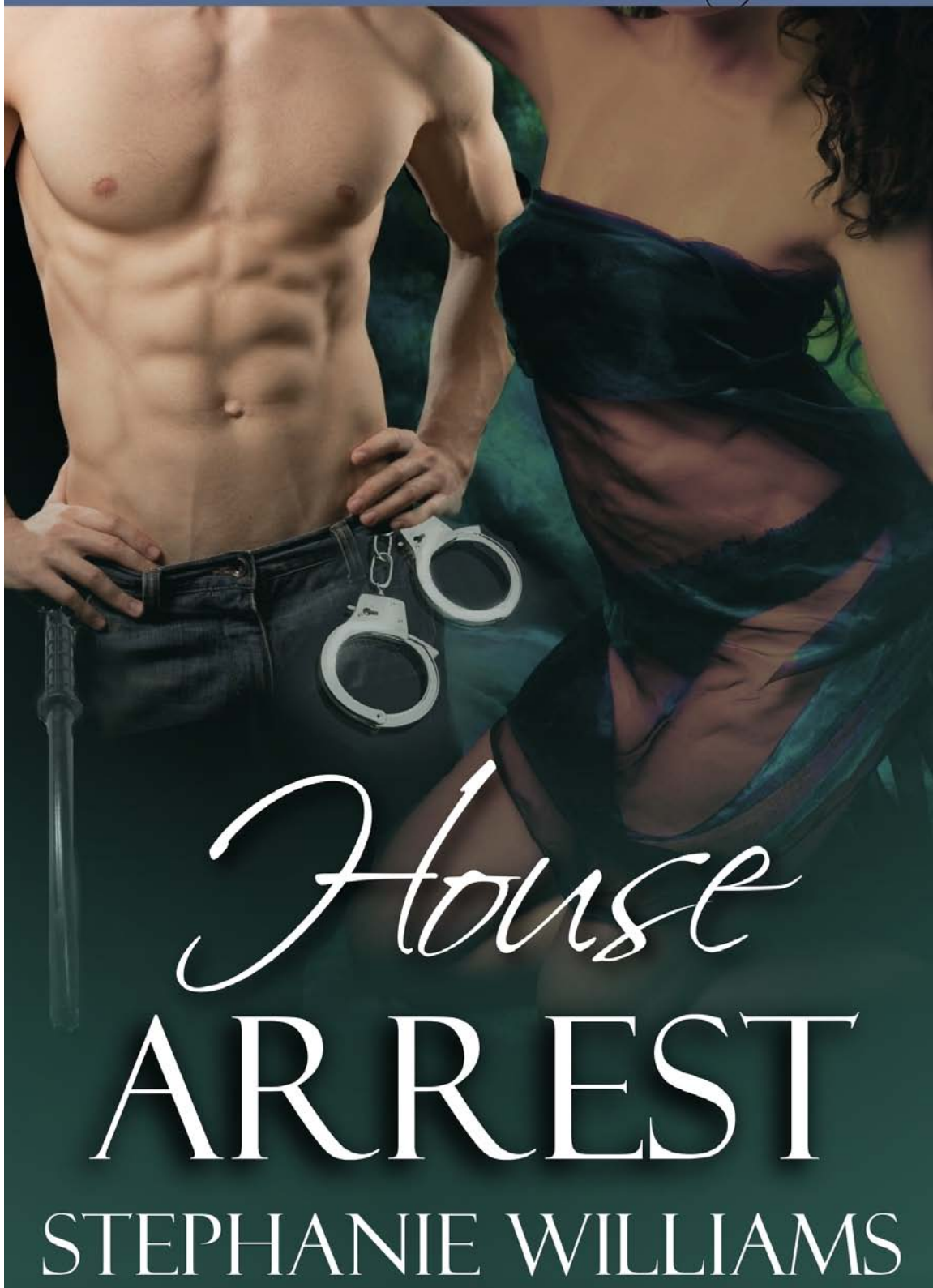


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Note from the author: *"This is a work of fiction, created solely from my reality. Any errors regarding the proper procedure in the legal system were done on purpose to further the storyline."*

House Arrest

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House Arrest

Stephanie Williams

~DEDICATION~

To all my fans who keep me motivated.

Chapter One

“Ms. Harrison, I warn you. I will hold you in contempt of court. Now tell me who your source is!” Judge Fernando Gonzales bellowed so loud, even the court clerk winced.

“I cannot reveal my sources,” she said for the umpteenth time. She stood tall and proud in his courtroom, not caring one bit how close she might be to having her gorgeous, chocolate brown, ass-kicking body thrown in jail.

Judge Fernando looked down at her from the bench. He wanted to do more than throw her in jail. He wanted to take her to his chambers and fuck her senseless. Nothing new there. Fernando had wanted Ms. Janet Harrison for a long time.

Being the top reporter for Channel Ten news in Chicago, Janet Harrison had as much of a reputation for her relentlessness in getting the story as she did for putting herself in danger.

Janet had that old-school reporter’s blood. She didn’t just go after a story for sensationalism, and that made him admire her even more. However, her relentlessness proved to be a double-edged sword.

She had come to be known to the news media and the courts as “The Mob’s Mouthpiece.” If a mobster wanted to sing, they came to her. They trusted her and she never let them down. She never ratted them out.

Law enforcement barely tolerated her. Don’t get me wrong, Fernando mused to himself. The FBI and other law enforcement agencies *were* grateful: they loved it when a mobster snitched. But when they wanted to know the name of the bird that sang, Ms. Harrison clammed up.

So, thanks to her dedication, she now stood in Gonzales’ courtroom being as close-mouthed as ever about the whereabouts of the man who snitched on Salvatore “The Lip” Valinci.

Fernando knew one way to get her to talk. But the courts would probably frown on a marathon fuck-fest.

He had it bad. The Channel Ten news operation took up the third through fifth floors of the building next to the courtroom. That didn't help matters. It meant he saw her every day. Sometimes they made small-talk in the halls, all the time him wanting to take her inside one of those news vans and have his way with her.

He'd have to settle for this: Miss Harrison, here in front of him, at his mercy, but still being as defiant as ever.

"Does your client refuse to talk?" he asked Mr. McCaffy.

Tom McCaffy, the latest big-shot attorney from Riechchile, Williams, Reese, Johnson and Smith, claimed the title of mob lawyer with pride. Gonzales could tell by the look on his face that Janet Harrison was making him work harder than any mobster could.

"Oh, come on, Your Honor. You know the drill. She can't rev—"

"Yeah, yeah, I know. But you and I have an obligation to this court, as you well know. And I know, you know, *she* knows who squealed, so it's up to me to find out."

"You're wasting your time," she huffed, talking out of turn. She then made a show of staring at her watch. "Look, I have a hair appointment. Can I go?"

Oh no she didn't! She'd just looked straight at him as if talking to one of her girlfriends.

"Uh...Your Honor, what my client is trying to say is that it's late, and if we can continue this at a later date, maybe by then—"

"I know what I meant!" she snapped at McCaffy.

"Please!" McCaffy said, hitting her side.

Janet Harrison: Hellcat. And Fernando loved it. But her mouth just got her into more trouble than any mob boss ever could.

He held his breath and counted to ten in Spanish. When he looked back over the courtroom, she stood there grinning at him. She knew what she was doing. Or did she?

If she knew how hard his dick had gotten under his robe at that moment, she wouldn't talk, but run out of the courtroom, blowing past the bailiff by the door.

"You're kidding me, right? Are you making a mockery of the court?"

“Oh, please. You got The Lip, isn’t that enough?” She rolled her eyes and put her hands on her luscious, ample hips.

“Ms. Harrison, please! Your Honor, what my client is trying to say, is you got the main racketeer. You’re filing RICO charges on him as we speak. Isn’t that satisfactory to the court?”

“You know it isn’t.” *What would really be satisfactory to the court is Miss Harrison draped across my lap naked and that ass being spanked.*

“Sorry, I can’t reveal my sources,” Miss Harrison repeated like a trained parrot. She grinned harder than ever.

He banged his gavel down as hard as he could, almost breaking the handle. This time everyone jumped, including the judge. He looked at her and saw something in her eyes that he couldn’t dismiss.

Oh yeah, baby. I got you. “Clear the courtroom. We’re in recess.” Standing abruptly, he yelled, “You two”—he pointed to Ms. Harrison and McCaffy—“My chambers. Now.”

Janet glanced over at McCaffy, who just shrugged and shook his head.

Fernando knew she didn’t need his help or him trying to hold her hand. She’d been before other judges, under the same circumstances. She knew how to fight, just like a mother badger.

He took a seat in his chair and watched as she slinked into his chambers with McCaffy close behind. She didn’t even allow him to stand between them. He guessed she figured she could take him on her own.

We’ll see. Fernando waved with pen in hand. “Shut the door.”

She did and didn’t move any further. How could anyone so beautiful be so stubborn, defiant, and plain bullheaded?

“Sit down.” He pointed again with his pen. He felt like a schoolteacher giving orders to a disobedient child.

She took a seat, glaring at him with contempt. Now she was just being disrespectful to *him*.

“You can have a seat, too, Tom.”

This is going to be a cakewalk, thought Fernando. Janet Harrison knew exactly what she was doing. Provoke him, eh? “You realize that I can have your client thrown in jail,” he said calmly, as he swiveled side to side in his chair.

“But you won’t,” she said, her icy gaze challenging him.

“Your client won’t seem to let you earn your keep.” He was facing Tom, but pointed to her with his pen.

Tom sighed and looked over at her. “Yes, I know.”

She turned her head in a dismissive manner. She then stared back at Judge Gonzales and narrowed her eyes.

He saw the dare in her expression. “I feel sorry for you. She’s a handful. Tell you what, I have a better place for her than jail.”

“Oh?” McCaffy seemed shocked.

“Uh-huh. House arrest.”

Ms. Harrison rose out of her seat. “House arr—”

McCaffy grabbed her arm and brought her down roughly in the chair. “My client, I’m sure, is grateful to the court for its decision. And with the court’s indulgence, may I have a moment to confer with my client?”

“Go ahead. You can step into the clerk’s room. You have two minutes.”

Fernando got up and looked down at the beauty, who was now wrestling with Tom in her seat. *Man, what a handful.* He opened the door as they made their way to the other office.

He had more in store for Miss Janet Harrison. But he needed to get her alone. Knowing Tom, he figured the man could strike up any deal or talk her into anything that was reasonable and within the law. But sometimes, Tom skirted the law, too, and that, Fernando counted on.

After a few moments, the door opened.

“Your Honor, my client will be in full compliance with your instructions.”

As he walked into the room, he noticed Ms. Harrison. She remained in the corner of the room, her arms wrapped around her chest. She wasn’t having it. But whatever Tom told her, she’d agreed to the terms.

At this point, Fernando felt some small misgivings. This case was beginning to be the bane of his existence. He’d been thinking of handing it over to another

judge. He was way overdue for a vacation and had requested one a few months ago, but Valinci's name came up and he couldn't resist.

"Good. Now, with your permission, may I speak with Ms. Harrison alone?"

Tom thought a moment, then shot a look back over at Janet. She nodded.

"You realize this is highly irregular—"

"It's okay, Tom. I can hold my own, and I promise not to say anything out of line." She threw him one of those breathtaking smiles.

He sighed. "Okay." He left the room shaking his head.

"Have a seat, Miss Harrison."

She started in on him immediately. "Why are you doing this? You know we reporters can't give away our sources." She crossed over to the chair and sat down, not once taking her eyes off him. "You didn't get this hyped up about Kirkland."

Jerry Kirkland was another reporter. He'd gotten a tip on a local drug dealer. A competing dealer had dropped dime, and Kirkland refused to reveal any names. The law hadn't come down as hard on him. Whether that had been an oversight or sexism, Janet didn't know.

"You're willing to talk so freely without the presence of your attorney?"

"I don't care. This is a matter of principle." She tapped her finger on his desk.

He loved her fire. He hoped that same fire was there when he finally had her.

"House arrest. Humph! Like Martha Stewart," she said, folding her arms across her scrumptious-looking chest.

She wore a deep red V-neck blouse that left nothing to the imagination. She normally dressed in her trademark reporters' uniform, with her famous scarf around her neck. Blue jacket, dress slacks, and hair pulled back in a conservative ponytail completed the look.

But today, Janet defined the word exquisite. Her hair fell past her shoulders, thick waves that shone despite the drab overhead lighting. Her makeup didn't hide her gorgeous face, just enhanced it. Large eyes, great cheekbones that gave away her Native American ancestry, a cute nose and full lips made for kissing and sucking cock. His in particular.

“I thought being in your own surroundings would be much better for you. Better for me, too.”

She tilted her head.

“Curious?” he asked, swiveling in his chair again. “Off the record?”

“On the record. I don’t trust you.”

“You should. I’m a law-abiding citizen.”

“Humph!”

“Don’t tempt me, woman!”

Her head snapped up and her eyes narrowed again.

“You know exactly what I plan to do with you. And you’ll enjoy every fucking minute of it!”

Janet sat there, trying not to wring her hands. Judge Fernando Gonzales had a way to make everyone nervous, even her. But he was the finest judge she’d ever met. And she met a lot of them.

This time, in her quest to break the story, she’d caught a big fish. Salvatore “The Lip” Valinci. The hood that squealed on him had had it with the boss. He wasn’t moving up the organization fast enough, so he wanted to give the Feds an earful, but he didn’t trust them.

He knew about Janet. He knew he could come to her and she would go to the appropriate people without giving her source away.

So did Judge Gonzales. He was a federal judge who happened to specialize in organized crime cases. He was famous for putting hoods behind bars. Couldn’t be bought or threatened. She admired him for that. But right now, he was getting on her last nerve and his stares were making her a bit uneasy.

What is he up to?

But to be honest, it wasn’t such a hardship. Judge Gonzales was very easy on the eyes.

Tall, dark, and handsome. Yeah, a cliché, but it fit.

His wavy hair just begged you to run your fingers through it. His smile, whenever he did smile, was electrifying. She'd only caught it a few times; he stayed serious the times they'd chatted together, when he'd catch her between cases, or leaving work.

His athletic build made the pudgy, donut-eating cops jealous. His eyes were dark, yet expressive. He had a commanding presence that drew her in, like a star to a supernova. No other man had that effect on her.

She tried desperately not to show any weakness in the courtroom. But every time he looked at her, her knees turned to Jell-o. The only thing she could do was sass back. Probably not a good idea. Even her lawyer tried to temper her tongue.

Now the judge had sentenced her to house arrest. Something hadn't seemed kosher about that ruling; he'd just proven it with that last statement. And even though it was very inappropriate, and she could have him disbarred or impeached or whatever you did to judges to get them off the bench, it turned her on like nothing else.

She wondered what a man like him was like in the bedroom. Did he take control there, too? Was he as forceful with sex as he was in the courtroom?

She always fantasized about him. About him being her jailer, coming into her cell and stripping away her prison uniform and fucking her on one of those cots.

Oh, God! She had it bad.

"Your house arrest will begin today."

It took some time to register that he was talking to her. "What?"

"You heard me. Then we'll see how loyal you are to this reporter's code."

"I have to wear one of those ankle bracelets and I can't leave my house? You're out of your mind! I have a job!" Okay, he'd just sat on her last remaining nerve.

"Your job title has been changed for a while, *Miss Harrison*."

She looked at him. She didn't like the way he said her name. He had a wicked glint in his eyes. She should have been running for the hills. Instead, her pussy throbbed with anticipation for whatever came next.

"You'll be allowed to work—within the parameters I set, of course."

"How humiliating."

“You’ll have a companion once in a while to check up on you. Maybe after some time, you’ll be more cooperative.”

“Forget it. I will never give the name of my informant.”

“I’m not talking about that,” he said, as he twirled his pen on his desk. “I could give a damn about who ratted on The Lip. However, I love your defiance. It gives me great pleasure. More than you can imagine.”

Janet crossed her legs and squeezed her thighs together as tightly as possible. The look he gave her told her he wanted something more than a confession.

“So an officer will be watching me?” She tried to keep the conversation benign.

“Yeah, but you don’t want that. Do you?”

So much for that. “What are you talking about?” She felt her words quiver in her throat, along with her other body parts.

“Everything you fantasized about and then some. I saw the look in your eyes when I banged down that gavel.”

“I don’t understand.” She must have crossed and uncrossed her legs five times, trying to control her arousal, to no avail. He’d unleashed something in her that couldn’t be restrained.

“Yes, you do. I see it in your eyes, right now. But that’s neither here nor there at the moment. Right now I need to dish out justice and that means you get a new piece of jewelry.”

Janet sat there, her body language giving her inner thoughts away. No matter how much she protested, he’d be able to tell this was what she wanted.

Would he be the one watching her? Coming to her, seeing if she was obeying and maybe....

No, she shouldn’t even go there. They couldn’t anyway, not with a high-profile case like this. They would be on the ten o’clock news. She could just imagine one of her colleagues slipping her the story while on the air. How ironic would that be?

“Fine. Put me under house arrest. I still won’t talk.” She crossed her arms and stared directly at him.

“I was hoping you would say that,” he chuckled wickedly.

Chapter Two

I can't believe this. I can't fucking believe this!

Judge Fernando Gonzales was home alone watching a bondage porno movie, *Coppin' a Feel*, and jacking off. He'd really hit a low point in his love life. But it was of his own making.

He hadn't dated in a long time. It just wasn't the same anymore. And that seemed odd. It was widely known around the courts that Judge Gonzales was a ladies' man. Women would tease and say they would gladly throw themselves on the mercy of the court. And Gonzales was said to dish out the punishments gladly.

Of course none of this could be proven—thank goodness. He would have been thrown off the bench. Most of his cases dealt with the mafia and organized crime. He couldn't be bribed or coerced, and he made sure that whatever jury was put in place couldn't be bribed either. At least he tried to the best of his ability considering the environment. After all, this was Chicago. From the moment he'd first put on his robe, he'd made it a point to go after the mob. He was old-school, too. He studied the judges of long-ago Chicago, and the cases they sat on. Capone. Luciano, and especially what Thomas E. Dewey had done to bust him. Times were different now, but the mob still worked mostly the same. Witnesses would 'forget' certain facts, jurors would drop out, or worse yet, see things the mobster's way.

He used to be a cop, and a damn good one. The mob tried to buy him then, too. He wouldn't go there, though a lot of his colleagues did. That sickened him to no end.

Being a judge and putting these creeps up for the rest of their lives was his life's mission. Being a ladies' man had been the next best thing, a well-earned prize.

But those days were over. Had been since the moment he'd set eyes on Janet Harrison.

He wanted her every waking moment. Just passing her in the hall or on the street tortured his soul. He wanted to touch her, kiss her—fuck her. Damn it! There was no other way of putting it. This wasn't the first night he had his hand wrapped around his cock, thinking of her. But it was the first time the movie wasn't working anymore. Janet had become a drug to him, and he needed something stronger to get him off. But he would settle for this tonight.

The movie was to his taste actually. He loved the bondage lifestyle. He'd been in it for some years now. It was a secret he held close, jealously close. He'd always feared the mob would find out and use it against him. He'd been lucky so far, and very careful. So careful that he personally did a background check of every encounter. Not romantic, and very time consuming, but it worked.

So inevitably, he would go out of town and find women who shared the same tastes.

But now he wanted one woman to share his lifestyle with. Today he'd gotten closer to his goal.

He watched the screen as the two nameless bodies acted out their fantasies. The guy was a cop coming over for a complaint by the neighbor. Fernando laughed to himself. This one actually had a plot.

The lady answered the door and the next thing you saw, she was bound and gagged and he was shoving his dick into her like a piston.

"Oh yeah, Janet. I know you would love this. I know I would love putting mine in that wet pussy of yours." Fernando's hand started moving slowly up and down his big, swollen, hard shaft. What he would give to see Janet's face as he plunged into her.

"Oh yeah, baby!" He began to pump harder, almost to the rhythm of the couple on the screen. "Oh, God...Yes!"

As the woman's screams became louder and more wanting, his grip got tighter and tighter until..."Oh, God, Yes! Fuck Yes! Oooh, Janet." Fernando's head slammed against the pillow, his hand soaking with his release.

He was still unsatisfied.

Damn!

He got up off the bed and stormed into the bathroom. Just as he finished with the washcloth, his cell rang. *Great.*

“Hello.”

“Hey, Nando, it’s Sam. Guess what? Harry will be able to take your caseload after all.”

Fernando cast his eyes skyward and said a silent *thank you*. Sam Fontana was another judge and a close friend of his. They went back as far as the police academy. He’d whined to Sam about the lack of a suitable replacement to preside over his pending cases—and Sam had come through for him, once again.

“That’s fantastic.”

“So whatcha gonna do? Get in some golf, go fishing? Trout is really biting, I hear.”

Fernando needed some time off to think, reflect, and see if he could get his life back under control. He thought about going fishing. But a better idea, the idea he’d been toying with, occurred to him.

“No, no. I have...uh other plans.”

“Okay. I just thought I’d let you know. Whatever you go and do, take some pictures, okay?”

Fernando disconnected his phone, laughing to himself. What he planned on doing didn’t need any pictures taken.

He turned on the shower to get ready. He had a prisoner to take care of.

“And now to the top of the news. Today was day three of our own Janet Harrison’s house arrest. She was sentenced to house arrest after refusing to....”

“Aaarggh!” Janet turned off the tube and threw the remote against the suede pillow of the couch. How mortifying.

She got up from her seat and cast her eyes downward to her ankle. She sighed. Dogs had better looking collars around their necks.

She went to the kitchen to fix herself something to eat.

Despite the fact that she felt like a common felon, she was still sticking to her guns, and proud of it. Judge Gonzales could do whatever he wanted with her. Her lips were sealed.

Besides, if one reporter squealed, then informants would trust no one. The public had a right to know. And the case law was definitely on her side.

Janet put on some water to boil for her pasta. She stood in the middle of the kitchen thinking about Judge Gonzales.

Damn if he wasn't the finest man that walked the earth! Yet he got on her damn nerves. The arrogant son of a bitch!

She leaned against the counter, watching the pot. An image of his face, the last look he gave her after sentencing her to house arrest, appeared before her. He'd given her a wicked, almost perverted glare. But it turned her on, made her wet, made her think mischievous thoughts.

Damn him!

She wanted him in a bad way. When she first laid eyes on him, she dreamt of him every night.

She cherished those fleeting moments when they talked. Their conversations were benign, mostly about the weather or the latest reality show. But at least she was in his presence.

But her dreams. My God, she had to repent every morning.

They were all the same, just different locales, him always dominating her. She liked that. No, she loved it. In her dreams, she begged for him to tie her up, hold her captive, make her his slave and be at his total mercy.

Janet could tell he had it in him. The way he walked, talked, and interacted with other people. He had that swagger that she loved and hated at the same time.

In the courtroom three days ago, Janet got to see it up close and personal. And even though she got annoyed at the fact that she might be doing time, she was under his spell, nevertheless.

She wondered how big he was, even. Yes, she wanted to know just how long and big that cock was underneath that robe. Being at least six four, and even

though height wasn't supposed to correlate, the possibilities were endless—she hoped.

Nine inches? Ten? How about the girth? And how would it feel going inside her? Even in her dreams, that part couldn't be imagined.

Oh, she would get close, her body begging, pleading for it, and just as the tip would touch her swollen pussy, she woke up. The whole situation frustrated her.

Her water started to boil. As she went to the cabinet to get the spaghetti, she felt a gush in her panties.

Damn him!

She turned off the water and was headed to the bathroom when the doorbell rang.

This is all I need. A soaking wet pussy and an ankle bracelet. Can my day get any worse?

She fixed her pants so it would cover the bracelet, somewhat. Her arousal? She would just have to play it off.

She went to the door. "Who is it?"

"Judge Gonzales."

No! No! No!

Her mind may have been screaming no, but her body begged yes. She blew out a breath and opened the door.

"What are you doing here? And at this time of night?" She tried to sound as defiant as possible, yet all the while, she felt her arousal inch its way down her thighs. Man, he was gorgeous.

"I just thought I would check in on my favorite little detainee." He sauntered in, not even waiting to be invited.

"Ha ha," she said, as she slammed the door shut.

He turned to her and looked down. "Lift up your pant leg."

Just the sound of his commanding voice made her arousal become a raging flood. She complied and inched her pant leg up.

"Good. Care to tell the court the name of the informant now?"

"No!" She planted her hands firmly on her hips.

"Fine." He headed towards her kitchen.

“Just make yourself at home, why don’t you?”

He spun around, gazing at her and smiled that wicked smile.

“Why are you here? It can’t be to see if you can get any info from me. You should know me by now.” She held her head high, turned on her heels and finished getting her dinner ready. She’d be damned if she let him get under skin.

“I just thought maybe you would like to take a long stroll in the park, or a nice drive into town,” he said, leaning against her bar counter.

“Oh, you are funny.” She went back to finishing her dinner. “Say what you got to say and leave.”

“It’s not that easy, Janet, and you know it.”

It wasn’t what he said—it was how he said it. She’d never heard him call her by her first name before, either, and it sounded so damn sexy.

“I...I don’t know what you’re talking about.” She kept her back facing him, knowing just one smoldering look from him would have her on the floor begging for release.

“Please. I saw it on your face three days ago in my courtroom. You didn’t even try to hide it. You want me—”

She spun around, fire in her blood. “Why you arrogant—”

“And I want you. So why play games? I’m here to take you back to my place.”

“You what?”

“You heard me. You’re coming home with me. I will be your prison guard, so to speak.”

Her DNA, hormones, every cell in her body went into meltdown-mode. Her panties were soaked now. She did a quick check of her pants and hoped to God there was nothing there to give her away. He must have caught the movement, because he had that shit-eating grin on his face.

“Looking for something?”

“No,” she said, lifting her chin high.

“Liar. You’re aroused. I knew it from the first second I walked in here. I knew it when you were in my chambers. You have a very potent scent.”

Oh, God.

“If you’re going to be my prisoner, we need to set some ground rules.”

“Ground rules?” Oh, he had to be out of his mind. First, he humiliated her by putting her under house arrest. Of course he could have thrown her in jail, so she guessed this was better. But looking at herself on the news didn’t help matters. They had the worst picture of her, too.

Then he waltzed into her home, uninvited, and says he’s taking her with him back to his place. The audacity and the arrogance! And yet, she silently hoped he would take her right there on the kitchen floor. How schizophrenic was that?

“Yeah, for one, I can’t have you dripping all over the place. When your pussy is wet, you come to me so I can take care of it.”

“Wh...what?” Janet wanted to faint into his arms. Taking care of her pussy left the field wide open. What would he do to her?

He stepped closer to her, almost backing her into the wall. “You heard me. That pussy is mine.”

“You better leave before I call the police.” *Please take me!*

He threw back his head and laughed. “Yeah, right. Now pull down your pants.”

“I...you....”

“Drop ‘em!”

She did, quickly.

He got closer to her, then, with the tiniest of smiles, got on his knees. “You do drip, don’t you? Or do you gush? I imagine both, sometimes.”

Janet stood there looking at the top of his head, as his finger began examining her. God, it felt good.

“You are soaked. Let me lick you dry, *Miss Harrison.*”

As soon as his lips touched her clit, she screamed bloody murder.

“Oooh, yes!” After that outburst, she sucked in her breath and clamped down on her lip. She was humiliated she’d let him know it was so easy to be turned on by him.

He braced his hands on her hips and rammed his tongue in her as if he were fucking her. The only sounds that could be heard were her juices and his sucking.

She was going to come, and come hard.

“Fernando! Oh, God, don’t do this to me!” But she loved it. Her hips undulated, smacking his face as he sucked her harder.

“Come on, baby, come for me. Pour your juices all over me.”

That did it. She screamed at the top of her lungs, grabbing onto his hair, the wavy hair she’d always wanted to touch.

Her body sank against the wall, but still trembled with the aftershocks of her orgasm.

Fernando stood up. She could see her juices on his lips. He licked them slowly and she thought she would pass out.

“Go upstairs and pack. You’ll finish out your sentence at my place.”

She shivered, then pulled up her pants and walked towards her bedroom in a fog. *What the hell just happened?*

“By the way, when you get to my house, you will always remain unclothed.”

She turned to him in horror.

He just pointed in the direction of the hallway. “Go. Pack.”

Chapter Three

The drive to Fernando's house was a relatively quiet one. Janet looked straight ahead as he drove, afraid to speak. The thought of him taking her on the side of the road popped into her head a dozen times. She let out a low groan.

"What was that?" Fernando asked, stopping at the light.

"Nothing." Janet turned her head and stared out the passenger window.

"I don't know why you're struggling with this. You'll enjoy it. You know you will."

"You didn't even ask."

"No, but that's because I don't ask. I know, and I take."

"Did you ever consider that you might take from the wrong person?" she asked, finally daring to face him. He had that smug expression on his face again.

"I always know the person I'm dealing with, my dear." They came to another light and he turned towards her. "You, for instance. I know what you desire and I plan to give it to you a hundred-fold."

Janet quickly focused straight ahead again, afraid she might give away the fact that she was interested in whatever he proposed.

After twenty minutes of driving in silence, they arrived at his home.

She looked out the window. She reached for her seatbelt, then felt the firm hand of the judge covering hers. She cut her eyes to him and noticed him glaring down at her. Fine, she thought to herself. She huffed and waited for him to let her out of the car. She took this time to look over the premises. It surprised her.

The house was massive, a two-story Tudor. The landscaping was in keeping with the style of the home. Manicured shrubs and an English garden, complete with fountain, greeted you as you walked up the cobblestone driveway.

The judge opened the door for her and she stepped out, still taking in the sights of his abode. "Nice place. I'm surprised."

They started towards the house. The judge looked at her, furrowing his brow. "Surprised? Why?"

“I just didn’t think a bachelor would have such a homey-looking place, that’s all.”

“Ahh.” He smiled at her and unlocked the door. He stepped aside and allowed her through the door first.

If she was taken aback by the outside of the home, she was completely blown away by the inside. The foyer was elaborately done with tan-colored marble floors, stucco walls, and a beautiful, Austrian-crystal chandelier.

As they made their way into the house, the great room greeted them with reproductions of great masters. A thick, cream-colored carpet silenced their footfalls past provincial furniture and a stone fireplace with a plasma television over the carved, oaken mantle.

“Nice,” she said nodding. “A little ornate, but nice.”

“Glad you like. Most of the furniture is from my great-aunt. She passed some years ago and she left the pieces to me,” the judge said, as he took off his jacket and threw his wallet on a small Queen Anne table.

“Oh, sorry to hear of your loss. She had great taste. I take it you like this style.”

“I do, it gives the place a sense of...warmth.”

Janet cocked her head. The way he said that made her think there was more to this decorating than just taste. As if he were making up for something.

“Would you like a tour?”

“Why not, since it looks like this will be my home until my sentence is up,” Janet said.

“I was hoping past that.”

Past that? What the hell? Janet looked up at him, but couldn’t read his face. “Just give me the grand tour.”

He nodded. “Let me show you the kitchen. You cook?”

“When time permits.”

The kitchen was a chef’s dream, with an eight-burner stove, Sub-Zero fridge, granite island, and an indoor brick pizza oven. Sweet.

“You’ll have a lot of time here. You can help yourself to anything in the pantry, too.” He opened the doors and Janet was staring at spice heaven.

“Really?” She would have tons of fun in here. Those cookbooks her mother sent her every holiday would come in handy now. “Thanks.”

He smiled. His face lit up like a diamond under fluorescent lights.

“Come on, let me show you the rest of the place. Then we can talk.”

He pointed the way. It amazed her how big this place was for just one man. The master bedroom alone could be a small bachelor pad. It was huge. It had the main bed area, a sitting room, and a master bath to kill for. It was decorated in masculine browns, blacks, and grays, and marble and leather. The fixtures in the bath were industrial, while the furnishings in the bedroom had a cabin feel to them.

They went back downstairs to the kitchen.

“So what do you think? Think you can stand it here for a good bit?”

“Where do I sleep?” That question had been in the forefront of her mind since the drive up here. Would he sleep with her their first night together? There was no denying she was attracted to him, but she just didn’t hop in bed with the first man who blew her skirt up.

“With me.”

He said that without blinking, or mumbling.

“You’ve got to be kidding me...wait!” She just realized something when she bumped her leg against the kitchen counter. “Why didn’t my ankle bracelet go off?”

“Uh...I had it ‘fixed’.” He threw her a sly grin.

“You mean all this time, I could have gone to the mall?” Janet was furious. She sat up in her house for three days running out of food, watching bad television, thinking she couldn’t go past her backyard.

“I signed your work order. There were two receivers, not just one.” He pointed to a black and grey box with blinking lights and two stubby antennas, just to the left of the toaster.

Janet’s mouth fell open. *Asshole.*

The judge just smiled.

“In fact, you can take off the bracelet now. You won’t be leaving the premises, unless I take you someplace far away from here. And I can always deactivate it.”

Bastard. “So you’re going to be controlling my every move anyway.”

“Damn straight.”

Janet huffed and wrapped her arms around herself. Why did she agree to come here? She knew why: because if the oral sex he gave her in her kitchen was any indication of what he could do in the bed, she wanted to get the full benefits.

Yeah, she had it bad.

This had to be the finest moment in Fernando’s life. Not becoming sheriff, not going to law school and passing the bar, and not becoming a judge. No, this moment right here and now, was what he’d been waiting for his entire life.

Was Janet the woman for him? That remained to be seen. He was willing to expose himself to her, to confess his secret lifestyle, and even go a step further and bring her into that lifestyle. But he could only hope she would respond.

“Janet, I’m going to share something with you that cannot leave this house.”

“Oh?” She stooped, leaning against the wall.

He saw her reporter’s ears perk up. She probably figured she was about to get the scoop of the century, some tit-for-tat secret about the Valinci family, or some past, high-profile case.

“Let’s get this straight, Janet. This isn’t a breaking news story for you to stick in your reporter’s cap and toss on your editor’s desk. This is on a personal and private level, just between you and me.”

She crossed her arms and glared at him as if he’d just ruined her freshly mopped floors. Too bad. This couldn’t get out and he was taking a huge risk bringing her here.

“Fine, what is it?”

“Do I have your word? Will you at least give me the same courtesy you gave the rat, and not speak a word of this?”

Her eyes softened, and she stood up straight. “You have my word.”

“Come into the other room and I’ll explain. Would you like something to drink?”

“A soda if you have one. Non-diet.”

“Great.” He went into the fridge and took out two sodas. He then filled two glasses with ice. “Come on.” He nodded to the living room.

They sat down. Janet took a gulp of soda while looking at the judge from the corner of her eyes.

“Janet, what I have to tell you involves my lifestyle. One that is based on trust, commitment, utter privacy, and being non-judgmental.”

“Whoa, are you sure you want to tell me this? I barely know you except for ‘hi’ and ‘bye’ and a talk here and there about the weather.”

“Yes, because I want to share it with you. And we’ve talked more than just about the weather. I have always felt that I can trust you.”

“Trust me?” She scooted back on the couch a bit. She was dumbfounded. “How do you know I want to know this, let alone share in it?”

“Because I know you. You may not think I do, but I know your nature very well. I’ve talked to you enough, seen you interact with others, and I saw how you reacted in my courtroom. This is something you’ll fully enjoy. You might protest at first and that’s fine. But I know you will eventually submit.”

“*Submit?*” She gave him the meanest scowl, and yet even that didn’t affect her beautiful face.

“Yes.” He got up and paced in front of her a bit. The next few sentences had to be carefully worded. “Have you ever heard of BDSM?”

“Yes, of course. I...you don’t mean...?” She pointed at him, her mouth hanging open.

“I’m heavy on the bondage side, although I will occasionally spank or paddle my partner, and sometimes withhold her orgasm if she’s disobedient.”

Her eyes were so huge now, they took up most of her face. He could only imagine what was going through her mind. Would she tell, or worse, leave him, before he had a chance to show her how pleasurable this could be? He wanted more than anything for her to accept him, as well as his way of life.

“Am I hearing correctly? You engage in...BDSM? You actually tie women up and spank them?”

“You make it sound kinky,” he said mockingly.

“Well, duh!”

“It’s not as freaky as it sounds and you can’t tell me you’ve never fantasized about a lover taking you and having his way with you, on his terms.”

She squirmed, and tried crossing her legs. Then it looked like she thought better of it. Instead she sat on her hands. Fernando suppressed the smile it brought to his lips.

“You have thought of it, haven’t you?” He knew the answer to that: her personality screamed it. Control freak from the top of that pretty head to the bottom of her cute little feet. And she did have cute-looking feet.

“That’s kinda personal, don’t you think?”

“So is what I’m sharing with you.”

“Again, why are you sharing this with me?”

“I just don’t want to share the information. I want to share the experience. Come on, Janet, like I said, I know you. You want this from me as bad as I want to give it to you.”

He walked over and stood over her. He caught her expression. She tried to look defiant, but it was hard to do with dilated pupils and a quivering, pouty lip. “Fess up, Janet. You have thought about it.” He reached out and smoothed the back of his hand over her face. “Tell me, any of those times, did you think about me? Was I ever one of the men in your fantasies? Was I the *only* man in your fantasies?”

He must have hit a nerve, because she jumped up and tried to leave. He grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her back down on the couch. “So you have thought about me. That’s nice. That’s good. Care to share some of those thoughts? Fantasies?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I haven’t thought about you.” Her cheeks flared a deep red.

“Liar.” He leaned in closer to her. He kissed her cheek, then whispered in her ear, “What would you do if I pulled down your pants and panties, and put you over my knee right now and spanked you? Would you cry out? Would you cream on my lap?”

“No!” She stood up again, but this time, he wrapped his arms tightly around her and kissed her hard. She tried pushing him away, but after several seconds, her body went limp in his embrace. He broke the kiss, breathing heavily. Her eyes were shut, but her breathing was labored, too.

She then slowly reached with her hands and gently placed them on his chest. Fernando relaxed his arms, just a little, and watched her. When she opened her eyes, her pupils were dilated.

“You like that, don’t you? You want me to take you. Well, you’re in luck. I’m going to make both our dreams come true.”

Chapter Four

Janet's head was spinning. Did he just put a mind-numbing kiss on her, or what?

The judge carefully set her down on the couch and walked back into the kitchen. She couldn't move or think. Damn! He was good.

He hit the nail on the head, however. She did think about him having his way with her, and on more than one occasion. But she would never tell. No need to give him any ammo.

Did his confession surprise her? Not really. She could see him in the BDSM lifestyle. It all fit. His commanding presence, his arrogance, and the swagger weren't just a front.

What did surprise her was that he wanted her, and wanted her to be a part of it. Wow.

She sat there and watched the judge as he came back into the room. He had several plates of food in his hands. He set them down on the table in front of her, arranging them perfectly. "Thought you might be hungry."

Dim Sum. This man was full of surprises. She reached over for the soy sauce and hot mustard he brought, and began eating. "I see why you wouldn't want anyone to know about your...hobby...Your Honor." She popped a pot sticker in her mouth.

"I told you, it's a lifestyle, not a hobby. And please, call me Fernando. There will be plenty of times that I will have you call me Your Honor, but now, this, is not one of them."

Janet swallowed hard and took a huge gulp of her soda. "I'm not really familiar with BDSM, except for what I've read. I don't know anybody who participates in it. Until now."

"That you know of, at least. We'll get into that soon. I need to talk to you about something else." He leaned back on the couch after taking a pot sticker for himself.

“What’s that?”

“The reason you’re under house arrest in the first place.”

“You know you’re not getting any information from me.” She gobbled up a couple of pork shu mais. “Mmm, these are good. What restaurant did you get these from?”

“They’re not from a restaurant. I made them myself.”

Janet’s head turned so fast she thought she might have given herself whiplash. “You’re kidding! I’m learning more about you tonight than I have from all those talks we had in the hallways.”

“You’ll learn even more before the night is over, but don’t change the subject.” He stood up and leaned against his fireplace. “I don’t want the name of the informant, although that would be great. I want to know how the meeting took place and the reason he sang.”

“Oh.”

“How did he or she contact you?”

Janet popped in a shrimp fried wonton. “This is really good. You should open your own dim sum joint.”

“Janet!”

She dropped a shrimp rice wrap. “All right,” she said, rolling her eyes. “*He* called the Channel Ten news room. He asked to speak to me, and me only. That’s always the way it’s been. They contact me at the station.”

“Naturally. He knows your reputation.” He moved over to a chair in front of her and took an egg roll. “Where did you meet?”

“At a neutral spot. Somewhere that I would never frequent, and someplace he wasn’t familiar with either.” Janet wiped her mouth. Hot mustard was dribbling down her chin. This was gourmet dim sum. “Did I mention that these were da bomb?”

“Yes, plus seeing your enthusiasm as you eat is a good indication, too.”

She laughed in spite of herself.

“First time I’ve really seen you smile since three days ago. I like it.” He looked at her, his dark brown eyes searching.

“Thanks.” Feeling a bit uncomfortable and vulnerable, she squirmed a bit and moved back further on the couch.

“Continue.”

“Well, we met at night at this place. I arrived first, told him what I was wearing.”

“He’s seen you before, I’m sure everyone recognized you.”

“I doubt it. I was in a great disguise. I went as a white woman.”

Fernando spit out his tea. Janet laughed so hard she got the hiccups.

“You’re pulling my leg,” Fernando said, wiping up the mess.

“Nope.” She grabbed a glass of water and held her breath and took a few sips. Her hiccups stopped after a few seconds. “I had on a blond wig, much lighter makeup, wore gloves and horn-rimmed glasses. I did a pretty good job, if I do say so myself.”

“You realize you put yourself in danger. How did you know this snitch wasn’t going to harm you?”

“I’m not new to the rodeo. I know what to look out for and I can take care of myself,” she said with a deserved air of smugness.

“I realize that you are a confidante when it comes to these rats and the courts appreciate that, but you don’t realize the risk you’re taking. These men are ruthless thugs. And contrary to what you might hear, they’ll have no problem in killing a woman if she’s a threat to the business.”

“I’ve never felt threatened,” Janet said proudly. And she didn’t. These men trusted her. And just like they were making sure their asses were covered when they knew they were going to snitch, they made sure she wasn’t in any danger, either. They trusted her above anyone else and she proved to them that she could be trusted. A lot of snitches got out of the business and into witness protections programs, just minutes before having a hit carried out. They had her to thank. “These men trust me. If not me, who? They come to me because they want to get out of the rackets.”

“Don’t kid yourself, it could be a power move through you.”

“What?” Janet sat up a little straighter.

“What were his reasons for coming to you? Your statement, and I’m paraphrasing here, said that he was pissed at The Lip for not getting his props.”

“That’s right.” Janet pushed her empty plate aside and got more comfortable on the couch. She stretched out her legs and propped herself up on one of the big cushions.

“Don’t you see? Did you ever think that maybe through you, he figured he’d bring down The Lip, and he moves up? He knows you’re not going to give away your sources, so he’s free and clear.”

Janet really perked up then. “Oh shit! But I wasn’t thinking that, Fernando. In my years of experience, these guys just want out or a lenient sentence. It was never for any personal gain within the mob. And look, I just wanted to bring down The Lip. He’s been shaking down all the mom-and-pop meat markets this side of town.”

Fernando got up and nodded his head. “I know, I know. And I realize you were trying to do your duty as a law-abiding citizen and a reporter. But now this rat just got a promo—”

“What?”

He snapped his fingers. “You don’t have to tell me the name of the rat. We’ll soon know, when the new boss of the Valinci family rears his head.”

“You think he’ll move up the ranks that fast?”

“If he’s that clever to send him up, he’s clever enough to play his cards right and wait.”

“I feel so stupid.” Janet threw down her napkin in disgust. The last thing she wanted was to be used, especially for criminal gain.

“Don’t, you did us a favor. In fact, you did us a double favor. We’ll bring him down, too. The long arm of the law always catches up to them.”

“So now what?” Janet got up and began to pace the room.

“Don’t stress yourself out about it. In due time.” He went over to the table and cleared the plates. Once he came back in the living room, he clapped his hands together. “Let’s move on to more pleasurable topics. You wanted to know more about BDSM. I think it’s better to show you than to tell you.”

Janet stopped pacing, her body tingling in anticipation. “Meaning?”

“Meaning that we will start having some fun tonight.”

Fernando was a bit surprised when Janet didn't protest against the fact that he wanted her as his BDSM playmate. It confirmed only one thing: she wanted this, too. It was fun time.

“First off, we need to get things started on the right foot. Translation: my terms.”

Janet gave him that challenging glare again. How he loved that. It was sexy and smoldering, and only whet his appetite even more.

“What do you mean ‘your terms’? How do you know I even want to engage in this behavior?”

“Oh, I know. I know all too well. Now, remember I said that you can only be unclothed around me?”

She nodded, her eyes growing wide.

“That starts tonight.”

“You mean you want me strutting around here in my undies?”

“No, I want you strutting around here naked. Didn't you hear me? I didn't say anything about underwear and I hope you didn't pack any in your overnight bag.” He crossed his arms over his chest and watched the various emotions play over Janet's face.

“I packed clothes and the usual items.”

“So you thought I was kidding?” She was going to be a handful, and he was going to enjoy bringing her to submission.

His body was buzzing with excitement. How many sleepless nights and agitated days had he thought about her nude form on his bed, or in his arms? He felt like a schoolboy.

Even when she stood before him in court three days ago, he had to be as serious and professional as possible. It was all he could do to keep from jumping off the bench and jumping her bones. Her lawyer? Heck, he could have watched and taken notes. Fernando didn't care.

“Get up.”

“I am not going to—”

“Get up!”

She did, quickly. It would have been nice if she stood at attention, instead of having her hands on her hips, and giving him that ‘I’m about to give you the neck roll’ look.

He walked around her, admiring her form, even in street clothes. Her gray slacks hugged a tight, full, round ass. The crisp white blouse she wore was slightly open at the top and every time she twisted or turned, he got a sneak peek of her ample bosom.

However, the fashion show was over. He wanted to see what was under her outfit. “Where did you get that suit, Lord & Taylor? It’s pretty.”

Janet smiled.

“Take it off.”

Her smile disappeared. She threw him a look and began to slowly unbutton her blouse.

Fernando went over to the couch and sat down. He wanted to be as comfortable as possible while enjoying the show.

When she got to the last button of her blouse, she paused. She looked over at him with trepidation in her eyes. He wasn’t surprised. She was probably rethinking this whole setup.

In all fairness, he couldn’t blame her. They barely knew each other. Most everything was either from outside rumors, or what they’d seen on television. They never even had dinner together, just lunch up the street the one time, and they were usually surrounded by fellow co-workers.

“You stopped.”

“I know.”

He heard the slight quiver in her voice. It pained him. He didn’t want her fear or mistrust. This was to be pleasurable for both of them. He knew she would fight him, but not like this, not because of fear.

Getting up, he went to her. He placed his hand on her shoulder and kissed her cheek gently. "You don't have to do anything you don't want. That's not what BDSM is about."

"I thought this is what I wanted, I mean...."

He put his arms around her. *Oh God, mistake. She feels like heaven.* He wanted to melt into her. "It's okay. It is what you want. This is all new and strange to you. But BDSM entails trust, first and foremost. I'll guide you all the way."

She nodded against his chest.

"Do you want to stop? We can try again later."

"No, no. If I can interview a mobster, I'm sure I can strip naked in front of you." She chuckled nervously.

"Okay, just let me remind you. I'm going to ask you to do some things that might seem out of place in a, what you might call, 'normal' sexual relationship. Are you okay with that?"

"I think so."

"Just say stop, if you're uneasy. Or better yet, a safe word."

"A safe word?"

"A word used when one of the parties feels a bit uncomfortable or uneasy. Something you'll remember, no matter what."

"I see."

"How about *justice*?"

"Interesting choice."

Fernando smiled at her. He stroked her face for a moment, then sat back down and continued watching her undress. She looked a little more confident now as she threw the blouse down to the floor in front of him.

She moved on to the pants. She unbuckled her belt and slowly dragged it through the loops. After she dropped the belt to the floor, she unzipped her pants. When finished, she pushed them down and they pooled around her ankles.

Now she stood before him in her underwear.

He moved up a bit closer on the couch. He didn't dare get up. If he did, he would have her on the floor. All he could do at this point was watch her slowly perform this striptease act—and bite his bottom lip until it hurt.

She kicked the pants away and reached for the back of her bra. He saw her take a deep breath to prepare herself mentally for what she was about to do next. Closing her eyes, she unfastened the bra and threw it toward the couch. He caught it.

He brought it to his nose and inhaled. Her scent was spellbinding, a mixture of lemongrass and something all her own. After taking one last whiff, he resumed watching her little show. He almost swallowed his tongue.

Her breasts looked like satiny chocolate pillows, great for resting his head on. He wanted to reach out and touch them, kiss them, suck them. But he would wait. He wanted her to finish, and he knew once he saw the rest of her, there was going to be no holding back. Besides, there was something that he wanted her to do before he touched her in any intimate manner.

“Just one last piece, baby.”

She hooked her thumbs in the sides of her panties and slid them down. Her nether region had a Brazilian. Very nice.

The panties fell to the floor and she kicked them aside with the rest of her clothes.

He stood up and grabbed her arm. His cock was so damn hard it was bringing him to tears. He didn't know if he could last any longer. He was afraid to take off his clothes. If they rubbed his dick the wrong way, he would come right then.

“Just stand there. I have a task for you.”

He quickly unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. He almost tore them and his briefs off his body. He was steel-pipe hard and aching. Pre-cum was already inching down his strained shaft.

“On your knees and suck me.”

If he thought his crude language and commanding order was going to frighten her or turn her off, he was gladly mistaken. She dropped to her knees and licked her luscious-looking lips.

God help me.

She held his shiny, hard cock straight up to her lips. She drooled, then gobbled heavily on the purple head. She smeared her saliva all over his shaft and head with her lips and some of the excess saliva trickled its way down to his balls. He thought he was going to pass out from the sensation.

He buried his hands in her hair, closing his eyes tight, trying to hold off his climax. He sneaked a peek at the woman giving him pleasure and refocused.

“Get your hands behind your back,” he barked.

She did and allowed him to guide her head in a hands-free face-fuck. Janet let out a muffled moan as her lips glided down the length of his penis. He watched in awe as his dick disappeared and reappeared from her masterful mouth.

A massive and violent orgasm was welling up inside him and he could feel himself quickly losing control. He could tell she sensed it; Janet eased up on the intense, mind-numbing blowjob she was treating him to, in order to prolong the blissful sensation.

She then expertly subsided his orgasm with gentle licking all over his shaft, carefully avoiding the sensitive underside and head. Then moments later she ravenously engulfed his aching cock and resumed her incredibly pleasurable sucking. This was far and away the best blowjob he had ever had.

“Damn, Janet! I could have you do this to me every day,” he said, clenching the armrest of a nearby chair for dear life.

He could only watch in amazement through lust-filled eyes as her beautiful face slid up and down his penis. The intense pleasure held him prisoner, helpless under her talented mouth.

Janet’s nails dug into his thighs as she continued to deep throat him. She didn’t ask permission to unclasp her hands, but at this point he could care less, he was too far gone. She’d look at him dreamily with her dark brown eyes on her upswing, with only his cock head in her mouth, before taking her mouth back down his length again. Her head bobbed with more tempo and purpose now as he was overwhelmed by his own orgasm. There would be no stopping it this time. Instinctively, Janet swallowed him to the hilt; the deliciously wet and hot friction was too much. Every muscle in his body was tensing and flexing as he unleashed a massively intense, ball-draining torrent of cum.

“Aaah...here it comes!” He groaned lewdly.

He blasted her receptive throat. With her hands and mouth, Janet eagerly pumped every last squirt of thick, hot cum out of his cock. She swallowed every last drop before letting his spent and satisfied cock plop from her lips.

“Oh yeah, baby.’ He leaned over her, his hands still in her hair, panting hard. “I’m gonna have you do this every night before bedtime, I think. Now let me see if you enjoyed this as much as I did.”

He bent down while Janet remained on her knees. He put his hands between her legs and rubbed her now soaking wet inner thighs. He looked under her and saw her pussy dripping thick cum. “Janet.” It was all he could say before knocking her to the floor on her back and spreading her legs wide open.

“You’re going to get a pussy eating like never before.”

Chapter Five

Janet was in another universe. Her mind and body disconnected, and she reveled in the fact that she had just become Fernando's sex toy.

Her hips arched forward. She threw her head back as he continued to finger-fuck her. His entire hand was drenched in her cum. An endless chorus of 'ooh yeah' involuntarily escaped her lips. She gave small half-moans, half-whimpers as he hotly kissed and licked his way down her flat belly.

"Please," she begged impatiently.

Her hips rose off the floor towards his face once he reached her scorching hot pussy. She moaned with unadulterated lust when he kissed her slick lips and flicked his tongue at her clit. She entwined her fingers in his hair, pressing his face hard against her opening.

"Oh yesss...kiss me there!" she purred.

She was already wet when he started licking up and down the length of her inner lips. He probed her deeply and forcefully with his tongue, making her tremble with pleasure. Her whimpering and moaning now took on a satisfied tone, different from the desperate, almost pained tone of a few seconds earlier. His mouth clamped down on her puffy, slick lips while his tongue mashed and circled her clit. Soon his mouth and chin were generously coated with her sweet nectar as he continued to devour her. Janet's hips moved in a hypnotized rhythm against his mouth and tongue. He also resumed his finger-fucking action, which brought her over the top. She uninhibitedly fucked his face, grinding her pussy against his fingers and burying his face deeper against her. Janet's body spasmed in the first of several climaxes.

After her last orgasm, she was spent. She panted on the floor, sweaty, wet and limp. Fernando was right. This was the best pussy eating she ever had. She hoped for more. But she wasn't going to tell him that. Not that she could anyway, since she'd lost all power of speech.

Fernando stood up. She noticed that he had another erection, and wondered if there were other treats in store. But no, he gathered up their discarded clothes from the floor. He then turned to look at her.

“Get up.”

She didn’t dare utter a word. She rose and placed herself in front of him. He reached out with his hand and stroked the side of her face. “Beautiful,” he breathed out.

“I’ve never done anything like that before.”

He cocked his head.

“I mean just meeting someone for the first time.”

“But we haven’t met for the first time. Just look at it as we finally came together—no pun intended. Now go upstairs, down the hall, and to your left. Get cleaned up, then come back down here. We have a lot to discuss.”

Janet went upstairs and took this time to check out more of the house on her own. It was lovely, and again she was taken aback by the hominess of it.

Yep, Judge Fernando was full of revelations.

She entered the bathroom and was pleasantly surprised by the opulent set up. She wondered if he’d done it just for her. Fluffy towels, bath gels, bath bombs, lotions, candles and various back scrubbers and loofah sponges, were set neatly in a shabby-chic bath caddy. When did he have time to do this? Was he that sure of himself that he would have her here?

Instead of thinking about it, she turned on the shower and looked around the room. There was no robe for afterward.

He said he wanted her naked around the house. She had some issues about that, which seemed ironic, considering they just had a cock-sucking, pussy-eating fest a moment ago. But for some reason, she felt more vulnerable with nothing on and just walking around.

She shrugged and got in the shower. Fernando said they had a lot of things to discuss. This would be one of them.

After she finished showering, she grabbed the towel and dried off. She then got an idea and headed downstairs.

Fernando must have taken a shower, too, because now he was dressed in the most decadent-looking set of pajamas. They were a brown satin that complemented his olive skin and brought out those dark, sexy brown eyes. Judge Fernando Gonzales was walking passion.

She slowly descended the stairs and sat on the couch. He looked at her as if she'd stepped on a puppy's neck.

"I said no clothes. That includes bath towels." He stalked over to her, lifted her off the sofa, and snatched off the towel. "This would be the perfect opportunity to talk about the obedience aspect of BDSM, my rules and what's expected of you."

"What's—you make me sound like some servant," she protested.

"You are, in a way. You're my sub. You said you knew of the BDSM lifestyle."

"I've *heard* of it, but I haven't studied it. It's not like it was something I was thinking about getting into."

"Well, first off, let me tell you what it's not. Sit next to me." He patted the space next to him on the couch.

Feeling awkward, she went over to him and sat down. She immediately crossed her legs. She should have felt a chill, especially since winter had arrived early. Instead, her body was on fire.

He smirked. "It's not like I don't know what's between those luscious thighs of yours."

"You have to admit this is awkward," she said, looking for something to put on her lap. This just felt weird. She saw the evening newspaper on the coffee table. However, as she reached for it, Fernando grabbed her hand.

"Ah, ah, ah. I don't want *anything* covering you. That is one of the many rules of BDSM."

"What? The woman being naked?"

"No, the sub obeying the dom."

Janet put her hands on her hips and huffed. "I'm not sure I'm going to like this."

"You will. Why else did you come home with me? I told you, I know you. You want to be dominated and you want that domination to come from me." He raised his hand just as she was about to protest. "Come on, Janet. You've been

turned on ever since I arrived at your door. Probably before that. Do you think about me day and night?”

“How conceited,” she said rolling her eyes and turning her head. She felt her face heat up. She did think about him day and night and her toys were about to wear out.

“No, how right-on-target. I don’t mind telling you that I’ve thought about having you on many occasions. In fact, when you were my courtroom three days ago. I wanted only you in chambers—naked and draped over my lap. I wanted to spank you for your rude and naughty behavior.”

Janet leaned over to get up, but remembered her state of undress. Besides, if she moved, he would certainly see she was wet. She felt her arousal seep through, probably coating her upper thighs. She quickly crossed her legs again.

He smiled smugly at her, probably knowing what was happening to her. The arrogant son of a bitch!

“I might just do that now. But I’ll wait, we have plenty of time.”

“So BDSM folks get off on getting beaten, or beating?”

“No. That is a misconception. Sure, there are some fringe groups out there that take it too far I think, but that’s not what it’s all about. It’s trust, mutual commitment, a desire from the sub to please the dom and the pleasure the dom gets by satisfying the sub. It’s a give-and-take relationship.”

“How about all this stuff I hear about gags, handcuffs, paddles—?”

“Oh, we’ll have those, too. In fact, I want to show you some of the toys we’ll be using. Follow me.”

He stood up and waited for her to stand also. When she did, she tried to turn away, but he grabbed her upper arm and turned her to face him.

“You have a problem keeping your arousal in check. I told you if that happens I would have to take care of it.”

Janet’s body ignited. Good lord, she didn’t think she could take another round. But his mouth and tongue felt magnificent and her body began to crave it already.

“Don’t worry. I know you’re sensitive right now. But let me warn you. When you’re wet again, I have to see to it that you’re taken care of. Oh, and vice versa. My dick gets hard a lot from thinking about and being near you. I want those lips

wrapped around my shaft as often as possible. And I know you love giving me head. It was nice seeing your pussy drip like that after you were done servicing me.”

At the moment, Janet wanted to service herself! She got even hornier listening to him. And that voice. It was deep, and rich like molasses. She didn’t know how long she could hold out before she dropped to her knees and begged him to let her give him another blowjob.

Somehow she knew it wouldn’t take much pleading.

Once at the top of the stairs, he motioned for her to go to her right. They stopped at the end of the hall.

“My other bedroom.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. I have one that I sleep in and one that...I play in.”

“Why not?” Janet shrugged and entered the room with him. Just as her eyes refocused in the dark, she immediately wanted to run back out. “This looks like a torture chamber!”

“Some call it that. I refer to it as my playroom.”

Janet walked around looking at the various gadgets and gizmos. She saw swings dangling from the ceiling and odd-looking massage tables. At least she *thought* those were massage tables. She went over to another corner of the room to a desk. There were ropes, gags, and handcuffs on it. She quickly turned to Fernando. “Are you going to use this stuff on me?”

“Only with your permission—I hope.”

“You mean I have a choice?”

“BDSM is not about nonconsensual sex, or force of any kind. It’s role-playing between two consenting adults. Not rape or humiliation. However, we can role-play a forced sex scene.

Janet shivered. Even though she fantasized about being taken by force by Fernando, the thought that it might actually come to fruition made her anxious.

“I realize that might be too much for you right now. But you’ve heard of the taken-by-force fantasy. In fact, I’m sure you’ve had those at one point or

another.” He gave her a knowing look. “It’s not unusual for that to be played out in this kind of setting.”

Janet picked up one of the many whips off the table.

“And this?” She held it up. A big part of her didn’t even want to know.

“That, used the right way, by can be very stimulating and pleasurable.”

“You can’t convince me of that. The rest might sway me, and I say *might*. But being whipped? No sir.”

“Like I said, this isn’t about forcing you to do anything. Whatever you’re curious about, let me know.”

“I’m curious about a lot, I just don’t know where to start. And don’t confuse my curiosity for wanting to participate in any of this kinky stuff.”

“Interesting you should say that, especially since you’re standing in the middle of my playroom, naked.”

Damn! She actually forgot about that. How did she get so comfortable being naked around him that fast?

“It feels natural, doesn’t it? That’s the way it’s supposed to be. After a while, it will feel natural when I give a command and you obey it, too.”

“I wouldn’t hold your breath,” she said placed her one hand on her hip and twirled the whip in the other.

“That’s fine. You’ll also learn about punishments, as it pertains to BDSM.”

Punishments? What the hell!

He walked out into the fresh, open air with a new spring in his step. He had on the new Italian suit the boys brought to him. It was the perfect outfit to flaunt in front of the pigs.

He would have been out sooner, but these idiots didn’t know who the top dog was. He shouldn’t have been surprised, they were just guards—peons. It wasn’t until he saw an old buddy of his in the yard that he got the answers he wanted. After that, it was easy to get the dough to the warden and pay his way out. As far

as the state was concerned now, his record was clean, except for a minor traffic incident.

The black Caddy pulled up to the curb and honked. He looked back at the place that had held him like a caged animal for the past three days. He flipped it and everyone in there the bird, and climbed in the car.

“Hey, boss.”

“Drive.” He was not in the mood for small talk. He wanted to get to bottom of what had put him here in the first place.

Once they got out of the neighborhood, he began going over his next move. “Did you find out who the stool pigeon was?”

“I got two guys in mind. One has an air-tight alibi, though.”

“So, who’s the other?” he all but roared. He hated when his people didn’t come straight out and tell him shit. Get to the point, do your job, and move on.

“I think its Louis.”

Louis? Goddamn! He’s like a son. No. It can’t be. That just doesn’t jive. “Are you sure? ‘Cuz if you’re just blowing smoke up my ass—”

“No, boss, I swear. I...I was just as surprised as you. But the guys agree—it had to be him.”

Salvatore Valinci wrung his hands so tight he could see the whites of his knuckles. Louis. It didn’t make sense. Why? What was he thinking?

“That reporter lady. He went straight to her. He had to make a call. Can you get the phone records?”

“Sure, boss.”

“I just need to see it with my own eyes, that’s all.”

“If it’s true, then what?”

“Then I’ll have a job for you to do.”

Chapter Six

Fernando watched Janet as she made her way around the room. She picked up more items, shaking her head at some and staring very curiously at others. She made a point to stay clear of the whips.

He understood her apprehension to those. That was something that the more experienced person would get into, someone who had been in the lifestyle for a while.

Seeing her walk around his room turned him on. Her body was exquisite, sumptuous, flawless, smooth to the touch. He wondered why she chose to be a reporter. Maybe he was being sexist, but he could see her in a much more fashionable career that showed off her beauty. Model, hostess, makeup spokesperson. *Wife*.

Wow. How did that pop in there? He shook his head and followed her around the room. She came to the swings hanging from the ceiling.

She glanced over at him and pointed up. "I don't even want to know."

"It's quite fun, actually."

"I have a personal question for you," she said, now facing him.

"Oh? Go ahead."

"How many women have you brought here before me?"

Fernando turned and walked to the window and looked out over his lawn. He wished she hadn't asked that question. Those women didn't mean anything to him, not like her. He noticed the hummingbird feeder was working well. He saw no less than five birds trying to get at the food. He loved his lawn, but it was mainly for his nieces and nephews that visited during the summer. It was those moments that he had a real sense of family.

He turned back and saw Janet still staring at him.

It's been a good while since he had a woman here. He didn't want any more from them than the kink they experienced in the moment. With Janet, he was sure it would be different. Just from the conversations they shared, he knew

Janet would keep quiet about the more intimate matters of their relationship, and more importantly, she was a woman he could have a loving, long-term relationship with.

So, right now, he needed to be honest with her. Hopefully it wouldn't change her mind about being here and she would understand that it was different with her.

"I've had women here. Nothing serious or long-term. They were usually women I meet through social networks that cater to this."

"You mean they have *clubs*?" She looked really surprised.

"Actually, yes."

"How do you know you're not getting some psycho? I mean especially the women. How did they know you weren't Ted Bundy? No offense." She sat down in a chair near the window.

"No offense taken. When you've been in it as long as I have, you know. We're screened, or it's word-of-mouth."

"Gee, an actual clique and secret world out there."

"Not so much secret. I mean, people who are in it know about it. It's an 'unspoken' secret."

"Ahh."

He prayed she was mulling it over in her mind. One hopeful indicator that she wasn't too put off by this, was that she was still here—and naked. "Are you hungry?"

She rubbed her stomach. "Come to think of it, yes."

"I'll order something. Let's go back downstairs." He stuck out his hand and she put hers in his. It was soft and warm. There was a slight tremble, but when he rubbed the back of it with his thumb, her grip became strong and sure.

They went into his formal dining room. He pulled out a chair for her to sit down. She hesitated a bit and took the offered seat.

"I usually don't eat at the table naked."

"Understand: this will be your state of dress, or undress as it were, as long as you're in this house. Except when you cook. We don't want grease popping on this beautiful, soft, supple chocolate skin of yours." He smoothed his hand over

her body, starting with her shoulders and ending at the top of her thighs. He moved away and went to the phone. If he kept on, he would have her on the floor again.

“Does Italian sound good?”

“My, aren’t we the world traveler. Dim sum, now Italian. Sure.”

He placed the order. He walked into the den to retrieve his wallet to pay the delivery service, when something on the television caught his eye. It was a report on The Lip’s release.

He ran to the entrance of the den. “Make yourself at home. Help yourself to anything in the fridge until the food comes,” he hollered.

“Okay, thanks.”

He shut the den doors and turned up the volume on the television.

“This just in. Due to a clerical mix up and allegations that police procedures were not followed to the letter, Salvatore “The Lip” Valinci was released from confinement today.

Despite the fact that one of his underlings talked to authorities and gave them pertinent information about the business dealings of the Valinci crime family, negligence on the part of the police, FBI and other federal authorities—”

“Damn!” Fernando searched for his cell. When he found it, he called Sam, his partner in crime, literally. Sam hated the mob just as much as he did and as a judge himself, worked tirelessly to put the creeps behind bars.

“Sam, it’s Fernando. I just saw the news. Is it true?”

“Yeah, man. They said some stupid clerk messed up some files and some techni—”

“Yeah, yeah I know. But we had him dead to rights, even if someone fucked up—”

“Bought, man. Bribed.”

Fernando took the phone away from his ear and cursed silently up to the heavens. Of course someone had been bribed. Valinci knew a lot of people on the inside. He more than likely found out who the right people were to get a hold of. Slip them a few Benjamins and he was free.

“Any idea where he’s going? Is he going to lay low?”

“Nah, already got word, he’s looking for the snitch. He’s gonna whack him, be sure of that.”

And he probably wasn’t going to stop there. *Janet*. “Look, get all the right people on this. Leave my name out of it for now, but I need to know every—and I mean *every*—move this man makes. Keep an eye on his capos, too.”

“Gotcha.” Sam disconnected.

Now the trick was making sure Janet didn’t find out. She wasn’t stupid. She knew if Valinci was out, it was only a matter of time he would come for her. And being the reporter she was, she’d want to meet with him.

He would make sure to keep her occupied and away from the television and radio. The occupied part would be easy—and fun. But sooner or later, that reporter in her would want to watch the news. He had to think fast.

“Fernando. Food is here!”

He grabbed his wallet and went to the door. He paid the guy and brought the food to the kitchen where Janet was waiting.

“I almost went to the door,” she said, with an embarrassed look on her face.

“I’m glad you didn’t. I don’t want another man looking at you. You’re mine.”

“I’m yours?” She had her hands on her hips again, in that infamous Janet Harrison defiant stance.

“Oh, didn’t I tell you? Being my sub means I have ownership of you, in or out of the four walls of my house.”

“What the fuck!”

Janet made a quick mental assessment of her situation. First, she’d been put under house arrest for doing her job as a reporter. Then the judge she’d been lusting over for as long as she could remember came to her home, gave her mind-blowing oral sex, and took her back to his place.

But the kicker was finding out that Judge Fernando Gonzales, the judge every crook feared and every mobster hated, had a kinky side to him, and it wasn’t just

swinging from the chandelier. Although he did have a swing hanging from his ceiling.

But it didn't stop there. Oh, no. He now tells her that she belongs to him, like chattel. She needed to rethink this.

Was being with him the way she fantasized worth it? They say fantasies and real life were totally different. She always thought about him possessing her, but that was it, it was just a thought, a dream. Now that the situation presented itself, she wasn't too sure.

"I don't know why you're objecting," he said, breaking into her thoughts.

"You don't know why? How would you like it if I told you that you belong to me?"

"But I do."

"Huh?" Okay, she was more confused than ever. She knew one thing however: BDSM was a lot of work. How could anyone have fun sex with so many rules?

"Let's get the plates ready and sit down. I'm starved. We can discuss it over a nice, hot plate of linguini."

She shook her head and grabbed some plates from the cabinet.

After she set the table, he plated the food and they sat down. She reached for her fork and paused. "I usually watch television while eating. Is that okay...*master*?" She said it in a sarcastic tone, 'cause there was no way in hell she was going to refer to him as that. He was lucky she called him Your Honor.

Fernando nearly choked. She popped up out of her chair, breasts bouncing, and patted him hard on the back. "You okay?"

"Yeah...I'm...fine." He grabbed his glass of water and took a few sips. "It's just that I loved the way you said 'master,' and I didn't even have to coach you. From now on you will use that term when addressing me."

Oh, shit!

"As for watching television, it depends."

"On what?" This control thing was getting old already.

"On what you want to watch."

"The news, of course. I feel out of touch." She sighed heavily. The only reason she stopped watching the news for a few days was because her face was plastered

at the top of the hour, and they stayed on the story for twenty minutes. She knew how some people thought about sensationalized news and she was in complete agreement.

“Uh...I hate watching the news while I eat, too depressing. Tell you what, since you were so good and called me master, we’ll watch the Home and Garden channel.

That was the consolation prize? She threw down her napkin after wiping her mouth. “Fine, whatever.”

“Another thing.”

“More rules? How is sex fun if you’re reading it out of a manual?”

“I’ll explain. Once you’re into this, everything comes naturally.” He got up to turn on the television. “Each partner knows his or her role and they fall into it easily. Your defiance only heightens my attraction toward you, or to any dom for that matter.”

“You mentioned something about punishments earlier.”

“Ah yes. That’s the real crux of BDSM and where the real fun comes in.”

“I can hardly wait,” she said, not hiding the cynicism in her voice.

“The more you sass, the more intense your punishments will be.”

“Are you talking a time-out?”

“No. We’re talking sexual punishments, for instance controlling when you have an orgasm.”

It was her turn to choke. She grabbed her glass of water and guzzled it down. “Controlling my orgasm! You can’t do that. Haven’t you read? We control and have our own orgasms.” She smiled.

“Yeah, well that book didn’t deal with BDSM. I can control it and I will control yours. And of course there are the spankings with several kinds of paddles.”

“I have to be honest with you.”

He cocked his head as he shoved some shrimp linguini in his mouth. “Go on.”

“I thought I wanted you to dominate me, you know the typical domination fantasy as you mentioned earlier. But now seeing it up close and personal, I’m not too sure.”

“It’s just as you fantasized. Trust me, it will turn you on like no other sexual experience. The fact that you have thoughts about it tells me you can take whatever I dish out. Besides, this isn’t a one-sided deal. I, too, put myself in a position of complete and total control. I have to hold back myself. It could be quite stimulating to me watching you tied up, writhing in ecstasy, dripping cum and begging me to take you.”

Janet dropped her fork on the table. Why did he go there? She hadn’t been dry for thirty minutes at stretch since she’d been with him.

“Can I at least think about it overnight?”

“So you’ll consider it? Being with me in a less than ‘normal’ sexual relationship.”

“I just need to think. This is odd, to say the least.”

“Fair enough.” They continued eating, while watching some lady plant roses in her new garden and put up a pergola. After a while, he checked his watch. “It’s getting late. I have a guest bedroom.” He grinned when he saw the doubtful expression on her face. “It’s a normal guest bedroom. You can stay in there for now. If you decide to stay, you will sleep with me.”

“Okay. Deal.”

Mental and physical exhaustion were setting in at this point and Janet didn’t care where she slept. There was so much information to take in and feelings to sort out.

The tied up scenario he gave made her so hot that she was almost willing to play right then and there. But she really did need some time to think it over.

First of all, she would be making the conscious decision to sleep with a man that she hadn’t had a real date with. He hadn’t taken her out, done things with her like normal couples do. Then again, this wasn’t a normal situation. Well, there was one consolation: at least they’d had some good conversations.

Fernando cleared away the dishes and put them in the dishwasher. He then came back into the room and turned off all the lights. “Let’s go to bed. It’s been a long night.”

She looked into his eyes and saw something that told her he wasn't just talking about their relationship. But she let it go. It was probably something personal that had nothing to do with her or their impending rendezvous.

Once upstairs, he showed her to the guest bedroom. It was done very nicely with a Cape Cod feel. Lots of blues, whites, wicker, and flowered wallpaper. But it wasn't too feminine. It could have been for a woman or a man. She did notice one missing item.

"What, no television?"

"No. I want my guests to be comfortable, but not too comfortable that they overstay their welcome." He chuckled.

She nodded. "I hear you." She turned to him and smiled. "Thank you for letting me think this over." He leaned in and kissed her on the lips. It was a soft, yet burning kiss. How'd he do that?

"Thank you for at least considering it."

She went in and shut the door. Even though her body was dead tired, she knew she was in for a restless night. She was turned on and anxious, and that did not make for a good night's sleep.

Fernando climbed into bed and dialed Sam's number on his cell.

"It's me. Heard anything?"

"Yeah, they found out who the snitch was."

"Who?"

"Louie Garnadia."

"What?" That threw him for a loop. Everyone knew he was Salvatore's number one man. He made most of the money for the family. However.... "Was he next in line in case something happened to Salvatore?"

"That's the thing, he wasn't. It was this...Paul Bustamente. Word was Louis hated him."

That was it. It was like he told Janet. Louis was trying to get Salvatore out of the way. He was pretty sure Paul was next in line, but he bet his bottom dollar the

man was going to take a nice, long swim. “Okay, keep tabs on all three of these clowns.”

“No problem. Our insider is in tight with them.”

“Great. Talk to you soon.”

Fernando turned off his lights and settled into bed. He tried not to think about Salvatore’s release and the implications. He wanted to focus on the beauty next door in his guest bedroom.

She’d agreed to think it over. That was good. If she said yes, he would immediately start her training. He imagined her tied up while he ate her out. Or spread on the table while he paddled that nice, firm, round ass of hers.

He’d been hard ever since their encounter on the living room floor. He wanted those lips around him again. But they both knew that they would have a marathon of oral sex until sunrise, with neither one of them ever being fully satisfied.

Tomorrow would be here soon enough. Then, hopefully, the fun would begin.

Chapter Seven

Janet woke up and shot straight up in bed. She didn't recognize her surroundings for a few seconds. Then she remembered she was in Fernando's house.

Monday she'd been reporting on the new young CEO of a computer company, then she was called into court, and now this was Thursday and she was making freaky with a judge.

What a difference a few days made.

She headed to the bathroom, brushed her teeth, took her shower and dried off. No need to figure out what to wear, since her birthday suit was the required outfit. Man, that still felt weird. However, she was getting more and more comfortable being around him in a state of undress. What that meant, she didn't know, and really didn't want to get into it at the moment.

She did her hair and put on her makeup. She went downstairs to see what this day would bring.

Once downstairs, her senses were tantalized by the fresh smell of brewed coffee. She followed her nose, and there stood Fernando, in jeans and T-shirt, standing over a hot stove, fixing breakfast.

"Mmm. What do we have cooking?"

"Good morning, beautiful." He looked her up and down approvingly. She felt compelled to cover herself with her hands, but didn't. Why should she? He'd already had her and been gawking at her for the past twelve hours. It's just that she still felt so...exposed.

"What's cooking?" Fernando smirked and attended to what was in the skillet. "Home fries, a Spanish omelet, and bacon. Help yourself to some coffee."

"I will, thanks." Janet came into the kitchen and searched for a cup. She heard a popping sound and before she knew it, Fernando was covering her body with his.

"I forgot. I don't want you in here without something on while I'm cooking, or when you are. I don't want to get you burned." He quickly grabbed a cup and poured her some coffee. "Take this in the dining room. I'll bring you the cream and sugar."

She took the cup. "Thanks. You know how I take my coffee?"

"Watched you at the coffee truck."

"Observant. You know, you might just make it as a reporter someday." She smiled and went into the other room.

Wow. She'd never seen Fernando so...protective. The look on his face wasn't possessive, like it was when the delivery boy came. It was more concerned and caring. She'd never seen that before, even during trials or just talking to him in the hallways. Interesting.

After a few moments, Fernando arrived with their plates. Janet was salivating. "Looks and smells delicious."

"Hope it tastes delicious, too. Dig in."

She didn't need to be asked twice. "Mmm mmm. This is sinful."

"Eat up. I don't like skinny women."

Janet laughed and continued eating. She spotted the television remote on the table and reached for it. But before she could touch it, Fernando, grabbed her hand. "Wouldn't you like to have a conversation with me?"

"Well, yes. But I also want to know what's going on in the world. Ooh, that reminds me, I have to call my boss and colleagues. They're like family."

"I suppose you do, considering your supposed circumstances."

"Yes, especially since I'm the main news topic now. Besides, I haven't talked to anyone since you brought me here. I'm sure they're worried."

"Tell you what, I'll call them for you."

Janet cocked her head. "Now why should I allow you to do that? Besides, you don't know what I have to say to them, or what information I need from them."

"Remember Janet, I'm supposed to be your dom, that's if you agree to all of this. You do as you're told."

"I'm still thinking. Wait! You're not going to tell them that!" Janet cried out in horror.

“Of course not. I’m simply going to tell them that you’re still under house arrest and to keep your name out of the news. I’m sure it’s like a countdown to your release. You don’t need that kind of publicity. And since I’m the judge that ordered it, they’ll be hearing an official report from the horse’s mouth.”

Janet thought about it a bit. She really didn’t want to get into a long, embarrassing conversation about her house arrest, kinky stuff notwithstanding. And she knew that the details of her situation would be portrayed in the worst light. She was a reporter, after all. “Well, since you put it that way, okay. But I still need to know what’s going on in the world. It’s in my blood.”

“Exactly! And since you know you can’t get out there and report it, why torture yourself looking at the news? If there is anything life-changing going on, I have my phone programmed for breaking news. Besides, studies show that people who don’t watch the news are calmer, happier people.”

“Oh, brother.” Janet let out a heavy sigh. “Okay, fine. Whatever makes you happy.”

“Exactly.”

Fernando could see right now that his biggest problem was not getting her to walk around naked, or engage in BDSM. It was keeping her away from that damn television, and from the news in particular.

He knew it was only a matter of time before she’d turn on the television, more than likely when he was not in the room. But hopefully he could hold her off enough that The Lip wouldn’t be at the top of the news any more.

Yeah, right. Maybe he’d be lucky and some huge natural disaster would happen, like a tsunami in Los Angeles.

Right now he needed to get her mind on other things. More enjoyable things.

“After we finish eating, we need to start with your training.”

“Why does that make me feel like a puppy going to obedience school?”

“It shouldn’t, and I don’t want it to be. I want everything we do to seem as natural as breathing.”

He got up to clear the table. He then came back into the dining area. She was gone. He hoped she didn't go find another television—or a radio. He rounded the corner and saw her in the living room, looking at his pictures of his family. He let out a sigh of relief. "There you are."

She quickly turned around. "I'm just admiring your family photos. Beautiful family."

"Thanks. I'll introduce you some other time." He leaned against the fireplace. "Tell me something."

She stopped looking at the photos long enough to face him. "What?"

"I've been meaning to ask you, what made you decide to become a reporter?"

"Oh."

Her eyes lit up and despite the fact that she was walking around his house naked, she seemed very relaxed.

"Well, I think the career chose me."

"Really?" He took a seat near the window where she was standing. She stared at the arm of the chair. He patted it, directing her to sit on it.

"Yeah. I was the neighborhood snoop, so to speak. I knew everything."

"A young busybody," Fernando snickered.

She chuckled. "Yeah, you can say that. But I had the scoop of everything that happened in the neighborhood. One incident I remember is when the ice cream man stopped coming to our neighborhood."

"Oh?"

"Yep. So I asked around, found people who knew people who knew people he knew. Come to find out, he moved back to his hometown to take care of his ailing father."

"Good work." Fernando was finding out Janet had raw ambition, even in pigtails. Fascinating woman.

"I told all the other kids, and they seemed to appreciate it. From then on, people came to me to ask the latest, whether it was finding out what happened to Mrs. Lewis' cat, to what kid had the mumps."

"You were a sleuth and reporter wrapped up in one."

"Yeah, I guess you could say so."

Fernando started thinking and a question came to him. "But how did you get the rep that everyone could trust you with information? I mean, no offense, but you could also be known as the neighborhood gossip."

"Well, as I got older, friends would share things with me, like teenagers do. But they told me never to tell anyone. You know how it went. Now, for me, when someone said not to tell anyone, I figured they meant it and my father told me a person is only as good as their word. So I never blabbed."

"So your friends could really come to you for complete secrecy."

"Yep, and when their secret eventually got out, it was obvious it didn't come from me, and they were grateful. So more and more people trusted me. When I finally went to college, I became the campus therapist, practically."

"People knew they could come to you with their troubles and never had to worry about their business on the streets."

"Right, so it seemed natural to get into the news business."

Fernando nodded then. "When and how did people know to get in touch with you once you were a reporter?"

"Wow, now that's when it really got serious. One of my old neighborhood friends got caught up in gangs. Well, one of these gang members shot an innocent person. A child, to be exact. Everyone was outraged, but no one came forward." She shook her head. "It was so sad. The child was celebrating his third birthday outside his home."

"I hear it all the time," Fernando said, remembering several of the cases he'd sat on.

"Well, one day while I was leaving the station for home, I got a call. One of my colleagues told me it was one of the gang members that belonged to the gang that shot the child. Man, I was surprised to find out it was one of my old friends, and I was double-shocked when he told me the gang member that shot the child. But he told me he remembered how I always kept a secret and knew I wouldn't squeal about who told. I kept my word; all I did was report the person's name but not who told me. They caught him, and he's still serving time."

"So after that your reputation for being a confidant for snitches grew."

“For lack of a better term. Sometimes it’s hard to listen to these people, knowing what they are, but then I look at the goal: getting the big fish.”

Fernando was getting a whole new perspective of Janet Harrison, and admiring her even more. “You know I find your sense of justice a turn on.” He winked at her.

Janet looked at him with a cynical grin. “I think you’d find anything I do a turn on.”

“I think you’re right. Right now, I want you upstairs.”

“I see. What will we be doing?”

“I want to try out a few things. You know, just run them past you to see if you’re...comfortable with them.”

She gazed upstairs, then back at him. He wondered if she would agree to his proposal or not. The fact that she ate breakfast with him and had an actual conversation with him didn’t mean a thing. She could have been hungry and just needing something to eat before she left.

“Have you decided?” He could feel the sweat beads forming on his forehead. *Please say yes.*

She looked down, then around the room, making sure she didn’t make eye contact with him. This wasn’t good.

“I’ll go along with it, if you promise me that if I think it’s getting too crazy, you’ll let me go.”

“Let you go? May I remind you that I don’t have you here against your will. You’re not held captive. I told you, you are free to leave at any time. This lifestyle is never forced on anyone.”

“But the handcuffs—”

“Role playing. That’s all BDSM boils down to. Extreme role playing.”

“Okay, then. If what you say is true, I’ll go along with it—for now. I’m not even sure that I’ll even like it.”

“Trust me. You’ll love it.”

Once they were back upstairs and in his playroom, Janet sat on the edge of the bed while he went into the closet and grabbed a few items. He then rejoined her.

“See this?”

“It’s a spiked collar. Wait, don’t tell me I have to wear that.”

“I’m trying to decide.” He bounced the collar up and down in his hand. “In your case, since you’re under house arrest, I think the ankle bracelet is more fitting.” He tossed the collar to the floor. “But this is what I really want to try on you.”

He held up a gag, handcuffs, and a vibrator. Her eyes got wide.

“Wh...what do you plan on doing with those?”

“This is the first part of your lesson, training, or whatever you want to call it. If you enjoy this, then I know you’re ready to move on to other things.”

“This isn’t going to be painful, is it?”

“Painfully pleasurable. Get up and let’s get started.”

Janet stood up and faced him. He hadn’t realized how tall she really was. He’d been more focused on her curves, rather than her height. She was at least five-ten and that was without heels.

He marveled again at her form. Not a blemish on it. Chocolate satin. He took her by the arm and led her to the head of the bed. “Lie down.”

She did, not once taking her eyes off of him. She didn’t look scared. More cautious, he would say.

“Put your hands up over your head.”

She did, stretching her beautiful body out even more. He counted to ten silently in Spanish. It was all he could do to keep from pouncing on top of her and taking her right then.

After he calmed himself down, he took her right hand and cuffed it to the bed rail. “Wiggle your wrist.” She wiggled it up and down and side to side. “How does it feel?”

“Strange, but not uncomfortable.”

“Good.” He took her left hand and cuffed it, too. “How does it feel now? Is it too high over your head?”

She wiggled her body a bit. “I could use a pillow.”

He smiled and crossed over to the other side of the room. He retrieved a body pillow from the closet. He came back to her and began to reposition her body. In

doing so, he could smell her arousal. He could also feel it. Her body was hot and damp.

He spied down between her legs and could see the top of her opening. It was glistening with her juices. She was turned on by this already. But he could tell she wasn't going to say anything to him. Before the day was through, she would be saying a lot.

He placed her body on the pillow some more, maneuvering it into place. When he looked down at her, she nodded.

Now the gag. This could push her to her limits. The handcuffs were fine. She could still move her legs and cry out. But the gag left her truly vulnerable. She would have to trust him. So far, so good.

"All right, beautiful. I'm just going to tie this on you. Not too tight, but tight enough."

She nodded, afraid she might ruin the moment. She didn't want to utter a word.

He reached around her head with the gag and tied it snug. He put his fingers between it and her face to make sure it wasn't scratching her skin in any way. When he was satisfied with that, he took the vibrator off the end table and pulled some batteries out of his pocket.

Just as he replaced the vibrator's end cap, his cell phone went off. "Damn!" He quickly glanced over at Janet, who looked more impatient than frightened.

"Excuse me while I get that. It could be important."

He went to the phone and saw on the screen it was Sam. He took it in the hall.

"Hey, Valinci and Garnadia are missing."

"What? What do you mean missing?" This was so not good.

"Garnadia left to go out of town on business, apparently, and Salvatore claimed he was meeting with a rival family to see if they could square things. Something about the meat cutter's union."

"Hmm, I don't like the sound of this. Does Valinci have any idea who ratted him?"

"Not sure. The guy we have in there says he's been tight-lipped. No pun intended."

“Okay, keep me posted. Oh, I’m turning off my cell for a few hours, but go ahead and leave a message. If it’s urgent, ring my landline.”

“Got it.” He disconnected.

Something didn’t smell right. Why would Salvatore leave, just as the foundation of his family business nearly fell apart, over some snitch? How important was this meeting with a rival mob boss?

Fernando made a move toward the other room to turn on the television, but then stopped. Sam was on this and so was his inside guy. Law enforcement trusted the inside guy and so did he. But he had to wonder, why didn’t this guy know about Louis? Fernando paced the hall a bit, rubbing the back of head. He thought about confirming with Janet if Louis Garnadia had been the man she talked to, but he knew that would be a waste of time. Besides, he could guess the answer anyway.

He shook his head and shut off his cell.

When he entered the playroom, the last breath was snatched from his lungs. Looking at Janet sprawled out on the bed, bound and gagged, nearly brought him to his knees.

He wanted to fuck her right then. He didn’t know which was more immediate, his heart that had stopped beating or his cock that had started throbbing. It didn’t matter. What he needed to focus on was getting Janet worked into a frenzy, then holding her off.

Easier said than done.

He approached her, all the while trying to shut himself down long enough so he could concentrate on his task. He checked the handcuffs again and the gag. He looked at Janet and smiled. It looked as though she wanted to ask him something.

“If you’re wondering about that call, it was just a colleague of mine wondering what I was doing for vacation.” That seemed to pacify her, because she closed her eyes and nodded.

Fernando then reached for the vibrator. He turned it on and the soft buzz brought Janet back. Her eyes widened as she stared at the battery-operated implement.

“I know you’re going to enjoy this as much as I’ll enjoy giving this to you.”

He placed the round head of the dildo carefully at her pussy. It was very large next to her delicate folds. Pressing it in a couple of inches, he watched while her head thrashed and those beautiful breasts bounced. He wanted to get as much of it into her pussy as possible. Taking it slowly, he worked the big pink-colored rubber dick in and out of her. He couldn't believe it as her pussy slowly stretched to swallow the entire length. His own dick was back to being rock hard as he began pumping Janet's body with the monster cock, really slamming it into her hard. She started to make the sexiest noises of pure sensual enjoyment as he pounded her.

It didn't take long for her to start coming. Her breathing was hard; her thrashing was at the point that the headboard banged against the wall. This was a good orgasm. He could tell because it went on for a very long time, and when she finally stopped, she twitched as he pushed the dildo in and out of her pussy. She was definitely getting close to where the pleasure would completely overcome her. He could tell she was getting exhausted from the constant demands he was putting on her body, not to mention the constant pleasure. He would stop as soon as he saw her get to the edge again.

He continued the slow and steady movements, in and out, in and out and watched as she creamed all over the vibrator. Her moans behind the gag were getting louder, and her thrashing more violent.

Fernando stopped suddenly, but left the vibrator in her. She protested behind the gag, but he ignored her. Instead, he focused on her beautiful, sweaty body. He started from the top of her head. He caressed her cheeks, her neck, then lingered on her firm, sweat-coated breasts.

He kneaded them, fondled them, and bent down and kissed them. He was having a bit of trouble keeping her nipple in his mouth, as she continued to squirm and thrash.

He looked between her legs and noticed the vibrator still firmly in place. She must have vaginal muscles as strong as a vise.

“Are you about to come? Can you hold it? Well guess what? I don’t want you to come yet. I want to watch your beautiful body writhe on my bed, and hear you moan and beg behind that gag, just for my enjoyment.”

Her eyes grew wide and she stopped moving.

She now realized what was coming next.

Chapter Eight

Janet couldn't take any more of this torture. But the agony felt exquisite. She hadn't known her body could experience so much pleasure. This was a new way of having sex—and she loved it.

When Fernando first pulled out the handcuffs and gag, she wanted to protest. And if it hadn't been for the state of her undress, she would have jumped out the window.

She had to have really trusted him somewhere deep inside. Or, she was just stupid. But something told her that she could put herself in his hands. His very talented hands.

If this was just the tip of the iceberg of what his lifestyle entailed, she should prepare to lose her mind.

She loved how his hands roamed her body, and enjoyed the feel of his warm mouth on the breasts. She continued to watch and feel him explore her, when he stopped suddenly and reached for the vibrator that was clamped firmly in her pussy.

She didn't realize she could get such intense pleasure from a rubber cock. She had a couple at home, and even though she hated to admit it, she used them regularly. But compared to the way he manipulated it in her, her usage would be considered vanilla masturbation!

Fernando took off his shirt and tossed it to the side. He had a great body. She'd heard lawyers joking about some of the judges, wondering what they were wearing under their black robes, but she doubted if any of them could guess about Judge Gonzalez's amazing physique. It was ripped, athletic, and absolutely mouth-watering.

She would have loved to run her hands over his pecs, but her wrists were cuffed at the moment.

He bent down between her legs and slowly removed the dildo. Janet thought she would lose her mind. Even though her pussy was soaking wet, she could feel every ridge of the fake cock as it slowly exited her body.

She couldn't do anything but groan. She was so close to climaxing and he'd stopped it. He told her he could control her orgasms, and she hadn't believed it. But Janet found herself lying on his bed, bound, gagged and ready to come, but couldn't. This was torture.

She couldn't grab his hair or hands, she couldn't really scream and the more she moved her legs, the wetter she got. He was controlling her body.

"I think I'll just sit here and watch you calm down a bit. Then maybe I'll get you off again. Or maybe not."

Oh hell! She groaned and pleaded some more behind the gag. She needed to come, she couldn't last like this, and if he let her calm down with an impending climax, she would be highly pissed. But that was the funny thing. She wasn't calming down, she was getting more and more turned on, yet she couldn't climax. How did he do that?

She kicked her feet, trying to coax him into finishing what he started. Instead, he took his hands and roamed over her thighs. He went from her knees, to the inside, just centimeters from her opening. She concluded that he wanted to be evil at this point.

She moaned and grunted, trying to get his attention. He looked up at her and smiled a smile that told her he wasn't through with her yet.

Janet watched him as he stood up and left the room. Her heart sank. He was going to leave her like this. Bound and gagged and unsatisfied. What a fiend!

After what seemed like decades, he returned to the room with a bowl. He placed it on the side table right next to her. She tried looking over, but her bound hands made it difficult. But she didn't have to wait long for her curiosity to be satisfied.

Fernando reached in the bowl and pulled out an ice cube.

Janet leaped up so fast—or tried to—that the cuffs cut into her wrists a bit. She didn't know what plans he had for that ice, but it couldn't be good.

He shook off the excess water. He put the cube partly in his mouth and sucked on it. After he finished, he got on the bed between her legs and spread them wider. He took the cube and inserted it into her hot pussy. There was so much heat that when the ice hit her clit, she could literally see the steam.

The extremes in temperatures were so intense that Janet screamed behind the gag. She tried to get it off by jerking her head from side to side. But all she could do was bite behind the scarf and scream through it. She'd never felt anything like this. She was going to come, intensely, at any minute.

Fernando pushed the ice in and out of her several times. When it was melted down enough, he took it completely out and sucked on it. He did it again with another piece of ice. It seemed every time she was close to another climax, he pulled the ice out, sucked on it, and let her cool off some more.

If his intentions were to drive her mad, he was succeeding.

He stopped his ice torture, and trailed hot-and-cold kisses up and down her body. He kissed her mouth and she could taste herself and ice on his lips.

"I think I've punished you enough." He reached behind the headboard on the floor and brought up what looked like a paddle.

Good lord, now what?

"You're going to love this."

Janet watched him as he slid down to the end of the bed. He took her legs and lifted them, bending her knees. She felt like she was about to get a pelvic exam. Before she had time to protest, Fernando took the paddle and lightly smacked her on her opening.

"Oooh!" She nearly leaped off the bed, handcuffs be damned.

"I'm gonna make you come by spanking your pussy."

Could this man get any freakier? Janet braced herself as she awaited another whack from the paddle. It wasn't a hard smack, but it did sting a bit. What really shocked her was the fact that it was turning her on and she was getting close to a climax—again. Would he let her come? Just then she realized that he was controlling her orgasm and that in itself turned her on.

Smack! Smack! Each time was a bit harder and her clit quivered more violently. She couldn't hold this one and she prayed he wouldn't try to make her.

She wiggled some more, trying to prompt him to continue and bring her to her climax. Instead, he kept at his pace and drove her into sexual insanity. *Tap. Tap.* He softened up the blows; however, the pain in her womb was becoming more intense. She was on the edge yet again, and again it looked like he was going to deny her.

Smack!

“Ahhh!” She opened her mouth to scream so loud that the gag finally fell off. Her orgasm was blinding and she didn’t know if she was still on the bed or on the floor. When she cracked open her eyes, she saw Fernando sitting beside her.

“What the hell was that?”

“You passed out a bit,” he said, winking.

“Wow.”

“Wow is right. You liked?”

Janet saw the smug look on his face. The last thing she wanted to do was give him a big head. Of course, after what just happened, she couldn’t deny it, either. Hell yeah, she loved it! She now wondered about the other aspects of this BDSM stuff.

“These must hurt by now.” Fernando took her wrists and un-cuffed her. “Feel better?”

She sat up and leaned back. She rubbed her wrists and looked at them for any marks. Fernando took her hands and rubbed them in his. “I hope they didn’t hurt. I’ll use the fur ones next time.” He smiled at her as he continued to rub.

“I’m fine, but those would be appreciated.”

“So you did enjoy it.”

“It was...intense. I mean, I never experienced anything like it. I’ve never done anything like that before.”

“You never mentioned or hinted to your past boyfriends?”

He’s got to be kidding! First off, she never would have trusted anyone to handcuff her and gag her. Why she allowed Fernando to do it was still the nagging question. But be that as it may, she didn’t trust anyone else to give them complete power over her.

The paddling of the pussy? Hell, she'd never even thought about that. She knew she fantasized about being bound and gagged, and Fernando was always her captor. But this was something too over-the-top for her. And he said this was just a sample.

"I wouldn't have known what to ask for from my other boyfriends," she finally said.

"That's because they weren't the right ones for you. If you thought about this, even something as simple as being handcuffed, you would know if your mate was into it, too. You didn't get that vibe, so you never pursued it."

"I guess you're right."

"Which begs the question: why did you trust me?"

Good question, and she still didn't have a good answer. But something he said rang true. There had to be some trust that she felt around him from the start.

Right now, she couldn't think about it. Her body, still on fire, needed cooling off.

Fernando got up off the bed and put his shirt back on.

"You don't want me to...?"

"The only thing I want you to do is to get freshened up and meet me back downstairs." He grabbed all the toys and went into the bathroom. He then came back out and took the bowl that held the ice. "That was all for you anyway." He winked and left.

Janet sat there, dumbfounded.

Fernando cleaned up the kitchen and went back to the den. He debated what to do next with Janet. Right now he was still getting over what happened upstairs. That had to be one of the most amazing experiences he'd had in a long time.

The trust Janet put in his hands didn't go unnoticed. He couldn't have been more humbled.

God, he was falling for her fast and hard.

He went into his coat closet and pulled out his chessboard. He read somewhere that Janet was an avid chess player. It was time to play other games now. He wanted to know more about her. Not Janet Harrison, the top-notch reporter, but Janet Harrison the woman.

What were her other relationships like? When he asked her earlier, the thought of her with someone else and having this kind of sex almost drove him nuts right then and there. But he was cool about it and proud of the fact he was able to control the green-eyed monster inside himself.

As he placed the chess pieces on the board, his house phone rang in the living room.

He had a bad feeling about it. He ran to it and answered.

"It's Sam. We found Louis."

"Yeah, where?" He walked back into the den to finish setting up.

"Floating in the Chicago River."

He nearly knocked over the chessboard. "What!"

"At first we weren't sure."

"What do you mean?" He took a seat on the couch and kept his eyes on the stairs. The last thing he wanted was to have Janet come down and hear this.

"Hard to make an ID without a head and limbs."

"Christ!"

"Yeah, same sentiments here. Say, why are you so interested in all of this, except for the obvious reason? You know the game. These hoods always get out, but the Feds will have him soon enough and he'll be standing before you in court again."

"They need to get him, now. To be honest with you, I'm worried about Janet Harrison."

"Ohh. The pretty one from Channel Ten. Yeah, she was the one that helped Louis. There might be a reason for concern. But still, you seem too close."

Fernando was thinking the same thing about Sam. *He* was too close. He knew he was being silly, but he still had to be cautious—anyone could be listening in at any time. Just because you're paranoid, doesn't mean they're not after you, he mused. "I just don't want to see someone who was doing the right thing get hurt."

She did us a favor in getting The Lip. It's not her fault that he's out, but it's her fault he was sent up. He'll remember that. He got Louis, didn't he?"

"Yeah, I see your point. You want to put surveillance on her?"

"Uh no, I'll take care of that. Right now it's imperative that you keep an eye on all of Salvatore's movements."

"I gotcha. Talk to you later."

The Lip didn't waste any time, and that was Fernando's fear. He knew, too, that it was just a matter of time before Janet would get her hands on the television or radio. He needed a plan, one that would keep her safe, and out of the loop of the happenings in this case.

He looked up to the stairs when he heard a sound. It was Janet. His heart was going through palpitations that frightened him, but he loved it.

She was a mahogany goddess descending his staircase. Keeping her naked had been a good idea. He would never tire of looking at her exquisite form.

She walked over, stood beside him and studied the chessboard. Her eyes lit up. "Oh, you play?"

"I dabble." He watched her sit down and pulled the board towards her. She studied the board like a map.

"Dabble? One doesn't dabble in chess. It a game of military skill," she said, placing the rest of the chess pieces on the board.

"Oh, brother."

"You wanna play, or what?"

"Of course. Maybe you can show me some pointers. I'm a bit rusty."

"Sure."

"But first...." He got up and grabbed the phone. "I need to make that call to your station."

"That's right. What are you going to say?"

"I told you that you are still under house arrest and you are not to speak to anyone about the case, including the media."

"Man, I miss work. You don't know what it feels like not being at the scene of a big story or reporting breaking news."

“You reporters do go on vacations, don’t you? Just consider this an early leave. Excuse me, I’ll make this call in the other room. I don’t want you to lose your concentration while studying the board.” He waved his hand over the chess pieces as she finished setting up.

She nodded with her hand on her chin and a steady gaze on the board. Perfect. He went into the other room and called the station.

“Channel Ten, how may I direct your call?

“Yes, this is Judge Fernando Gonzales. I would like to speak to the General Manager, to make an official statement.”

“Certainly, one moment.”

The GM clicked on the line a few seconds later. “Hello, Paul Speck speaking.”

“Mr. Speck, this is Judge Gonzales.”

“Yes, you have our Janet under house arrest. Now you know—”

“Yeah, yeah, we went through that. That’s why she’s under house arrest.”

“She won’t talk. She’s the best. By the way, you know Salvatore is out and Louis Garnadia’s body was found?”

“Yes, I know. That’s my main reason for calling, to make an official statement.”

“You don’t think she’s in any trouble?”

“As long as you keep her name off the top of the news, yes. I want people to forget about her, understand?”

“So you really think there is reason for concern?”

“If you don’t keep your mouth shut, I have reason to believe he’ll go after her. I need your cooperation.”

“Will you release her?”

“No. But I believe protective custody is the best thing for her, now that Salvatore is out and seeking revenge.”

Both men knew there was a big difference between house arrest and protective custody, and both men knew the unwritten rules that prevented a station manager from directly correcting a federal judge’s assertions. Fernando was counting on it. But there was still a long silence.

“Yes, yes. I think you have something there. So what do you want us to do?”

“Stop doing your countdown of how many days she’s been under house arrest. When asked, make sure you make her whereabouts as vague as possible.”

“We can do that. By the way, where is she? We called her at home but no one answered, not even her cell. We were getting worried and about to report that she’s missing, especially since we know she can only venture out so far.”

“She’s safe and that’s all *you* need to know.” He disconnected.

“Fernando, I’m ready! Come on!”

“Coming!” The call was done, but it definitely wasn’t over. He knew better than that. As long as Salvatore walked the streets, he wouldn’t stop until he found Janet, and killed her.

Fernando rejoined her in the den. She repositioned the board and she looked ready for action.

“So, what did you tell them?”

“Just the facts, ma’am. For one, that they are not to mention your whereabouts, or continue with the ‘Janet Under House Arrest’ countdown. They’ll just continue reporting the other news, as usual. Soon, people will think you’re on vacation.”

“Or fired.”

“Well, look at it this way. It will be a pleasant surprise when you return.”

She looked at him with little humor in her smile.

“Shall we?” he asked, as he pointed to the board.

“Fine. First let me beat the pants off you, then I’ll go through and show you what I did right and what you did wrong.”

“I would love for you to beat the pants off me.” He winked at her.

“Honestly.” She shook her head.

Chapter Nine

He drove around the block a couple of times just to make sure. Her car was in the driveway, but he didn't see any movement in the house. That didn't mean anything, though. She could have been upstairs or at the back of the house.

He rolled his car to a crawl and opened the window. When he had a clear shot, he threw the device in. It exploded seconds later. He pulled off.

Looking in his rear-view mirror, he saw people coming out of the building and trying to get inside. If he didn't get her directly, she would be injured or, at the very least, frightened.

Now he had another stop to make. Judge Fernando Gonzales. That bastard had sent many of his men up the river and he couldn't be bought.

But he could be killed.

"You beat me twice, in less than an hour. What happened to the chess matches I've seen on television where the guys are taking forever?" Fernando asked as he set up the board again.

"Those people know how to play." Janet smiled smugly. She was happy they were engaging in some activity other than sex. Not that she had any complaints, but she didn't think her body could take any more. So this was a godsend. Also, it would allow her to think. Chess was a great mind-clearer.

She really needed to reassess her situation. Especially her relationship with Fernando.

Was this just a fling? He said he was on vacation. What happens on vacation stays on vacation, right? Or had she become part of his extracurricular activities?

And how about her own behavior? She never did anything like this. Yet she enjoyed every minute of it, and got hotter the longer he held her off.

That was another thing. She wanted to know how he managed that. Every time she was on the edge, he pulled her back, and damn it if she couldn't come!

"Fine. Okay, show me what I did wrong," Fernando said, breaking into her thoughts. She checked over the board again and looked at the pieces she was able to grab.

"We don't have that much time," she snickered. "But I will tell you this. You need to think at least five moves ahead."

"What? I have enough trouble thinking one move."

"Those people you see on television can think ten moves ahead."

Fernando started coughing, then choking. She reached over and patted him on the back.

"Ten moves? How can they do that?"

"Very intelligent when it comes to strategic planning." Janet began re-setting the board.

"Or too much time on their hands."

Janet nodded in agreement and laughed. "Yeah, I always wondered if those people even got out of the house, or just watched films of Bobby Fischer."

Crash!

"What was that?" Janet stood up to look, but Fernando immediately wrapped his arms around her and dragged her upstairs.

"Fernando, what's going on? What was that? Why are you—?" Her feet were hitting the steps but not because she was placing them there. Fernando nearly had her off the ground, carrying her.

"Be quiet. Let me get you in here."

He threw her in his master bedroom, shut the door behind them, and threw himself on top of her on the bed. The next thing they heard was an explosion.

"Fernando!" She pushed him off her and looked frantically around the room.

"Shh, shh. It's okay. It's okay."

Another explosion. He covered her body completely with his; all she saw was the intricate pattern of his shirt. After a few seconds, she heard commotion outside the house. She tried to break free from him.

“No! Don’t go to the window.” Fernando brought her back down on the bed. “Stay right here. Don’t move.”

She watched him as he ran to the closet and reached up. He pulled a steel gray box down and brought it to the bed. He opened it and pulled out a gun. After checking it, he grabbed a small box, got some bullets and loaded his weapon. He then put the small box in his pocket.

“Fernando, will you please tell me what’s going on?”

“Just listen to me. We’re going out the back way. Get on some clothes and put this on.” He tossed her a long black coat and man’s fedora.

She looked at it, still not understanding what was going on, but she was scared to death. What were those explosions and why did he get his gun?

She threw on some clothes and put on the coat and hat, which were entirely too big.

He looked her up and down and nodded. “You wouldn’t have packed the wig by any chance?”

“Actually, I did. I didn’t know where you were taking me and I didn’t want to be noticed at the time.”

“You don’t want to be noticed now either. Go put it on.”

Instead of asking again what was going on, she ran to the closet and grabbed the items and her purse. When she finished putting everything on, Fernando did one more assessment of her and grabbed her by the wrist.

“Don’t say a word, just follow me. I’ve got another car parked out back.”

She didn’t question him and did as she was told. When they stepped out of the bedroom, the heat nearly knocked them to the ground. Smoke and flames were inching their way up the stairs, an eerie red glow surrounded them, and the piercing sounds of the fire alarms rang in her ears.

“Damn! Place is on fire. We have to go out the back hallway. Come on.”

She had no choice, really. The grip he had on her was numbing her hand. They made it to the back stairs and went down them two, three at a time. The heat and smoke were stifling, and Janet felt her lungs burning.

Before she had a chance to take a breath or pass out, they got to the door and Fernando pushed her out. He was quickly right behind her. He pointed to the carport.

Once there, Fernando, slammed Janet to the ground and stood over her. He fiddled with some keys, quickly unlocking the car door. He grabbed her, picked her up and put her inside the vehicle, all in one movement.

He got in the driver's seat and before she could say anything, the car was started and they were pulling out.

Once on the street, she could tell he finally caught his breath. He looked behind him, then back to the road ahead.

"Okay, do you mind now telling me what the hell is going on? What the hell happened back there?"

"Salvatore The Lip is my guess."

Janet felt her blood turn to ice. "But...but, he's in jail." She watched his face as it tensed. "Fernando?"

"He *was* in jail."

"Was? What do you mean? He escaped?"

"Released."

Her voice stuck in her throat. She couldn't speak. It was as though her brain waves and speech were now disconnected; she was mute. After she shook her head and tried to focus on a coherent thought, she tried to speak again.

"Released?"

"I was told he got out due to messed up paperwork. They're calling it a technical error. My buddy Sam and I called it for what it is. He bought his way out.

"Techni...wait a minute! You knew about this all this time! You didn't tell me? No wonder you didn't want me to watch television. And you called the station, they probably—"

"Calm down, will you!" He turned a corner too fast and got on the expressway. "Yeah, I knew, and the reason I didn't tell you wasn't for selfish reasons, if that's what you're thinking. I didn't want to alarm you until we got all the facts."

Janet couldn't wrap her head around the information. Then, like a lightning strike... "That was for—" Just then Fernando's cell phone rang. She let the question drop.

"Hello. Yeah...What!...Damn! No, no, trust me, I think she's safe. Find out who did this, arrest them, and see if we can get any answers. Thanks." He disconnected.

"Who was that?"

"Sam. I need to tell you a couple of things."

She didn't think she could take any more news. "Go on."

"Your house was bombed, too. Channel Ten is over there now looking for you. And Louis Garnadia's torso was found in the Chicago River."

Janet felt herself shut down again. She couldn't move, blink, or speak. Before she knew it, Fernando had his hand on her shoulder, pushing her back in her seat.

"You okay? Looked like you fainted a bit."

"Oh God, Oh God! What am I going to do?"

"You're not going to do anything. I'm going to make sure you're safe and Valinci is caught and tried." Fernando turned another corner and got off the expressway. "Janet, you don't have to tell me, but considering what just happened in the past three hours—"

"Louis Garnadia was the man who talked to me." She figured there was no harm in telling him now.

"I was afraid of that."

Fernando meant what he said. He wouldn't sleep until Valinci was put away for good. *Or killed*. Okay, that wasn't right, but it had just gotten personal. Could he kill Valinci or see him get killed, and think nothing? His objectivity and sense of justice was wavering. He needed to watch it.

He tried to concentrate on what his next move would be. It had been years since he walked the beat, and years since he'd made any contact with anyone

working undercover. Usually only the Feds that sent the guys had direct contact, but Fernando's rep was so good and tight, he was privy to who was on the streets and who was the best.

Some could be trusted. Others were questionable, but all had reliable information. In other words, he was about to stick his hands in a sewer full of rats.

It was personal now. He meant what he said. He would get Salvatore Valinci, preferably dead. But that seemed like a pipe dream at the moment. Salvatore knew a lot of people in high places and knew whose palm to grease. This wasn't going to be easy.

He and Janet drove in silence and that was okay. He didn't know what to say to her if she started asking questions. He didn't have a clue. He did know one thing. He needed more eyes and ears. Once he got to where they were going, he would pull out all the stops.

He reached for his cell and dialed Sam.

"Hello."

"Hey, Sam, I need you to go down memory lane. I need my old eyes and ears."

"Whoa! Hey man, what's going on? I know you want to see the man swing, but why are you going undercover?"

"Did I say that?"

"You didn't have to. You want me to find Turner, Morelli and Calabrese. Don't have to be a rocket scientist."

"Look, I just want to make sure this creep gets what he deserves and not make a mockery of the system. I never had any mafia hood walk free on my watch. Now he's ruined my rep, and I'll be damned if I let it stick."

"So this is an ego thing?"

"Call it what you want, I want this man and I want to bring down the whole family if possible."

"Gotcha. By the way, where is Janet? They couldn't find her in the house. No remains."

Just hearing the words *remains* and Janet's name hooked together made his stomach sour. His main goal now was keeping Janet safe. Getting Salvatore seemed secondary, yet the two were tied together.

For his next decision, he went on gut feeling. He wasn't going to tell Sam, or anyone for that matter, about Janet. He just felt it better that no one knew where she was. Let Salvatore and his hoods look for her, let Channel Ten claim her as a missing person. He didn't care, as long as he rolled over at night and she was in his arms.

He looked over at Janet. He'd never lied to Sam; he was like a brother. Sam hated the mob just as much as he did, if not more. Sam was Sicilian, and he hated how the mafia tarnished his peoples' reputation. But Fernando's gut was doing flip-flops again. He'd taken a chance calling the station and just prayed they followed his instructions and not put their own spin on the story. "I don't know, I'm worried. I hope someone finds her before he does."

"Okaaay. Let me work on finding the fellas, I believe they're still infiltrated, just laying low. I'll call you with any updates."

"Thanks." He hung up and put the phone back in his jacket pocket.

"You didn't tell him I was with you. Why?"

"Just being careful. The fewer people who know where you are, the better. You got family?"

"Yes, and I really need to contact them."

"No."

"No? They'll think I'm dead!"

"I don't want anyone to know you're still walking the earth. It's better this way, trust me. I don't have any idea what Salvatore is doing or who he has out there. He can find your family and do them harm."

"I can't do that to my mother—"

Fernando, clenching the wheel, turned his head fully to the right and glared at Janet.

"Okay. I understand." She sighed and leaned back in her seat.

He knew this was killing her. But he was at the helm, and no one was getting near her.

They arrived at his second home. He very seldom brought women here; it had been a long time. He wanted to wait a few days, until he got Janet acclimated to the BDSM lifestyle. Unfortunately, current events would not allow that.

“Here we are.”

Janet was about to unfasten her seatbelt when she glanced over at him.

“Where’s here?”

“This is my secret hideaway.”

“You have a lot of secrets, which is ironic for a judge.”

“My private life is just that. I don’t trample on anyone’s rights and I keep to myself.”

“I see. Well, what is this place?”

“My, ahem...lifestyle house.”

“Hold up,” Janet said, literally holding up her hand. “You actually have a separate home to do all your kinky stuff?”

“I...yes.”

“How far do you take this? I mean, are there bodies in the backyard?” She laughed nervously.

“No. It’s just that this place...look, get out and follow me. I could explain it better if you had a visual.”

She finished unfastening her seatbelt and waited for him to help her out of the car. Once he did, he walked her to the front door. “All right. Let me warn you. What you are about to see might scare you. But I promise, once I explain everything, it will be as normal as walking into your own home.”

“Which I don’t have any more.”

That tugged at his heart to the point of tears. “I swear, I will get your life back to normal and I will make sure you won’t walk in fear. We’ll get him.”

They entered the house. He watched Janet for her reaction.

“What the hell?”

Chapter Ten

Janet walked into the house and checked the place out from floor to ceiling. “Is this some kinky bordello?”

“For lack of a better description—yes. You have a problem with it?”

“That’s rhetorical, right?” Her eyes swept over the room. Very ornate, plush, and sensual velvets adorned turn-of-the-century couches, loveseats, and ottomans. The carpet was furry and the soft threads tickled her ankles.

This was too bizarre. “You live here?” she asked as she caught sight of the nude portrait that hung over the fireplace.

“I entertain here. And only with a select few. But I haven’t been here in a good while.” He swiped his hand over the mantle of the fireplace and showed her the dust on his fingers.

“I thought you have a playroom for that. Or *had*, I should say.”

“That’s just to test the person out, before I bring them here. If I know I can trust them and they trust me, and are willing to go all the way with it, I bring them here.”

“But I’m just here because of what happened, right?”

“That’s a rhetorical question, right?” He smiled at her and went into another room. She quickly followed.

“Um, can I get out of these?” She tugged at her clothes. “Do you think it’s safe?”

“It’s more than safe. Like I mentioned, no one knows about this place.”

“Except for the women you had here before.”

“But they’ll never tell. By the way, there are certain rooms that I don’t want you to go into yet.”

“You mean it gets worse?”

“I wouldn’t choose that word for it. It’s just that you need more training and adjustment.”

"I see." Janet took off the hat and jacket. She then remembered how he always wanted to see her. She wondered if that rule was still in effect, especially after what happened and they might have to flee at a moment's notice. "Uh, do you think it's wise for me to stay naked?"

Fernando looked at her and rubbed his chin in thought. "You better not for now. Not until I figure out what's going on around here."

"I'll go change into something else then. I just threw this dress on. I did manage to grab a few more items, even though you told me not to."

"For someone that just threw something on, you sure look good."

Fernando knew the right words to say and how to say them. He looked at her with sincere admiration. She felt good and safe being around him.

"Let me check the freezer in the kitchen. I always keep it well stocked. That way I don't have to order out."

"Where's the bedroom and baths?"

"Ah, those are the rooms that are off limits."

Janet got an uneasy feeling. How can a bathroom be off limits? What was going on there? "Do I really want to know?"

"It's not a matter of wanting to know so much as needing to know. This house is not a normal setup, and there are things that I have to explain in great detail. In the meantime, you can just get dressed and undressed in front of me."

"This is frightening me."

"I don't want you have any fear, Janet. I want this place to feel just as safe as your own home. Current situation notwithstanding. I want you to be able to come to me and ask me if I'll bring you up here from time to time."

Janet was in the middle of putting on her jeans, when that last statement hit her. Was he thinking long term? He acted as if he was hoping this would be an ongoing thing between them.

Could she have a long-term affair with him? Would it always involve cuffs, gags, and paddles? She wondered if that could get old. And if it did, would they step it up a notch and get even kinkier? Isn't that how it always starts out? First just cuffs, then tied with rope hanging over a barrel of hot oil.

"Fernando, I'm still trying to get over what we did back at your place."

“You enjoyed it. I know you didn’t fake it. I think it’s safe to say that every time I touch you I can make you come—or not.” He smiled that wicked grin of his.

“I think that’s as far as I can go.”

He nodded his head. “We’ll see. As I said, this isn’t something that is forced on you.”

Janet finished putting on her clothes and then tried to look in the other rooms that were off limits to her. It was the reporter in her just being plain nosy.

She watched Fernando go into the kitchen and that’s when she made her break. She rounded the corner of the living room and saw what seemed like the den. It did have a television in there. The furniture was like the rest of the place. Elaborate. She noticed an ornate wooden chest that was acting as a coffee table. She went over to get a closer look.

The coffee table books that were on top were nothing like your grandma’s books.

All of them had a BDSM theme. The covers of them had people either scantily clad in leather, or tied up with...*lordy!* One book had a picture of a woman tied up on a bench and a machine with a dildo attached, plunging into her.

She took a quick peek up at the stairs that led to the second floor. She wondered what forbidden sights those rooms would hold. Of course he had those things in there. Why else would she be prohibited from snooping around the place? He wanted to get her comfortable enough that whatever he showed her wouldn’t alarm her.

Too late. This stuff looked crazy. She saw another book. This one had a picture of a leather-clad man standing in front of a bound woman while she was sucking him off.

Hell, they’d done that already. Come to think of it, they sorta did the other thing too, just a tamer version. She was tied up and gagged while he pushed a vibrator in her.

Oh God! She was getting into this and she didn’t even realize it!

She began to remove all the books off the table. She wanted to get in this chest and see what other gadgets he had.

After all the books were on the floor, she studied the latch on the chest and lifted it up. It wasn't locked. She unlatched it and flipped open the top. When she looked inside, she was stunned.

This stuff screamed kink. She reached in and pulled out a leather gag with a ball in the middle. She saw collars with spikes, and a variety of whips. There were also boxes of sex toys and stimulation devices. After she rummaged through some of those, she came to a board. She lifted it and there were more goodies to be found. BDSM DVDs!

She sat down on the floor and got more comfortable. She took all the DVDs out and looked at them, one by one. *Bound by Love, To Protect and Service, Leatherman Sex*, were just some of the titles. They had a blurb on the back of each one, not that it was needed. The pictures on the case told the whole story.

One read *Leatherman Sex*. It was a guy all in leather; you couldn't see his face because he had on a leather mask. The woman was servicing him. Just like the photo in that book. Janet couldn't tell if the man was handsome or not. She guessed that was what the attraction was—sex with a stranger and use your imagination.

Now she was really curious. Did Fernando have a leather suit? What would he look like all dressed up in leather with a whip in one hand and cuffs in the other? Could she engage in something like this? He told her it was extreme role-playing. So he would just be playing a game. A game that happened to involve leather, whips, and cuffs. Oh, boy.

"Find anything interesting?"

"Arrgh!" All the DVDs flew out of her hand and scattered all over the place. "I didn't know you were there. You scared me." She started to gather up all the mess.

"Obviously." Fernando bent down and helped her stack the books and DVDs together. "Did you see anything of interest?"

"I was just looking."

"You were more than just looking. I was standing behind you after you opened the chest."

“Okay so, I’m a bit curious, so sue me. Besides, wouldn’t you be curious if the person you’ve seen on the bench for years and respected has a hidden kink?”

“So you respect me?”

“There was never doubt about that. But you know I couldn’t give you any information about my sources.” She placed the last of the toys in the chest and closed it. She stood up with Fernando and noticed something about him. He seemed tense. “What’s the matter?”

“I hope this doesn’t change the way you see me.”

“Well...not...really. I mean what a person does in private is just that, as you said. I’m just surprised by all of this.”

“I’ll accept that. Now are you willing to let me show you my world more up close and personal?”

Was she ready? That remained to be seen.

Fernando really didn’t want to bring her up here this soon. But one good thing came out of this. He saw that she was inquisitive. A person that didn’t have a desire or was repulsed by the lifestyle would have left, or not investigated any further. But Janet couldn’t get that latch off fast enough.

Then again, that could have been the reporter in her. He would soon see. He found several gourmet frozen pizzas in the freezer, so he popped two in the oven. Another good thing about this: it might take her mind off the fact that Salvatore was still out there.

“Have a seat. Pizza will be ready in half an hour.” They sat down together on the couch. Janet sat closer to him than normally. He didn’t know if that was because she had on clothes, or she was still scared about what had happened. He didn’t care at this point. He leaned toward her to enjoy her closeness.

“So is there anything you want to ask me?”

“I have a list.”

He laughed then leaned back against the couch. “Okay, shoot.”

“Gosh, where do I start? Oh, okay. How did you get into this? I mean how did you know this is what you liked?”

“Hmm, good questions. Now where do *I* start?” He thought about it a bit, and that’s when he realized the first revelation that he liked bondage and the other things that went with it. “When I first joined the Academy.” He saw the shocked expression on her face.

“Yeah, I hate to admit this, but when I made my first arrest, I was actually turned on. It helped that the person I pulled over was a hottie.” He saw another look on Janet’s face. Not pleasant. “Don’t get mad. Let me expound on that.”

Fernando remembered the moment very well. “It was a high-speed chase of all things.”

“Really?”

“You seemed surprised. Or are you?”

“It’s the power thing, right?”

“It’s not as simple as that, but yeah, there is some correlation there.”

He thought back on that arrest. It was his first month on the beat. A call came over the radio. Robbery suspect, and possible carjacking.

Just then a car went whizzing by him at ninety miles per hour. He and three other vehicles gave chase. The chase didn’t last long, but the standoff did.

They did everything by the book. Gave her a phone to communicate with them, kept the area clear, made sure the media was far enough away that they didn’t tip her off to what they were doing.

After about two hours, she agreed to surrender. He and a couple of other officers approached the car, guns at the ready. Fernando quickly reached in and yanked her out of the car.

He was very surprised to what he pulled out. He pinned her against the car and looked over her tall, voluptuous form. She was a brunette, young, and dressed to the nines. What kind of robber was this?

Didn’t matter, she was identified as the one who robbed the store and then hijacked a patron’s car in the parking lot. But something strange happened as he was cuffing her.

He got turned on. This wasn't the adrenaline kind of turn on, the rush a cop gets from apprehending a perp. This was a horny, get-her-down-on-the-ground-and-fuck-her-while-in-cuffs kinda thing.

As he cuffed her and read her her rights, for a split second, the image of her cuffed in the back seat of the car and him doing whatever he wanted to her played in his mind. He shook it off, but never mentioned it to anyone. He figured this was normal and that many cops, especially rookies, experienced those thoughts.

But it was more than that. He obsessed about it. Every night, he dreamed of pulling a woman over, cuffing her, and having sex with her on the hood of the car.

Finally, instead of fighting it, he embraced it. He studied up on the bondage lifestyle. No one on the force knew about it and he kept it that way to this day.

The more he read on the subject, the more it intrigued him. Later, he went from reading books to watching videos. He joined forums, then he went to a few clubs. That's when he met *her*. She was a sub, and her dom noticed that he was new to the club and the lifestyle. He was smitten with her and made a date. Besides her submissive manner and gentleness, he wanted a sub of his very own and her dom was willing to let him practice on her.

He had several doms teach and train him, but soon he had a style all his own.

It didn't take long for him to perfect his techniques and embrace the lifestyle. He loved it and he loved her. Unfortunately her dom didn't take too well to their attachment. She had a fight with him and left him. And then he came to patch things up, and took her back.

But that was fine. Fernando was a pro by that time. He frequented the clubs and found several subs to have playtime with.

Only a few had the privilege to come to his 'other' home. By the time he bought this property, he was well known in the BDSM/bondage scene. Several subs vied for his attention, but there were only a few he felt a connection with.

Then along came Janet Harrison. Unlike most of the dom he met, who were mild, meek and seemingly doormats, but acted out their domineering fantasies at the clubs, Fernando was dominant both in and out of his role-playing time.

When the Channel Ten news moved next door to their offices, things got interesting. When a news story broke, they would watch the vans pull out in droves. Then one day, a new reporter blew into town. Janet Harrison.

Fernando's heart stopped the minute he saw her. He'd never seen anyone so beautiful. He made it a point to get to know her. He'd stop her in the hall of her building, catch her on the street at the lunch truck, or up the street from the courthouse at the local bar after hours.

Her personality intrigued him. He watched her on television and knew of her reputation as a go-get-'em reporter. Then she became the reporter snitches trusted. He didn't know how it happened at the time, but the courts were grateful. Between her and him, they put away a lot of mobsters.

Another thing that attracted him to Janet was her defiance. She wasn't one to mess with. Sassy, smart-mouthed, bossy and just an overall diva. Yeah, he wanted to bring her into submission. However, he wasn't sure about her and didn't dare tell her his intentions or about himself. Their conversations never got personal anyway.

But four days ago, he got his answer. She wanted to be dominated and she verified that fact by the reaction he saw in his chambers.

He took a chance exposing himself and telling her everything about his private life. He was pleasantly surprised that she accepted the things he told and showed her. The last two intimate encounters he had with her gave him more hope.

It wasn't coincidence that they'd gotten together. If she hadn't accepted the house arrest and him taking her back to his place, things would have turned out very differently. They were both lucky she'd been under his protective watch.

Thinking about the recent past brought him back to the present.

"I don't want you to think that every cop out there is into bondage. I was just turned on to it by circumstance that presented itself," he continued.

"You like being the dominant one, I can see that. How do you know who the sub will be? I mean, how do approach the woman you want?"

Fernando smiled then. "Let's look at our situation. Sometimes it just happens. I've been in this a long time, Janet. I know what to look for."

She paused a bit and looked down at her hands and wrists. The revelation that she had sub traits probably unnerved her a bit.

“Anything else?” he asked as he took her hands. They trembled a bit, but he rubbed them and calmed her down. “Just because you’re a sub, doesn’t mean you’re a doormat in your professional life. Like I said, it’s role playing and playing out fantasies.”

“I want to know—”

His cell went off. “One minute. Hello.”

“You’re not going to believe this.”

It was Sam. “What?”

“Tom McCaffy was found in the trunk of his car. And he wasn’t trying to change a tire.”

Chapter Eleven

“Dead. I still can’t believe it. This seems so surreal. It’s as if Salvatore is killing people and checking them off as he gets closer to me.” Janet stuck another slice of pizza in her mouth.

“I’m not sure about that, he could still think they got you at your house. They’re still saying they’re looking for your body in the rubble.”

Janet put her napkin down and hugged herself, trying to stop the shivers. If Fernando didn’t come get her the other night, she could have been killed. Maybe there was something to them getting together.

“Don’t worry, honey. I’ll get him. He’s being sloppy.”

“Sloppy? How? He seemed to have gotten his targets except for us.”

“That’s just it. Ever since Louis squealed and Salvatore was sent up, the four players have been in the news. You, me, Tom McCaffy, and Louis Garnadia. Two of those people have been found dead and our houses were bombed. That’s too obvious.”

“Then why would he do that?”

“Desperate. Louis hit him close. It’s hard to get to be the top dog in the mob. Salvatore doesn’t want to get sent up again.”

Janet nodded. He was being obvious. Only someone living under a rock couldn’t put it together. But she couldn’t run all her life. He needed to be caught.

“So what’s our next move?”

“*Our* next move? *My* next move is getting my men in place. I have a hunch about something. You need to stay put. I don’t want you out there. You’re a missing person, for all Valinci knows.”

“But I can’t just sit here and do nothing. I know there is something I can do.”

“There is. Stay here and be safe.”

“Fernando—”

He raised his hand with a stern look on his face, and shook his head. “Forget it. I...I don’t want to lose you.”

Janet shot her head up with a piece of pizza stuck to her lip. Did she just hear a tone in his voice that said more than ‘I want you for a freak buddy?’ She watched him get up from the table and pace a bit. He then pulled out his cell and started dialing.

“Who are you calling?”

“Riechchile, Williams, Reese, Johnson and Smith. I need a dossier on McCaffy.”

Janet got up and stood beside him. “Why? What do you think in going on?”

“I just have a hunch, that’s all.” He raised his hand to quiet her. “Hello. Yes, this is Kent Jackson with Justice of...yes.” He winked across the table at Janet. “I need some information sent to me ASAP. Yeah, on Thomas Jay McCaffy. Thanks.”

Janet tugged on his shirtsleeve. “Who did you—?” Again, another hand raise. They waited several minutes. He talked to a couple of people to confirm who he was. That really made her ears perk up. She would get to that soon. After another few minutes, whoever it was came back to the phone.

“Yeah, thanks. Send it to this number.”

He rattled off a number, then thanked the person. He put the cell back in his pocket and crossed over to another part of the room.

She followed close behind. “Fernando?”

“Just a sec.” He grabbed his laptop and turned it on. Soon he pulled up a scanned document. “Uh huh. Just what I thought.”

“What? Tell me.”

Fernando leaned back against the couch. “Most, if not all, of your top-notch lawyers go to very prestigious law schools, especially someone of McCaffy’s caliber. But I’m looking at this and it looks like he just about got his degree off the Internet.”

“What? But he told me....” She let the sentence drop because she just remembered what she wanted to ask him about that conversation. “Wait a minute. You called yourself a Kent something.”

“Kent Jackson. It’s a name I used to use for when I needed information, but didn’t want anyone to know who I was, that’s all. Background checks, that kind of thing. Nothing nefarious.”

“Not nefarious? Look who’s talking about someone not being who they seem.”

“Look, I’m a federal judge that just so happens to have the inside on some things, considering who I deal with.”

“Wow, saying you’re a well-rounded person is an understatement.” Janet chuckled. She was getting more and more intrigued with this man every minute.

“Tell me more.”

Fernando stretched out a bit and unbuttoned his shirt, getting comfortable. “Let’s see, where do I start? Well, as you see, I’ve got a few connections.” He snickered with a knowing wink. “I know about the workings of the mob, more than your experienced insider.”

“You’re known for going after the mafia like a pit bull on crack. Any particular reason, except for the obvious?”

“If you mean, did I have a run-in with a mobster, like my father was whacked or my mother’s little neighborhood store was bombed—no. I took my job seriously when I became a cop and when I became a judge, I swore I would make sure that every mobster who stood before me would be thrown under the jail.”

“I love your dedication, but you’ve put yourself on the mafia’s shit list.”

Fernando waved his hand at her in a dismissive manner. “Every judge is. If you’re passionate about justice and what’s right, you roll with it.”

Now, if that didn’t impress her. “And Sam?”

“Just as dedicated. He hates what the mafia represents. He’s Sicilian and he wants people to know that they are not from central casting for a mob movie. He’s been fighting this fight with me since the beginning.”

“Well, after I told you what got me into being the snitches’ mouthpiece, as you guys put it, you can appreciate and understand why I do what I do.”

“I always did, Janet.” He winked at her.

Janet really felt the reporter juices flowing through her veins. She had never been in the presence of such a multi-dimensional person. Judge, insider to federal agents and undercover men, and sex freak.

“Hey, I always wanted to know something about undercover men.”

“What’s that?”

“Have they ever really crossed over? I mean, crossed the line? I mean not pretending?”

“Oh, yeah. The thing about undercover and working with guys who want to turn UC—and I’m talking actual bad guys that strike a deal if they can get certain info—some are shady.”

“So you don’t know who you can really trust until everything goes down.”

“Like I always said, you don’t recruit a nun to go after scum.”

“You should have a T-shirt logo done with that.”

They both laughed.

“Continue.” It was Janet’s turn to get more comfortable.

“Well, as you may or may not know, when a law enforcement officer, whether cop, detective, FBI agent what-have-you goes undercover, he or she is not allowed to kill anyone.”

“Really?”

“Unless it’s self-defense. Let me explain. In one particular case, the guy was so trusted within the mob, and moved up so fast, they wanted to make him a made man.”

Janet’s eyes got big.

“Naturally, he couldn’t do it and balked. In fact he balked too much for the boss and *he* almost got whacked. Fortunately, he was able to get all the important information to his superiors in time, and they brought the whole gang in.”

“Boy, exciting world you live in. Mine looks pretty dull, compared.”

“There ain’t nothing dull about you, woman.” He leaned over, clasped her face in his hands and kissed her. “You are the most exciting woman I ever met. Why do you think I went through the trouble of getting you here, with me?” He kissed her some more, slowly lowering her to the floor.

When she was flat on her back, he fully covered her body with his. He continued attacking her mouth with his, getting more aggressive. Before she knew it, her top was off. He kissed down her neck to the top of her breasts. He paused when he came to the top of her bra.

“Take it off,” he said in a low, raspy voice.

She did, trying to balance herself on her elbows. When it came off, he took one of her breasts in his mouth and sucked wildly, almost to the point of pain.

Janet propped herself up and ran her fingers through his thick, black mane. He then went to the other breast, twirling his tongue around her nipple.

If there were anything Janet would remember about him, it was that he had the most talented tongue. The damned thing seemed double-jointed at times.

“I want to make love to you. Now,” he whispered in her ear.

“You want something from the chest?” She wanted to know what other gadgets he would use on her.

“No, I said I want to make love to you. No games.” With that, he hoisted her up in one swoop and cradled her in his arms. He headed toward the stairs, taking them two at a time.

Fernando walked down the hall at a determined pace, passing several doors. Finally, he reached the end of the hall and kicked in what looked to be a heavy, wooden door.

He crossed over to the bed that sat against the far wall. He was moving so fast, she didn’t have a chance to take in the room.

After plopping her down in the middle of the huge bed, he began tearing off his clothes. She could see he was anxious. He popped some of the buttons on his shirt and almost tripped over his own feet taking off his pants and shoes. Janet decided to follow suit and quickly undressed, before he tore the rest of her clothes off her body.

He placed one knee on the bed as if he were going to crawl towards her. She beckoned him with a smile, running her leg up his calf muscle. Her leg and foot moved up his thigh to curl around him as her hands moved to each arm. She raised herself up almost as if she were sitting up in front of him, using the weight of her body to turn him onto his back. She saw the surprise of this new twist and smiled wickedly.

She straddled his hips and let his hard cock rest against the wet lips of her pussy. She sat there and let his body become accustomed to the feel of her. His cock strained to be allowed inside, but she made him wait. She could feel his

hands clench her waist as he moved her pussy over his cock. He entered her slowly and she felt every ridge, vein, and muscle slide over her clit. The sensations were almost unbearable.

She moaned as his cock quivered inside her. Sitting up, taking his hands from her hips, she placed one on her breast, and the other, she held. He cupped her breast and teased her nipple as she massaged circles into his upper arm, kneading the muscle, relaxing it, learning it.

Fernando took the lead again however, and grabbed her hips and lifted her up and then brought her back down. He did that over and over again until she was losing consciousness from the pleasure of his thick shaft thrusting in and out of her.

He grabbed her arms and lifted her from his body one more time. She squealed in surprise as once again, he turned her on her back.

"You like to tease me," he whispered in her ear, sending shivers down her spine.

She looked up to him and smiled, shrugging her shoulders as she said in her sauciest tone, "Maybe."

His grin reminded her of a wolf just before he devoured the poor animals of the forest, and she knew he was going to devour her.

He reached down and grabbed her thighs and spread them wider, not once missing a beat. He plunged faster and faster into her, driving her into a frenzy once again.

Janet held on to the sides of the bed, enjoying the fucking of her life. She'd never had such a take-charge, skilled lover. It was like he was a fantasy she'd imagined.

As he continued to pump into her, she came close to her own release. She prayed he wouldn't make her hold off.

He lifted her higher off the bed, with each of her legs bent over his arms. He thrust into her faster and harder, nearly rattling her teeth out of her head.

Just as she felt her orgasm about to hit, he stiffened between her legs, then rammed into her one last time. The energy exerted drove her over the edge. She came violently, nearly knocking them both off the bed.

“Fernando.” That’s the only word she could utter, and that was barely a whisper.

“I’m right here.” He crawled on top of her, his body molding to hers. He kissed her all over her face as the rest of his body moved erotically over hers.

“I’m...going...to come again,” she said between kisses.

“Go ahead. I’m more than ready for you.”

Fernando had never felt so complete. All other women he had in his life flew out the door. Janet was the only one for him—for now and forever.

And he would keep her safe no matter what.

He rolled over on the bed, taking her with him. She lay on top of him, drifting off to sleep.

This moment gave him time to think about his plan for getting Valinci. Whatever relationship he and Janet were going to have, they would never be worry-free as long as The Lip walked the streets. They couldn’t stay in hiding forever or be on the run.

Besides, Fernando had a score to settle with Salvatore Valinci, whether he knew it or not. He’d tried to kill the woman he loved.

Yes, he loved Janet. He found that out the first night they spent together. The big question, of course, was if his feelings were reciprocated. For all he knew, she could be curious about the lifestyle and just trying something new.

Somewhere deep inside, he didn’t think that was the case. Whatever her feelings, he still needed to protect her.

And speaking of protection, he realized he didn’t use any. *Shit! Okay, don’t panic.* He looked over at the end table and noticed his cell. The blue light was blinking. Taking Janet carefully by the waist, he slid her off him. He placed her underneath the covers without disturbing her, kissed her on top of the head, and got up.

Grabbing his cell, he left the room and went into the living area.

“Hey, Sam. Anything new?”

“Nothing yet. Everyone is laying low.”

“Do we know who whacked Garnadia and McCaffy?”

“Nah, but I have a feeling it’s the same guys who bombed your place and Harrison’s. By the way, you’re both on the missing persons list. They got an APB out on you two.”

“Great, that’s all I need.” Fernando rubbed his face with his hand in frustration. He needed a plan, and quick. “Have you found our trio?”

“Yup, already well-placed and just waiting to hear from you.”

“Okay, I think I might have an idea.”

“Cool, what is it?”

Fernando again decided to keep it close to the vest. His gut was telling him something, and it had a habit of being right. “I haven’t worked out all the details, but I’ll get back to you as soon as I do. Do me a favor, though. See if you can find any eyewitnesses to the bombing of my home and Ms. Harrison’s, but be careful. I don’t want to hear about your body floating in someone’s pool.”

“Already on it and don’t worry, buddy. Okay, good luck.” He hung up.

Fernando then called Morelli. He was closer to the Valinci family than any of them. The phone rang twice before he answered.

“Morelli. Fernando.”

“Hey, man! Sam told me you would be calling. You want The Lip’s head.” He laughed heartily.

“Yeah, but I also want the rest of the gang. I want to bring them all down.”

“Whoa. What wild hair got up your ass?”

“Haven’t you been watching the news?”

“Yeah, I saw that. But Sam mentioned that news dame is missing, too.”

Fernando wasn’t comfortable about this. He didn’t want Janet on the minds of too many people. The less she was mentioned, the quicker she would be out of the public eye.

“That news dame is neither here nor there. I want Salvatore and the rest of his family before more bodies turn up and he causes more financial ruin to these mom-and-pop businesses.”

“I hear ya. So what do you want to do?”

He didn't have a plan when he'd dialed, but an idea came to him. It would be dangerous, but it was his only chance. "Get in touch with your superiors. Sam probably already filled them in, so you'll be getting your instructions from them as usual. But you know me, I just want to be in the mix. So I'm cutting my vacation short. I'm going back on the bench."

"Are you kidding me?"

"No. I want him to see me. He's sloppy. I want him to get even sloppier. I know he'll make another attempt at me, but I'll be prepared this time."

"Okay, you're the boss."

"Now this is what I want you to do. Get Turner and Calabrese. Walk the streets, keep your eyes and ears open. You know the drill. They're not going to trust strangers, but they know when someone is useful to them. Mention McCaffy and Garnadia when you can. That will perk up their ears. See if anyone takes a bite."

"Got it."

Fernando hung up and blew out a sigh, then turned to go back upstairs. That's when he saw Janet standing by the rail. "I thought you were asleep."

"Obviously. You're not getting back on the bench, are you? He'll bomb the whole place just to get to you."

"He's not that crazy. Besides, it's not him who's doing the actual deed."

"I don't care if they've hired Queen Elizabeth to do it. I don't want you back in the public eye. You're a judge, not a beat cop anymore, and definitely not an undercover agent. Let the Feds take care of him."

"I'm part of the judicial system, Janet, and I have the privilege of being on the inside. With that privilege comes great responsibility. If I can do anything to catch these criminals, so be it. I'm willing to put myself out there, especially if that means keeping you safe and getting your life back to normal."

"Don't do this just for me."

"It's part of it, I admit. A big part. But you're not the only reason, I promise. Don't worry about me. I'm a big boy. I can take care of myself. I have to do this, or we'll be running for the rest of our lives. Valinci seems to be on a vendetta. He

realized that Garnadia gave you a lot of background on the family business. He knows that the next time we get him, he's going up for life."

"All the more reason to keep your butt out of sight until the Feds get him."

"You know as well as I do that the Feds can always use some help. Why do you think it took Garnadia to bring him down?"

"And you see how well that worked out," she said, putting her hands on her hips.

Get ready for a fight, Fernando thought. "Listen, I'm going through with this. I love you, damn it! And I want more than an occasional freaky roll in the sack and I don't want to be in hiding because some thug is running loose."

Janet stood there, wide-eyed. He didn't know how she took that revelation. He didn't know how he took it, either. It had just come out. But it was an honest admission, one he'd been scared to verbalize for a while.

"Then I'm going back to town with you." She ran up the stairs before he had a chance to protest.

Damn!

Chapter Twelve

The drive back to town was tensely quiet. Fernando thought he would try to argue Janet down. Fat chance. She had a determination that couldn't be moved by a freight train. But that's what turned him on in the first place. So he was getting exactly what he deserved.

He didn't know what she had in mind. They never went into that. She packed her few items and put them in the back seat of his car, and that was that.

In all fairness, he didn't tell her his plans either. So they were at a stand-off. That wasn't optimal. If he wanted his plan to take off, he needed her cooperation, even if that meant her staying out of sight until it was all over.

He saw the exit sign—they were approaching home. But they weren't going back anywhere near his place or hers. Instead, he made reservations at a hotel, and one where he knew no one would think of looking for either of them. It was just on the edge of town and very elaborate.

"This is kinda obvious, don't you think?" Janet asked looking out the car window.

"What better place to hide for a while but at a posh, overly advertised establishment? No one would even think to look for you in plain sight. They would expect you to be hiding somewhere obscure."

Janet nodded. *Makes sense.*

They pulled into the valet area and the guy waited to take his car. "Put on your wig and sunglasses." She did and Fernando took her by the arm and rushed her quickly through the lobby.

"This is going to be home for a few days." Fernando went to the front desk to confirm the reservations and get their suite key. "Come on."

They arrived on their floor and at their room. Taking out his card key, he opened the door and they entered. Janet looked around the room, then turned to face him.

“Say something. I hate not knowing what you’re thinking,” Fernando said, taking off his jacket.

“What’s your next move?” she asked as she pulled off the wig.

“You know what it is. I have two cases to listen to tomorrow.”

Janet blew out a breath and rolled her eyes.

“Hey.” He went over to her and pulled her close to him. “I’m gonna be fine. It’s you I’m worried about. I wish you’d stayed back at the house. Then I could do what I need to do without worrying about you.”

“I’ll be fine. In fact, I’ve just decided to go back on the air tomorrow.” She turned and walked toward the window. Fernando grabbed her by the arm and sat her on the bed.

“What! Are you out of your mind? Didn’t you hear me back at the house?” He was so mad, and frightened at the same time, that he was shaking. He was tempted to tie her up, but not for fun. He wanted to put her in a sack and ship her to his parents’ house in Miami.

“Yes, I remembered, and I need to ask you something.”

“What?”

“Did you mean it?”

He looked into her eyes. No defiance, no confrontation, only unease. Instead of answering her, he took her face in her hands and kissed her as if this were the last time he would ever see her again. He prayed this wasn’t a premonition.

“I didn’t think I would fall this hard, this fast. When you were in my courtroom a few days ago, I thought we would have a good few weeks of having fun together. But every second I’ve been with you, I felt something. It got to the point that I wanted to protect you. Now I *need* to protect you and I don’t want to lose you.”

“You’re not going to lose me. We can get this man together. You being a judge and having it in good with the Feds, and me with access to the airwaves, I know we can come up with something.”

Fernando crossed the room, nodding, and sat in a chair near the television. He hated to admit it, but she had a good point. A lot of ideas popped into his head. Unfortunately, all of the outcomes ended with either him or Janet on a slab, toe-tagged.

Okay, he knew there was some way they could work together and get this creep.

Just as he was getting up, his cell went off. "Hello."

"Hey. It's Calabrese. Got a minute?" he asked, whispering.

"Yeah, where are you?"

"Some place out of earshot. Listen, there are grumblings in the family. Some guys are scared, saying The Lip is crazy and losing focus."

Fernando smiled to himself. That made sense. If Valinci was trying to take revenge on the people who set him up, the others would recognize the necessity, but also see him as unstable. They might get paranoid, worrying about every move they made, or what they said. "This is good. What are you and the others doing?"

"Just hangin' on the streets, listening to the chatter."

"Keep listening and report back if you hear something significant."

"Will do." He hung up.

"Who was that?" Janet asked, coming towards him.

"One of the undercover men. He says there are rumblings within the family. Everyone is basically looking over their shoulder because Valinci is on a killing spree."

"Wow." Janet got up and started walking around the room. He could tell she was thinking again.

"I got it!"

"I'd love to hear, but I doubt if I'll use it."

"Come on, Fernando, you're going to need me for this and it will work."

He sighed and crossed his arms. He would humor her, then put his own plan into action. "Go on."

"There's starting to be dissension in the family, just like there was with Louis. Some of the guys aren't happy. Some might want to bump Salvatore off, thinking if he's permanently out of the way, they can go about their business. Him killing people is just bringing attention to them."

"I'll buy that argument. But how do you come into play?"

Janet got on her knees in front of him. “I get on the news, and at first I’ll just hint about the rumblings. As the days progress, I start coming up with names. That’s where you and your friends come in. I need names.” She popped back up and began pacing the room again. “At that point, Salvatore won’t be concerned about getting to me. In fact, he’ll want to keep me alive, if only to find out who’s the next rat.”

Fernando rubbed his jaw. He hated to admit it, but that was a damn good plan. “Couldn’t someone else get on the tube and report it?”

She shook her head vehemently. “No, no. It has to be me. He knows whoever it is will want to come to me because of my reputation.”

“Exactly.” Fernando jumped out of his seat. “And for that reason, he knows no one is getting near you with a ten-foot pole!”

“Huh?”

“There’s no way any of his men are coming to you to squeal, not after what happened to Garnadia.”

“No one really has to come to me. In fact, this whole scenario is made up. But Salvatore doesn’t know that. All he’s thinking is that someone else might rat on him. And that’s all he’ll care about.”

“And suppose he starts killing off his own men?”

“One less job for the Feds,” she said, shrugging. “But the point I’m trying to get to is that he’ll eventually try to make contact with me.”

“Ohhh no! There is no way in hell! I don’t want that man even within a hundred miles of you.” He ran his hand through his hair.

“Put your best men with me. He’ll call through to the station first or have one of his cronies. It’s been that way for years. Like I told you earlier, they all know how to get in contact with me when they want to talk. Plus that will give you time to set things up on your end. Of course he’ll make a move on me. That’s when you nab him.”

She was making more sense by the minute, and he hated that. But it was a damn good plan. The only flaw was that she was the cheese in this cat-and-mouse game.

“Janet—”

“I know what you’re thinking. But if you and the men you know are as good as you say, I should have nothing to worry about.”

He sighed. It was their only chance at getting this creep. He just prayed to God he wasn’t making a mistake.

Janet knew she had him. She had a damn good plan, and he knew it. Now, would he go for it?

But more important than that, did he really love her? What he said to her back at his “fun” house kept replaying in her head. How about her? Could she love him? Man, she didn’t see that coming. She knew her feelings were getting stronger for him. Whether they were just sexual, she wasn’t certain. Everything was happening so fast.

But their future, whatever it might be, was on hold as long as they were on the run. Fernando had to go along with this plan. “Well, what about it?”

He stood in the middle of the room. At first he didn’t look at her. Then he dropped his shoulders and turned around. “Okay. We’ll try it. I’ll call my men, and set the whole thing up.”

“How about Sam?”

“He’s a judge like myself; he’ll definitely want to see this go down. He’s been after the Valinci family as long as I have.”

“Okay then, what do we do first?”

“Get you back on the job. I’ll escort you. We tell no one what we’re up to, and if they ask, be as vague as possible.”

She nodded. “I think we should go in spur-of-the-moment, not call to let them know I’m coming. You know us reporters, we want to be the first to break a big story. My coming back from the dead is going to be bigger than The Lip getting out.”

“You’re right about that. And we don’t want to give his boys a head start. You need to get that fake story on the air.”

“Good, then it’s settled,” she said, standing proudly. He’d taken her up on her idea and agreed to go with it. That made her feel good, considering he was the one with law enforcement experience.

“Yeah, it’s settled.”

She didn’t like that tone. He wasn’t completely convinced. “What’s the matter? Did I leave something out? Did I overlook something?”

“Yeah, the fact that we have to use you in the plan.” He grabbed his jacket off the chair and headed to the bathroom. “I’m gonna freshen up and order room service. Don’t answer the door for anyone.”

She didn’t need to be told twice.

They left for the station so fast, it made Janet’s head spin. Just after she put the last bite of dessert in her mouth, Fernando was already up, keys in hand, and ready to go.

Once they arrived at the station, it buzzed with excitement as soon as she walked in. He’d never seen anything like it. Fernando just stood by as no less than fifty people came and surrounded her.

He was not happy. They were wide open, barely any security except for the two parking lot attendants and three building security guards, and those were just a notch above mall security.

Fernando patted his gun under his jacket, and he made sure people saw it.

More people were approaching Janet and the questions were flying so fast, he couldn’t keep up, but Janet was a pro. She dodged and parried them as fast as they came.

The makeup artist pushed the people back so he could finish getting her ready to go on the air. The wardrobe woman came and put on Janet’s trademark scarf. When both were satisfied with their work, they nodded and Janet headed to the news desk.

Fernando had butterflies in his stomach. This was the point of no return. He looked around the station. Instead of people going back to their offices, they

stood behind the sound line, watching their favorite news anchor with admiration. Janet was very popular, but it made him uncomfortable. Too many people milling around for his taste.

“Cue Janet! On one!” The man pointed. Time to roll.

“Good evening to the Windy City. I’m Janet Harrison, and as you know I’ve been on a sort of hiatus. And that’s what the top story is tonight.” She turned to the second camera and smiled that brilliant smile.

“Usually we refrain from talking about ourselves, but this story is an exception. As you know, I was confined to house arrest last week for my refusal to reveal my sources regarding the confession of a soldier in the Valinci family.

“That information resulted in the arrest of Salvatore Valinci, who was subsequently released on a technicality. The same day, my house was bombed, as was the home of the presiding judge in the case. And my attorney was found beaten to death, then placed in the trunk of his car. You might ask, after all this, why I am here, and not in hiding.” She turned back to camera one, and with a look of determination, continued.

“I will not hide. I have a duty as a citizen of this country to help get criminals like this off the streets. Having said that, there are rumors from the Valinci family. Some members are saying they want out, looking for any federal agent that will listen to them. We will, of course, keep you updated as additional information is developed.”

She then turned to camera three, and flashed that smile again. “In other news, school funding will be cut due to overspending....”

Fernando had to laugh to himself. Janet was a trouper. She reported her story without blinking, and moved to more local issues.

He looked around the room and saw various people still standing about. He didn’t like it. He had his gun in his holster under his jacket. Seven years on the bench and he never once had to have it on him. How things changed.

Crash!

He turned so fast with his gun out and cocked. He didn’t have to time to think. He just looked in the direction of the sound. He saw a janitor with a broom picking up some equipment. Apparently he’d accidentally knocked it over.

Fernando tucked the gun away.

"You really need to get back on the bench." He turned to the soft voice of Janet, who was standing behind him. Hell, he needed to retire. He was getting too old for this.

"Sorry."

"It's okay." Janet rubbed his shoulder. "So, whatcha think?"

"I think Valinci will bite like a hungry trout." Fernando's cell vibrated. He held up a finger. "Hello."

"Hey, it's Turner. Valinci just punched a hole in the wall and stormed out."

"Whoa. How close are you?"

"I was able to get back in. I pretended to prevent a bust of one of his top men. He wanted to see who the guy was. They brought me to him. He was happy to see me, but he's still cautious. He even told me he didn't know who to trust. I was here just in time to see that news report."

"Fantastic. Anything else?"

"Yeah, he's called off the hit, but only till after he finds out who's going to rat next."

Fernando didn't say a word, he just disconnected and looked over at Janet. He didn't have to say a word to her, either. They both knew what was coming next.

Chapter Thirteen

They were on the road again after a few days, each not saying a word to the other.

Janet was scared as hell when she went on the air, but she refused to show fear, either to her co-workers or to Fernando. She knew it had gotten to the point that drastic measures needed to be taken. Otherwise, they would be running all their lives.

When they passed the hotel, Janet turned back and looked, then faced Fernando. "Where are you going? You don't think someone knows we're there, do you?"

"Nah, I want to get you back to my house. I have something special for you."

Janet sat there staring at him as he drove. He had a serious-as-a-heart-attack expression on his face. She wondered if she should be excited or worried. "Um, what kind of special?"

"A surprise. It's something I always wanted to do but never took the chance. It was too close for me. I...I didn't feel right with it at first. But now with you, I feel comfortable. More confident. Less judgmental."

"Whoa. If you felt judgmental about it, I'm not sure I want to share in this."

"Don't worry. We'll both enjoy this and be better for it."

Janet wasn't sure if she could take any more surprises. It had been a hectic couple of weeks. She'd put herself out there and it had been a waiting game ever since. Her nerves were frazzled.

Valinci hadn't been heard from since the first newscast, but word had it that he was paranoid, big-time. He was scrutinizing everyone in the family. Turner was having a hard time of it. Fernando told her how he'd managed to worm his way into the family fold again—just for a little. Then, Valinci had told him to be on the lookout for anything suspicious, and just like that, Turner was back on the street. But this was a good thing. Valinci was running scared. Sooner or later, he had to make contact with her. She reported another story mentioning the name of one of

his other soldiers, someone else they knew he trusted. And Turner, Morelli and Calabrese were calling in anything and everything that happened, even if they didn't think it was important.

The Valinci family was becoming dysfunctional, and that's what they wanted.

Fernando sat on two cases and acted as if it were business as usual. They knew Salvatore would see that and start to think. Yeah, he would crack sooner or later. The big question was: were they really prepared to take it to the next level?

She leaned back against the seat. She wouldn't think about it anymore. She wanted to concentrate on more pleasurable things, like being near Fernando.

She found herself feeling more for him than she planned. She'd tried to be defiant and uncooperative with him. Initially, she'd wanted to cause him stress, especially for what he did to her placing her under house arrest. But the more time she spent with him and the more he touched her, the more her defenses weakened.

"You're not even going to give me a hint, are you?"

Fernando cocked his head and twisted his mouth. "Let's say it's going to involve the biggest prop we ever used."

Oh, Lord.

They got to the house fifteen minutes later. Janet was unfastening her seatbelt when she noticed a police car parked in front. "Fernando! Look." She pointed as he got out of the car.

"Ah, don't worry, I had that sent here. That's the prop."

What the hell?

They went into the house and pulled off their coats. Winter was coming early and it was getting chilly.

"I'll get a fire started in the fireplace after I put these away." Fernando had a bag full of groceries in his arms. They made a pit stop at the local grocer and grabbed just about everything in sight, including his favorite beer, and the pretzels with the peanut butter inside, for her.

"Okay." She sat and waited for him to return. When she heard him whistling in the kitchen, she knew he might be a few moments. She took this time to look out the window and at the police car parked out front. *Prop?*

“Now, let’s get that fire started,” Fernando said clapping his hands together.
“What are you looking at?”

“The squad car.”

He smiled a wicked grin and walked over to the fireplace. “We’ll have to save that ’til morning. It’s too cold to use it now.”

“Use it how?” she asked, joining him as he threw some logs in.

“Nope. I told you it’s a surprise.”

“It still can be a surprise, just tell it to me early.”

Fernando laughed, showing off those deep dimples and perfect white teeth that always lit the room. “Patience. Anyway, we need to talk.”

Janet sighed and sat back down on the couch. She didn’t want to talk shop. She and Fernando hadn’t touched each other in three days. That was seventy-one hours too long. “Do we have to? I’d rather we had some fun.”

Fernando looked at her with a surprised smile on his face. “Well, well. Are we getting used to bondage, or me?”

“I’m...I’m not sure yet. I mean, I do have feelings for you, strong feelings. It’s just hard to verbalize them with everything that’s going on. I haven’t had time to really sit down and assess this relationship.”

“Well, that’s what I want to talk to you about. I, too, have been pulled in several different directions, and with Valinci roaming the streets I haven’t had time to reevaluate my life, my feelings for you and my future.”

“So what did you want to talk about?”

“Us, our future.”

“Oh.”

“Is that all you have to say?” He laughed nervously.

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Well, I do. Janet.” He took her by the hand and for the first time, she felt his hand tremble. “I want you to be in my life forever. Not just someone to share a kinky moment here and there, but every moment.”

“I...I don’t understand. After this is all over, you’ll see me all the time. We can get together, we don’t have to keep it a secret that we’re seeing each other. Although I’m sure we’ll be mobbed, no pun intended, by the media.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about. Close, but not quite. I want something permanent. I want you to be my wife.”

Janet felt the room closing in for a brief moment, then the air came back to her lungs. Did he just propose to her? She never saw that coming.

She knew they were getting closer, but this...this was on another level. “Um, what are you saying?” She didn’t want to come out and straight ask him if he just proposed to her, for fear of embarrassment. He could be talking about something totally different. Like being led around by a collar.

“I don’t think I can make it any clearer, Janet.” He leaned forward, then slid from his seat and knelt before her. “Marry me.”

Janet blinked a couple of times. She didn’t know what to say. Common sense would dictate an answer, either yes or no. But she was on the fence. Could she be married to this man? Was it the sex that triggered this? They couldn’t build a marriage on cuffs and whips.

“Well?”

“I...Fernando, this is sudden. I mean we had a couple of nights of great sex, sometimes kinky, and the only other thing we have in common is that both our homes have been firebombed.”

“It’s more to it than that, Janet. You and I were meant for each other. No other woman will do for me. You’re my breath. I thought in the beginning that all I wanted was to bring your sassy ass to submission, but you mean more than that to me. This thing with Valinci proves it. I can’t bear it if something happened to you. I need you in my life.”

Janet tried to imagine her life without Fernando. Pretty dull, boring...and empty. The brief time they’d had together was eye-opening. Wonderful. He brought something to her life that she never would have thought of exploring herself—and she loved it. But she still needed to think this through. Marriage was nothing to rush into.

“Fernando, I do have very deep feelings for you. These past couple of weeks have been amazing. You shared a side of yourself with me and I feel honored. But I have to think about it. I want to make sure that we’re both not being caught up in the moment.”

Fernando looked down at their entwined hands for a very long moment. She could see him press his lips together, then clench his teeth. Finally, he nodded. "Fair enough."

The rest of the evening was relatively quiet. They sat and ate. Janet again tried to teach him maneuvers in chess, but without success. They then decided to watch television.

The news was on and of course as they expected, Janet was the top story. So was the Valinci family.

Like Janet had predicted, the media took her tidbits and ran with them. They were mentioning people she and Fernando had never heard of, nor mentioned. There were even unconfirmed reports of family members coming forward and talking to the Feds. But they knew that wasn't true. Fernando would have heard something from one of his buddies. But that didn't matter. Just by the fact that rumors were swirling, they knew Valinci was getting more and more nervous.

"So what do you think?" Janet asked as she threw down her cards. They'd been playing Blackjack for quite some time now.

"He'll move. I expect within the next twenty-four hours. When he does, make sure you have your plan in place. No playing it by ear with these characters."

Janet knew that was right. Not only was the Valinci family known for shaking down every legitimate mom-and-pop business on the West Side, they were suspected of involvement in at least fifty murders. Naturally, the police couldn't pin any of the crimes on Valinci directly, and the owners of the businesses were too afraid to talk.

"I'm ready."

"Go over it again."

She sighed. Fernando had the plan down pat, backward and forward. He wanted to make sure she understood her part, and if she slipped, it would give him reason to pull her from the assignment. No way. She knew what she had to do.

“Once he, or whomever he sends to represent him, contacts me, I agree to meet him at the same place Louis and I met. I will have on a disguise, a mic, and camera.”

“And if they want to meet somewhere else, say they take you from the original meeting place?”

“I’m to tap my watch, as if letting them know I don’t have time. I go to the bar to pay the tab and you guys come in, but only after I get a confession for Louis’ and McCaffy’s murders.”

“And what are you to do when you see us come in?”

“Go to the restroom and take cover.” She snickered.

“Don’t laugh. Bullets may fly, especially if Valinci sends one of his flunkies. He might not react that way, but his underlings don’t have the same discipline. You see how they bombed our homes. Not subtle or smart.”

“You think they might actually confess to murder?”

“No, not directly, but I’m sure they’ll mention something about the rackets. They’ll tie him to it, don’t worry.”

“Suppose it’s Salvatore himself. He ain’t confessing to a damn thing.” Janet knew more about the mob dealing than any cop or Fed on the beat, and one thing she knew for sure: the head of the family never confessed to anything, even if they threw him in prison.

“No, but he might make a threat to you and might mention what happened to the ones who preceded you. That’s all we need.”

Janet nodded. “Okay. I guess that’s it, then.”

Fernando reached over to take her hand. It was shaking again. She never knew him to lose his nerve. But something had changed between them. In just these couple of weeks, they had both fallen in love.

She could admit it now. It clicked with his touch. She was more to him than an occasional play toy. She had become his partner in the bedroom and in a sting.

Life was strange. But no one ever told her she would meet her knight in shining armor at the grocery store.

“Let’s go to bed. Turner and the others will call as soon as they hear something.

He stood up and held out his hand. She took it and stood up, facing him. He looked into her eyes. She couldn't quite read them, but there was concern in them and love, and something else, too. Before she could inquire, he bent down, kissed her, and lifted her off the floor.

The ringing of the cell phone seemed extra loud. Fernando fished for it without taking his arm from around Janet. Last night had been pure lovemaking. Nothing kinky. Just him inside of her, bonding his soul even deeper into hers.

He found the phone and brought it his face. "Hello."

"Calabrese. Got something. The call is going to be placed to the station later this afternoon. Five o'clock to be exact."

"Any idea who?"

"Nothing. They are real tight-lipped. Salvatore doesn't even know."

"Huh? That doesn't make sense. He has to know something. Isn't he having him followed?"

"I'm tellin' ya. Turner and Morelli are just as confused."

"Then how did you find out about this?"

"Word came down at the local pool hall. But trust me, it's not just talk."

Fernando didn't like how this sounded, but he had to go with it. "Okay, we'll be looking out for it. Janet goes in at three." He disconnected and slammed the cell back down on the table. Janet squirmed in his arms.

"Good morning." She stretched her beautiful, long, sensual body and sat up a bit. "Who was that?"

"Calabrese. You'll be getting contacted at the station at five."

Janet cocked her head and put her hand on his arm. "You look worried. I got the plan down pat."

"That's not what I'm worried about." He threw the blankets off and got out of bed. He grabbed his robe from the end of the bed and headed toward the bathroom. He stopped short of the doorway. "Calabrese said Salvatore knows nothing about the call. I'm sure he's having all his soldiers watched."

“Huh?”

“My reaction exactly.”

“But—”

“We’ll talk about it later. Right now I don’t want to think about anything else—but you.” He went on into the bathroom and shut the door.

He stood in the middle of the bathroom, rubbing his five o’clock shadow. His gut was telling him something again, and it wasn’t good.

Chapter Fourteen

Janet joined Fernando downstairs and instead of being greeted with the smell of fresh coffee, she saw Fernando standing in the middle of the room in a policeman's uniform.

What the—?

"I thought we'd do something different this morning."

"I can see that."

He walked over to her and fiddled with her blouse. "I got something for you to put on. This won't be appropriate for what we'll be doing."

Janet could only imagine what he had in mind. "What do you want me to wear?"

"Look over there." He pointed his chin toward the couch. On it laid a black skirt with ten-inch slits up both sides, an off-the-shoulder white blouse with a plunging neckline, seamed stockings and garters, and five-inch stilettos. He also had her handbag. Oh, this was going to be fun.

Janet undressed and changed into her costume. Once in it, Fernando looked her up and down. Then he put his hand in her hair and took out all the decorative barrettes. Her hair fell over her bare shoulders. "Now, that's better. Come out back with me."

She shrugged and followed him out the door. Once outside, she spotted the police car and his own car in the back driveway.

With her hands on her hips, she tapped her foot. She had no clue about what was going to happen. "You mind telling me what this," she threw her hand in the direction of the cars, "is all about?"

"Not at all. Remember when I told you how I was turned on by my first arrest?"

"Oh yeah, the hottie in the freeway chase."

"Well, I never went back to that. What I mean is, with all the role playing I've done with my partners, I never recreated that scenario."

Janet tipped her head, amused.

"I know, I know."

"I would think that would be the first fantasy you played out. I mean, heck. If I was into that and knew the guy was a cop, I woul—" She stopped herself, but not before she realized what she said or confessed.

Fernando had a cat-ate-the-canary grin on his face as he removed his baton from its hook on his belt and slapped it against his hand. "Well, no time like the present."

"You want to act this out with me?"

"Do you feel comfortable about it?"

Janet went over to the police car and walked around it. How he managed to have it sent over for this, she had no idea. "Uh...."

"They don't know the real reason why I wanted it."

That answered that. She peeked inside. Yep, it was the real thing. She walked back over to Fernando and picked at his uniform. It was real, too, right down to the stainless-steel plate that was engraved with his last name.

"Uh, how far are we going to take this? And can we be seen?" That last question was a real concern. That's all she needed on top of everything else that was going on in her life. She could see the headlines now: *Former Television Anchor and Mob Informant Seen Engaging With Popular Local Judge In Kinky Role Play*. That would be so not good.

"Don't worry, this place is very private. No one knows about it. And it sits high enough that no one can see my property."

"That's good to know."

"That means you're willing?"

"How do we start?"

"Get behind the wheel of my car." He tossed her the keys.

She opened the door and got in. He came to the window, so she rolled it down.

"Just wanted to let you know that if this is too much for you, you can stop. Do you remember your safe word?"

Janet thought a moment and nodded. It wasn't the fact that it was too much, it was just different. She never had sex like this. It was get in the bed, open your legs and that was it.

No wonder she loved Fernando. He opened up a whole new world to her and brought out a side of her she was afraid to embrace. "It's not too much. I just wonder if I need a script here."

He laughed. "No, my dear. Trust me, you'll know what to do."

She watched him as he strode to the police car. This should be interesting. He got in and got situated. The butterflies were doing somersaults in her tummy.

She checked her face in the mirror and reached in the glove compartment. She remembered she'd left her favorite red lipstick in there. She took the other color off and applied the red.

Wooov!

The sound of the siren scared the crap out of her. She didn't expect that. She dropped her lipstick and she bent down to pick it up.

"Don't move!" his voice blasted through the speaker.

Well, hell. She wanted her lipstick before it rolled under the seat and got icky. She'd paid fifty-five bucks for that! She tried to bend down without moving her upper body, lowering her arm ever so slightly.

"I said don't move. Place your hands on the steering wheel."

She groaned and did as she was told. She heard the car door open and close and she looked in her rearview. *Here comes the fuzz.*

He approached the car with the typical policeman swagger. Once he got to the driver's side, he tapped the car with his club and motioned for her to roll down her window.

She scowled at him and did as he requested. "Any problem, Officer?"

He leaned on the edge of the window and looked in at her. "You know you were putting on your makeup while driving?"

"Yes, I know. Is that a problem?"

He shot up his right brow. "Yes, it is. You should have both hands on the steering wheel and your eyes on the road."

“I was running late for work. I couldn’t find my lipstick at home, but found it here so I decided to change it. No one got hurt. By the way, you scared me with that siren and made me drop it. Now I have to look for it or buy another one, and it’s expensive. Fifty-five dollars.”

He smirked at her and stood his full length. “Your driver’s license and registration.”

She huffed loudly and produced them. “Here. Could we hurry please? I’m late enough as it is.”

He paused while looking at the items. He leered down at her and took out his pad. “That lipstick may be expensive, but not as expensive as this ticket,” he said while scribbling. When he finished, he ripped the page from the book and handed it to her.

“Three-hundred and seventy-five bucks! Are you nuts? For what?”

“Endangering the lives of others, speeding—”

“Speeding?”

“You were also going fifteen miles over the speed limit. Of course, you wouldn’t know that, since you were beautifying yourself.”

She huffed again.

“Want me to continue?”

“These are trumped up. Certainly you could give me a warning. This is my first traffic violation. Now I have to take off from work to fight this, or go to traffic school. I don’t have that kind of time!”

“I figured that,” he said smiling.

“Please, I’m sorry for smart-mouthing. I promise not to do it again. Can you take back the ticket, please? Sir?” She forced a smile at him.

He stood there and looked at her. He then rubbed his chin and took off his sunglasses for the first time and leaned back in the window. “You know, I must say, I see why you wanted to put on that shade of lipstick. That red looks good on your lips.”

“Um...thanks. Does that mean you’ll tear up the ticket?” she asked meekly.

“Maybe. You know, I would hate those lips to go to waste. That color is really nice on them. Would you like to look for your lipstick now?”

“Uh, no. That’s okay. Look, if you’re not going to take the ticket back, I better go.”

“Tell you what, Miss...” he looked at her ID as he handed it back to her, “Harrison. I would be glad to tear the ticket up. All you have to do is cooperate with the authorities.”

Authorities? Plural? Uh-oh. “Wha...what authorities?”

He pointed to himself.

She swallowed hard. “How do you want me to cooperate?”

“Step out of the vehicle, ma’am.”

She did and her legs were weak with anticipation. Fernando must have been some cop. She had a feeling that every woman he pulled over didn’t mind being late for work, or anything else.

Once she was out, he stepped back and addressed her. “You know Miss Harrison—it is Miss?”

“Yes.”

“You know, Miss Harrison, this can easily be taken care of. Just cooperate fully, and the ticket will be forgotten.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Walk to the front of the vehicle.”

She did and stood by the front bumper.

“Turn around and place both hands on the hood.”

She did. “I’m not armed.”

He came up behind her and pressed his body against hers. She could feel something hard as steel against her ass. She had a good idea it wasn’t his baton. “Um, Officer, what are you doing?”

He rubbed his hands up and down her body, only to stop and fondle her breasts for long periods of time. “I’m helping you work off that ticket,” he breathed in her ear. “And since that lipstick was so important to you, I want to see what it does for fifty-five dollars.”

He turned her around and lifted her face up by her chin with his hand. “Yeah, those are some lovely lips.” He smoothed his thumb over her bottom lip. “Tell you

what, if you give me a blowjob, that ticket is as good as history. And if you let me fuck you, I'll make sure every cop in the county leaves you alone."

Janet wanted to faint.

Fernando felt elation beyond his wildest dreams. A fantasy he'd always wanted to act on was being played out, and with the woman he loved and trusted.

She didn't judge him and that was worth more than acting out the fantasy itself. He continued stroking her face and watched how the passion in her eyes grew. She did love this, and he was more than willing to go as far as she was willing.

"You are one of the most beautiful women I've had the pleasure of pulling over. You know, I'm on the beat for ten-hour shifts. Fifteen, with overtime. I barely have time for extracurricular activities. Do you know how long it's been since I've had a woman?"

"I...I find that hard to believe."

He smiled. "That's sweet, honey. But I have to keep the streets safe, so no time for fun, even if I wanted to. But..." he checked his watch. "It looks like I have plenty of spare time today."

"We can go back to my place...or yours."

"Nah, I want it right now. Here."

She glanced nervously around the area, then back up at him. "We're outside."

He nodded. "Yes, I know. I always dreamt of taking someone like yourself in public. On top of my cruiser."

"You mean you want me to give you a blowjob out here? Suppose someone sees us?"

"No one will. That's why I made sure I pulled you over in this secluded area. Besides, it adds to the excitement, don't you think?"

"Okay, but only if you promise to tear up the ticket."

"Oh, I promise, and depending how good you are, I might do a little something extra for you."

She nodded, then backed up as he unbuckled his pants. He watched her as her eyes zeroed in on the movements of his hands. When the belt came undone, she moved closer to him. He could tell by her breathing and the flush of her skin that she was more than ready.

He unzipped his pants and let them fall to the ground. His briefs followed. He looked into Janet's eyes and saw a hunger that he hadn't seen since the day she was in his courtroom.

She approached him and rubbed her hands up and down his chest. "Could you remove this, too?"

He unbuttoned his shirt and took it off. Janet then stopped him before he could move on to his undershirt. She removed that for him.

"Mmm, I see you're not having so much of an issue with working off this ticket."

"No, not when the officer looks like you."

"Flattery will get you everywhere."

Once everything was off, Janet smoothed her hands over his bare chest. She leaned in and took his nipple between her lips. He thought he would die. The suction of her mouth and the sensitivity of his nipples were a combination he'd never experienced before.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and bit down on his lip, careful not to holler out. Once she moved on to the other one, all bets were off.

"Fuck! I knew I would love that mouth of yours."

Janet then attacked his mouth, pressing her lips to his and letting her tongue slide into his mouth.

His cock was harder than his baton now.

She slid down his body, raining kisses all the way. She grabbed his cock in one hand and lightly stroked it, letting her hand expand as his girth continued to grow. Soon she was licking her lips and then his cock, catching the pre-cum that was seeping from the head. He gave a light groan as her tongue passed over the tip.

Her tongue didn't stop, covering the entire head with saliva before working it down the underside of his cock, down to the base.

Janet then proceeded to lick back up his penis, twirling her tongue around his head once more, before she slid the length of it deep into her mouth, ever looking into his eyes as she was sucking him.

It was beginning to be too much for him. He didn't want to come now. He wanted to please her first. Yes, it was his fantasy, but he got his pleasure from her satisfaction as well.

"Stop." He pulled her off his dripping cock by her hair. He looked into those dark dreamy eyes and saw nothing but pure satisfaction, love, and devotion. "I want you...on the hood of the car...now."

She stood up and then hopped on the car. The cold hood of the car was a shock to her ass at first, but after a few seconds she got accustomed to it. "Now what?"

"Just sit back. I'll do the rest."

He stepped to her and took her right leg. He slowly removed her heels. Rubbing her calf, he enjoyed the feel of her legs through the silk stockings. He then took the other leg and did the same. After he finished feasting on her silk-clad legs, he removed the material and kissed her bare skin. Her skin was softer and smoother than any silk ever made.

"I'm gonna make you one happy woman."

Janet didn't think she could get more turned on by Fernando. But he proved her wrong yet again. Every sexual encounter with him took her to new heights. He was fulfilling all her fantasies she had of him and coming through with flying colors.

He reached for the top of her skirt and opened the single button that held it together.

"Nice. But you won't be needing these, either." He hooked one finger in the side of her panties. He slid the panties down her legs, revealing her shaved pussy. He started to pat it, and she moaned. She realized then that she loved having her pussy patted and paddled.

“I think I better put these on you.” He bent down and picked up his cuffs. “But first let me finish undressing you.”

He ripped off her blouse and unsnapped her bra in smooth motions. “You know, I’ve always fantasized about having a hot woman, naked and cuffed on top of my cruiser. You’re making me one happy cop.”

And she was one happy perp.

“God, you don’t realize what it’s doing to me, seeing you like this.”

He put his face near her pussy and began to lick her, softly spreading her lips again and sliding his tongue all over her clit.

“Oh! Officer!”

Holding her still, he made his tongue stiff and plunged it deep into her. Her incessant moaning climbed to a wail. He began to wiggle his tongue around as he ate her out, and for good measure he twirled his tongue then sucked her clit between his lips.

She screamed a curse and tried to reach for him, but since she was handcuffed now, she found it difficult.

“Ahh, you want more, don’t you, you hot little thing. You want this?” He stood back and began stroking his cock.

“Yes, Officer! Please!”

“I love the way you beg.”

He stopped stroking himself long enough to come over to her and slide her down some on the hood. When he had her in perfect position, he spread her legs and fingered her a bit more. “You are hot. As you know, we officers are here to serve the public. You’re the public and I’m here to serve.”

He aimed his hard cock for the opening of her pussy. He inched his way into her, fucking her slowly at first. Her lower body moved in tune with his cock. Both were sawing back and forth.

He held on to her hips, letting her body collide with his as they fucked. But his hands started to move up her body, grabbing hold of her sides as her vagina started to grip his cock a little harder. A few minutes later, his hands grabbed her tits and he forcefully started to pull on them. He handled them roughly, pinching

her nipples. She kept moaning, telling him to fuck her harder and deeper with his cock.

His left hand tore free of her breast and started to pull on her hair. He released his hold on her breasts and her hair and returned them to her hips. He increased the speed of his fucking. He rammed her hard, his balls getting wet as they slammed on her pussy.

And all of a sudden, he came, without warning to her.

He pulled his slick cock from her tight pussy and began to spurt cum all over the hood of the car. He then started rubbing the liquid into her skin before spanking her pussy again. She came one more time before he decided to unlock her cuffs.

When she was free of her bonds, she wrapped her arms around his neck, forcefully pulling him down on top of her.

She pressed her lips to his, letting her tongue find his, tasting herself from when he licked her. At last, she pulled her mouth away from his.

“So, Officer, are those tickets forgotten?”

“Oh, you bet, baby.”

Chapter Fifteen

The call came into the station at five o'clock on the dot. The only thing that could be heard in the greenroom was the dripping sink in the corner near the makeup station.

Janet stared at the phone for a moment, then Fernando. He nodded. He made sure the phone lines were tapped. He also made sure undercover officers and the Feds surrounded the station. He called Sam, but he couldn't be reached. He wanted Sam to see this motherfucker go down, too.

Janet picked up the receiver and Fernando picked up the other line.

"Hello."

"Is this Janet Harrison?"

"Yes, it is."

Fernando made a face. The person was using a voice distorter. Well, at least they might find out where the call was coming from, if Janet could keep him on the line long enough.

"You alone?"

"Yes."

"Cool. I'm your contact."

"Is this Salvatore?"

"Nah. Look, Miz Harrison, you want to meet or what?"

"I do. I do. I know a spot where we can meet."

"I know the spot, Tony's. Be there in thirty." The call disconnected.

Janet turned to Fernando and her colleagues and shrugged.

"I didn't recognize the voice, he disguised it, but that was to be expected. Call was too short to trace," Fernando said, turning to one of the undercovers. "So we follow her to Tony's. I find it interesting this guy knew the place."

"Yeah, I found that odd, too. But you know the mob, they have peeps all over. Anyone could have followed Garnadia during that initial meeting," the undercover said.

Fernando nodded. But that didn't make him feel any better about this.

Janet stood in the middle of the room while they wired her. Fernando had to keep his emotions in check. He didn't like this. He never wanted Janet to get this involved in bringing down any mobster. After they finished with her, he did one last check, just to make sure. He didn't care who watched or what they thought of their relationship at this time.

Janet placed a reassuring hand on his and smiled.

Damn! It was bad enough that she was the mouthpiece to rats like Garnadia and she constantly put herself in harm's way. He wanted that to stop once they married.

Once they married. Man. He still hadn't gotten an answer from her. As the hours went on, he got more worried, wondering if she would accept. She told him she loved him. Even after that role-playing, it didn't diminish her feelings for him. He was grateful for that. But was it just fun for her? It was more to him. That fantasy he never shared with anyone. Janet was that special to him. How special was he to her?

"Okay, she's wired," the technician said, coming over to him. "Don't worry, we have every man on the force. We even have a guy replacing Tony at the bar. She has a least twenty pairs of eyes looking at her."

"I know. It's just that I have a bad feeling about this. Something's not right. I've been on several stings early in my career. This one's got me jittery."

The man smiled at him. "Is it because it's too close?"

"I'm that obvious?"

"Let's just say everyone in here noticed how you stare at and touch her. Some of these reporters have been buzzing around me like gnats, wondering if I knew anything about you guys' relationship."

"At this point, you probably know more than I do." He got up and came toward Janet.

"Hey, I'm ready to go in," she said, with a comical smirk. She actually enjoyed this. Brave woman. That only made him love her more.

"Remember, signal us if you're feeling uncomfortable or you're getting the info you need, either way—"

“Fernando.” She placed her hand on his cheek. The feel of it was instantly calming. He took her hand without a care for who was watching and kissed the inside of her palm.

“Come on, let’s get this creep.”

The drive to Tony’s was tense. Janet drove her own car, alone. The trackers kept a safe distance, but still had her in sight. She pulled in the driveway of the establishment and the rest of the cars drove past so as to not raise suspicion, but parked close enough to be on hand if anything went down.

Janet got out and went inside. Fernando was in the lead car and closest to the entrance. They remained out of sight for anyone looking, but they could see clearly if anyone else approached the place.

“Okay, this is it.” Fernando reached for his radio. “Can you hear me?”

“Loud and clear. Just looking over the menu and scanning the place. No sign of anyone looking to speak with me,” Janet said.

“We’re about seven minutes early. One thing I can say for these people, they’re right on time with appointments. Just keep a lookout.

“Gotcha.”

“Janet.”

“Yes.”

“Be careful.” *I love you.*

I love you, too, Fernando. “You know I will be.”

But will you marry me? Fernando sighed and focused on the task at hand. He looked over at the undercover cop, who was trying to suppress his grin. “Hey, like you haven’t been in love before.”

“Every day, with my wife.”

“Lucky bastard.” The cop patted him on the back and they both went back to looking through their binoculars.

They only saw patrons going in and out, plus their own undercover people. There was nothing unusual. Fernando checked his watch. One more minute. He glanced up the road and saw a car that was familiar to him.

He’d seen plenty of cars like that one, but for some reason, this one made his skin prickle. He watched as it pulled into the parking lot. The person didn’t get

out immediately, but when he did, he seemed to check around cautiously before shutting his car door.

Finally, the person looked over in their direction. The eyes were cold as a snake, but Fernando recognized them all the same. His blood turned to ice.

Sam.

Janet sat in the booth and waved the waitress off for the third time. She began to get anxious after she looked at her watch and saw the time. He or she would be here, sitting in front of her, pumping her for information.

She tried not to show any fear when they were wiring her back at the station. She saw Fernando's face and felt the slight tremble in his hands when he rechecked everything. She knew he wasn't happy about the whole setup.

It wasn't as if she was doing somersaults. She had all sorts of scenarios running through her mind. Anything and everything could go wrong. Fernando reassured her that every undercover cop and Fed he knew would be right with her. But she saw the look in his eyes. He probably had those same fears.

"Janet!"

This was it. She could tell by the tone of his voice. She held up the menu and whispered back. "Yeah."

"There's a guy coming in with dark hair, a black leather jacket, jeans, and cowboy boots. Give me a signal that he sits at your table."

"Okay. I'll say, thank you for coming."

"Great." The earpiece went off. Janet looked toward the entrance. A lady came in and a couple of college kids, then the man in question.

He stood at the door, checking the place out, then he zeroed in on her. He motioned for the waitress and headed toward table. Once at her booth, he removed his glasses and took a seat. His eyes were a creepy ice-blue and he looked like he had no sense of humor.

"Ms. Harrison."

"Thank you for coming, Mr.— "

“I ain’t here to play games or get to know ya. I want to know what you know.”

“Which is?”

His mouth went to a straight line. “You know what. Who’s the rat that’s talking? I’ve been watching the news. I know someone came forward. He got more info than Garnadia. He thinks he can make it stick and keep Valinci in the slammer this time around.”

“Can anyone really keep Salvatore in jail?”

“Yeah. Me.”

Janet squared her shoulders. Who was this guy and what was his real reason for being here? She needed to be careful how she worded the next few questions. She didn’t want to tip him off, but she needed a confession about Louis, her lawyer, and if possible her and Fernando’s houses.

That was the main reason why she couldn’t answer Fernando’s proposal. The future looked uncertain. As long as Salvatore was loose and causing mayhem, they could never have a happily-ever-after life.

Another reason, and she didn’t want to think about it: suppose something happened to one of them before they could catch this man. She couldn’t go on if something happened to Fernando, and the thought of something happening to her and him grieving was just as unbearable. She saw the looks he gave her. He loved her, she had no doubt about that.

She shook it off. Right now, she had to concentrate on this. She needed to focus and look as nonchalant as possible.

“Look, believe it or not, I feel bad about what happened to Louis. Aren’t you afraid of the same thing happening? I couldn’t have that on my conscience, no matter how I might feel about your type.”

The man smirked, but it wasn’t humorous. “My type. Thanks to me you got Valinci once. Not my fault he bribed the warden to spring him.”

This was good. They hadn’t known who’d been corrupted, until now. Janet kept her excitement under check and didn’t bat an eye, but she knew they were getting all of this. “Thanks to you? I never met you before today. Louis was the one—”

“Ah, he’s who I sent. I knew Garnadia wanted to see Valinci behind bars as much as I did. He was supposed to be next in line, but the boss had his eye on someone else.”

“You?”

“Nah, but I wanted the position. So I made sure old Louis got more and more squeezed out. When he got fed up, I suggested he come to you. Told him that we could get the boss twenty to fifty. He agreed, even said I would be number two once he made it.”

“Didn’t work out, did it?” Janet said. She was eating this up. This would make great sound bites. She just hoped she lived to report it.

“It worked out great.” The man smiled a sickening grin and leaned back in the booth. “I took care of Garnadia. You think I was going to share power with that punk-ass rat bastard?”

Okay, now she was really confused.

“You don’t get it, do you?”

She shook her head. She did know one thing: he was an egomaniac. She was counting on that.

“I set him up. As soon as he squealed, I knew I had to get rid of him. Didn’t want to, but after the boss got out, I had to move fast before the rat ratted again trying to save his own ass. Dog eat dog.”

“I see.”

“Do you? Your lawyer pal McCaffy was trying to make a name for himself. But he forgot what side the bread was buttered on.”

“You mean...?”

“Yep. He thought he could get more guys. Wasn’t happening, not on my watch.

“So...so you killed him.”

“Now you’re getting it.”

Janet felt herself shiver. This man was as cold-blooded as they came. “Is it safe to say that I was on that list, too?”

“And your pal the judge. Hate I couldn’t get Gonzales. He and I go way back. He’s been stuck in my craw for years.”

Bells went off in Janet's head like a five-alarm fire. There was only one person who really knew anything that was going on and even then, Fernando didn't tell him everything. He said he had a feeling...*Sam. Oh, God!*

The revelation must have showed on her face, because the next thing she knew Sam produced a gun. No one saw it except her. He kept it under his jacket.

"Let's go. You're gonna tell me all that you know. Then I have to take care of you, too. But not before I have some fun. Fernando always had great taste in women. Too bad for you he never had the guts to go for it." That hideous reptilian grin spread across his face.

Oh, my God, she thought. *He has no idea...* Her heart beat triple-time. *If he'd known I was with Fernando, he'd never have come.*

"Come on. Up."

They rose slowly and headed to the door. But before they made it to the threshold, some commotion started.

"Hey, watch it, man!" The man behind the bar was shouting, pushing another guy. When Sam turned to see what was happening, Janet felt someone grab her arm and throw her to the ground.

"Freeze!"

It was Fernando, big as life, with a bigger gun. Before she was able to get up, there were no less than thirty plainclothes and Feds surrounding Sam. Fernando stepped aside and came over to her, helping her up.

"Oh God, Janet." He hugged her tightly, almost squeezing the air out of her lungs. She cried uncontrollably, holding on to him for dear life.

"It's over."

"Yeah, it's over."

It hurt. Fernando had never felt such pain. He loved Sam like a brother. Had him over for family picnics, went fishing together, advised each other on cases. Nothing was worse than the betrayal of someone sworn to uphold. He was a judge, too, and if it hadn't been for Janet, he'd have become the head of the

biggest mob family in Chicago. Why didn't he see it? Maybe because he loved him so much.

Fernando and Janet couldn't listen to the confession this time. They would soon be witnesses to the case. But word had it he sang like Pavarotti.

"I'm so sorry, Fernando," Janet said, wringing her hands. They were having terrible coffee in the cramped room at the station, which wasn't far from the interrogation room. He could see Janet's reporter's blood racing. She so wanted to get in there. But first things first. "Sorry for what?" He placed his hand over hers, enjoying the softness.

"About Sam. I know that must hurt. It has to be a shock."

"It does and it is. I've known him for over twenty years. At least, I thought I knew him. He shook his head. He slammed his hand down on the table. "The killer is that he used the courts to help him in his crooked scheme."

"He was good. But you were better. You knew something was up with him. I could tell from the way you talked with him and the things you left out."

"Yeah, I hate that my gut instinct was right." He sighed. "But the most important thing in all of this is that you're safe. When I heard what Sam was planning for you...I should have killed him as soon as we nabbed him."

"You know you couldn't have done that. Besides, we're getting more information than Louis ever gave."

Just then the Special Agent in Charge and the Police Chief walked in to the room. "Judge Gonzales, Ms. Harrison." He nodded to them. "The warrants were approved. The boys are picking up Valinci and at least fifteen of his family members and cohorts. We got enough on all of them to put them away for a long time."

"Fantastic," said Janet.

"You know, you two work great as a team. Who would have thought a judge and a reporter engineering practically the biggest crime family bust since the 1940s?" He shook their hands and left.

"We do make a great team," Fernando said. "But I don't want to be a team in fighting crime. I don't think my heart can take it anymore."

Janet laughed. “You know you’ll never retire from this. I think you enjoyed getting back in there. More exciting than sitting on the bench, I would think.”

Fernando thought about for a bit. It did get his adrenaline going. Or was that his heart? He shook his head. He needed to get back on track with this conversation. “That may be true, but I am a bit rusty. But that’s not why I brought you in here. I don’t want to talk about this right now. That’s all the past. I want to concentrate on the future.”

“Oh.”

“I realize it’s awkward to bring this up at a time like this but—”

“No, it’s not.” She took his hand and squeezed it. “Yes.”

At first it didn’t register. He blinked a few times. “Wait. You mean yes to my proposal?”

“Yes!” she said, giggling.

Fernando pulled her to him and hugged her tightly. “Janet, I love you. I never thought I could fall so hard for someone, especially someone as headstrong as you.”

She pulled back and winked at him. “Isn’t that what attracted you in the first place?”

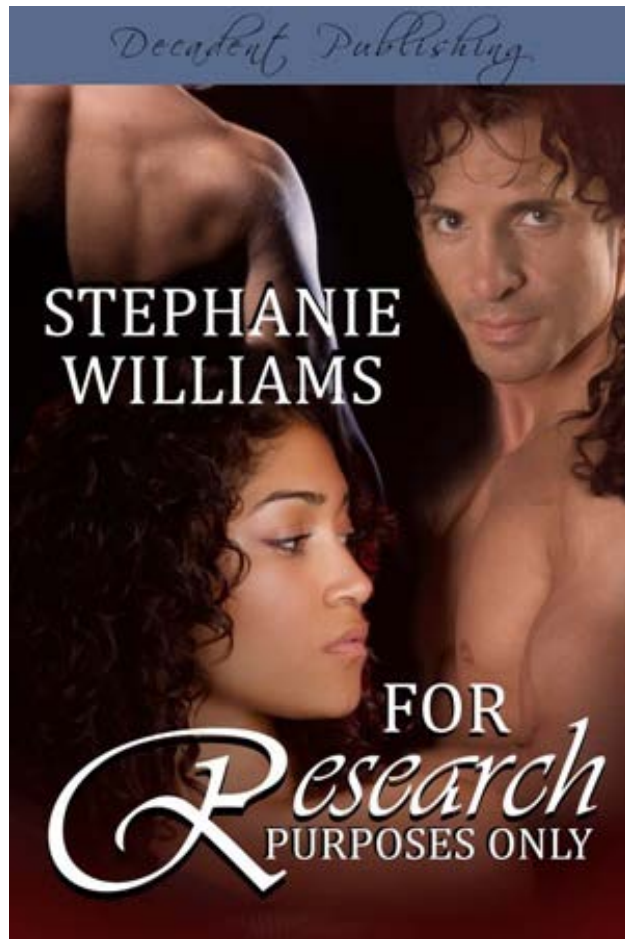
~ABOUT THE AUTHOR~

“My name is Stephanie Williams. I am a native of Los Angeles, born 45 years ago. I am a full-time home business owner in the export/import trade as well as a contract Purchasing Agent for a medical facility. I enjoy opera, classical music and am a huge history buff. Reading is my passion and it’s not unusual for me to read a book a week whether it’s War and Peace or short stories by Poe and of course romance and erotica. I’ve traveled extensively and it’s not unusual to find me celebrating Christmas in the Land Down Under with a shrimp on the Barbie.”

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