholes like Detective Sullivan trying anything physical with her made her skin crawl. But the idea of them knowing, seeing her doing something like this with a disgusting man like Toad, made her panties even wetter than before.

She wasn't sure what was going on inside her. She'd need to talk to the department shrink about this once she was done with the op. There was something particularly fucked up about this situation that was triggering something within her and clouding her better judgment.

"Just shut the fuck up and let me suck your cock, you ugly bastard," Riley commanded with a hard look and lowered her head back down, taking the full length of Toad's fat, erect cock back into her mouth. She squeezed his shaft with her hand while she sucked on it with her mouth. Her beautiful head bobbed up and down on the fat, throbbing cock as Toad groaned in pleasure. Her other hand found his balls through his dense jungle of fragrant pubic hair, and she started gently massaging them.

She really wanted to get this moment over with; she needed him to cum. Toad didn't say a word as she ardently sucked him. She'd succeeded in shutting the foul man up. She could hear his wheezing breathing and delighted moans of pleasure, which both disgusted her and sent a sharp thrill through her body.

Toad grunted and shuffled in his seat. Riley never let go of his cock and kept her working mouth firmly wrapped around it, letting out the occasional moan, "Mhmmm."

Toad moved his legs, and she felt one of his knees pressing against her bare breasts. She tried to ignore it while she straightened out his thick leg and tucked it in between her thighs. His shin pressed against her pussy slit as she moved back and forth, nodding her head, swallowing his pole.

While sucking his cock and using her whole body to do so, her pussy started rubbing up and down his shin, her labia spread open behind her booty shorts. She didn't stop but inadvertently began grinding herself down onto the man. It felt so fucking good. To have some kind of outlet to help her with how pent up and horny she'd become.

"Ughgggghhhh fuck yeah," Toad moaned from above her. Riley couldn't stop. She felt the same drive now that she felt in the interrogation room - to make the perp give it up. She methodically alternated her hands as she stroked his cock and massaged his balls. Her spit coated his shaft

and dribbled down, webbing into his coarse pubic hair. Toad made more guttural, throaty sounds that only emboldened Riley and made her redouble her oral efforts.

As she did so, her body was grinding itself faster and faster on Toad's ashy, hard shin. She couldn't help herself, and she couldn't help the soft moans of distilled pleasure that escaped her lips.

"Mhmmhmmhm. Mhmmhmmhmm," Riley moaned around Toad's fat cock. The office was filled with sounds of wet, lewd slurping and their combined indulgent moans. It was as if they were making some fucked up music together like dueling pianists.

Toad's breaths were coming more rapidly, closer and closer together. She knew it wouldn't be long before the fat man's cock exploded. She pulled her face off his cock and gave him a hard look.

"Are you gonna cum?" She demanded, her interrogation voice coming out.

"Fuck yes," Toad groaned, thrusting his hips up off the chair to meet her stroking hand. Riley looked down at his cock pistoning in and out of her closed fist before staring daggers up at him.

In the same commanding voice she would use to break a pathetic criminal like him, she said, "Cum them. Cum right now. Do it. Cum."

"Put your mouth back on it," Toad grunted, trying desperately to thrust his cock at her face.

Riley just chuckled and shook her head, "No way. I never said I was gonna let you do that."

"Then I'm gonna paint your face with my load," The Toad grunted, grabbing a handful of her hair, "And your undercover work is gonna get a whole hell of a lot harder when everyone in the club sees you walk back out there with my cum painted on your face. Everyone is gonna know you're open for business."

"Fuck you," Riley spat. She hated him. And she hated how much she loved every second of being in this dangerous position. She hated how much it turned her on that he was argumentative when she used her interrogation voice. She hated how much she wanted to put her watering mouth back on his fat cock. She hated how she had still been grinding her pussy on his shin throughout the duration of their entire argument and could feel it still throbbing with need.

Angrily, she actually summoned the will to push back. Her watering mouth gathered a pool of spit, and she launched it at her tormentor's meaty cockhead. They both watched as the spittle landed, coating his head and her barely pinched thumb and forefinger in her saliva. She gave him one final glare before lowering her head and opening her mouth wide for his glistening cock again. Toad grunted as his fat, slippery cock pressed against the back of her throat.

"Mhmmhm," Riley moaned around his cock. It felt so incredibly big inside her mouth. So large and full. She hated how much she loved the feeling. Her body was rocking back and forth as she rubbed her pulsing clit against his steady leg.

It was feeling really good. Too fucking good. She clamped her thighs down around his calf and moaned around his swallowed cock as her clit throbbed. Up and down, up and down, she was working herself up. No, Toad was working her up.

A piece of shit, low-level CI was about to make her cum in a dingy office in the back of the city's most notorious club. Riley's body felt like it was about to burst into incandescent flames. The need in her pussy was overwhelming. She ground herself on the asshole's leg faster and faster, and she sucked his cock furiously.

She sloppily and enthusiastically sucked it as more of her spit ran down his shaft, meeting her pumping hand. Toad groaned above her, and she felt his balls shift and heave, the wide veins in his shaft beginning to throb menacingly in her hand.

Riley pushed her pussy and clit down on his leg as her own body started to tingle portentously. She felt Toad's cockhead swell, and a warm, sticky shot of his cum blasted into the back of her throat. As it hit and coated her mouth, she instinctively swallowed the hot, milky ooze.

Just as the horror and realization of what she'd done began to dawn on her, a massive orgasm detonated inside of her. The fiery explosion washed over her body, radiating out in blissful waves from her sopping crotch. She could feel her heart beating in her ears.

"MMMMMMMMHHHHMMMMMMMMMMMM," Riley moaned as another bitter load of cum blasted into her mouth, ramping up her starburst orgasm as it lit up every nerve in her body on fire. Her eyes were clamped closed, and she was seeing arcing stars as rope after thick rope of Toad's voluminous cum exploded into her mouth. Part of her screamed to stop, but she just kept swallowing his bitter man batter without questioning it. She needed it.

"FUCKING A," Toad grunted as he emptied an entire ballsack of cum into Officer Riley's vacuuming mouth.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm," Riley's rubbing of herself against The Toad's shaft slowed. Everything tingled as the last dribbles of cum leaked out from his cock onto her extended tongue. Slowly, Riley pulled her mouth off Toad's fat cock and fell back onto her knees, staring at it. She unconsciously stroked it a few more times, trying to tease out any more cum before she realized what she was doing.

Riley pulled her hand back and looked at it in disgust. It was coated with her saliva and a copious amount of Toad's illicit seed. She looked back up at the fat man whose eyes were heavy-lidded as if he were on the verge of sleep.

What the fuck did I just do? Riley stood up and wiped her hand off on a stack of papers. She quickly grabbed her bra and put it back on before searching for her tank top.

Toad watched her with a half-open eye and the deep satisfaction of a shit eating grin on his face.

"I just made a cop cum," The Toad chuckled to himself, "God, I can't wait until the next time we do this."

Riley found her tank top and pulled it on over her head, "There isn't going to be a next time, asshole."

"Come on," Toad put his hands up defensively, "It's one of the perks of the job, ain't it? Think of it as a meal stipend."

"Fuck off," Riley said before turning away from him and heading towards the door. She needed to get out there, away from him. She needed to think. Why had she given in to him so easily? Why hadn't she found another way to deal with him?

"Oh yeah," The Toad said as she threw open the door. She caught sight of herself in the glass and winced at how messy her makeup and hair were. She'd need to fix those as much as she could before going out on the floor.

"The new girl. The Asian one. Michelle," Toad croaked. She didn't wait for him to finish and started walking away.

“Show her the ropes, she’s your new trainee,” Toad shouted after her.

Riley walked away as fast as her feet would carry her.

Toad slid back in his chair and smiled to himself. His little gamble had paid off. He wouldn’t be able to wipe the stupid grin off his face for at least the next week. He watched the security monitor as Riley exited back into the club and made a beeline for the washrooms.

He’d just had his cock sucked by a police officer. By one of the sexiest lady cops on the force. And the best part was that Officer Walker hadn’t originally reached out to contact him. Even if he had, there was no way he was gonna snitch about something that went on in the back rooms here. Especially when it came to Rico. After all, he didn’t have a fucking death wish.

Toad kicked up his short legs onto the chair and put his hands behind his head. Overall, this whole undercover waitress thing was turning out to be a lot more fun than he ever dreamed it could be. He couldn’t wait for Riley’s next shift.