



A.J. LLEWELLYN

BAD COPS

Story By A.J. LLEWELLYN and JOHN BRUNO

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Bad Cops

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In this sequel to LAID, hotshot cop Jack Cannon is back in action. With his lover Lucio out of town on assignment, Jack has too much time on his hands and too much aggression to wait patiently at home for him.

With a multi-department takedown of a drug and gambling ring exposed in an old LA warehouse, Jack slips inside the ruined, crumbling building for some solo fun...except that a few other cops...and a bad guy or two have the same idea...some guys are just born to be bad...

BAD COPS
MASSIVE STUDIO SERIES BOOK TWO

BY

AJ LLEWELLYN

DEDICATION

*To John Bruno for bringing me the idea in the
first place. Love you, man!*

CHAPTER ONE

I tried not to think about the disturbing phone conversation I'd just had with my former lover, Will Tallman, as Lucky leaned across the small space between our cemented, red leather-topped stools and kissed me.

Will, a corrupt cop, was in a world of hurt, facing disciplinary action from Internal Affairs. I was busy with my own...er...internal affairs. I tasted salmon steak and a touch of tartar sauce on Lucky's tongue. I glanced over my left shoulder at the counter, ostensibly to check if my order was ready, but really to see if the waitresses were watching. They were busy filling other trays. Mine sat pushed to the side, forgotten.

"Here, have some of mine." Lucky handed me the perfect bite of food. I swallowed it and watched him dip his french fry in the tartar sauce and swallow it. Two months I'd been with him. I'd never fallen so hard for a guy. I fucking wanted to be with him every single, waking moment. I wanted to fuck the breath out of him. I wanted to eat the food right out of his mouth. Oh yeah, I was

sprung and it was gonna get worse. It was gonna get a *lot* worse, fast.

“Food’s ready, babe,” he said. I was so busy staring at his gorgeous face, Lucky got to his beautiful feet and moved to the counter in three strides. The girls all loved him. I watched their old-style white caps bobble as they all rushed to the counter to help him.

I eyed his ass. He was hot. Hot and sweet. I never wanted anyone so bad and I felt a fresh prick of fear nibble at my heart.

If anything happens to him...

Everybody loved Lucky. Me, I was just lucky to have him love me back.

The sounds of the Farmer’s Market swirled around us. We’d picked one of the many old food stalls with an L-shaped counter running the length of it. It had been his choice, not mine, but then with no food in the house and emotions running high between us, this had been a terrific idea.

My cell phone vibrated and I checked the text message.

If you are interested in revenge against Sal Pistone, you’re gonna love what’s going on.

Damn that Will. Of course I wanted revenge on Pistone, who not only risked Lucky’s life breaking his cover on a recent undercover assignment, but Lucky had fucked him in the course of active duty. I hated Pistone. But I didn’t want to wind up

facing corruption charges. I deleted the text without a response.

Focus on the now, Jack. Focus on your fantastic man. Don't think about the ex, shitty lover. Fuck! What's he doing to Pistone?

Summer held its grip on the city, even though it was November and the Christmas crush had started. Every hour on the hour, the song *Let it Snow* played on the piped music system and fake snow fell from strategic spots on roofs and lampposts.

The Grove at Farmer's Market, less than a mile from our house, was our go-to place and we loved it.

We liked the fish family, as we always called them. We could never decide on the daily specials because everything was wonderful and dirt-cheap.

I heard the waitresses laughing with Lucky, saw their hopeful stares falter as he returned to me. There was no mistaking we were lovers. I veered between wanting people to know he was mine and keeping a safe, respectable appearance.

Stunned at the array of food they'd plied him with, I felt a wave of fury riding high in me.

"They gave you Shrimp Louie?" I asked, feeling a stab of jealousy.

"Fat free dressing," he said.

I laughed. "My baby inhales french fries but likes fat free dressing."

"Of course. You know I pick my carbs. Say, let's finish this. I smell the caramel corn popping."

We never ran out of things to talk about. It was our first awkward moment together. Ever. It took me by surprise because we never stopped moving our mouths. They were either on each other's mouths, asses or cocks, arranged around food or great conversation. But we sat, in silence, the weight of truth hanging like a steel wrecking ball between us.

He decided to kick the ball.

"Jack, it's only a few weeks. We'll be together for Thanksgiving, one way or another."

"Fuck," I said. "It sucks."

"Yeah, it sucks. But think how much fun we're gonna have when we meet up again."

"Shut up," I said and he laughed.

He took my hand.

"Popcorn calls."

We pushed through the lunchtime crowd, we bought a bag of it, still warm from the pot and we sampled some fresh coconut corn and bought a pound of that, too. We loaded up on slices of fresh butter toffee after sampling tons. We couldn't agree on the peppermint bark and chose candy cane bark instead. We snapped up miniature kiwi fruit and persimmons at the fruit stall. I was validating the parking ticket when I saw him open his cell phone.

"It's time," he said. "They're ready to roll."

We went home to our little studio guesthouse in back of a Pepto Bismol pink duplex on Havenhurst Drive. When I first met him, Lucky had a gorgeous house in the Larchmont district. It was an elaborate prop, part of his undercover disguise as a Mafioso. Now he was on to another secret assignment and I was still here, working with my own team. There would always be busts, there would always be separations, but this was the first.

He put his hand on my thigh as we waited for a light on the corner of Melrose.

"It fucking sucks, Jack."

"Yeah," I said. "It does."

He stared straight ahead. "I'm going to ask you once and lie to me if you have to. Please tell me you won't fuck anyone else. Please...just don't do it."

"I won't." *I don't think.*

He sighed. "And please, please, if you can't keep it in your pants, promise me you won't fuck your ex."

"Will? Are you serious?"

The guy behind me honked and I made a left turn right on the red. Welcome to LA. City of left turn death.

"You think I'd fuck Will Tallman?"

He shrugged. "He keeps calling you."

"Not for the reason you think." Lucky just stared at me. "I wouldn't touch him again. Hey, for one thing, he's dirty." *And for another thing, I fucking love you. Man, why do I find it so hard to say that?* I settled for a safe but true, "And for another, he's just not you."

Lucky grinned. At the little house that had fueled our dreams both day and night, he got out. A state issued Pontiac hogged the driveway. Lucky leaned in to me, kissed me hard on the lips.

"I wanted us to fuck before I left. Maybe it's better this way. Keep your hot ass wanting me."

"No, you're the hot ass."

"No, you are."

We swapped a couple of heated kisses and with nowhere to park on the crowded, narrow street, I waited in my car and watched him run down the driveway to our pad. He came back, lifted his suitcase into the trunk of the car waiting in my driveway.

I picked out Sal Pistone behind the wheel. The little runt turned through the open window and gave me a finger wave. I gripped the steering wheel. Pistone, who'd blown things wide apart between me and Lucky. What the hell was he doing driving my man to the airport? I thought Will said he was taking care of him?

Shit!

In the backseat, I saw Lucky's partner who often worked as his twin and I knew this could be a long, dangerous assignment in London.

Lucky walked over to me, popped his head in the window and kissed me goodbye.

"All the food we bought, it's for you to eat and to keep you fat. I don't care what you do while I'm away as long as you don't get laid."

I smiled and touched his sweet face with both hands. I never wanted to let him go.

"Promise me," he said.

"I promise. And hey, I don't want you dickin' around either, sweet cheese."

He laughed. "Hey, I'm not the slut, you are."

"You're a big slut," I retorted.

"You're the bigger slut."

I grinned. "You are. You're my slut."

"Yeah, and don't forget it. No retrosexing, okay?"

"No *what*?"

"Retrosexing, bitch. Don't go looking for some sexy ex to fuck, okay?"

"Are we back to that again?"

He gave me a warning look. "No drunk-dialing any of your former hot pick-ups. We clear?"

"Okay, okay," I said.

He gave me another kiss and ran to the other car. It pulled out of my driveway and I sat staring

at the red taillights until the car made a right on Santa Monica Boulevard.

I blew out a sigh. I wondered if I could keep my word and reached for the caramel corn.

CHAPTER TWO

“You putting on weight, Cannon?”
“Shut the fuck up,” I said, slamming my station locker shut. I turned to face a leering Will Tallman. For a guy being closely watched by the big brass, he was being awfully cocky.

He poked me in the belly. “You look like you’re getting a little chubby.”

The way Lucky and I fuck, hell no I’m not.

“Well, I’m not.”

I was pissed. Not only was my baby gone, but fuck the fucking fuck, I thought about him as *my baby*. Fuck!

“So, you never returned my message about Pistone.”

He leaned against my locker and put his hand on my head. I jerked myself away from him.

“Don’t you want to know about it?”

“No.” Yes.

“Yeah, you do. I have a little gift for you. He’s handcuffed right now in a cell. Ready to suck all

the cock he wants...even the cock he doesn't want."

"I don't think he ever met a cock he didn't want to suck." I bit my lip. What if he was recording this? What if this was a set-up?

"What cell? Where?" I asked.

He handed me a card. "Get on a computer and watch this. Let's say, fifteen minutes. You'll see it all." He kissed my cheek.

I jumped back.

"What the fuck!"

Will leered at me. "Let's just call it a little gift...for all of us. You especially. He played both sides against the middle. Told Lucky who you were. I'd say he was jealous...and I'd say you're lucky that *you're* not the one up on disciplinary charges."

I hadn't done anything wrong except walk away when Tallman turned bad. "So this gift is in exchange for what?"

"Your silence. You know nothing."

"You're right. I know sweet F.A."

"Keep it that way."

He gave me a finger wave and took off. I stared at the card. It was a password and login info for some website.

Shit. I could get into a lot of trouble even *knowing* about this.

It wasn't hard being bored at the police station. Here's the thing about what I do. I work with the Special Response Team, a division of the Violent Crimes Unit. We're the mayor's pride and joy. A small, compact, elite SWAT-style team, we can be counted on to jump into any dangerous situation. At this moment, we were fresh out of terror cells and drug busts that needed my urgent attention. I was required to fill out reports on my recent cases. In spite of technological progress, we cops still gotta keep a paper trail. Paperwork is my Lieutenant's mistress, as well as the chick from Subway on the corner of Santa Monica Boulevard. *Paperwork!* Do I look like a friggin' secretary to you?

I happened to be up at the front desk looking for Wite-Out. I am a crappy typist and even with a computer, I still make errors. I slather Wite-Out on everything and really give my supervising officers a good laugh.

An old lady came to the counter and hit me with her handbag as I bent down, looking in drawers. She really did. Slugged me but good.

"Ow," I said.

"Listen, Mister. I got a big problem."

Assaulting a police officer being just one of them, I assumed. I glanced up and straightened. Oh, Buddha. It was Mrs. Dale. She was a regular. Hospitals get 'em, police stations get 'em. We call

them Frequent Flyers. In hospitals, they show up when they get a pain in their big toe. They show up when their neighbor gets a pain in their big toe and the Frequent Flyer wonders why the pain bypassed *them*. With us, we get 'em for the least little thing that could be deemed illegal. "What sort of problem?"

She shook her fist at me. "My Ikea catalogue is missing. Somebody musta stolen it."

I caught a glimpse of the desk sergeant doubled over with laughter. We really do get this shit all the time at the police station. We got an *emergency* call one time because a pizza delivery was late. The Watch Commander happened to be passing by and I grabbed him. "Tell him all about it, Mrs. Dale."

She thunked me with her damned handbag again.

The Watch Commander gave me the evil eye, but it was his idea to indulge these old cats. He might have a point. If we took care of the old busy-bodies, maybe they'd report a real crime one day.

"You really shouldn't hit our guys," I heard him saying as Mrs. Dale clawed his arm.

She cackled. "He's cute. He can take it."

Upstairs, I took out my aggressions on a couple of donuts from the Homicide Division. I returned to my office, stuffing my face and checked the

time. I'd wasted a whole eight minutes. Where could I go to check out this footage Will Tallman was all excited about? I didn't want to go home in case it left a record on my computer. I thought for a minute and snapped my fingers.

The two guys living in the house in front of me were in Barbados for a week on a TV commercial shoot. I had their house keys in case of an emergency. Well, this sort of qualified as an emergency.

I left the station, telling the desk sergeant I'd be back in an hour.

"Bring back my Wite-Out," he bellowed.

I raided my neighbors' fridge and to my dismay, everything was soy or brown rice. Wait. Soy ice cream. It would do in a pinch. Oooh...right behind it I found a carton of Ben and Jerry's hidden under a bag of frozen peas. Somebody was a closet dairy whore. I fired up the computer in the living room, hit the icon for internet explorer and typed in the codes on the card Will gave me.

The ice cream was good. Chubby Hubby. Shit. I touched my gut. I was not putting on weight. No, I wasn't.

The computer went blank and I realized the footage had been shot in the dark. I heard footsteps. We were on a street. Will Tallman's

voice spoke over a dark and rain-slicked Los Angeles night sky.

"Night Time is My Time. That's a song, right? Maybe it's my song. Recognize this building, Cannon? I'm outside the old warehouse in the heart of LA. It looks vacant, but it's a beautiful camouflage. We staged a few busts there, remember?"

I was pissed now. Was he trying to involve me in something? Sure I remembered the old warehouse. Now we mostly stored old props, like office furniture used for other busts in off-site locations.

There were some old mobile jail cells and wire fencing left from a strange series of illegal immigrant cock-fighting busts from a few years back. Those are nasty rings to bust up.

Will talked about them as his footsteps rounded the building.

"I don't get the rooster thing myself. I wanna let off some steam, I'm gonna grab me some cock. Not watch a bunch of birds claw each other to death. I'm a lover, not a hater. Well, I hate some things, like red lights, ignorant pricks and fuck, when was the last time *you* called a big company and weren't transferred to India?"

I laughed out loud as his hand reached the door.

He stepped inside and his voice dropped a little.

"I have my ways of letting off steam and a bunch of us use the warehouse to have some off-duty fun fucking. Sometimes we run into each other. Sometimes, that's part of the fun."

My cell phone rang. It was Lucky.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "I hear footsteps."

"I'm on a job."

"Sorry, babe. Wanted to let you know I arrived safe."

"Good. Great. I'll hit you back." I added, "Love you, babe," but he'd already ended the call.

I stared at the screen. The old warehouse wasn't exactly located in the kind of neighborhood where handholding couples walked the streets. Unless they were johns and their sex-for-a-dime whores.

I heard a door click shut.

"The warehouse has its functions," Will was saying. "I'm about to make good use of one or two of them now. We call it the Cop's Den and it is one hell of a whorehouse."

Another cell phone ringing. Not mine. I realized it was on the screen. I almost laughed when I realized I could hear both sides of the conversation.

"Will."

"Yeah, Who's this?"

"Ira Cohen."

I knew this was Will's attorney.

"Look, I've talked to Internal Affairs and they're looking at you hard. Just a friendly warning."

"Ira, I'm on a job."

Lying was effortless to me and to Will. Except when it mattered.

"Think Jack Cannon will testify on your behalf?" Cohen asked and I froze.

"Jack's a damned goody-two-shoes. He makes me sick with his talk of ethics, accountability and sustainability," Will griped.

Sustainability? Yeah, I was in danger of being in trouble there. I was now all out of ice cream.

The rest of their conversation was muffled, but Will resumed talking to me...and I noticed three other people logged into the action on screen.

"I'm as dirty as they come," Will said. "Yeah, I found out real early in life that you don't get anywhere or have any fun if you play by rules. I mean, what's the point in wearing a badge if you can't take full advantage of every situation? If I'm putting my life on line every day, I gotta get something back in return, you know what I'm saying?"

He was deeper in the building now. He flicked on a light.

"Ah," he said. "My silent, secret, sexy universe. So how the Cop's Den came about, you wanna know about that don't you, Cannon?"

No, I don't. I gasped when the action shifted to daylight in an alleyway, its walls covered in graffiti. There was that punk, Pistone, looking surprised as he found himself hauled against a wall by a couple of cops.

To listen to it, they were legitimate enough until one of them grabbed his ass and fondled it.

"This is fucking crazy," Pistone said. "What's going on?"

"I'll be asking the questions," one of the cops said. "We're taking you in."

The scene shifted to the inside of what I realized was the warehouse.

"You're in the wrong place," one of the cops said and pushed him to his knees.

They dragged off his top and raised his arms to a wire-mesh fence propped against some filing cabinets.

"Don't ask any questions. Just keep your hands where they are. We're gonna take care of you," the second cop said.

Pistone's head moved from side to side as they rubbed their dicks, brushing their crotches against his face.

He kept asking questions and they fired silly questions back at him.

"Why?" he kept moaning.

"You're in our world," they said. "You're gonna have a nice little story to tell all your friends."

They unzipped their pants, releasing their cocks, which, by the way, were huge.

"You ever sucked a dick before?" the first one asked as Pistone turned his face away.

"You're not answering his question," the second one said. "Come on, kiss it."

Pistone tightened his lips and the second cop raised his nightstick in a threatening way.

The dick in his face got past Pistone's lips.

"This better be good," the first cop said, shoving his cock down Pistone's throat. Suck on it like your life depends on it."

Pistone didn't resist long.

The cop laughed. "You've done this before. Good thing we picked you up today."

Pistone slobbered and suckled on that cock as the officer rubbed his head. Pistone pulled back, taking his mouth away to feast on the cop's balls.

"Spit on my dick," the cop said and Pistone complied, sucking the cock for all he was worth.

"Starting to like it, aren't you?" the second one said. "Come on man, fuck his face."

He obviously didn't want to be left out and muscled in on the action, feeding Pistone his flaccid tool. It didn't stay soft for long. Pistone

nursed on that thing, relinquishing his grip on it to move to the second cop's balls as the cop stroked his cock, getting into it himself now.

The cops uncuffed him and he remained kneeling on the floor, taking turns sucking them off as the cops whipped off their clothes.

Pistone was a cock whore from way back and he seemed intoxicated with his own efforts. The first cop dragged him to his feet and pulled down Pistone's pants. He pushed him facedown over an old desk, gave his ass some perfunctory licks, quickly slipped on a rubber and stuck his cock into Pistone's waiting ass.

Moaning, Pistone turned his face, his hungry mouth anxious for more dick. The second cop let him have it.

"How much you like fuckin' his ass?" he asked the first cop as Pistone jerked on his own meaty tool.

"Fuck me," Pistone screamed around the cock gagging him. The two cops gave both his holes a solid workout. It was all too much for the first cop who took his cock away from Pistone.

"Motherfucker!" he roared as Pistone sucked his balls. The cop exploded all over Pistone's throat and face. It must have been one hell of a mind-blowing orgasm.

The first cop turned Pistone over onto his back and fucked him, looking into his face. The first cop had nice nipples, I noticed, the left one pierced.

For a moment, and only a moment, I regretted my stable relationship. I was so hot watching this scene that I had to remind myself it was Pistone I was watching and yeah, it got my motor running.

Pistone lay on his back, legs wide open as the first cop ploughed into his wanting hole. He had a thing about his scrotum. He pulled and twisted on it as he took a serious ass-fucking. The cop picked up Pistone's feet and held them with one hand, lifting his ass off the table in the process.

Man, this was hot. The cop took Pistone off the table, lay on the floor with Pistone riding him. He jerked on his cock until he came all over the cop's taut belly. I was surprised to see Pistone shove the cop up to the desk, spread his legs and finger and lick the cop's ass hole.

The cop went crazy. I think Pistone might have found true love. He moved to the cop's right nipple, feasting on it as the cop came all over himself.

Shit, I missed my man.

CHAPTER THREE

Back at the station, everyone was all smiles. California had furlough days thanks to our crappy economy. Furlough Fridays meant many beat cops were out of commission, though this hadn't been advertised to the public. In an emergency situation, they'd be galvanized into action, but for now, people like me, the special ops guys, were required to help out a little. The smiles told me my co-workers were up to something. They wanted me to do a job I would probably hate. I hoped it wasn't more paperwork.

I soon found out I was supposed to take a ton of boxes filled with skin magazines from the Korean weapons bust case from a couple of months ago to the old warehouse. That felt a little weird. I wondered if Tallman was there. I wondered if Pistone was still getting his ass plugged.

The boxes due for relocation were marked and sealed. Stuff like this we kept, in case we get a hit on sex slaves and other disgusting shit. It never

ceases to amaze me what human beings will do to one another.

“Cannon,” Tony “Spud” Murphy, my least favorite Lieutenant of all-time, said. “Just do this, will ya?”

I was gorgeous about it. I did it because I didn’t feel like sitting at my desk moping about Lucky and because Homicide was out of donuts.

To be honest, the magazines creeped me out. I drove down to east LA, surprised at how nice the weather still was for late fall. I had a weekend ahead of me without Lucky, unless some big drug bust cropped up unexpectedly. I tried to remember what I did before I met him. I worked, ate, fucked and worked out. Kinda what I did now, except that I only fucked Lucky.

I took the Alvarado Street exit and was shocked that it was even more disgusting than the last time I’d been down there. You could feel the racial tension between Mexican street gangs that dumped graffiti on every building, lamppost and freeway overpass and the Korean immigrants trying to forge a hardscrabble living in a tough neighborhood.

At Beverly, I made a left, then a right on Union. I kept twisting higher and higher, the view of downtown’s skyscrapers was really spectacular from this hilltop area bordering Echo Park, one of LA’s oldest neighborhoods. You can drive through

some streets of downtown LA and swear you're in New York. From where I stood, it was pure east LA. Palm trees, decrepit cars, once-beautiful, stately homes inhabited by multiple families and the severe water rations leaving once-lush lawns brown and barren.

An unmarked, battered women's shelter across the road had a high steel fence, security cameras and a statue of the Virgin Mary in its leafy, green entrance. I wondered briefly how they managed to keep the plants so green and decided that the Virgin Mary must have had a bit of leeway with the Department of Water and Power's water restrictions.

I drove into the warehouse's loading dock, using the remote the desk sergeant had given me. I unloaded boxes in the first empty section of the warehouse I could find. I thought I heard voices. I stopped and sure enough, I wasn't hallucinating. Following the trail, I was stunned to see in the distance Will Tallman jerking off with another guy in an office space with desks, filing cabinets and a chair.

They were standing near each other, but not touching.

Tallman's voice was both coaxing and threatening.

"Well, what the fuck do we have, Steve? What the fuck are you doing?"

The guy started.

"Guess what, asshole? I'm going to bust your ass if you don't do what I say."

The guy stared at him.

"Show me that ass if you don't want to go to jail."

The guy hesitated.

"Listen, dipshit, bend over and show it to me."

The guy did as he was told. He dropped his pants and bared his ass. I got as close as I could and realized that there were two cameras trained on them, mounted on tripods. I made sure I was nowhere near them as I watched.

"Yeah, nice," Tallman said. "Now, put that leg up...there."

The guy's leg went up on the desk. He'd been looking at skin mags and now he was beating his meat, showing his stuff to Tallman.

"Yeah I like it, you pretty boy fuck face. Fucking nice, man. That hole should get fucked."

The guy was jerking off and as I watched, Tallman urged him on.

"Yeah, shoot your load for me."

Tallman was meeting him stroke for stroke, getting red in the face as the guy sat on the floor, stroking himself in wild fashion.

"That's all the come you got? Pathetic. You watch me shoot *my* load. You lookin', boy?"

Tallman came fast, shooting all over himself. "Now get over here and lick up my load," he said.

The other guy didn't budge, but next thing I knew, Tallman was slapping the guy on the back.

"Maybe I won't arrest you after all."

He put his shirt back on. A cop uniform shirt. I watched him cup the guy's head, the way he always touched a guy's head and I felt weird.

It wasn't that I had feelings for Tallman. Far from it. Why was he wearing a police uniform? I watched Tallman turn the cameras off as the other guy drew his clothes back on. I saw them go in the opposite direction and the wheezing sound of a door opening. The building went dark as the door slammed. I fumbled for lights and bashed into a ton of inanimate objects on the floor, most of them my own doing. I found the lights and my thoughts went back to Tallman. I was over him, but we'd had some powerhouse sex and it felt weird to see him with another guy.

Man, I wished I'd fucked Lucky one more time. I hauled in the last box and dropped it on the floor, releasing a little anger. I threw off my tank top, rubbed my crotch and licked my arm...my forearm. The one Lucky always licked. I can't tell you how crazy it gets me, the shit that man does to me. I zipped down my jeans and underneath I was wearing Lucky's favorite black jockstrap. I kicked off my jeans and pulled out my cock.

He sucks it with a reverence, each and every time. I had promised him no other men. I *hadn't* promised him I wouldn't jack off. I stood on that cement floor, stroking off, thinking how Lucky was the only guy I knew who could take my entire length in his mouth. Man, I was juiced up, pre-come lubing my shaft. I could imagine his hot mouth around me as I slapped and pulled at my cock. I was enjoying playing with myself. I mean that, literally. I enjoyed the sensation of building up to a monster orgasm. I found a carpeted space and lay on it, imagining he was kneeling between my legs.

I took another lick at my arm and kissed it. *This orgasm's for you, baby.*

Reaching my hand down, I fingered my ass. I got into the stroking. I felt the pressure building. *Not yet.* I stood and found an old lawnmower shoved against a bunch of other crap and smacked my cock against it. Lucky calls me his fucking machine and with my constant need to get off, he's not kidding.

The unexpected coldness of the metal got me even more worked up and I sank back to the floor. I heard a sound. Who was there? Nothing. I was imaging things. I got busy stroking my hand over the tip of my cock. So close. I thumbed my nipple and as usual, it was hot-wired to my cock. Man, it

felt good. I tightened my grip on my prick and shot all over myself.

It took me a few minutes to recover. I started to wonder what the hell a lawn mower was doing there, then decided I didn't want to know.

Back outside, I decided I should go to the gym for a workout. I didn't really want to watch more of Will Tallman's amateur theatrics...but I did. I mean, it had been hot watching Pistone's humiliation. Skanky, white-hot action. I knew Will had taped a new scene for me to see because I'd just received a text message. Who would it be this time?

Fifteen minutes was the message. I needed popcorn. You need popcorn when you're watching a movie, right? I pulled into the drive-thru of a Mickey D's. I was disappointed to learn they didn't serve popcorn and ordered a Quarter Pounder with cheese, you know, just to be polite.

"It all came about after I busted Frankie Marquez, a muscle-headed moron for drunk driving," Will Tallman said over the sound of his footsteps again.

I slurped on my soda. You gotta get fries and a soda to go with a burger, right?

The action moved to a street and a drunk guy sitting at the wheel of a car.

"It turned out he didn't have a license and he wasn't even a legal US resident. Big surprise, right?" Will said over the action as he removed the guy from his vehicle.

"I think the idiot freaked because he just started blabbing all this. By law, I couldn't ask him if he was legal, not until we pressed charges on a felony conviction. Anyway, so he told me he had some money stashed away in this deserted pawn shop."

Who was filming this, I wondered as Will kept talking.

"He opened a safe hidden in a back room. He didn't look happy to be handing me over his money, but he gave it to me. A big bag of it. I liked the heft of it. It felt heavy and I have a lawyer who wants money. It's all good."

Will's voice-over stopped and I watched the way he handled the nervous thief.

"Nice," he said.

The thief looked like he wanted to run.

"So are we good?"

"Not even close. Let me see your cock."

The thief acted all shocked.

"Can you believe it?" Will said over the action. "I mean, come on, I can smell another cocksucker a mile-off. I said I was a dirty cop, not a stupid one. So he acts all coy and I want to scare him, just a little."

I knew they were in the warehouse now. I recognized the piled up furniture and the wire-mesh fences.

On the screen, Will was saying to Frankie Marquez, "You better pray it's big. Because if it's small, I'm taking your ass in."

The thief pulled out his big, meaty cock. I sat back in my chair. Damn. No violations here.

"Nice," Will said. "It's my lucky day."

Shit. I watched Tallman cuff his prisoner's arms above his head to the overhanging rod of a workout machine. He shoved the guy's pants down. He started sucking the guy off. He had a massive, uncut knob and Tallman, a master cocksman, seemed to have difficulty handling it at first. I forgot about the fact that this was my ex and I watched the fear on his prisoner's face ebb into disbelief, then raw lust. Tallman spoke a lot of shit when his mouth wasn't filled with cock. I watched him turn the cuffed suspect around and run his nightstick along the guy's ass crack. He licked the tip a little and teased the guy's hole with it. Kneeling behind the still-cuffed guy, he moved in for the kill and began sucking his ass.

God. It wasn't that I was still hung up on the guy, but Tallman was the first guy I allowed myself to get close to. I looked away. When I glanced back again, he was eating the guy's ass like it was his last supper on death row.

He took his face away and slapped the guy's butt cheek.

"Ever had a guy eat your ass before?" he asked.

"Yes," the man whimpered.

Out came the nightstick again, running between those plump ass cheeks. Tallman stoked his own cock and dribbled spit onto the nightstick, running it slower between those ass cheeks in front of him.

He worked the stick gently into the guy's hole and it was, I admit, hot to watch. This was a man who loved toys and once begged me to fuck him with a pool cue, I did, but it was nice seeing him in control and being dominant. He removed the guy's bindings from the beam, but still kept him cuffed and turned him around. The man's bound hands went straight for Tallman's hard cock, stroking it.

"Jack that fucking cock," Tallman whispered.

I was surprised when he started begging the guy to fuck him. Tallman, naked except for socks, backed into his still-cuffed prisoner and stood, legs slightly apart as the guy speared him with that huge cock from behind. Pleasure and pain radiated on Tallman's face as he took a solid ass-fucking. As the pummeling went on, he leaned against a wall for support, bending down finally for a set of keys on the carpeted floor.

From somewhere they found an old mattress. Tallman uncuffed and pushed his man onto it. I

could see the glazed-eyed guy wanted more of that voracious ass and soon he had Tallman on his back, his nightstick under his head and arms as the bad guy fucked the bad cop.

"Oh, fuck me," Tallman moaned over and over as the bad guy jerked at his dick.

"Fuck my hole...fuck me good," he said.

I watched them fall to the side and fuck that way, Tallman rubbing his cock and balls with the nightstick.

"Oh yeah, that's right," he said.

I watched them fuck until Tallman said he was going to come. They were both ready to shoot, but he always was a noisy one and came hard, the guy still imbedded in his ass. He nudged Tallman's hand out of the way and finished him off. Like proper little porn stars, they produced good money shots.

And I was out of fries.

For a long minute, I was in shock from what I saw. I got another text message from Will. *There's a new scene coming up. One hour from now.* I went home, just a few feet from the main house. My cat was in the kitchen. Even he looked disappointed it was only me, not Lucky. I shook some food into his bowl and he stared at me until I opened a can for him.

He rubbed his head against the back of my hand. I went to the john, took a piss and called

Lucky, leaving him a message. I washed my hands and the soap made me think of Lucky. Seagrass and lemon.

I stopped by one of the few Winchell's Donut stores left in LA. This one was on Melrose and I bought a box.

The girl behind the counter smiled. "Taking them back to the station?" "Yeah." *The station in my stomach.*

I watched her toss in a couple extras. I thought about buying more in case the store went out of business the minute my back was turned, but became distracted when I saw a couple of cops I knew. They loitered with their own munchables. We greeted each other and exchanged steam-venting complaints about the lack of respect we cops get from anywhere except Winchell's, which still gives cops free coffee and eats.

I got another text message.

Want to watch me jerk off? It was Will Tallman.

I deleted the message and went to the office. When I got there, the desk sergeant beckoned me over.

"The Loo wants to see you."

"Okay, thanks."

"And bring me back my Wite-Out!"

I got to Spud's office and he hastily scooted the Subway sandwich wrappers off his desktop into a bin.

"We got a problem, Jack."

Shit. He knew. How could he know? I'd been so careful about not watching the sex show either at the station or at home.

"Homicide says you're eating all their donuts."

I laughed.

"Jack, they're mad. You're gonna have to knock it off."

I shrugged. "Okay."

"As a gesture of good will, you should maybe buy 'em a couple dozen and take them in, You know...keep the peace."

"Sure. Okay. I can do that." *Fucking skanks!*

"We'll have a new assignment in a couple of days. It's a big one. Multi-force op. Your specialty." He stared at me. "Are you putting on weight?"

"Of course not."

He nodded. "Briefing will be tomorrow." He paused. "What are you staring at?"

"I see you got half a meatball sandwich over there. You gonna eat that?"

"Help yourself," he said. "Just remember what I said about the donuts."

Most of the sandwich was gone before I even reached my car. I opened the passenger door and

retrieved the Winchell's. *'Tis the season to be jolly. And for peace and good will even to fucking homicide skanks...* I took the box up to their office and the guys grinned until they lifted the lid.

"There's three donuts," one of them griped.

"It's the thought that counts," I said.

Back in the squad room, I noticed a meeting in progress. I stopped by since I had nothing better to do. Our Watch Commander beckoned me in and introduced me to a guy with a thick British accent and a woolen suit better suited to Alaska than California. I spotted Will Tallman in a seat. He winked at me. He was in uniform and I realized he must have been demoted to desk duty with the investigation into his activities in progress.

"This is Jack Cannon, the head of our Special Response Team in the Violent Crimes Task Force," Spud Murphy was saying when I tuned back into the conversation.

Spud smiled at me. "Jack, nice of you to join us. This is Chief Constable Steven Mack, from London. He's here to give us a few tips."

I shook hands with Mack and got the impression of a large schoolboy who liked his custard. I grabbed the only seat left. The one next to Tallman, who instantly passed me a note.

"What are you, nine years old?" I muttered.

The note read, *There's more action waiting for you. One hour.*

I crumpled the note and looked up as Chief Constable Steven Mack addressed us all with a “spiffing new scheme that’s working a treat in the UK.”

He said it was called *Too Much Bling? Give us a Ring!*

Brandishing a large poster of a guy in a snappy suit, shades, wearing a lot gold and holding a huge cigar, he suggested this is what we needed to look for.

“Pimps?” Tallman asked and there was muffled laughter in the room.

I looked everywhere for cameras in case *Punk’d* had gone back into production. We all sat, stupefied as Mack told us the British police actively encouraged their citizens to report anyone driving a car that was too expensive and flashy bling with a few too many diamonds, you know, in the current economic climate.

“Keep your eye on anyone who smokes cigars, maybe buys a boat, but has no apparent means for paying for these things.”

Oh, boy. I could not see this scheme *working a treat* in West Hollywood, a very affluent neighborhood where ninety-nine percent of its residents were hocked to their expensively-waxed

eyebrows in credit card debt for the latest baubles and threads.

California had changed in the years since I moved here from back east. Our division was still reeling in shock over a fifteen-year old female student gang-raped in her schoolyard for two grueling hours. A dozen onlookers took photos, posting them on Facebook. Many others joined in the assault. Nobody reported it and her poor father, who'd come to the school to pick her up, circled the block in frantic search of her, unaware of what was going on.

Our citizens couldn't report a violent assault, but they were supposed to report...*jewelry*.

A few hands shot up in the air.

"You're asking our residents to spy on each other?" somebody shouted.

"They are making us take Furlough Fridays and now they want us to patrol for necklaces?" another guy asked.

It was a fair question and many more followed. Poor Chief Constable Steven Mack probably went home wondering where his carefully prepared speech had gone wrong.

I went home, neatly sidestepping the desk sergeant who was busy dealing with a loony guy in tiny shorts and flip-flops who announced, "Jessica Simpson sends me secret messages

through my TV set. Here's my remote control. Make the bitch fucking stop or I'll kill her!"

The desk sergeant saw me scoot by. I'm pretty sure I heard him scream "Wite-Out!" but nobody could possibly be *that* attached to a small bottle of correction fluid.

I heard voices as I let myself into my neighbor's house.

"Hello?" I called out, but the place was dark. The computer was on. I could see the faint light from it and I could hear the rush of voices.

"I want you to jerk off," a man said.

Oops. I felt a stab of guilt. I'd forgotten to shut the thing down and as I took my seat in front of the screen, I saw the action looked like it was taking place in a jail cell. I had no idea where or who the players were. I rolled up my tongue, which had naturally fallen out of my head at the sight of the juiciest prick I'd seen since I'd fallen in love with Lucky's magic marker.

A naked prisoner lying on a bed, jerked himself off as a cop stood outside with a flashlight, observing him.

My cell phone rang. It was Lucky.

"Hi, baby." I was stoked to hear from him.

"I miss you," he said. "I just...I just needed to hear your voice. I gotta go. Oh shit...talk soon."

Yeah. Just like that, my lifeline was gone. Snap. Click. Gone. It was tough for both of us being separated. He was a great undercover officer. Especially under *my* covers.

I gave my attention to the screen again. I noticed sixteen people were logged onto the site and wondered who they were as the cop shone his flashlight on the prisoner, wearing a look of defiance and a wife beater. He jerked on his thick, meaty cock as the cop shone the flashlight on the inmate's cock, then on his face. The inmate kept a sneer on his face.

"That's it. Fucking jack it off," the cop said.

"You want this cock?" the inmate asked.

"Faster boy, come on. You fucking piece of shit."

Wow. This was hot. I stole a look around me in case the cat was watching. The inmate slapped his erect cock against his cupped hand as he lay on his back, feet apart.

"Yeah, you come in here every night watching me jack off. Why don't you come and get it?"

"You fucking dirt bag. I'm gonna fuck you hard tonight."

The only illumination in the scene was the flashlight and it gave an extra heat to action.

"Fucking pig," the inmate said. "You want it? Come and get it."

The cop unlocked the cell door. "Show me your ass, dirt bag. Get it ready for me."

On his knees now, the inmate reached his arm back around his body, fingering his own ass. He slipped his middle finger in his increasingly open hole. The cop grabbed him to the floor and pulled out his cock for the inmate to service.

"Fucking swallow it," he said.

Man, he had a big one, too. A few spits, a lot of sucking and licking and the inmate was having a great big happy meal. He moaned around the cock in his mouth, the cop clearly loving the attention he received.

The cop took off his shirt as the inmate, pulling on his own cock, kept working on the cop. A few seconds later, the cop was flat on his back on the inmate's bunk, getting his ass royally sucked. The inmate knelt beside the hairiest ass and thighs I'd seen in a long time. Hairy guys in my experience are horny guys. This one kept up a line of smack-talk as the inmate snacked on his ass.

He stroked himself into a blissful state, the inmate working on him at a feverish pace.

"That's it. Suck me, you dirty little bitch. Oh yeah...suck my cock."

The inmate transferred his attention to the cop's leaking cock. He leaned over the cop, swallowing his cock all the way to his balls. The inmate grabbed the cop's ass and, releasing the rigid pole

in his throat, spat a few times on the cop's waiting ass.

"Fuck, yeah!" the cop ground out as the inmate grabbed his ass with both hands and licked at his slick hole.

He swabbed the balls, moved back to the cock, fingering the cop's ass. It was an intense coupling and I was not surprised to see the cop standing at the edge of the bed, fucking his kneeling inmate doggy-style. They kept up a nasty line of chatter.

"Fuck my ass."

"You're so tight," the cop moaned, pounding into him. "You like that, you piece of shit?"

"Oh, yeah, fuck my ass!"

The cop kept up an aggressive rhythm as the inmate jerked his own cock. The cop had one hand on the inmate's neck as if afraid he'd run off before he could finish.

He grabbed the guy's hips and went in deep. Somebody got up very close and personal with the camera. The slapping sound, the spitting and dirty talk got to me and I was soon jerking off myself. The inmate pulled away from the cop who sat on the bed as the inmate sat on him, facing away from him—reverse cowboy the gay porn producers call it—riding him like a cock-demented jockey. His rigid cock flopped every which way. It's not the most comfortable way of

getting fucked, but this guy's erection told a different story.

A few seconds later, the inmate was on his back, the cop sucking him off and using his hand to get him off.

"You gonna come for me?" he asked and the inmate grabbed hold of his own cock and rewarded himself with a pretty spectacular load.

He knelt before the cop, giving him head again until he, too, came all over the inmate's chest.

"Fuck, that's hot," the inmate said.

He wasn't kidding.

CHAPTER FOUR

I shut the computer down, went to the gym, went home, showered and stuck my head in the fridge, looking for food. There was a banana, some yogurt and a can of diet soda. The cat was asleep in the laundry basket. I had no idea if the clothes were clean or dirty, but I suspected they were clean, especially when he showed no interest in food.

It was after midnight and I knew Homicide would have pizza so I jumped into my Mustang and headed on over to the station.

Santa Monica Boulevard, the main drag of the gay city of West Hollywood, or WeHo to most, used to have spectacular palm trees lining its sides. Somebody voted the palm trees out and a few years ago, the Boulevard was beautified. We had English-style trees, a bunch of businesses arriving with fanfare and closing within months. And we had whores. Lots and lots of rent boys. You want chicks, you go to Sunset. Boys Town, as

WeHo is often called, has some really hot-looking rent boys. Emphasis on the *boys*. We got a lot of teenage runaways here and sometimes it was hard to tell who was chicken feed and who wasn't.

At this time of night though and the temperatures dipping into the fifties, I didn't see much cruising going on. California was increasingly desert-like with warm days and cold nights spinning into heavy rotation. I parked and locked the car in the almost deserted parking lot.

The station was quiet until I reached the night secretary's desk.

Creedence Clearwater Adams, whose parents were either music fans of the band or musicians *with* the band—I forget which—wore her name pretty well and usually went by Cree. She was so lovely nobody made fun of her name. She always had great snacks and was very generous with them. Right now, she was banging a box of Black Crows on the desk.

"Whatcha doin'?" I asked.

"Stephen King wrote a blog all about how if you bang food before you eat it, you halve the calories."

"You believe that?"

She eyed me bleakly. "It's past midnight and I'm a single straight woman alone in a gay city. All I have that I can safely describe as clinging to me are calories. So yeah, I believe it."

"Me, too."

I delved into her box and chomped a couple Crows.

"Unfortunately he says it doesn't work on cake icing. It works on the cake, but not the icing," she said.

"Bummer."

"Yeah, that's exactly where cake icing goes," she said. "Straight to my bummer."

She gave me a handful of candy and returned to her police blotter. I hit Homicide and found that somebody had forgotten to order pizza. And somebody else had put up a photo of me on the wall and given me a Hitler moustache and eyeglasses. I took the picture down and went back home.

I went straight to my neighbor's house and ransacked the kitchen cupboards. I found a bunch of paper cupcake liners in a cupboard next to a bag of iodized salt. I'd eaten everything else. Ooops...sharp-eyed as ever, I found an unopened bag of soy crisps in the trash. They had only just expired by a few weeks, so I washed the bag, slit open the top with a knife and emptied the contents into a plastic bowl. I banged the bowl around quite a bit. I figured it might halve the calories and also eliminate garbage cooties to boot. I leaned back in a chair and fired up the computer.

Three scenes awaited me. I clicked the first scene on the list.

Will Tallman's voice spoke over the action.

"Last month I followed this two-bit hustler to a vacant retail building. I thought it might be a crack den, but what I eventually found was much more interesting."

He walked into what I realized now was the Cop's Den and there was the guy I'd spotted him with in it, jerking off. I didn't want to watch this, so I cut to the third one since the second scene was labeled, *solo*.

The third scene featured two guys, ones who were familiar. I recognized them as cops from another division who worked out at my gym. I'd checked out the heavily tattooed guy before. The clean-shaved guy was peeing. They were in a john. Shit! They were at the gym, taking turns watching each other pee and then the inmate talked the other guy into giving him head. The scene was fast and frenzied, the way pickups between gay guys usually are. They took turns sucking each other's cocks. The tattooed guy had a nice, dark-skinned tool and I enjoyed watching his pleasure in receiving such expert head.

He in turn, rimmed his pale partner, but I was pleasantly surprised to see him being the one to be fucked. As the clean-shaven guy sat on the toilet seat, the tattooed warrior mounted him, riding

him until he stood up and bent over the bathroom sink as his ass-pounding continued. He worked on his own cock and came. I was about to whip into my pants when I saw flashlights and heard footsteps outside.

I logged out of the website and moved to the door, turning on lights.

Two security guards from the lame-ass service my landlord uses stepped back. They must have been peering in through the tiny squares of glass in the door.

"Can I help you?" I asked and my hand covered my crotch. *Fuck! I forgot to zip up my pants!*

"Neighbor on the other side says the people living here are away and that they heard weird banging and then...um...you got company in there?"

They tried to peer around me. I shut the door behind me, locked it and gestured toward my guesthouse.

"No. I live in there. I'm a cop. They gave me keys. I was checking on things."

They exchanged looks and seemed to be ready to argue when the other neighbor came out.

"Is that you, Jack?"

I held up an acknowledging hand.

"Sorry, man. I thought you were a prowler."

"Nope, only me."

"You putting on weight, Jack?"

"Nope." Not as much as you.

I went back to my own crib and watched some crap on TV. I fell asleep. My man wasn't in bed with me, even the cat didn't want to sleep with me. I wondered what iodized salt tasted like, gave up the thought and fell into restless slumber.

Back at the station at noon the next day, I walked in nursing a bad mood and a toasted egg and cheese sandwich in a brown paper bag. The desk sergeant was banging a peanut butter cup on the admissions desk. I smothered a smile. I walked past the Loo's office. He was banging a box of Hot Tamales against his desk. He beckoned me in.

"Take a pew."

I always wondered if I was supposed to bend and pray when he said that. I settled for taking my sandwich out and demolishing it in a few bites.

"We got an interesting assignment," he said and gave his candy box another loud whack on the edge of the desk.

"You believe Cree's theory about halving calories doing that?"

Murph stared at me. "What calories? I noticed a roach in the box and I figure this'll kill it."

Eeww!

"So as I was saying, we got a case...it's different for us, but I think..." he leaned forward, putting

the candy to one side. The box moved. Oh shit. He hadn't killed whatever it was.

Spud looked pained as he leaned on the box with his elbows. I heard a squishing sound.

"You're not going to eat that candy?"

He shrugged. "Waste not, want not."

Oh, geez.

He gestured to me to close the office door and when I returned, his pudgy fingers were inside the box.

"Want one?" he held the box to me and I shook my head.

I was used to him briefing me before I brought the rest of my four-man crew into the mix.

"How's it going with Jones?" he asked.

He asked me about the new guy on a regular basis and he knew that so far, I was pleased with how well Jones blended with me, Martinez and Burke. I had a team I trusted and liked and...I knew in that second Spud was buying time. Spud was nervous. Spud was about to give me some very bad news.

"We have a case that's unusual for us. It has the potential of being huge, Jack. Huge and very fucking nasty."

He pulled out a map and spread it on his desk, turning it around so I had it right side up. I saw three locations circled and he pointed to the first

one. It was right in our neighborhood, just off Santa Monica Boulevard.

"Human smuggling ring," he said. "The worst one I've ever seen. These are all children, Jack."

"Jesus," I said.

"There are one hundred and thirty of them in this building. They're all from Mexico, smuggled here by coyotes who promised their parents better lives. Most of the parents have been killed. We've found bodies dumped everywhere. One man survived his attempted execution and told us about the drop houses. These...these bastards bring these families here and kill the parents so they can sell off the kids as sex slaves."

I just had one question. "When do we go in?"

"Tomorrow night. Like I said, it's a multi-division task force. I have a mole in there working as a cook. He makes food for the kids, but I haven't heard from him since last night." He circled the target location with his finger. "This is your drop house. We go in when I give you the signal. We need to have emergency services and CPS ready to cope with the volume of kids. It's a duplex. I don't want you going near it because it's got cameras all around it, but here's what I've got."

Spud handed me two black and white photos. It looked ordinary enough. The steel gate and the window bars were not suspicious for Los Angeles.

"Tomorrow afternoon, we debrief. I'll let you know where all the cameras are. We do this fast, we do this right."

"Understood." I wanted to bust the place down right there and then. I took a deep breath and tried to keep my emotions out of it. "A hundred and thirty children?" I asked. "It's a house of horrors."

He nodded. "There are more in the other houses, but we're going carefully on this one, Jack. They had a similar operation in Phoenix and the guys got away. We want these guys alive, Jack. Alive and held accountable."

"Understood."

I left his office and made calls, arranging to meet my crew at Barney's Beanery. Martinez, housebound for two days, sounded ecstatic to hear from me. I put a call through to Burke, who jumped in his car before I could even give him the time. I hesitated before calling Jones. He was a streetwise, savvy hotshot guy from Detroit SWAT. I gave him a time, half an hour after the rest of us were scheduled to meet.

Barney's Beanery on Santa Monica Boulevard, is one of the oldest restaurants in WeHo. A burger joint and bar with attitude, it's a dive first and foremost, but a wonderful dive. The menu is printed on a newspaper and is just as long. They have over a hundred and twenty beers from all

over the world and they are two bucks a piece after four o'clock.

Martinez, Burke and I slapped backs, gave each other half-hugs and settled down to the vital chore of choosing up beers. Martinez opted for the Stone IPA. He loved his pale ale. Burke and I both went for the Racer 5, which was also on tap. The music was loud, TVs blared with a multitude of different shows. This was as un-Hollywood as you could get in the heart of the bling capital of all-time. Many years ago, I'm told, there used to be a sign over the front door saying "No Homosexuals Allowed."

Some people I know dispute this. Some say it was real enough, but it was a joke. I've never felt uncomfortable in the place. It's fun, laid back and exactly what we all needed.

Our drinks came fast and I savored my first mouthful of the Sonoma County-brewed ale. It was wonderful.

"Where's Jones?" Martinez asked after downing half his brew.

"He's coming...wanted to give us a chance to talk first." "Cool," Burke said.

Martinez nodded. It had been a jolt to all of us to learn that our fourth partner, Hennedy, had been on the take. In fact, he was trying to sell big guns to Lucky, thinking he was a big-time drug dealer. Hennedy was now in jail, in protective

custody like all bad cops and pedophiles, still awaiting trial.

"Jones seems cool," Burke said.

We'd all spent time with him, but this would be our first case together.

"My wife got this freakin' DVD on Ebay called *The One-Hour Orgasm*," Martinez announced.

Burke grinned. "And?"

"It's fucking *amazing*! I can make her come over and over again just with my fingers. The DVD shows you how to insert your fingers a certain way...and she loves it. She's...well, it's all good."

"Cool," Burke said. "You getting any head as a thank you?"

This was Martinez's constant gripe about his wife.

He sipped his beer. "Not yet. But I live in hope."

Jones showed up fifteen minutes early and seemed happy to find us there.

"What's on tap?" he asked, earning immediate points.

Back in Detroit, he broke up violent gangs and staged big drug busts. A bad divorce and bitter custody dispute resulted in his ex-wife demanding a move to California. Jones agreed to her moving out here, but she hadn't counted on him moving here, too. Now he saw his seven-year old son and sixteen-month old daughter twice a week and

every other weekend. He needed and wanted the job and half the chicks in our station wanted him.

He was a young Denzel Washington look-alike and he was so far fitting in with us. He knew Hennedy's antics were still a sore point so he stayed unobtrusive in most discussions.

"So you gettin' any?" Burke asked him. Burke juggled a wife and mistress and numerous minor dalliances.

"Nope, not recently," Jones said with a throaty chuckle.

He ordered a beer and I got down to the outline of our case.

"Smuggling babies, shit," Burke said.

None of us liked the idea of waiting, but it was part of the gig.

Martinez and Burke went home to their wives and Jones and I drove back to the station, threw on sweats and took a run toward Beverly Hills.

"Wite-Out!" the desk sergeant bawled at me as we sailed through the doors. I was worried about the guy. He sounded obsessed to me.

We dovetailed down San Vicente, along Melrose and down toward a tiny triangle of park, frequented by moms with babies and joggers like us.

I spotted a TV actress looking distressed as a guy leaned out of a van beside her. Paparazzi. I heard the click of his stupid camera and the poor

woman held her baby's face away from the camera, trying to get away.

Jones and I nodded to one another. He went to her, helping her load the squalling baby into its baby buggy and I whipped my badge from my pocket and told the Pap to take a hike.

"I've got rights," he whined.

I detected a heavy, European accent. That really made my blood boil. These maggots showed up here, making a living by stalking people and terrorizing them. "She's got rights, too." I snapped. "To enjoy the day without you fuckin' it up for her. Beat it. Unless you want me to arrest you."

"You can't arrest me."

"Sure I can. You're a public menace. Now, fuck off."

He took off. The actress mouthed *thank you* at me.

"You get her number?" I asked Jones as we took to the running path.

"Yeah. I couldn't believe it."

"Believe it," I said, pleased that he was getting some action at last.

My cell phone vibrated. Things had been stepped up. We needed to get back to the station for debriefing. We high-fived each other.

"Let's go kick some smuggler ass," Jones said.

CHAPTER FIVE

At seven o'clock that night, the combined forces of the LAPD, the FBI and Social services lay all their interpersonal grudges aside and smashed down doors all over town to rescue four hundred and two children stashed in vile drop houses.

SRT also had the duty of apprehending three smugglers, Jose Gomez Juarez age twenty-seven, Juan Carmen Tamayo-Rios, age forty-two and Roel Perez-Morodo, age thirty.

The bust went down better than I could have dreamed on such short notice. My team worked the way all good teams should. We busted the back and front doors down simultaneously. What I remember is the stench as those doors came off their fucking hinges. The acrid smell of feces and urine and a dead guy in the kitchen.

What I remember next is the children screaming and crying.

Our mole had been plugged, as the Loo suspected, not because the coyotes thought he was

a cop, but because they thought he gave the children too much food.

Too much food.

Shit. All they had was rat-poop infested rice and the smallest children had been given water only. Most required hospitalization.

The three ringleaders of our drop house fought like tigers, but we got 'em cuffed and facedown on the filthy bathroom floor. Just like that, my foot on one guy's head, it was all over.

I held a dark-haired, big-eyed baby in my arms and he smiled at me. He *smiled*.

Shit. The thought of what those parents endured to bring their children hope and prosperity made me so mad I was sorry I wasn't allowed to shoot these bastards. Law enforcement calls them coyotes, but I don't. Coyotes are useful, misunderstood animals that kill for survival. Human coyotes are scum.

Jones and I helped carry out the last sixteen children from the second bathroom. They were the youngest ones, locked in and flea and lice infested. The stench was unbelievable. These little ones barely made a sound.

"Will they be okay?" I asked a Paramedic who examined the boy in my arms.

"They will now," he said.

I had a hard time giving him my kid. In my arms, I knew he was safe.

The Paramedic patted my arm. "It's okay, Jack. He's gonna be okay. Let me take him."

I handed him over. I didn't want to ask what would happen to him. I joined my team, scouring the perimeter in case we missed anybody.

My cell phone rang. It was Tallman. I was already sick of his shenanigans.

I ignored the call.

He sent a text. *Everybody loves your jerk-off scene.*
My...*what?*

I went to my neighbor's house and turned on the computer, accessing the site. I saw the icon for the solo sequence. Shit. That had to be me. How could I not have realized I was being taped?

Clicking the link, I heard Tallman's voice.

"Yeah, so I told my straight-laced partner about it. He loved to jerk off there, though he won't admit it."

Oh, shit! There I was. Dancing with a fucking lawn mower!

My cell phone rang.

"Hi, baby."

"Lucky," I said.

"I fucking miss you," he said.

"I fucking miss you, too."

"You must miss me, Jack." He laughed. "You and that lawnmower!"

"Oh my God—"

"Hey, it was sexy. Nice of your ex to email me the scene."

"Shit! Lucky, I swear. I haven't fucked anybody!"

"I know you haven't. So here's what you're going to do." He took a breath and fired instructions.

"Are you shitting me?"

"Do I sound like I'm kidding?"

"Okay," I said. "You're a bossy guy, you know that, right?"

"Yeah, bitch. Now get over to that warehouse. And, Jack?"

"Yes?"

"Wear your white boxer shorts under the uniform."

I found the cop uniform Tallman had left for me along with the nightstick in the back alley. I changed and walked into the side entrance. Tallman was waiting for me. He gave me a finger wave as he filmed me walking into the warehouse. There was a big red chair waiting for me. I knew Lucky and his pals were watching me from a monitor hooked up and beaming to a few perverts in Europe. I kicked off some plastic sheeting that had fallen on the monitor and took a seat.

Jesus. I couldn't believe he was making me do this. I rubbed my crotch and used the nightstick to

run along my now hardening cock. Who'd have thought being watched by my lover and countless other guys could get me so hot?

I unzipped my pants and pulled my cock out, worried I was going to come before I gave them a decent show.

Lucky had told me if I gave 'em an eyeful he'd come home for Thanksgiving. Shit. I wanted him home for the holidays. I stroked my cock and shrugged off my clothes. I sat back in the chair and spread my legs, my fingers reaching for my ass hole. I stroked and jerked, imagining it was Lucky bringing me this instant fire. Well, he was.

Make it good, Jack. Lucky's jerking off to this.

My fingers poked at my hole and Tallman, rubbing his own cock, shot the action. I came hard, all over my belly, wanting to scream my man's name. Wanting him home more than I wanted donuts, more than anything.

"Nice," Tallman said, turned off his camera and walked out of the building.

I threw on my clothes and outside, my cell phone rang. It was Lucky.

"Get ready for a visit, you deserve it, baby. I'm on my way. My ass wants to get fucked, think you're up to it?"

I grinned as he ended the call. Was I ready?

Fuck, yeah.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A. J. Llewellyn lives in California, but dreams of living in Hawaii. Frequent trips to all the islands, bags of Kona coffee in his fridge and a healthy collection of Hawaiian records keep this writer refueled. A. J. loves male/male erotica, has a passion for all animals (especially the dog, the cat and the turtle). A. J. believes that love is a song best sung out loud.

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