

Officer Friendly

A Friend Zone Tale

“I want to ask you one last time to be absolutely certain – you’re sure you don’t want a lawyer present, Mister–”

“Please, just call me Todd. And no, I’ve got nothing to hide. Though I’d take it as a kindness if you uncuffed me, Miss... ?”

“Brindley. Detective Dawn Brindley.”

I couldn’t believe how easy he was making this on me, and seeing that he looked placid enough, I acceded to his request. Sometimes all you had to do was play along with them and let the false confidence that things were going well trip them up. I was a master of the sting operation. Let men see a pretty young woman, flash the slightest hint of cleavage, and they practically arrested themselves.

“All right then, suit yourself. Let’s get started. Do you know who that girl was we found riding in your car with you?”

“She said her name was Abbie.”

“No last name?”

“If she gave it, I don’t recall.” Todd shrugged, rubbing his sore wrists and seizing the handcuff chain. He suspended it in front of him, and the bracelet swung lazily from side to side, the shiny chrome reflecting the harsh glare of the overhead lamp light. He stared at it so intently that I found myself doing the same. “I was less interested in what was coming out of her mouth than–”

I held up a hand. “That’s quite enough of that. Her name is actually Abigail Katherine Dell. How long have the two of you been in contact?”

“This time? Let’s see. She came by for the weekend and then didn’t seem to want to go, so I guess, what, five days now? Give or take.”

“Five days. May I ask what you and Ms. Dell were doing for those five days?”

“I thought you said that you didn’t want to hear about that stuff, Officer Friendly.”

“Detective Brindley,” I snapped. Every third criminal asshole I busted thought they were the first genius to come up with that one, and it was usually enough to make me dig for any and all extra charges I could find. This perv and his weird dangly cuff bracelet were going down for that.

“Oh gosh, my bad. I didn’t meant to–”

“Answer the question please.”

“Honestly, she came over to get help with some art project. I’ve been helping her out with her stuff for a while now, and I guess she trusts my perspective.”

“So your relationship is not sexual?”

“Sure it is. But that’s not what she came over for.” He considered. “At least, not *all* she came over for.”

“Were you aware that her roommate reported her missing on Saturday?”

“Missing? She was visiting a friend. How could she be ‘missing’?” He was still swinging that cuff; it was annoyingly distracting.

“So you weren’t aware?”

“When you have company, Officer, do you check the paper to see if they’re reported missing?”

“Call me officer one more time,” I said in my most threatening tone. He shut up. “I’ll take your answer to mean you were unaware.” I perused the roommate’s report in front of me. “How long have you and Ms. Dell associated?”

“I couldn’t say, really. Not too long, I guess. Six months? Probably less than that.”

“Interesting. You see, her roommate claims that in the past few months, she’s been acting increasingly erratic, and was worried she’d been using drugs. Do you know anything about that?”

Todd laughed, a bead of light running across his teeth from the reflective chrome. “Sorry, I don’t mean to... it’s just... No. No, my Abbie is definitely not on drugs.”

“You sound sure. You wouldn’t mind, then, if we searched your vehicle and residence?”

“I’m sure you’ve already checked my car, since you found your ‘missing person’ there. If you want to check my house, I’m happy to comply with a warrant.”

He was right; we had searched his car, and found nothing even with the dogs. Worse, with that girl Abbie insisting that she hadn’t been kidnapped or victimized in any way, there was no chance of getting a warrant. Still, there was something about this guy that rubbed me the wrong way. Something about him simply wasn’t right.

Only a guilty man could manage to be this smug.

“Ms. Dell has opted not to make a complaint against you, Mister—”

“Just Todd, please.”

“—so no, for now, we’re not going to pursue a warrant.”

He nodded, annoyingly blasé about not quite being arrested. On and on he dangled that bracelet, staring after it like there was some secret in it that only he knew. As I gave him a moment to collect his thoughts, I couldn’t help but stare as well. I couldn’t have even said how long we sat there, or what we talked about. Suspects often had a bunch of questions, nothing unusual there. Besides, it was all being recorded, so I didn’t need to focus. Not important at all. So unimportant, in fact, I thought I might go on and delete the recording later. May as well. This Todd character was too smooth to give up something in response to such conventional, even hamfisted, interrogation.

I, Dawn Brindley, was a detective, after all, and I needed to do what I did best. I was going to surveil this dirtbag. If he was taking advantage of one girl, I’d bet the farm

he was doing it with others. His type were all the same. I didn't know exactly what his game was, whether he was using narcotics to manipulate these girls or if he had some kind of leverage on them. Heck, Todd might simply be a scumbag trying to prey on younger girls. Too young, maybe. He could slip up there easily. I'd just have to be ready to pounce when he did.

Suddenly he dropped the bracelet, and I blinked in surprise at the sudden noise. "We done here, Officer?"

I switched off the recorder, pressing the button to delete the audio file. "Call me officer again and you spend the night."

"My bad, Detective Brindley. Honest mistake. Won't happen again."

"Good. You're free to go... Todd."

"Great!" He stood up, offering me a hand. I shook it only to lower his suspicions. He had a firm grip. Large hands. Strong. "You know, now that I'm no longer a suspect, I hope you don't mind if I say I can't imagine being arrested by a more arresting offi... detective."

I openly rolled her eyes at what had to be the ten thousandth asshole in this jail who'd thought they could flirt with the comely junior detective and have their bad boy cred melt her in their hands. I did my best to dress to de-emphasize my body, but still, I had a face, and that was often enough.

"You're not my type."

"Right, sure. Of course. Well hey, see you around, OK?"

"I wouldn't count on it."

I did, however, see him around. I saw him at his home in the suburbs. I saw him coming and going at his place of business. I saw him shopping for groceries, saw him taking out his garbage, saw him mowing his lawn, saw him smoking a cigar on his front porch. (From my vantage point down the street, it was impossible to be sure it was a cigar and not something illicit. I confirmed it with a 2AM raid on the ashtray. No dice.)

Still, it didn't take long to start to realize that this Todd fellow had more women in his life than just Abigail Dell.

The first red flag came up when a car parked in his driveway and a young woman got out. She was young, early 20's I guessed, with shoulder-length brown hair and a body of modest but youthful curves poorly concealed in a black tank top and a brief summer skirt. She went right inside without so much as knocking. Girlfriend, maybe? I scoped her plates and ran a check; the car was registered to Shannon Taylor. That wasn't this girl – Shannon Taylor was, by her social media posts, a good-looking woman, but she was a MILF, not a coed. According to her facebook, Shannon had two daughters, Patty and Stacey, and I was pretty sure the girl I'd seen in the driveway had been the latter.

Totally sure, when I saw her face plastered against an upstairs window a few minutes later, contorted in bliss.

I waited, camera at the ready for him to give me an excuse. He was obviously fucking her, or doing something like it, but in the fading daylight all that I could see was her face with her jaw hanging open, panting, squeegeeing the window with subtle rhythmic movements of her cheek against the glass. When I busted out one of the station's stakeout cameras with the nightvision filter, I could see that her tank top was indeed pulled down past her breasts, which bobbed with each thrust. She was tilted a bit, though, not perpendicular to the window but rather at an angle which left her pussy out of my eyeline – as well as the man inside it. Not that nightvision filtered pictures of consensual sex in his own home would be enough to justify an arrest, but it at least confirmed that Todd had at least one other nubile girl in his life beside Abbie Dell.

I kept the camera pointed, waiting for them to do anything more interesting than straight vanilla fucking. To my revulsion, Todd did finally make an appearance, once they had finished, wiping his cock off in the girl's hair. She didn't even look like she minded. Did he have her strung out on something? No woman I knew would let a man casually use her as a cum rag. I zoomed in and hoped for a syringe, or whatever delivery vehicle he was using to compel these girls' sexual favors.

Instead... young Stacey Taylor sat down on something, a bed perhaps, and Todd came around behind her. She looked bored, maybe a little annoyed, as he took out some kind of pendant on a thin chain and dangled it in front of her eyes. My first thought was that he was buying her off with jewelry, but she never touched it. He just swung it in front of her, like he was teasing her. His lips were moving, but I hadn't checked out one

of our parabolic mics so there was no telling what he was saying. I zoomed in on the pendant, trying to see if I could learn anything about it, but the more I stared the more I lost myself in trying to figure out how the girl could be so thoroughly mesmerized by it.

And for such a long time, I noted when I looked at my watch after. I rubbed my eyes. I'd been staring pretty hard myself.

What did he think he was doing up there? Hypnotizing her? It was laughable as a notion, cheesy as hell and patently absurd. Except that as I watched young Stacey Taylor stumble back out of Todd's house a few minutes later – and I was pretty sure she flashed him her panties before leaving, though I was on the wrong side of her car to be sure – it struck me as... possible. Not likely, mind you. And I would never say it aloud to my supervisor without concrete evidence.

But possible.

From then on, my nightly stakeouts included the parabolic mic. With this puppy, I could hear through a solid foot of concrete close-up, or at this distance, hear anything that creep was saying in his house. I just needed to wait for Stacey or Abbie to stop over again and hope he tried his little trick. I even read up on hypnosis, but the literature only confirmed what I'd expected. Altered consciousness, potential for mild suggestibility, can't make people do things they don't want to do, all that jazz. If that was indeed his angle, I was going to be ready for it the next time those girls came over.

Only the next time girls came over, it was neither Stacey nor Abbie, but rather the neighbor woman and her daughter. I knew their names already – Shari Solomon and her only child Dana. I'd not bothered running a bio on most of Todd's neighbors, but when I saw the girl waiting at her school bus stop the first morning I tailed Todd to work, she fit his profile enough that I filed her away. I didn't have the best mind for faces, but bodies... it was tough not to notice a body like young Dana's, even for an adult hetero woman like myself.

That Saturday afternoon, she was sporting a teal bikini top tied with a simple string above a pair of shorts I was frankly surprised she could stuff her bottom into. The only reason I didn't immediately start my eavesdropping was the presence of Shari beside her, looking fetching herself in a more tame (though still not unremarkable) sun dress that bared her shoulders. The daughter had some kind of parcel in her hands; baked goods, maybe?

As Todd let them into his house, I got out the parabolic mic. "... good enough to eat," he was saying. The pig.

A chorus of giggling. Both women, I was pretty sure. The sound quality was tinny, but it was clear enough for my purposes. "So what've you two been up to? I'd have thought you'd be getting ready for final exams, Didi. Shouldn't you be studying?"

Didi? A strange nickname for a Dana. As they exchanged banalities – all of it undergirded with sexy flirtation – I did a little googling on the family. Dana Lauren Lafave – still had her father's name. Senior at one of the local high schools, lots of "formers" in her activities. Like she'd moved here and never gotten re-involved. Yet it wasn't until I started browsing pictures that I realized I'd made a mistake, and I had to go between mother and daughter's profiles multiple times to confirm I wasn't hallucinating.

The bikini top "girl" was Shari Solomon, the mother, while the "woman" in the dress bearing treats for their neighbor was her eighteen-year-old daughter. It was absurdity itself, but the more I looked at their profiles, the more I saw that Shari's instagram was flooded with pictures of herself in fashionable, if risqué, attire, of the sort one might expect from someone half her age. The daughter, on the other hand, had a more refined and sedate sense of fashion, though was apparently not above a pic or two at the beach announcing proudly how she'd come by the name Didi.

Her cup size. How quaint.

Suddenly, the white noise from the microphone took a turn. “Shari! Goodness, is this what I’ve taught you, to act like a brazen little harlot?” It was the tone of a mother rebuking her daughter, and I was still reeling from it.

“Nope, it’s what Toddy taught me,” came a snickering reply.

“You put that away this instant! I spent all morning slaving over a hot stove for this man, and I’ll not let some silly spoiled girl snatch him away from me by flashing her bottom.”

What?! Were this daughter and mother *fighting* over seduction rights?!

“Nuh uh, Didi, Toddy likes my big booty. Don’t you Toddy?”

Their host didn’t get a chance to reply as Dana responded first. “Todd appreciates *both* of our big booties, so don’t go asserting privilege when it’s not yours. I’m going to fuck Todd today – or blow him, or whatever – and that’s final, young lady. Do you understand me?”

“You’re not being fair!” wailed a petulant Shari. “I want him! I want him so bad I could come just thinking about fucking him! C’mon, pleeeeeeease? Please let me, just this once? Please, Didi?”

I listened, horrified, for the resolution, but whatever it was, it must have come nonverbally. Then *very* verbally, a squeal of delight that sent a shriek of noise into the mic so shrill I had to rip out the ear bud for a moment. After that, there was no rush to put it back in. For the next little while there was nothing to be heard except the moaning, grunting, stuff-getting-knocked-off-the-counters-ing of sex in the kitchen. It sounded like they broke at least one dish in their flailing – not that it slowed them down for an instant.

Could he really be that good? I’d only ever heard women make noises like that in porn, in those infrequent occasions my boyfriend Ruben had been able to talk me into watching it with him. Personally, I always sort of thought wanting to watch porn while your hot girlfriend is naked right next to you was kind of weird, but I guess we all have our kinks. For Shari Taylor, it sounded like her kink was having her neighbor smack her bottom while they had sex and threaten further punishment if she couldn’t behave.

Meanwhile, I caught sight of young Dana in Todd’s back yard, where she appeared to be exercising some kind of vendetta against the weeds in his planters. If it bothered her that her mother, until recently dressed in what had to be her daughter’s clothes, was inside getting her brains fucked out by their next-door-neighbor, it didn’t register on her face regardless of how close I zoomed in with the binoculars.

Then again, what followed made me suspect that may have only been because she was waiting her turn.

Shari didn’t come outside like her daughter had. Instead, once Dana had finished cooing her interest in no uncertain terms – “how about you let Didi lick you good and

clean, and then we can have a little adult time?” – Shari went somewhere very nearby, probably right outside the room considering the narrow arc of the parabolic mic, and whined like a spoiled brat.

“C’mon, hurry up you guys!”

“You can’t hog all the cock, Didi!”

“When’s it gonna be my turn?”

“Is she forgetting how you like having your balls licked? I bet she’s totally forgetting to lick your balls.”

“Didi, pleeeeeeease? I’m soooooo horny out here!”

Her tantrum didn’t seem to do much to accelerate the ordeal, but eventually, they seemed to finish and returned to a group dynamic. I could picture that smug look on his face as his two beautiful neighbors oohed and aahed about his performance.

“Did you come hard?”

“You know I did, Shari. It was *Todd*, after all, not one of those pathetic boys from school.”

“Some of those boys are crazy hawt, though,” the mother protested. I shuddered at the clear implication of the misspelling in her tone. “Not, like, Todd hawt, though.”

The girls went on for a while, fawning over Todd’s cock, his stamina – my watch told me neither fuck had taken longer than ten minutes – his sex appeal, and basically any other trait of this otherwise unremarkable specimen. After a good ten minutes of these musings, Todd seemed to get as tired of it as I had in the first ten seconds.

“Say, while I have you guys over, do you mind if I do a quick session with you? I feel like it’s been a while, and I don’t want to get rusty.”

Session? Suddenly my attention was suddenly riveted. Was he going to hypnotize them? Maybe I’d been right after all! After what I’d seen, these age-swapped neighbors aching for their neighbor’s attention, utterly unashamed to be sharing him, there had to be more than simply drugs. No amount of crack made someone behave this way when they were otherwise lucid.

The girls agreed, though there seemed to be a tone of humoring him rather than of submission, the tone I’d heard when they went through with their seduction routines. It got quiet then, and I worried they’d moved elsewhere in the house without me hearing the footsteps. I didn’t want to miss any of this! When I heard nothing as I scanned the premises, I cranked up the volume all the way and found them right where I’d left them, their location marked by the steady *tick, tick, tick* of what could only be a metronome. I could see why he chose it; it was a calming sound, the sort of white noise that made it easy for someone to zonk out.

I strained my ears making sure I didn’t miss a sound, but for minutes and minutes – longer, maybe? it was so hard to focus on anything but the sound – there was nothing. Finally, at long last, I heard Todd begin speaking.

I don't know what I'd expected to hear. I guess something cheesy. *You are now my slaves! Muahahaha!* Something like that. Instead, I was surprised to hear Todd saying very nearly what I myself had been thinking.

"Remember, hypnosis isn't real, and you don't believe I can actually hypnotize anyone," he began. Well that was obvious. If something like that was real, the world would be a terrifying place. I mean, unless the person hypnotizing you made you unafraid of it. Then it would be... whatever sort of place they wanted it to be. Not that hypnosis was real, he reminded me. Or I reminded me. My thoughts were blending with his voice bigtime. Whatever. This was so boring and pointless, I was already realizing there was scarcely any point in trying to focus.

It was laughable, I thought, that he'd think he could do something like this to a woman. I was strong, too strong by far, for such a juvenile tactic to have any effect. No, I was a detective – smart, strong, sexy as hell.

Wait, what? I was–

"There's nothing wrong with thinking of yourself as sexy," I heard Todd say. Of course he'd think something like that. Men always wanted women to act like sexual objects. They didn't see that sex was actually a weapon in our arsenal, a second gun wrapped in a form-fitting holster. I wasn't going to be used for my sex; no, I was going to be the one using my sex for my own purposes.

But... hang on, that didn't make a lot of–

"You can't just walk up to the door in a thong and expect to be let in, of course," Todd was saying. I didn't know why these girls needed that reminder, but my brain was working double-time and I was already thinking how it actually applied to me. No, I couldn't be so obvious about it. I'd have to bide my time, keep watching. The recordings I'd been taking, after all, were pointless. There was nothing illegal about fucking your skanky neighbors, or using your platonic friend's body as a cum receptacle. No, I'd bide my time, see what sort of perversions he was into until I found one that I could nail him on. In the meantime, I'd simply watch closely, be his second shadow, and study his hypnosis technique to make absolutely sure that, as I'd always known, I was way too smart to be taken in by such a thing.

"All right, babes, I'll see you around, OK?" he said suddenly. I blinked. The metronome sound was gone. How long had been doing that? It was dark out now. No wonder I'd spaced out! That preposterous little farce had gone on for nearly an hour. I considered replaying the recording, but there was no point. Hypnosis didn't work, especially not on someone like me. I deleted the audio, and rebuked myself for ever even trying that angle. No more.

I had to catch him red-handed. And as I watched Shari and Dana "Didi" Taylor stumble bow-legged and beaming out Todd's front door, I had no doubt he'd soon give me that chance.

It took some pleading, but I managed to convince my supervising detective to give me a couple weeks off, supposedly to get out of the city for a while with the boyfriend. It helped that it was the first leave I'd requested since making detective almost two years ago. It probably also helped that I asked him in the station gym while my body, clad only in a sports bra and a pair of cute pink spandex shorts, was still glistening with post-workout sweat. Technically, he may have been giving my nipples two weeks off, since it was to those two little buds poking out in my sports bra that he addressed his response.

Men. I swear, they're *so* easily manipulated.

That gave me the freedom to turn my surveillance of Todd into a full-time project. It took some more finessing, this time in a half-unbuttoned blouse resting my breasts on the countertop at the requisitions office, but I was able to persuade Jerry to let me "borrow" the surveillance gear I'd been using over my break, so there would be every opportunity to catch the son of a bitch.

A sleepy boyfriend remarked that I looked really pretty today, and asked me if I wouldn't like to return to bed. There was no way – no *polite* way – to tell Ruben this outfit and makeup weren't for him, so I shut him up with a quick handjob and darted out to the car before he asked for more and smudged my lipstick. I needed to be armed to the teeth for this.

From then on, I followed Todd everywhere. After several evenings sitting in my car in a vacant lot just down the street, I knew there was only so long I could keep that up without getting caught. I went ahead and rented a utility van, had my boyfriend help me stuff a comfy chair in the back, and set up a workstation from which I could comfortably follow him. I even tagged his car, so there was nowhere he could go where I wouldn't find him.

It was a good thing, too, because that day, rather than going to his office like usual, he turned the other way. I'd have lost him altogether – or worse, blown my cover – if not for the tracker. First he stopped by a donut place, picked up a muffin and some coffee, and from there he went down to MacArthur Park. He hopped out there and made his way into the park. There was a risk of losing him in the brush, so I quickly decided to tail him on foot.

It didn't take long to figure out where he was going. It was the same place everyone else in the park was congregating that morning – the paved plaza near the statue of Reverend Josiah Burns, the town's founder. When I was a kid, the whole park had been named after him, but sometime while I was off pursuing my criminal justice degree, some busy-body SJWs swooped in and raised hell until City Council agreed to rename the park something more politically correct. The pussies. Still, they couldn't be persuaded to take down the statue.

Today, Rev. Burns was being treated to a rather unusual display. Unusual in most company, at least; around Todd, I could only be so surprised at the showing of young Abigail Dell's body. She was an artist, I remembered them saying. A performance artist of some kind, and it appeared today her art involved standing in the park in a string bikini that matched the tone of her skin so closely that at first I'd thought she was naked. As for the statue of our founder, his treat was completed by the addition of one of Abigail's sumptuous breasts resting in his outstretched hand. I was no art critic, but this wasn't exactly a subtle expression. The message, by her mere presence, became one of male licentiousness. Women, it said, were there to be groped.

Normally, his pose was a rather uninspired hand reaching out to the future. Today, it simply looked like he was copping a feel of young Ms. Dell. Dozens of people had gathered to observe, seemingly a mix of people murmuring their disapprobation and those simply enjoying ogling the attractive young woman. My quarry, naturally, was in the latter camp. At least, he seemed to be mildly amused by her state whenever he wasn't looking down at his phone.

The crowd was only growing. Abbie's admirers were inclined to linger, which only served to fan the flames of her detractors. Someone ventured a cat call, and when she didn't react any more so than Rev. Burns himself, dozens more filled the air. On their heels came demands to cover up, stop defacing history, and paradoxical demands that this shameless girl feel shame. It was growing into a scene – exactly what she wanted, no doubt, but rather the opposite of what I was here for.

I should intervene. Or at the very least, I should call someone. However, doing so would at the very least reveal that I had not, after all, left town. Worse, it might blow my chance to catch Todd in the act. Her bikini, such as it was, wasn't illegal, not in this state, but if Todd was half as bold with her in this park as he'd been with Stacey Taylor, Shari Solomon and Dana LaFave, I could bust him for indecent exposure, or maybe even solicitation if he took the occasion to patronize her art. (Or to "patronize" her "art," as it were.)

So I let it unfold. It never quite brimmed over to anything dangerous, but the men there certainly took their liberties with her. Abbie stood there, a second statue, as men posed with her for pictures. No matter how bold they got, even the two douchey frat bros who posed on either side of her, each cupping one bared ass cheek, she stood her ground. By the conclusion of the nearly three hours she maintained her display, her bottoms looked to contain several hundred dollars from converted art aficionados. After a brief round of applause, she made her way to where she'd stored a backpack with a change of clothes. The new outfit was hardly demure either, a micro mini skirt and white halter top, both of them liberally spattered with paint that I had no doubt hadn't come on the garments when they were purchased. What kind of artist paints in club wear?

I guess it's fair to ask what kind of police detective surveils a subject in what was also usually club wear, but I was only being strategic.

Still, once she was dressed, I was relieved that she made her way straight over to where Todd was sitting on a park bench. As soon as she was seated beside a man, the stragglers who'd been chatting her up since the moment she'd stopped, who she'd been ignoring with impressive steadfastness, gave up. Aware I looked out of place, I quickly offered an elderly gentleman seated nearby \$10 for his newspaper. (When he saw me pull the money out of my bra, I'm pretty sure I could've asked for change.) Regardless, it at least afforded me some cover, and I settled in to eavesdrop, situating myself so I could just see them in my peripheral vision around the edge of the sports section.

"How'd I do?" she asked, her voice painfully tinged by her hope for his praise.

"Not bad, slutcakes," Todd answered. Slutcakes? There was a new one. "Must've been some pretty good art, because I've had a semi for hours now."

She giggled and clapped her hands together. "Good! That wasn't my main point, but it's a nice side benefit."

"Oh? What was the main point?"

"Same as usual, to show what a patriarchal douche Josiah Burns was. Him and all the founding fathers, really, but I only have the two titties and the one statue."

"For what it's worth, Sugar-Crotch, I'm sure all of the founders would want to grope your titties if you gave them the chance."

She swooned against him. "I'm so glad you found me, Todd. I never would have gained this kind of confidence without you."

"My pleasure," he said, eyes sparkling. Because of course they were. How did he find all these horny little twits? If he wasn't stringing them out, paying them, and hypnosis was a sham, how on earth could one man manage to find every wanton hussy in the city?

"Hey, and speaking of helping build confidence, did you wanna hypnotize me?" she said, as if reading my thoughts. Christ, now she was volunteering?!

"Oh, I don't want to waste your time, doll."

"No! Even if you can't – or at least, you haven't *yet* – been able to, practice makes perfect, right? Last time, I swear, you *almost*..." She clutched his arm plaintively. "It relaxes me, at the very least. And you better believe my muscles are on fire after holding that pose all morning."

Todd seemed to consider, and seemed to relent, though I suspected he'd intended to all along. "Oh, fine. I'll give it my best – no hard feelings if I can't pull it off again."

"I'll pull you off any time," she quipped, giggling.

From beneath his collar, Todd deftly unclasped what looked to be the same pendant I'd seen him use through the window the other day with that girl Stacey. Follow-up investigation had revealed that the girl had attended the same school as

Todd, albeit with only a single year overlap. Could that be how they'd met? I tried to imagine what chain of events could have lead from sitting in the same classroom to her driving across town to pleasure him and pretend to be hypnotized. Could it be some kind of hypnosis fetish these girls shared that Todd was fulfilling?

As I watched the pendant swing, the noonday sun throwing a mesmerizing array of sparkles all over Abbie's mostly exposed bosom, I pursued that line of thinking. Hypnosis was fake. Duh. It didn't work on these girls, and it couldn't work on me. Why, I could walk right up to Todd and invite him to try, and all he'd be able to do was swing that stupid pendant in my face and mumble at me.

My ears strained to pick up his voice from two benches over. I wasn't sure if I was hearing him, or imagining I was, or simply hearing my own thoughts. What I wouldn't give to get closer! To be able to witness this up close. I'd have to make sure I watched his every hypnosis session like a hawk, unblinking, riveted, absorbing every word he said. I knew I couldn't blow my cover – not yet – but if I could just observe his technique, I was sure I'd learn something about how he was abusing these poor girls.

Poor girls? No, these women were nothing but a bunch of leg-spreading—

Well... *skanks* was a harsh term. After all, Todd was the real culprit here. It was unjust of me to slut-shame them, even if only in my own mind. It wasn't their fault they were young and sexy and uninhibited. Like me.

Hold it, no, I wasn't—

Of course I wasn't, I assured myself. I wasn't going to giggle and simper and blow Todd when he snapped his fingers. (Or at any other time, I added quickly.) No. But I was young. True. And yes, I was sexy. It would be a lie to pretend otherwise. I was a constant target for sexual attention from the boys at the precinct. Plus I had to admit, I had been learning to lower my inhibitions against using my sexuality. I needed men to look at me and like what they saw. Men like Todd. I wanted to be leered at, lusted over, to make men hard and send them home to jack it all night thinking about my tasty little body. I was a fiery little vixen, here to satisfy male urges.

Oh gosh. I was *just* like these girls.

It only made it all the more important to find out what he was doing. I had to get closer. Infiltrate his circle. Get inside their heads, understand what made them tick, how Todd had corrupted them all. Luckily I had my sexuality, which was one hell of a weapon. Weapons, really. Two plump tits—

Tits? No. I *hate* that word.

Two plump boobs and an ass that bespoke my countless hours in the precinct gym. Washboard abs. A face that made me a favorite for sting ops, pretty and innocent and sweet and fuckable. I was made to be lusted after. Men should see me and just *BOOM*. Get. Hard. I had to own that. Become that. Use that as my first recourse. Flaunt

it. Leave no doubt how fucking sexy I was. Somehow, I guess, that would help me catch Todd?

Also, I should really dump my boyfriend.

Hang on, I actually—

Then I'd have nothing distracting me from Todd!

Yeah. That was a good point.

"I think I was really close!" I heard Abbie saying, consoling the man whose lap she occupied. "You are getting *so* good, baby."

"Hey, I've just gotta face facts. Some people just can't be hypnotized."

Damn straight, asshole. And I was one of them.

"Oh well. How about I come back to your place and suck you off until you forget all about it. Would that help?"

"Nah, it's OK. You don't have to—"

"*Please,*" she insisted. "I haven't sucked your cock in *days.*"

I rolled my eyes as yet another text buzzed in my pocket. I'd blocked Ruben's number, naturally, and then I'd had to block his work number, his mother's number, his buddy's number, and now he was trying to get to me through my sister. The first time they'd met she'd told me she thought he was the one for me. I'd thought so too, at the time. That had been before I realized how unsupportive Ruben was going to be of the hunt for Todd. I'd figured I owed the guy that, at least.

But when I told him I was going to be leaving to follow Todd full-time, he looked at me like there was something wrong with me.

"In that...?"

"Uh, obviously." I smoothed my sarong around my hips, made sure it wasn't too apparent that I wasn't wearing panties. The top was basically just a strip of cotton wrapped snug across my boobs, tight enough not to fall off but loose enough to maximize the jiggle. I was fucking deadly in this – so long as these five-inch heels didn't trip and kill me first.

"So let me get this straight. You took time off of work to do more work, and that work is following a guy who's sleeping with a bunch of hot girls, and you're dressed like... I dunno, some kind of harem slave?"

My knees trembled at that a little, to be honest. That was basically the look I was going for. "Look, this is who I am, and if you can't handle it, then you can just get the hell out, OK?"

"Get out? Dawn, are you serious right now? What's gotten into you, lately?"

"I told you when we first started dating that I was a cop first, and everything else second. That included you then, and it includes you now. So if you're gonna... no. Ya know what? We're done here. I knew this was a mistake."

"Dawn! Wait, I–"

Aside from what was necessitated by these ridiculous heels, I didn't slow down. I had a scumbag to tail.

Single and still on leave, my social calendar was wide open. The weekend was still plenty busy for my quarry, though. His neighbor Dana came over after school Friday and waited on the front porch for him to come home from work, at which point she begged him to take her inside and fuck her. Six or seven hours later her mother stumbled over drunk enough that I was a little worried she'd pass out on his driveway; she wasn't coherent enough to beg, but she got herself a nice thorough dicking, too. Both times he hypnotized them, but by now I was beyond listening to his chicanery. I was focused on my mission. Follow Todd. Look sexy. Think sexy. Be sexy. Sexy. Sex. Sex. Sex. Sex. Stick close to Todd. Pay close, close attention to his hypnosis sessions. Sex.

Saturday he traipsed across town to Stacey's apartment after picking up a friend, one Luis Morillo. It appeared Stacey had a roommate, Kayla, and that he'd somehow made Kayla as much of a slut as Stacey. He gave Kayla to his friend like she was a side of fries; the friend, from what I overheard, seemed surprised by her behavior, and I discounted Luis as an accomplice immediately. This time, there was no hypnosis. (Was he afraid to let his friend know his method?) It caught me by surprise, actually; I'd expected it so reflexively that when I saw them suddenly exiting the apartment, I barely had time to take my fingers out of my pussy, lick them clean, and drive off after them.

Sunday was another road trip, this time to an unfamiliar residence. I nestled my van into a shady thicket that was about as far as my mic could be relied on to pick up noise from the house and still be adequately concealed. As I settled in to watch, my detective skills kicked in and I recognized Stacey Taylor's car parked in the long gravel driveway leading up to the house. So when I ran the address and found this was the home of her mother Shannon, it was not a surprise.

What happened when he went inside... now *that* was a surprise.

"Todd!" exclaimed a woman's voice. Shannon, I assumed, and his response confirmed it. "It's been far too long. I was beginning to wonder if you and Stacey had broken up."

"Mother," grumbled her daughter's voice, "I told you, Todd's just a friend. Don't be weird."

"First off, friends can break up, too, and second off, I should hope he's not your boyfriend! Otherwise I'd have a lot to say about the other women he's been fucking on the side!" She laughed, and right about then I saw the trio making their way into the living room. I zoomed in my binoculars; Shannon Taylor was an attractive woman, and I could tell from the way she was fidgeting that she was wishing she'd worn something else for Todd.

I knew the feeling. Today's skimpy dress had been my second choice after I'd ripped my mesh catsuit changing in the back seat that morning.

They made chit-chat about how they'd been doing; it seemed Todd was a regular presence here, but had been away for several weeks. It was all so banal. *Hurry up and fuck her!* I thought. Or at least hypnotize her. But when she shared that her sister was coming over that afternoon, my heart sunk. He couldn't exactly fuck these women in front of their own family members.

Somehow, I'd forgotten all about his neighbors. I remembered that precedent right about the moment I heard a sound like thunder through the mic, then right after saw a young woman, not Stacey, bound into the living room and vault onto Todd's lap, landing with her legs wrapped around him. She was naked. Completely naked.

"Patty!" scolded Shannon. "Patty, if you jump on my furniture like that again, you're buying me a new couch! Do you understand me?"

The buxom girl removed her lips from Todd's neck only long enough to placate her mother, and then I watched as she shamelessly humped herself against him. Anyone could have driven by and seen what I was seeing. None of the women seemed to care in the least. Whatever he had done to them, they seemed to find nothing out of the ordinary about the daughter's infatuation with him. Todd had manipulated them that hard.

I was going to nail this guy so good.

He fucked Patty. Of course. Stacey and her mother sat in the living room talking about school – or at least, that's what they were talking about when I redirected the parabolic mic to listen to Patty coming her brains out nonstop while Todd bent her over her bed and plowed Shannon's baby girl. I watched through my binoculars as she stumbled to follow him back into the living room and plead for another go, which resulted in seeing Shannon bend her naked daughter over her lap and spanking her until she promised to behave.

Somewhere in the middle of that, Shannon's sister Sherri arrived. Her twin sister. Her very, very identical twin, down to the haircut and makeup. I immediately lost track of who was who, but Todd and his familial harem seemed to have an easy enough time identifying them.

It was a bit dizzying, really. Dana was Didi and played mother to her mother Shari, while Sherri was here with her twin sister Shannon, who, in the jumble of arms and legs and boobs and pussies, I couldn't distinguish from her sister, unlike Stacey's sister Patty, who went to school with Dana, none of them them the wiser that both of their families were harems for this hypno-fetishist freak.

I wore out the batteries on the cute little egg vibrator I'd brought on my stakeout listening to Todd taunt them, degrade them, deny them, indulge them. Use them like toys. I marveled at his stamina, but I suppose he spent as much time instructing them how he'd enjoy watching them pleasure one another as actually partaking. He was the ultimate offender, violating these women so thoroughly we didn't even have laws yet to cover it. And I was going to single-handedly go down on him.

Err, take him down. Freudian slip. I wouldn't blow Todd unless it was the only way to bring him to justice. And even then, I'd barely love it.

In the evening, they went into the Taylors' back yard to grill dinner and play in the pool. It was an expansive property, far enough from the heart of the city that their neighbors were countryside on most sides, save for a couple houses a long ways behind them on a hill that let out onto a parallel street. Nonetheless, they had a privacy fence, probably to keep wildlife away from the pool, and so while I was able to hear the sounds of the two pairs of sisters laughing and splashing with Todd carrying over the fence and into the open air, I couldn't see them. There was a knothole that I could peep through, I

supposed, but... surely that was taking things too far, sneaking onto the Taylor's property to spy on them having sex?

It took me less than five minutes to give into the impulse to watch.

Crouching in some weeds growing alongside the fence, I pressed my eye to the knothole and was pleased that I had a good vantage point for my surveillance. Shannon – or Sherri? – was wearing nothing but an apron at the grill, fiddling with what smelled like chicken and maybe some peppers. Her twin and both of the girls were in the pool with Todd, and while I'd never seen their game played before, the rules seemed easy to decipher. It was a variation of blind man's bluff, except that whoever was "it" could only tag the others on their genitals. Or their boobs, or maybe just kissing them. It was hard to tell what constituted tagging and what was simply eroticism for its own sake.

Dinner was eventually ready, though the cook – it did turn out to be Shannon, I observed when one of the girls complained about how Aunt Sherri had tugged too hard on their nipple – took some time to smile at the sight of her girls playing with their "friend" in the pool before summoning them to the table. They said grace, a portrait of a happy Christian family, then dug in. Todd ate his fill, then wiped his greasy fingers off on Shannon's thighs. She laughed and said she'd have been happy to suck them clean, which only enticed him to dip them in each of the other girl's pussies and have her slurp off their juices.

After dinner, a whining Patty was allowed a belly full of cum for her dessert, and then Todd announced that he'd like to try his hand at another round of hypnosis. Like me, both sets of sisters were not believers, but unlike me, they submitted to Todd's request. I'd never let him hypnotize me. Not that he could – it was all fake, after all. Meanwhile, Sherri, Shannon and Stacey went inside, leaving only Todd and the youngest, most vulnerable girl. And me, crouching in the bushes, trying to keep my masturbation quiet.

His induction was routine to me by now, and I frowned that there was nothing more useful to surveil than this hokum. I let my mind do some guided wandering, like I often did when I needed to solve a case, and with each girl he tried and failed to bring under, I felt like I was getting closer to a solution.

I was doing great so far. That was obvious. I looked like a high-class escort. Increasingly, I found myself thinking like one. Sex was my weapon, but sexuality wasn't only a physical state, but a mental one. I was horny constantly, and pleased myself whenever I felt like it. Not in public – mostly – but I was oozing so much sex appeal that it was dribbling down into the Taylors' weeds. Todd had that effect on me.

No. Not Todd himself, but the thrill of catching him. I wasn't turned on by Todd. Not much. I mean, I was, sure, but only because he was fucking all these hot babes all the time right in front of me. It was inevitable. Inevitable. Getting turned on by Todd was inevitable.

Stacey came out for her turn, but even as he began dangling that stupid pendant, I was on a roll. I knew his MO by now. Why the girls played along didn't matter – they must just like acting like this. The same way I enjoyed acting like a hard-ass detective when really I was just chasing this wild fantasy.

That came out wrong. I mean, I *was* a hard-ass detective, and I did *not* fantasize about being some jerk's walking talking fuck toy. A sexual object. Tits and ass and a mouth and a cunt, with some flesh to connect them. A warm wet thing for Todd to shove his dick in that could transport itself to him on command and leave him when he was done.

I didn't judge people for their sexual appetites. Some people were into that sort of thing, and that was fine if it made them happy. After all, how could it not? These woman erupted like Vesuvius whenever Todd put his cock in them, so he clearly knew what he was doing. It was wrong of him, I guess, but I could grant that some crimes had fringe benefits that mitigated their severity. If he was giving these girls that much pleasure, it couldn't all be wrong.

Why wasn't anyone giving *me* that kind of pleasure? It wasn't fair. It wasn't *just* – and I was all about justice.

Sherri was up next.

Breaking up with Ruben had been the right thing to do. That had been obvious. He simply didn't understand me as a woman, and as a cop. Why, if he saw me crouching here in this woman's yard, wearing nothing a dress so short it had snapped up above my ass and left me half-naked the moment I'd tried to crouch in it, peeping through a hole in the fence while some stranger fucked a whole family of women, helpless to stop frigging myself silly... He would have thought it was perverse, or negligent, or depraved. But it wasn't – it was just sexy as fuck. Besides, he had no idea how seriously I took my job.

Todd *was* my job now.

Yes, he was some kind of mastermind – I was seeing that more and more clearly. But simply because you could never catch a criminal was no reason not to chase them. Todd was my DB Cooper, and I wasn't going to give up, ever. Even if it cost me my savings, my relationships, the respect of my peers, my standing in the department, and the rest of my time on this earth... Todd. I was going to get him. I was going to be his.

That wasn't right. He was going to be mine. Yeah.

Just like with the rest of his sluts.

Todd dismissed Sherri with a hard smack on the ass, and she went in to get Shannon for the final session of the evening. While we waited, I studied him, sitting there naked in his lounging chair by the pool. He was so hard. What was it about his dick that made me so fucking horny? There, I admitted it. Yes, Todd turned me on. A lot. It didn't make me unprofessional. I was only human. Just a hot horny slut overwhelmed

by how much I wanted to climb this fence, cuff that son of a bitch to his chair, and fuck him until he confessed his every crime.

I moaned.

Shit! Shit shit shit! Other than the crickets chirping, it was dead silent out, and I'd moaned loud enough that he had to have heard me. Standing in these weeds, trying to flee would only make more noise. What could I do? I dared to peek and saw that Todd was padding barefoot right in my direction. Maybe the fence would hide me. It was easily five feet tall, and while he was a head taller, he'd have to stand right next to it and look down to notice me. I peeked again, and my breath froze in my lungs.

He was right there.

In fact, his cock, still at least at half mast, was no more than an inch or two from the knothole. He was peering out over the fence now, scanning for what he could see in the distance, but my eyes were riveted on the cock right in front of me. If I stuck my finger through the hole, I could touch it. It was that close. God, I bet I could even get it with my tongue. One lick from my hot slut mouth and he'd forget all about being suspicious and just let this inspector do her inspecting.

"Todd? Oh, there you are!"

Then he turned away from me, and I hastily realized what I'd been doing and pulled my mouth away from the knothole. I pinched myself to get my head back in the game, but all it did was make my nipples even stiffer. My eye went right back to my peeping hole and I watched to make sure nothing interesting was happening. But no. Only more bullshit hypnosis.

Man, that was crazy what just happened. Four years getting my BA in criminal justice at the university, top 5% of my class at the academy, another two years getting my master's in criminal forensics – and now, the receiving end of a glory hole. To think...

I'd almost blown my cover!

And, I supposed, almost tried to suck off Todd. That was... bad?

Not that I'd never sucked cock before. I didn't sleep around, but I'd been with a number of men over the years, and even if oral wasn't my favorite, I wasn't squeamish about it. Really, though, watching these little sluts come themselves silly sucking off Todd, it had made me rethink the whole thing. Maybe I needed to give it a try. Maybe it'd be better if it were Todd's. They all seemed to think so. Lord knows my body wanted it. My body wanted him so fucking bad. I was watering the weeds over here, my slutty cunt dribbling into the soil. God I was horny. For Todd. So horny.

It was wrong to fall for him. I knew that. But the wrongness of it was made it feel so good. I mean, look at Didi and her mom. Or Stacey and Kayla, roommates. Or Sherri and Shannon and Patty and Stacey, fucking Todd in a big wonderful pile of tits and girl

parts and pleasuring him and it would be so good to pleasure him why can't I why won't he let me...

I shook my head. That had gotten out of hand there for a second. A little.

But it did give me an idea. Maybe that was what I needed, to finally take the gun out of the holster and fire a few rounds. Metaphorically speaking, of course. If sex was my weapon, that was the way to get to him. To seduce him. Make him lower his guard, let me into his inner circle with all the other cock-starved bimbos.

Not that I was a cock-starved bimbo. Duh. It was just a really hot phrase, and if he happened to think of me that way, then all the better.

For seducing him, that is.

For the sting, that is.

Seduce Todd.

I needed to seduce Todd.

Thanks to my dedication and keen powers of observation, I was primed and ready to go when I arrived at Todd's house the following evening. I'd given him a day of recognizance – not that he'd ever realized he'd been surveilled to begin with – in which I got busy with my new mission. I cleaned out all my old things from Ruben's place, sold all but a few articles of clothing that were worthy, and spent it all on a new wardrobe.

I knew exactly what to get. Skimpy clothes. Tight clothes. Trampy clothes. Clothes that showed how big my titties were. Clothes that showed I wasn't wearing panties. Panties I could wear without needing clothes. Spandex and leather and lace and materials so sheer they may as well not have been there at all.

Clothes that I once never would have been caught dead in, but were now among the most important tools in my kit.

That left only enough time for a few other chores – waxing my bikini line and a sexy new makeover. I giggled to myself as I told the beautician what I wanted, and why – that I was a cop on a sting job, and I needed to look like a cheap, easy, slut. A hooker, basically. It was closer enough to the truth. Then it was off to Todd's house to pounce. I knocked on the door, braced to seduce.

Only instead of Todd...

"Hi! Wow, don't you look good enough to eat!" answered the strange girl in Todd's doorway.

Another one?! Did this fiend have no limits?! She was gorgeous, I had to hand it to her. In fact, she looked kind of familiar. Not the clothes – well, the thong, which was all she was wearing – but the face. And the voice. I usually had a really strong ability to recognize people out of context.

"Grace Bradshaw?" My voice almost squeaked, I was so beside myself when I realized it. It had been a story in the headlines for a little while, the TV weather girl who quit her job and turned to pornography. But it felt right when I said it, as Ms. Bradshaw quickly confirmed.

"Oh gosh, are you a fan?" She looked me over. "I'm sorry, I usually don't do girl-girl shoots without vetting, but... yeah, you're probably hot enough, I guess."

I tried not to think about what she was talking about. "I'm actually here to, um, see... you know, never mind."

"Wait!" she grabbed my wrist as I was turning to leave, and for a moment my training nearly kicked in. I knew a couple moves that would leave this bitch in the dust for days. But I stopped myself in time. "You're here to see Todd, right? Oh gosh, I love meeting all his little friends! Come in, come in!"

There it was, a foot in the door. Only I imagined the scenario when he got home and found me sitting in his house along with Grace – Grace Bradshaw, the infamous Weather Whore! unreal – and frankly, I wasn't keen on the competition. These girls had

had plenty of practice learning how to pleasure Todd, and I didn't want to be up-staged in my audition.

"No, it's OK. Do you, um, know what he's up to? Usually he's home from work by now."

"Oh, he went to the doctor again. He said it'd be cool if I did a show in his basement."

"You're here to... Oh." Using his home as a porn studio might be a violation of civil code, but it wasn't the smoking gun I was waiting for. Darn.

But Grace laughed it off. "No! I'm here to pay my rent for the week." She made an obscene gesture that illustrated something of the nature of how she was meant to pay it off.

"Oh." My brain caught up again. "Do you, um, know why he's seeing the doctor? Everything OK?"

She shrugged. "Nah, he's probably just fucking her. He likes the stuck-up ones, ya know? With the high opinion of themselves. Hoity toity professionals, prim and proper and criminally under-fucked – you know the type, right? I guess he thinks it's funny to break them down. I met his doc once, when he had her do a house call. Great tits, shitty attitude. Then again," she said, tapping her lips pensively, "he is going on that trip with the Mrs. tomorrow, so maybe he's getting a check-up before he leaves town?"

"He's *married?!?!?*" There had definitely been no such record in his file. I was *sure* of it. My heart lurched at the thought that he was taken, even as my brain tried to remind me he was clearly cool fucking other women. Lots and lots of other women.

Grace only rolled her eyes at her mistake and patted my shoulder reassuringly. "Don't worry, honey. His work wife, Olivia – he just calls her 'the Mrs.' to be funny. Especially in front of her husband, then it's *hilarious*. Poor guy has been pining for a kiss from his cheating cunt of a wife for months now, but you know how Todd can be with the ladies."

I sure did. "I... see. Well, um, I'll try back... later tonight, I guess?" I couldn't imagine having to wait for him to return from his trip. I needed him to fuck me *now*. To bring his cock to justice.

"Yeah, I guess. You're sure you don't want to join me for my next show? Cute little piece of ass like you would be big tips. I'd cut you in, say, 20%? Hell, you're a friend of Todd's, so let's call it a nice even quarter. As long as you're willing to eat ass, but you don't look like a girl who's got a problem shoving her tongue where she's told. Whaddaya say?"

The audacity of this woman! Here I was, going all out for my profession, to serve and protect civilian snatches like hers, and she...!

For the first time in my career... I snapped.

“Listen here, you filthy little twat. My name is Dawn Brindley, and I am a detective. As in police. As in, if you say one more fucking word to me, I will personally haul your ass downtown and make it my life’s mission to see you and those fake tits of yours doing as many months as I can suck the judge into giving you for solicitation, public nudity, prostitution, and... I dunno, maybe there’s some criminal code I’ve forgotten since the academy for being a stupid slut without a shred of self-respect.”

I regretted it all the moment I said it. Not the substance – that was all true, and I did know a judge or two who I was sure would let me crawl under those robes and bang their gavels – but... I was supposed to be undercover, and I’d just blown it. Big-time. The moment Todd got home, she was going to tell him about the mean cop who’d threatened her. His guard would go up as fast and firm as his zipper, and then I’d never get to fuck him. Or arrest him. Or whatever.

When I’d knocked on this door, I hadn’t given a moment’s thought to the notion that the person who screwed me tonight would be myself.

Grace, for her part, only arched a neatly sculpted eyebrow. She really was gorgeous; I could see why she left TV to pursue porn. “My tits are *not* fake,” she said coolly.

My mind raced. How was I going to salvage this?! I’d blown my life’s ambition in one feisty tirade! Was I really this incompetent? Horny MILFs, platonic BFFs, undersexed professionals and slutty schoolgirls, and all of them had found a way to get Todd to fuck them. Here I was, trained and certified in pretending to be something I wasn’t, the star of dozens of successful stings, and I...

I giggled. “Oh, I know, hot stuff! You didn’t take me for srs, did you?” It wasn’t easy, sucking all the vowels out of a word, but I made it work. “I’m actually an actress, too, just like you! Not, like, a porn star actress, but an actress actress. I was Lady MacBeth in the community theater’s production this spring!”

I beamed, trying to look as guileless and unthreatening and vapid as all the other girls I’d seen knocking on this door. Behind me, a man walking his dog face-planted on an uneven place in the sidewalk as he stared too hard at the naked cam girl in Todd’s doorway. Maybe I helped? That thought shouldn’t feel good, but it did.

“OK, I admit it, you totally had me fooled,” Grace said at last, breaking a grin. “You’re really good. Very convincing. Come on in!”

I accepted the invitation this time. There was nothing else for it, and I couldn’t break character now. However improvised, the sting was in effect and there was no backing out until I nailed my perp. “Thanks!”

Grace helped me off with my overcoat. She guffawed when she saw what I had on underneath. “Wow, you’re really getting into character!”

“I know, right?” I said, giving her a twirl, an actress showing off her costume. Not that there was much to show off. It was a police uniform, or at least a whorish parody of

one. There was little to it beyond several thin strips of some skin tight black material that clung to me so hard it dug into my skin a bit. My big fat titties were bulging out the top, my ass framed by the strip wedged into my slit and ass crack, my legs sheathed in what amounted to a few ribbons. The stiletto heels made my calves ache to walk around in, but what it did to my legs and ass was so worth it.

Before she hung up my coat, I snared the final few affects I'd stored inside it. Leather fingerless gloves, a pair of chrome handcuffs, and the only authentic part of the whole ensemble – my own cap, which I hadn't worn since I'd been sworn in as a detective. I put it on now.

“Oh my gosh, that's so adorable! Todd's going to want to fuck you the moment he lays eyes on you, I just know it! Is that crotchless, or do you have to pull it to the side? He hates that kind, so you know. Says it risks chafing.” She read my answer on my panic-stricken face. All this, and I still might not get fucked! “You know, I'm actually really handy with a needle and thread. Here, why don't you come with me and I'll put a nice little slit over that pretty pussy of yours. Sound good?”

Grace was an excellent hostess, as it turned out. I got a tour of the house – filing away all potential access and exit points just in case – and then she put her sewing skills to the test. Handy indeed! I'd be so easy to fuck now. Once she'd taken care of that, she made us both tea, and then her show was starting. By that point, my cover was so much a part of me that I barely hesitated when she asked if I'd like to join her.

I didn't even hear him come home; when he strode into the spare bedroom where we were doing the show, I was in the midst of my first ever trial of providing analingus. It was vile, degrading, and humiliating. I was coming constantly. That was what my cover would do.

Todd arched an eyebrow at my presence, but motioned for us to continue. So we did. Grace honored her previous offer, and my quarter of that cam show earned me more than an entire paycheck. After benefits, anyway.

“Todd!” Grace chirped as she bounced over to his lap. I stood in the doorway to his den, hands clasped in front of me, as anxious as my cover ought to be. Was it an act?

“Nice work out there, dick butler,” he said to Grace. “As usual.”

“Just paying the bills,” she replied, eyes sparkling. “Speaking of, I directed payments to your account, per usual. I told the new girl there she got a cut, but I figured it was your money so you'd have to give it final approval.”

“That so, new girl?” Todd said, turning his attention to me. He nudged the erstwhile meteorologist out of the way to see me more clearly. I wondered if he could see the new slit over my slit.

“Uh, yeah. I mean, that's what she said.” Why did I sound so nervous? I couldn't tell if it was my cover doing that, or simply nerves.

“You know, you’re hotter than I remembered, Detective Brindley,” he continued, smirking. “Stupid whore is definitely a better look on you than bitchy interrogator.”

Grace gasped. “Wait, she said—”

I ignored her, and Todd cut her off with a simple gesture. He recognized me. I’d figured there was a good chance he might, but still, it was the gulf between minimal hope and none. “Thanks. I, um, remembered you expressed some interest last time we met. I thought... I mean, I wondered if... you know. If you were still... interested.”

“You wanna fuck me, you mean.”

Did I ever. The night he fucked Dawn Brindley would echo in his mind for all the long years I put him away. He’d spend decades rotting in a cell, telling all the other criminal scumbags about the hottest, wettest, easiest, pussy he’d ever had. Dawn Brindley’s.

“Well... I guess we could, like, do that. If you wanted.” I couldn’t remember ever sounding so meek.

Rather than show his interest in the gorgeous morsel of T&A that was me, Todd casually produced his phone from a pocket and began thumbing down the screen. I waited, heart pounding in my scantily covered chest. I began to wonder if he’d forgotten me, or if maybe he was nonverbally telling me to get lost. Would I have to beg? Oh, that would be so fucking humiliating. And so fucking hot.

“Tell ya what,” he said after an agonizing wait. “Agree to cede to me your cut from you girls’ show, and I’ll let you fuck me.”

Cede my cut? That was almost two thousand dollars! But before I could summon so much as an ounce of indignation, my cover spoke for me. “You bet!” I piped giddily.

It’s funny how you can build up a thing in your mind only to have the reality of it not match up at all. For the most part, I have to say the sex was nothing all that special.

He beckoned me to the couch and I came to him, Grace confiding her contribution to my wardrobe in that opportune moment. He didn’t reply to her; no, he simply shoved me forward until I was bent over the arm of his couch, then before I knew what was happening, his cock was inside me. He went in, he went out. He smacked my ass a few times, which was not something I’d had many guys do before but not my first time enduring a little spank play. A little while in, he spun he sideways and put one of my legs over his shoulder, allowing him to paw at my tits while he banged me. Not ten minutes after he started, he finished, depositing a fairly typical amount of cum in my pussy. Pretty standard fare. Almost.

The only difference was, I started coming so hard I was seeing stars from the moment he entered me, and I didn’t stop the entire time he was at it. I hurt my own eardrums with my howling, and though Grace seemed to be amused by my state at first, she soon left for quieter pastures. It didn’t matter to me, not in the least. I didn’t care if the whole neighborhood heard, if Didi and her daughter – mother? whatever Todd had

made them – came over to watch. So long as I got fucked. So long as he fell into my cunning, slutty trap.

“You know, officer–”

“Detective.”

“–I think I’d like to show you this hobby of mine. Have you ever been hypnotized?”

Mind you, I knew hypnosis was fake. I couldn’t be put in some hokey trance, and even if I could, nobody could make someone do things they didn’t want to do, or act in ways that ran contrary to their own desires. It was no more real than speaking in tongues, a cultural hallucination that a lot of people for whatever reason happened to believe in. Todd could no more hypnotize me than he could throw me from one side of his yard to the other. It was impossible. Laughable, really.

Only suddenly, after spending the past week watching girl after girl after girl behave so whorishly, so submissively... there was the teensiest little part of me that was afraid.

“No,” I answered in a whisper.

“Never, eh? Good then, I’ll just–”

“No, you can’t hypnotize me. No.”

His head tilted to the side. “What do you mean, no? You shouldn’t be able to say no by this point.”

I didn’t know what that meant, but it didn’t quell that minuscule tingle of anxiety. “No. I won’t let you.”

Todd regarded me quite sternly then, so much so that I wondered if I was about to follow in the footsteps of Bratty Patty Taylor and receive my first thorough spanking since I was six. But instead, after a long moment his face softened, and I was able to exhale.

“Suit yourself. I guess I’ll just have to report you then, and see what the law does to criminals like yourself.”

“Criminal?!” I sat bolt upright in a flash. “I’m no criminal!”

“No? Well let’s see here, what could we report you for. I guess we could start with unlawful surveillance, for one.”

How did he know?! Regardless, I countered quickly. “There was nothing unlawful about it. It’s not against the law to listen to people, to look at people.”

“It is if you’re using specialized equipment to eavesdrop inside their house. Unless you want to deny that fancy radar dish thingy and the binoculars.”

“That’s... that was...”

“Or what else. Stalking, certainly. You’ve followed me everywhere I’ve gone for at least a week now, haven’t you? Peeping in my windows, lurking in my friend’s bushes, peeping through fences, staring at my house all hours of the night...”

So he had seen me the other night at Shannon Taylor's house. And, I supposed, a bunch of other times. Of course, the only people who were that observant about police surveillance were criminals, so in a way it only justified my suspicions. "It's not stalking if you're a detective gathering evidence about criminal activity."

Todd simply laughed. "Sure, that's probably true. Can I ask what criminal activity? Was it fucking all those hot babes? Because if that's a crime, you've just criminalized the American dream, officer. Besides, I have to ask – have you actually gathered any evidence? Near as I could tell you're just a Peeping Tom with a badge, getting her jollies watching me lay some pipe."

"What? Of course I... I..." Oh no. I hadn't been recording a thing! The department's camera had nothing, nor the recorder on the parabolic microphone. There was nothing. Why had I done that? Was I some kind of idiot?

"Right, so stalking. Then tonight, I guess we can add B&E..."

"B&E? Grace invited me in!"

"Grace invited someone in whom she was told was, what, an actress?" He'd raised his voice a bit; Grace called back her concurrence from down the hall. "So you lied to obtain entry into my home, where you opened by soliciting sex from Gracie – also a crime – and we can cap it all off with a nice prostitution charge."

"Prostitution?!"

"Sure. What, you don't remember offering to pay me or sex? Almost two thousand dollars, if I'm doing the math right."

That son of a bitch. I'd been too horny to think straight! "Well you can't prove it," I shot back.

"What, you didn't notice me recording it? Shitty angle, but you can still tell it's you in that slutty little uniform. I bet the guys in your precinct would all recognize you, no problem."

"But... please don't show them," I whimpered. Even if I managed to keep my sexy ass out of jail, I'd still be done as a police detective for life.

"I'd be happy to keep your filthy little secret, ya filthy little slut," Todd said, removing that pendant from his pocket. "All you gotta do is say yes."

Ultimately, I wound up grateful he'd talked me into it. Whether or not Todd had some weird gift with women, hypnosis had nothing to do with it. So while he blathered on about "you are getting sleeeeeeeepy" or trying to make me cluck like a chicken or whatever he was doing, I sorted some things out.

Or really, I made everything immensely more complex.

See, the problem was, I was one hell of a cop – but at the same time, I was a total failure. After all, I'd sworn to protect and serve the public – was that what I was doing here? What was Todd, if not a member of the public? And what was I? A die-hard sleuth, willing to go to any length for justice? Or disturbed pervert, willing to do anything to get

laid? If I were a cop, I'd done the the right thing by pursuing justice, coming up with a solid strategy of investigation, and deeply ingratiating myself to my quarry in the process of a sting. If I were simply another perverted slut desperate for Todd's cock, then I'd betrayed every word of the oath I'd sworn upon becoming a police officer, and I owed him an incredible debt for the wrong-doings I'd committed against him.

So what to do now? Did I do the cop thing and stay under cover, keep close to Todd, do whatever it takes to uncover his misdeeds? Or did I concede that I was wrong, and do whatever it takes to convince him to keep his mouth shut?

The more I thought about it, the more I stared into that pointless pendant, I guess it didn't really matter either way. From now on, until I had some guarantee he'd never betray my secret, or until I had ironclad proof that Todd was a criminal, I was in a permanent undercover state. From now on, I had to pretend to be nothing more than another set of fuck holes for Todd. For the rest of my life, if needs be.

Wait now, that was going a bit far, wasn't it?

No. No, it was only going too far if I wasn't committed to the pursuit of justice. For that, I would be the giggling, desperate, besotted, vapid, horny, shameless, whorish, illimitably available in any and all ways big-titted tight-pussied fuck toy that my cover, and my transgressions, demanded.

"Are you done with her yet? My pussy's drying up in here!" called Grace from down the hall.

I shook my head, tried to coax my eyelids back up all the way. "So how'd I do?" Todd asked.

"You did your best. Not your fault if you're trying to do the impossible."

"Ah well. Say, I think Grace is gonna throw a tantrum if I don't plug that twat soon. You heading out?"

"That depends," I said coyly, squeezing my big jugs together and inwardly crying out in triumph when his eyes took the bait. "Are you still gonna narc on me?"

"Tell ya what. I'm leaving in the morning for a week – boring work conference – but maybe you could tag along, give yourself some time to convince me."

I clapped my hands in giddy delight, just like the little bimbo I was pretending to be. "You want to take me on a trip?!"

"Hey, you started it by wanting to take me to jail, officer. Sorry, I meant Detective Brindley."

I sunk into his lap and gave him a long kiss. "Oh, sweetie, you can call me whatever you like."

My pussy spasmed in a brief but violent orgasm as he slipped a finger in. "Oh, I think I got just the nickname for you. How's about you be my little Officer Friendly?"

I hated that nickname. I really truly did. But when Todd suggested it, I giggled, sunk to my knees in front of his couch, and reassured him that it was more than fine with the most passionate blowjob I'd ever bestowed upon a cock.

I was going to nail this son of a bitch, all right. As often as I could.