

# Sexoslavia

*Author's note: This story is a stupid ripoff of a stupid show recently airing on Netflix called Murderville. I'm sorry.*

*Meet Jerry Portland, Human Trafficking Division. For Jerry, every day means a new case of sexual enslavement, and a new celebrity guest star as his partner.*

*Today's celebrity guest: movie star Scarlett Johansson.*

*But here's the catch. Scarlett isn't being given a script. She has no idea what's about to happen. Together, she and Jerry will have to improvise their way through the case. But it'll be up to Scarlett alone to identify the sex slave.*

*So join them as they punch a one-way ticket...*

*To Sexoslavia.*

“JERRY!”

I suppressed a sigh. It wasn't easy. Suppression was what I did for a living, but with the hangover I was nursing, Dawn's shout felt more like dying. “Captain Brindley. How shrill of you to call.”

“I'd stow that attitude if I were you, Jerry. Then I'd think ahead to the next three attitudes you might feel like feeling and stow those too. And not at my place, this time. You've got too much of your shit there already.”

I sat down on the edge of my desk. That pissed me off, too. That's where my coffee was supposed to go, but apparently Dawn wasn't about to give me time for a cup that morning. “Stop having me over, and maybe I'll stop leaving things there.”

Dawn put her hands on a pair of voluptuous hips. “Stop having me have you over, then.”

“Stop having me have you have me over. There, see? That's how you sound. Maybe take some ownership of your situation.”

“Funny you should speak of ownership, Jerry, because believe it or not, I didn't come by your office to rehash our myriad one-night stands. No, it so happens that there may well be... another sex slave.”

My coffee shot across the room in a steamy mist. Dawn squawked in consternation, then seized the box of tissue from my nightstand and started mopping it off. “You're going to drip on my futon,” I cautioned her.

“Damnit, Jerry! You see, this is why you can't keep a partner! Always spitting on people!”

Remorse and I were no strangers. More than I could say for each of the endless stream of celebrity partners she was always foisting off on me. I grabbed a wad of tissues

and helped pat off the coffee from the front of her. Sure enough, by the time I was satisfied with her dryness, that was exactly where the conversation went.

Predictable, like a good woman's menstruation cycle, yet just as horrifying.

"Well, now that you've ruined my morning and my outfit, I'll show myself out. And on my way, why don't I swap places with your new partner, Jerry."

"Oh *come one!*" I growled, as I always did at first.

But Dawn was already strutting out of the room, the top of her uniform in hand. "Newbie!" she barked at the door at the end of the hallway. "You're up. And good luck with him."

Barely past noon, and already a second woman was kicking down my office door. My head turned, but I wasn't about to let her think she was some kind of head-turner. The rest of my coffee cup flew towards the trash can, most of the rest of its contents splashing against the wall and only narrowly missing the newcomer.

"What the fuck!" She jumped back, and in the nick of time. "Did you just throw a cup of coffee at me?"

"I threw it at the trash. Might be a lesson there for you."

"You're Jerry, right? Jerry Portland?"

"That's what it said on the door, didn't it. Unless the janitor wiped it off on her way to take out the trash."

"Well hi, Jerry. I'm Scarlett Johansson." She extended a hand. When I didn't take it, she took a step closer, pressing her fingers into my gut.

"Oh, you were reaching for me?" I said, giving her hand a quick shake and releasing it twice as fast. "Sorry, thought you might be reaching for the trash."

"Are you trying to set up some line about trash? Because you keep going back to that word."

"Who me? No, of course not. I don't set up lines. If I land a lot of great lines, it's because I'm a master of seizing conversational opportunities."

"Sure. Well, I'm—"

"Though I guess you couldn't blame me if I thought you were reaching for the trash," I went on, "since that's where you can stuff your résumé, rookie."

"There it is. Wow, long walk for that one. But hey, good work. Sticktoitiveness, there. Props."

"Pff. You're a prop. Coming in here, looking like... yeah."

Scarlett looked herself over. "I'm in slacks and a blouse. Is that a problem for you?"

"Hmm? No, why would it be a problem for me? I mean, I'm here to catch sex traffickers. Guess you're here to reel them in for me."

"I happen to think I look very professional."

“Oh, you’re a pro all right, ScarJo.” Or so I assumed. I didn’t get out to the movies much. Assuming this was another movie star. Sometimes they sang, sometimes they danced, sometimes they acted, but one thing was always the same. They danced a song of acting like a fucking idiot. A thorn in this lion’s paw, ten times out of ten. And I was all out of exotic cat bandaids.

“Please don’t call me ScarJo. Scarlett’s fine.”

“What’s wrong with ScarJo? Perfectly natural address for someone named SCARlett JOhansson. Would you rather I call you Ssonlett? Because that’s even stupider than anyone who thinks I need another partner.”

“I just said you could call me Scarlett. It’s just a dumb nickname. It’s not even creative. Like whoever thought it up wrote down the first thing they thought up and everybody seized on it. It’s weak.”

I sneered. “If they were calling you the first thing they thought up, they’d all be calling you Phone Sex Voice.”

“So are we supposed to be finding sex slaves or what.”

“Oh, look out everybody. Phone Sex Voice is chomping at the bit, can’t wait to get out there and show everybody what hot shit she is.” Goddamn rookies.

She flipped her hair back over her shoulder, and for a moment, I could see why they’d think of something other than her voice. “I thought that was why they assigned me to you, so you could show me the ropes. They say you’re the best. For some reason.”

“Oh *they* do, do *they*. Thank *them* for being *their* for me.”

“Their? Is that what you...? Because that’s not the right pronoun.”

“I’m here because I’m the only thing standing between *they* and a nice tight slave collar!” I thundered. “You wanna try inserting yourself into the world of a deep-down, fucked cunt-to-mind sex slave? And coming back from it? Do you?”

“I was complimenting you. You don’t have to lord it over me. They explained how you work. Or, not *how* how, but what. I want to help, see if I can close a case.”

“Do you even know what closing a case means, Phone Sex Voice?”

“If you’re going to keep calling me that, I’m going to come up with a shitty nickname for you, too.” Her perfectly tweezed eyebrows narrowed into a glower. “But they explained the whole gig. I follow you around, we meet with prospective sex slaves, and I have to deduce from interactions who’s been trafficked and who’s... living an unconventional lifestyle.”

“Who’s a fucking slut, you mean.”

“You don’t have to call people out for having different kinks than you.”

“Different like a slut.” I fished my cup out of the trash, but there was hardly any left, and a few things fresh to the cup. “Come on, rookie. Let’s see what you’re made of.”

“Can’t wait.”

“You’re sure you know what you’re doing?” ScarJo asked for at least the third time since leaving the office.

“No, I must have forgotten between the six millionth time a minute ago and the seven millionth just now.”

“If that was the seven millionth, then the last one would have been the 6,999,999<sup>th</sup>.”

“I’ll take that as an ‘I have no clue what I’m doing.’”

“I get the idea of it. But you swear, none of this is lasting, right? You’ll be able to shut it down and get us back out?”

“You want to be my partner? How about you start with a little trust.”

She gestured to her body. “I’m dressed like a jailbait hooker. I think I’m showing my fair share of trust.”

“Don’t enroll in Jerry’s school if you can’t wear the dress code.”

“The dress code is a top three sizes too small and a micro mini skirt?”

“Sounds like you’re ready to move onto the fight song, Phone Sex Voice.”

She rolled her eyes. “So we have to go in there, to the...” She craned her neck to read the signage over the strip mall parking lot. “The Maning Mental Wellness Clinic, and interrogate someone named Stacey Reeves?” She looked at the slip of paper I’d given her. “Stacey? With an E? You’re sure that’s right?”

“I don’t name ‘em, sweet cheeks. Now let’s get in there and see if our girl Stacey with an E is in for more than she signed up for.”

“I think sweet cheeks might be better than Phone Sex Voice,” she muttered as she exited the car, unable to avoid flashing me her panties.

We made our way into the clinic. The waiting room was empty. The sign on the receptionist’s station inviting applications was a master stroke. Anyone running a brainwashing clinic would have no problem landing some hot piece of tail to answer phones for him. No, this Maning was too slick to fall for a basic trap like that. We had our work cut out for us.

There was a girl in the waiting room. Young, dark hair, curves in all the oh-so-right places and an outfit to make sure we knew it. We’d made the slide into their universe on the way in from the parking lot, so she looked up as we entered, then looked up harder when she got a load of the rookie. Phone Sex Voice was more than what came out of her mouth, after all. You’d have to be dead from the waist down not to be thinking about what you could put in it, too.

“Oh, um, hi.” The girl’s eyes trailed my trainee’s rounded heiny. “Are you here to meet with Professor Manning?”

“Professor?” she asked. “And I’m pretty sure it’s Maning.”

“Professor *Manning* is a professor at Lakeview,” the girl said, more protective than you’d expect from another garden variety e-thot like herself.

“Professor of what?” Scarlett asked. “Women’s studies?”

The girl giggled, a sexy, private giggle. “Guess you’re a new patient.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything. I’m just waiting for him to finish with my sister.”

“Sister? Not step-sister? Or is she adopted?”

“Well, well, well,” I interjected, impressed. “Look who’s not a total ignoramus of the conventions of the trade. Didn’t figure you for a porn junky, Phone Sex Voice. You know, maybe I ought to call you PSV, for short.”

“That’s the exact same number of syllables, actually.”

“Still shorter,” I pointed out.

Meanwhile the girl frowned. “Adopted? What? No, Stacey’s my real sister. Why?”

Scarlett nodded knowingly. “Maybe we should get in there and check things out, Jerry.”

I nodded the go-ahead. My trainee led the way into the office, little sis forgetting us just like that. Here it was, the office of the Maning Mental Wellness Clinic, where the sausage got made. The only question was, did la Mesmer like his own sausage? We better hope not, or my day was going to need a whole new set of tags.

“You’re taking point in here, rookie. Remember, you’re here to see if this chick has places she’d rather be. Don’t let yourself forget it, because you’re gonna wanna.”

“This guy isn’t exactly my type,” she observed. The two were in, both Maning and his alleged slave. That was no coincidence. There she was, Little Miss Sorority Slut herself, humping away at her therapist’s lap like she meant to rub right through his shorts.

Time to realign the diodes.

It didn’t take much, not for someone at my level. I’d let us into Maning’s creepy little world in the lot, but now it was time to show myself out and let my milf rookie go all the way in. She and I, we’d come from the same place; there was no separating us. But now she was as much a part of Maning’s universe as the 10-point face on his lap, too. As far as they were concerned, she’d always been a part of it.

Now all she had to do was not blow it. Or him.

“I like when Martin Manning touches me,” lap-girl was chanting. “His touch turns me on. I want to be Martin Manning’s good girl so I can come.”

I settled onto the man’s desk and gestured for her get on with it. “Can’t say I don’t like coming here myself,” she opened, taking a seat beside them. She crossed her legs, but in that skirt it made no difference in keeping her from looking like a slut. The pair seated inches away on the center couch cushion did make a difference, but not in the direction she was hoping.

“Well hello there,” Martin greeted his newest patient. “I really need to get on top of that receptionist situation, don’t I. We’re not quite done in here, but I’ll be happy to come get you when we are.”

“Oh, I won’t get in the way,” she assured him. “You keep on doing what you’re doing. I’m actually here to talk to Stacey, anyway.”

The man had the audacity to frown, but that was as much as he let the sudden appearance of a member of the Human Trafficking Division get to him. That was how we worked, though. Under cover. So far as he knew, this was all business as usual. The only hard part was making sure my so-called partner didn’t forget that herself.

Stacey with an E did this weird jerk with her hands in the midst of pawing needily at her therapist’s chest. “What was that?” I demanded. “Some kind of sign? A secret code? I knew it! First go and we snagged the fucker. Grill ‘im, rookie! Grill ‘im good!”

“If you’d shut up, I would,” she muttered irritably. “What’s that?”

Martin kept on frowning his guilty frown. “What’s what?”

“With her hands. They keep... twitching.”

“Oh. That’s her fidget. She fidgets when something is making her uncomfortable. Probably because there’s another patient in the room.”

“Aren’t you a hypnotist? Can’t you make her just... not?”

“Huh. I suppose I could try. Just watch out if it doesn’t work. She’s got a gun.”

I scoped out the office for a coffee machine while the alleged hypnotist set his patient to the task of chilling her fine ass out. Nothing. Not on the counter, not in the waiting room where little sis was busy trying to act like she wasn’t playing with her tits, not even in the trash can. Just an off-color egg salad sandwich and more wadded up tissues than any man wanted a woman finding.

When he was done, Stacey with an E was splayed out occupying the sofa. There was no dignity in it – less so even than most people seeing a hypnotherapist. Her top was up over her boobs, and her skirt up over her underwear. She looked like a first-rate slut, all right. But a first-rate slut might or might not be a third-rate sex slave.

“Can I ask you a few questions about your relationship with this young woman?” Scarlett asked once the coast seemed clear.

“Offer to let him hypnotize you.”

Martin shook his head. “Sorry, I really shouldn’t talk about my patients.”

“It’s only that it looks like you’re letting a hypnotized sorority girl dry hump your crotch while her sister waits for her in the next room.”

“Let him hypnotize you,” I repeated.

“That, um... that’s her... fetish,” he lied.

“Sounds like you *can* talk about your patients,” Scarlett countered, sparing me an irritated look.

“I didn’t mean to. Look, maybe you should...” He wasn’t about to shoo away this goddess, though. “Maybe you should, um, lie down? There’s a free consult for new patients.”

“Let him,” I insisted. “He’ll open up a lot better if he thinks he’s in charge.”

“Suddenly I’m waist deep in pushy assholes,” my new partner retorted. But to the subject of our investigation, she stepped it up. “Sure, Martin. Let’s see what you’re made of, yeah?”

“Seriously?” The weenie was practically pinching himself in disbelief. “Oh, sure. Why don’t you just... lie down on, um, my desk?”

It was cleaner than the floor, and hadn’t threatened her with gunfire. The rookie took it. She’d been dressed to kill before, if only because her body was so well-armed. There wasn’t a woman born, though, who wouldn’t look hotter stretched out on a sleazy hypnotist’s desktop. My partner was no exception.

Mesmer plied his scummy trade, chanting and muttering and... whatever it is a hypnotist does. I’d sort of wandered out to the waiting room to look down the neckline of the younger one. By the time I got bored of it (or at least, on my way in to scope out Stacey’s rack), ScarJo was well on her way to becoming la Mesmer’s StarHo.

At least, that was what I thought until I caught her winking at me behind his back.

“What is that? Why are you winking?”

“I’m letting him think it’s working, so he’ll open up,” she whispered. I made sure he didn’t overhear. Damn slut rookie or no, the bond between partners was sacred.

“Good thinking. Just play the part, like Stacey with an E over there, and the simp will bare his soul.”

“Scarlett?” Martin asked.

“Mmm.” For a moment, I could have high-fived the motherfucker. Phone Sex Voice could use more mm’s in her vocabulary.

“Can you tell me what you’re doing here today?”

“Lie!”

She opened her eyes long enough to direct a shitty look in my direction. “Ya think?” Then she was back in sleeper agent mode. “Same as her,” she told him, voice muted, docile.

“Seriously?”

“Sure. She seemed happy. Who wouldn’t want that? Unless, that is, you think it’s wrong. Are you two doing anything wrong...?”

“Everybody defines wrong differently. Who’s to judge what’s right and wrong?”

“Well why don’t you do to me just like you were doing for her, and I’ll tell you?”

“Oh. Well sure then. I’ll just, yeah, give you some things to say, and you say them back at me. How’s that?”

“Sure. Stacey looked like she was having a real good time, though, so make sure you say to me exactly what you’d say to her.”

I cleared my throat. “Tell him how wet your pussy gets when dickheads tell you to act slutty.”

“I’m not going to say that.”

“Why not?”

“Because it’s disgusting?”

“Oh come on! You think this guy is going to do a tell-all with some random chick? You gotta make him feel it, PSV. Get him talking.”

“If I do that, will you stop calling me that?”

“Of course.”

“Then fine.” Her eyes closed. “So, Professor Maning, I...” They opened again. “What was it again?”

“Say it exactly the way I say it, OK? It’s important. I know what I’m doing.” I looked her in the eyes, to lend her some of my strength. I might not have a partner, but I still had the instinct for one. “My pussy.”

She sighed, for some reason. “My pussy.”

“Gets so wet.”

“Gets wet.”

“Gets so wet, I said.”

“My pussy gets so wet,” she repeated.

“When hunky dudes like you.”

“When hunky dudes like you.”

“Tell me to act slutty.”

She paused to massage her forehead for a moment. “Tell me to act slutty.”

“Really?” asked the incredulous hypnotist.

“Oh yeah. Hit me with the good stuff, Dr. Maning.” Scarlett dutifully repeated my ingenuitive line, though she mispronounced his name, same as the girls.

“All right. Well then, do you want to take your top off...?”

“Is that what you had Stacey do?”

“Not today. I mean, not yet. But sure, I’ve seen her naked, lots of times.”

“What about when she’s not hypnotized?”

“Oh. Sometimes. But less.”

“Why less? She doesn’t want to strip for you when she’s conscious?”

“I thought we were talking about you,” he replied, guardedly.

“Come on, rookie. Let the blouses hit the floor.”

She craned her neck up to glare at me. “You really think I’m stripping for this dipshit?”

“It’s nothing everyone hasn’t seen before, Little Miss Oopsyleaks.”



“You know, that was actually pretty horrible.”

“Aw, sure it was.”

“I mean it! How would you feel if the whole world got their hands on you trying to look cute for your... girlfriend? Boyfriend?”

“The world wants to see this bod in all its majesty, it’s only gotta ask.”

“Asking would have been an excellent first step in that situation.”

“Come on, you’re losing him, rookie! Do you want to save this girl or not?!”

Scarlett let out another long sigh. “You know what? Fine. Fine. If that’s what it takes.” She wrestled her t-shirt off. Sensible bra, looked like, a simple burgundy thing. But a nudge from Manning and some cajoling by me, and that went, too.

They weren’t bad. Better than those leaks, for damn sure, though maybe just because they weren’t in that terrible grainy quality. (Not that I checked them out or anything. Because I didn’t.) (Though really, what shoddy photography.)

“Now what would you do, if I were Stacey?”

“Well, we’d probably, you know, like we were when you came in. If you want.”

“Do it, PSV!”

“You said you were going to stop calling me that.”

“I said I’d stop calling you that *if* you got him to confess. So get him to confess already! Get those pants off, c’mon!”

Scarlett shook her head, but she took to her feet. “You are such a child, Jerry. Remind me why it is I need your help here?”

A bold question from a woman who presumably didn’t want me to abandon her in the universe of a creepo sex hypnotist. But I’d learned the hard way not to interrupt a gal when she was so pissed she was taking her pants off for you. For the case, that is. For your case.

I let her grind on la Mesmer for a while. She seemed like she could use a little brain break. (All right, so maybe that was just me letting her slide a little deeper into this plot.) She rode his lap like a pro, I’ll grant. I wasn’t familiar with her body of work so much as her body of tits and ass; maybe she’d played a stripper somewhere down the line. I don’t fancy myself a film critic, but I’ll say this: if she hadn’t, she sure as hell should.

But making this turd cum in his cummy little pants wasn’t going to get us the intel we needed. “Maybe try asking a question there, rookie?” I prompted.

Scarlett blinked, shook her head. She was a little dazed, no doubt. This hypnotist was no joke, except in all the ways that he was. But none of those ways were letting hot babes come their brains out rubbing on his pelvis. “So, um, Mr. Manning, what brought you and Stacey together? She doesn’t seem like the sort to, you know...”

“Dress like a slut and give me lap dances?”

She managed a smile. Or maybe the smile managed her. “Yeah. That sort.”

“You should get to know her little sister Kira. She’s twice as bad.” He helped himself to two overflowing palmfuls of celebrity.

Scarlett grinded as good as he groped. “But what brought her in to begin with? Your doing? That’d be one hell of an ad campaign. That girl’s hot as they come, no pun intended.”

Martin chuckled, then lifted her by her smoothly rounded ass cheeks and set her back down on his left leg. With a brief command, Stacey with an E woke up and took his right. “Why don’t you ask her yourself?”

Stacey picked up right where she left off, panting like a bitch in heat and leaking all over his thigh. “Ask me what, Martin?”

“How he talked you into doing this for him.”

Stacey laughed. It was a hell of a bitchy laugh. It made me wish I hadn’t just thought of her as a bitch in heat, like the dog kind of bitch, so I’d have room to think of her as a regular bitch now. It was disappointing. “My idea.”

Scarlett was about to reply when the other girl kissed the shit out of her. I’d seen some lesbians do their I’m-gonna-lesbian-you-like-a-muff-munching-lezzie kisses in my day, and this Stacey Reeves had mastered the art. Scarlett came somewhere in the middle of it. Hard to blame her, with half her free will dribbling out onto Dr. Maning’s leg and the other half getting sucked down his victim’s throat.

“Y-your idea?” she stammered feebly when she was allowed.

“Yeah. It’s a secret, though. Nobody but Mesmer and I can know.”

“Mesmer and me,” Scarlett corrected.

“No, I. The clause is subordinate, but its subject is still a subject even when you compound it,” Maning explained. I couldn’t tell you how much I wished I could trade places with these cock-drunk sluts right then. Mind-rapist or no, the man knew his goddamn grammar.

“Ask about the secret,” I prompted my partner. “Before you come so hard you forget.”

“I’m only coming because you put me in this position!” she snapped.

“Mehm onmeh coming because yeh peh me in theh posisheh,” I countered in a perfect rendition of her whiny singsong voice.

“What secret?” she barked – or did this kitty purr even when she was a dog?

Stacey swiveled around to straddle her playmate’s lap, ramming her tongue down Scarlett’s throat as she took over for Martin on those big pink nips. Scarlett didn’t have a counter to that. I guess that’s why they sent her to me for training. No sir, you didn’t make it far in this business if you couldn’t think through some twenty-something lesbian sorority slut tongue-fucking your throat.

Damn rookie. If she couldn’t focus, I wasn’t about to sit there and wallow in her failures with her. Out in the waiting room, little Kira was really going to work on those

tits of hers. I admired her handiwork for a few, snapped a few shots for the case collage. Then back into the office to snap a few more. Scarlett and Stacey with an E were sixty-nining on the couch by then. My partner had sunk deep into this one. It was what you get for letting a woman who was all curves take point.

Well, she was taking Martin's point, I guess.

"How about that secret?" I prompted, lest she forget that this trip was business, not pleasure.

"Not... not Mesmer," she managed as he drilled her from behind, simultaneously issuing a guttural grunt and a soprano squeak. "Her idea. Freak wants him to help her fuck her sister."

"Look at you, Detective Johansson. Working the case, even while the case works you."

"Didn't... Didn't mean to... Just... In my head..." She gasped as he nudded across her ass and backside. Classy of him, considering how little resistance she'd put up.

"Like... Like every word he says, like I've heard it... a thousand times..."

"Good work, rookie. I've touched base with Kira. She's pretty much begging for it herself. We got more suspects to chase down, so when you can stop making that noise you're making—"

Scarlett made the noise again as Stacey's tongue darted in and out of that muff.

"We'll get moving and see what else we can shake loose."

She was silent most of the way back to the station. Until she wasn't.

"You mind explaining to me why you stood there and let that guy put me in a trance and fuck me?" Her voice was cool, but the rest of her was pure heat.

"Let him? I was letting *you* run the interrogation, *mamacita*."

"So when you watched him make me take my clothes off and have sex with him and that slut on that grungy-ass sofa, that was your way of respecting my autonomy? That's your story."

"Now who's slut-shaming."

"You could have at least brought me back out of it in time to grab my clothes!"

That one was probably fair. If ScarJo was a thing in his universe, it would make for one hell of a trophy for Mesmer – if indeed he turned out not to be the sex slaver we were looking for. If he was, then my lucky trainee just might get a chance to ask him for those clothes back.

"We'll get you dressed back at the station. Don't worry. This kind of thing happens in our line of work more than you'd think."

"That's good, because I would think it would happen zero times. Do you really not have enough of a concept of how deep our cover needs to go that you let him do that to me, or are you just a dick?"

"The best dick in the business," I assured her, giving her a few pats on the thigh. She didn't respond. Probably processing all the pictures being snapped of her at the red light. Me zoning out through the last green cycle probably didn't help, but tits like hers, who could blame me for seeing red.

We got her outfitted back at the station. The other cops were pros about it. They'd all been dragged in half-naked before. Most of them less. It built trust – something my trainee was only starting to understand. She'd placed her trust in Maning instead of her partner. Where had it gotten her? Three orgasms deep and coated in dork batter. She'd have to learn fast if she wanted to keep her reputation clean, to say nothing of the stuff drying on her backside.

She cleaned up good, even if our showers were normally set aside for hosing down perverts. Maybe that was the kind of cleaning she liked. "Did they not have any of those in your size?" I asked anyway.

"Mind explaining why your station only has extra uniforms in the fetish cop variety? And this *is* my size, fuck you very much. Or it says it was. If I sneeze, this thing is bursting off."

"Kleenex in the glovebox, PSV."

"You promised–"

"Hazing the new recruits is a time-honored tradition. Plus, you sound like a phone sex operator. Objective assessment. Can't hold me accountable for your decision to make smoking sexy again."

“That’s definitely why I do it. To titillate you.”

“Tit late, tit soon... Just try to control yourself next time out, for god sake. Our next suspect isn’t some pussy like Maning. No, this guy’s meticulous, a ruthless schemer through and through.”

“Does that mean that this time I don’t have to play the part of the latest ho in the office?”

“Office?” I scoffed. “Try classroom, rookie. You think you still got the chops to pass for high school?”

“If you wanted me to pass for a high school student, you’re going to need to take me back to the office for some schoolgirl apparel. And while you’re there, recruit a CG-team.”

“You leave the CG to me, sugartits.”

She squirmed about the front seat, trying to tug the black spandex police shorts down without exposing too much of her ass crack. “If you call me sugartits again I’m going to throw you out of the vehicle. On the highway.”

The only way I was going to be deterred by some new fish fancy pants celebrity trainee was if I shit my pants and needed a deturding. “Cause I’m taking you back to school. That’s right. We’re gonna class you up, the way only a classroom can.”

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